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POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

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POETICAL QUOTATIONS

FROM

CHAUCER TO TENNYSON.

WITH COPIOUS INDEXES:

AUTHORS, 550; SUBJECTS. 435; QUOTATIONS, 13,600.

BY

S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE,

AUTHOR OF "A CRITICAL DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AND BRITISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS."

"Back'd his opinion with quotations."—PRIOR.

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TO

THE VENERABLE

HORACE BINNEY, LL.D.,

THE HEAD OF THE BAR IN THE UNITED STATES,*

STILL IN THE FULL POSSESSION OF HIS VIGOROUS AND WELL-CULTIVATED

INTELLECT,

IN HIS NINETY-FOURTH YEAR,

I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME,

IN LASTING REMEMBRANCE OF THE INTEREST WHICH HE HAS LONG TAKEN

IN THE LITERARY LABORS OF HIS FRIEND,

S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 8, 1873.

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* By the verdict of Hon. CHARLES SUMNER, LL.D., of the Boston Bar, and Hon. WILLIAM M. EVARTS, LL.D., of the New York Bar, verbally expressed to the writer.

PREFACE.

SHORTLY after the inception of my project of a DICTIONARY OF AUTHORS, I determined, if life and health were continued, to supplement that work by a copious selection of QUOTATIONS from some of the works of the authors recorded in that register. The POETICAL QUOTATIONS are now offered to the public; and are to be followed by PROSE QUOTATIONS: the three DICTIONARIES —AUTHORS, POETRY, PROSE—representing and partly constituting a literature marvellous for its extent, variety, and value. The advantages of well-arranged and easily-consulted extracts from the best writings of the best authors are too obvious to need rehearsal; and the alphabetical distribution of the names of authors, and copious Indexes of Authors, Subjects, and First Lines, carry with them their own recommendation. A few words may be devoted to several of the most prominent subjects:

I. "AUTHORS."—Opinions and criticisms upon 116 writers, by 56 authors, are quoted. The writers commented upon are: Addison, Ariosto, Aristotle, Bacon, Berkeley, Boileau, Boyle, Broome, Budgell, Burgess, Burnet, Burns, Cartesius, Cato, Cervantes, Chatterton, Chaucer, Cibber, Cicero, Coleridge, Condorcet, Congreve, Corneille, Cowley, Crabbe, Craggs, Crashaw, Dante, Defoe, Denham, Dennis, Dionysius, Dryden, Duck, D'Urfey, Epictetus, Erasmus, Etherege, Eusden, Evans, Flecknoe, Fletcher, Franklin, Galileo, Gay, Granville, Harvey, Heylin, Hoadly, Hobbes, Homer, Horace, Jonson, Knags, Lamb, Lee, Locke, Longinus, Lopez, Lucan, Mævius, Martial, Martyn, Milbourn, Milton, Molière, Moore, More, Newcastle, Newton, Ogilby, Ovid, Paine, Parnell, Petrarch, Pindar, Plato, Plutarch, Pope, Quarles, Rabelais, Racine, Raleigh, Ralph, Rochefoucauld, Roscommon, Rousseau, Rowe, Saint-André, Sappho, Scarlatti, Scott, Settle, Shadwell, Shakspeare, Sheridan, Short, Sidney, Skelton, Sloane, Socrates, Solon, Spenser, Swift, Theobald, Theocritus, Thomson, Vida, Virgil, Voiture, Waller, Walton, Withers, Wycherly, Young, and Zoilus. The commentators are: Addison, Akenside, Basse, Blackmore, Browning, Brydges, Bulwer, Byron, Campbell, Canning, Coleridge, Collins, Cowley, Cowper, Creech, Denham, Dryden, Elliott, Fenton, Gay, Granville, Hall, Harte, Henley, Hill, Holmes, Horace, Johnson, Jonson, Lamb, Lyttelton, Milton, Moore, Parnell, Philips, Pope, Prior, Raleigh, Roscommon, Sandys, Savage, Shakspeare, Sheffield, Shelley, Shenstone, Sydney Smith, Southey, Spenser, Swift, Thomson, Tickell, Waller, Wolcott, Wordsworth, and Young.

These annotations are fitly supplemented by the articles "AUTHORSHIP" and "CRITICISM" (under which last will be found 170 quotations).

II. "MORNING."—One of the finest compositions in the writings of the late Daniel Webster is a letter on the morning, written to Mrs. J. W. Paige, and dated at Richmond, April 29, five o'clock A.M., 1847. (See Private Correspondence of Daniel Webster, 1857, ii. 240.) "Beautiful descriptions of the 'morning' abound in all languages. . . . Milton has fine descriptions of morning, but not so many as Shakespeare, from whose writings pages of the most beautiful images, all founded on the glory of the morning, might be filled," etc. Under this title 152 extracts, from 38 authors, will be found.

III. "RIVERS."—In his very interesting Recollections of Past Life (1872, chapter ii.), Sir Henry Holland remarks, "Much more I could say of rivers, as giving to travel the greatest charm of landscape, while affording lessons in geology and physical geography invaluable to science. Even the simple brook, followed step by step to its course, illustrates, in the windings of its channel, its depths and deposits, and the sections which its banks disclose, many of the grandest phenomena and conclusions of geology. In the poetry of every age the flow of river-waters has been a favourite theme,—one symbol of the life and destinies of man." The reader will find 94 quotations under this head.

"BIRDS" are celebrated in 260 passages by 45 authors; "LAW" contains 194, "LOVE" 565, "POLITICS" 157, "SLEEP" 242, "WOMAN" 291, and "YOUTH" 227 quotations. In the whole (as stated on the title-page) 435 subjects are illustrated, by 550 authors, in 13,600 quotations, which may be read in course, or consulted separately, as occasion serves.

S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE.

PHILADELPHIA, February 8, 1873.

DICTIONARY

OF

POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

ABSENCE.

Since she must go, and I must mourn, come night,
Environ me with darkness whilst I write.
DONNE.

Winds murmur'd through the leaves your short delay,
And fountains o'er their pebbles chid your stay:
But, with your presence cheer'd, they cease to mourn,
And walks wear fresher green at your return.
DRYDEN.

She vows for his return with vain devotion pays.
DRYDEN.

Forced from her presence, and condemn'd to live!
Unwelcome freedom, and unthank'd reprieve.
DRYDEN.

Love reckons hours for months, and days for years;
And every little absence is an age.
DRYDEN: *Amphytrion.*

His friends beheld, and pity'd him in vain,
For what advice can ease a lover's pain?
Absence, the best expedient they could find,
Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind.
DRYDEN: *Fables.*

His absence from his mother oft he'll mourn,
And, with his eyes, look wishes to return.
DRYDEN: *Juvenal*, Sat. II.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
GOLDSMITH: *Traveller.*

Short absence hurt him more,
And made his wound far greater than before;
Absence not long enough to root out quite
All love, increases love at second sight.
THOMAS MAY: *Henry II.*

Short retirement urges sweet return.
MILTON.

Oh! couldst thou but know
With what a deep devotedness of woe
I wept thy absence, o'er and o'er again
Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew pain,
And memory, like a drop that night and day
Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away!
MOORE: *Lalla Rookh.*

Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring;
Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
Ye trees that fade, when autumn heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love?
POPE.

As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,
Thus far from Delia to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpitied, and forlorn.
POPE.

Fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine;
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more.
POPE: *Eloisa.*

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love;
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove;
But Delia always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.
POPE: *Pastorals.*

In vain you tell your parting lover
You wish fair winds may waft him over:
Alas! what winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love?
PRIOR.

I charge thee loiter not, but haste to bless me:
Think with what eager hopes, what rage, I burn,
For every tedious moment how I mourn:
Think how I call thee cruel for thy stay,
And break my heart with grief for thy delay.
ROWE.

What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eightscore eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eightscore times?
Oh, weary reckoning!
SHAKSPEARE.

O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Sylvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.
SHAKSPEARE.

Tho' I am forced thus to absent myself
From all I love, I shall contrive some means,
Some friendly intervals, to visit thee.
SOUTHERN: *Spartan Dame.*

Looking my love, I go from place to place,
Like a young fawn that late hath lost the hind;
And seek each where, where last I saw her face,
Whose image yet I carry fresh in mind.
SPENSER.

Since I did leave the presence of my love,
Many long weary days I have out-worn,
And many nights that slowly seem'd to move
Their sad protract from evening until morn.
SPENSER.

For since mine eye your joyous sight did miss,
My cheerful day is turn'd to cheerless night.
SPENSER.

ACTORS.

One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which Betterton's grave action dignified;
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
Though but perhaps a muster-roll of names.
POPE.

Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd?
SHAKSPEARE.

ADVERSITY.

The gods in bounty work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues which shun the day.
ADDISON.

The rugged metal of the mine
Must burn before its surface shine;
But plunged within the furnace flame,
It bends and melts—though still the same.
BYRON: *Giaour.*

By adversity are wrought
The greatest works of admiration,
And all the fair examples of renown
Out of distress and misery are grown.
DANIEL: *On the Earl of Southampton.*

Some souls we see
Grow hard and stiffen with adversity.
DRYDEN.

Aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But, crush'd or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.
GOLDSMITH.

By how much from the top of wond'rous glory,
Strongest of mortal men,
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.
MILTON.

The scene of beauty and delight is changed:
No roses bloom upon my fading cheek,
No laughing graces wanton in my eyes;
But haggard Grief, lean-looking sallow Care,
And pining Discontent, a rueful train,
Dwell on my brow, all hideous and forlorn.
ROWE.

Some, the prevailing malice of the great
(Unhappy men!) or adverse fate
Sunk deep into the gulfs of an afflicted state.
ROSCOMMON.

Cold news for me:
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away.
SHAKSPEARE.

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
SHAKSPEARE.

Let me embrace these sour adversities;
For wise men say it is the wisest course.
SHAKSPEARE.

His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little.
SHAKSPEARE.

ADVICE.

Thou, heedful of advice, secure proceed;
My praise the precept is, be thine the deed.
POPE.

Where's the man who counsel can bestow,
Unbiass'd or by favour or by spite;
Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right?
POPE.

Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.
POPE.

In vain Thalestris with reproach assails;
For who can move, when fair Belinda fails?
POPE.

I find, quoth Mat, reproof is vain!
Who first offend will first complain.
PRIOR.

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.
SHAKSPEARE.

Men
Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage:
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words.
SHAKSPEARE.

Direct not him whose way himself will choose;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.
SHAKSPEARE.

Mishaps are master'd by advice discreet,
And counsel mitigates the greatest smart.
SPENSER

AFFECTATION.

There affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheeks the roses of eighteen;
Practised to lisp and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride.
POPE.

AFFLICTION.

In this wild world the fondest and the best
Are the most tried, most troubled, and distress'd.
CRABBE.

We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And still adore the hand that gives the blow.
POMFRET.

Heaven is not always angry when He strikes,
But most chastises those whom most He likes.
POMFRET.

The good are better made by ill,
As odours crushed are sweeter still.
ROGERS: *Jacqueline.*

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
SHAKSPEARE.

Henceforth I'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and die.
SHAKSPEARE.

Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

AGE.

Why shouldst thou try to hide thyself in youth?
Impartial Proserpine beholds the truth;
And laughing at so vain and fond a task,
Will strip thy hoary noddle of its mask.
ADDISON.

We'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth and frowardness of age.
ADDISON.

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both.
ADDISON: *Cato.*

Now wasting years my former strength confound,
And added woes have bow'd me to the ground:
Yet by the stubble you may guess the grain,
And mark the ruins of no common man.
BROOME.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth as I am now.
Before the Chastener humbly let me bow
O'er hearts divided, and o'er hopes destroy'd.
BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
CAMPBELL: *Lochiel's Warning.*

Nor can the snow that age does shed
Upon thy rev'rend head,
Quench or allay the noble fire within;
But all that youth can be thou art.
COWLEY.

Now then the ills of age, its pains, its care,
The drooping spirit for its fate prepare;
And each affection failing, leaves the heart
Loosed from life's charm, and willing to depart.
CRABBE.

Our nature here is not unlike our wine;
Some sorts, when old, continue brisk and fine:
So age's gravity may seem severe,
But nothing harsh or bitter ought t' appear.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Those trifles wherein children take delight
Grow nauseous to the young man's appetite,
And from those gaieties our youth requires
To exercise their minds, our age retires.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Age's chief arts, and arms, are to grow wise;
Virtue to know, and known, to exercise.
SIR J. DENHAM.

The spring, like youth, fresh blossoms doth produce,
But autumn makes them ripe, and fit for use:
So age a mature mellowness doth set
On the green promises of youthful heat.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Age, like ripe apples, on earth's bosom drops;
While force our youth, like fruits, untimely crops.
SIR J. DENHAM.

To elder years to be discreet and grave,
Then to old age maturity she gave.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Who this observes, may in his body find
Decrepit age, but never in his mind.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Of Age's avarice I cannot see
What colour, ground, or reason there can be;
Is it not folly, when the way we ride
Is short, for a long journey to provide?
SIR J. DENHAM.

Not from grey hairs authority doth flow,
Nor from bald heads, nor from a wrinkled brow;
But our past life, when virtuously spent,
Must to our age those happy fruits present.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Age is froward, uneasy, scrutinous,
Hard to be pleased, and parsimonious.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Authority kept up, old age secures,
Whose dignity as long as life endures.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Old husbandmen I at Sabinum know,
Who for another year dig, plough, and sow;
For never any man was yet so old,
But hoped his life one winter more would hold.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Age by degrees invisibly doth creep,
Nor do we seem to die, but fall asleep.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Old age, with silent pace, comes creeping on,
Nauseates the praise which in her youth she won,
And hates the muse by which she was undone.
DRYDEN.

Thus daily changing, by degrees I'd waste,
Still quitting ground by unperceived decay,
And steal myself from life, and melt away.
DRYDEN.

Prudence, thou vainly in our youth art sought,
And with age purchased, art too dearly bought:
We're past the use of wit for which we toil:
Late fruit, and planted in too cold a soil.
DRYDEN.

Our green youth copies what grey sinners act,
When age commends the fact.
DRYDEN.

His youth and age
All of a piece throughout, and all divine.
DRYDEN.

Yet unimpair'd with labours, or with time,
Your age but seems to a new youth to climb.
DRYDEN.

He look'd in years, yet in his years were seen
A youthful vigor, and autumnal green.
DRYDEN.

You season still with sports your serious hours,
For age but tastes of pleasures, youth devours.
DRYDEN.

This advantage youth from age hath won,
As not to be outridden though outrun.
DRYDEN.

When the hoary head is hid in snow,
The life is in the leaf, and still between
The fits of falling snows appears the streaky green.
DRYDEN.

What, start at this! when sixty years have spread
Their grey experience o'er thy hoary head?
Is this the all observing age could gain?
Or hast thou known the world so long in vain?
DRYDEN.

So noiseless would I live, such death to find:
Like timely fruit, not shaken by the wind,
But ripely dropping from the sapless bough.
DRYDEN.

Time has made you dote, and vainly tell
Of arms imagined in your lonely cell:
Go! be the temple and the gods your care;
Permit to men the thought of peace and war.
DRYDEN.

Time seems not now beneath his years to stoop,
Nor do his wings with sickly feathers droop.
DRYDEN.

And sin's black dye seems blanch'd by age to virtue.
DRYDEN.

Age has not yet
So shrunk my sinews, or so chill'd my veins,
But conscious virtue in my breast remains.
DRYDEN.

Were I no queen, did you my beauty weigh,
My youth in bloom, your age in its decay.
DRYDEN.

Now leave these joys, unsuiting to thy age,
To a fresh comer, and resign the stage.
DRYDEN.

Just in the gate
Dwelt pale diseases and repining age.
DRYDEN.

Beroe but now I left; whom, pined with pain,
Her age and anguish from these rites detain.
DRYDEN.

O'er whom Time gently shakes his wings of down,
Till with his silent sickle they are mown.
DRYDEN.

Jove, grant me length of life, and years good store
Heap on my bended back.
DRYDEN.

The feeble old, indulgent of their ease.
DRYDEN.

Thus then my loved Euryalus appears;
He looks the prop of my declining years.
DRYDEN.

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellow'd long;
Even wonder'd at, because he dropt no sooner.
Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore years;
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more:
Till like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.
DRYDEN: *Œdipus.*

These I wielded while my bloom was warm,
Ere age unstrung my nerves, or time o'er-snow'd my head.
DRYDEN.

A look so pale no quartane ever gave;
My dwindled legs seem crawling to a grave.
DRYDEN: *Juvenal.*

These are the effects of doting age,
Vain doubts, and idle cares, and over caution.
DRYDEN: *Sebastian.*

Ripe age bade him surrender late
His life and long good fortune unto final fate.
FAIRFAX.

How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease!
GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village.*

Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.
GOLDSMITH: *Traveller.*

An age that melts in unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away.
DR. S. JOHNSON: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.
DR. S. JOHNSON: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.
DR. S. JOHNSON: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

The still returning tale, and lingering jest,
Perplex the fawning niece, and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear.
DR. S. JOHNSON: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

Thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
To wither'd, weak, and grey.
MILTON.

Better at home lie bed-rid, idle,
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn.
MILTON.

Till length of years,
And sedentary numbness, craze my limbs
To a contemptible old age obscure.
MILTON.

To what can I be useful, wherein serve,
But to sit idle on the household hearth,
A burd'nous drone, to visitants a gaze?
MILTON.

My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud nor blossom sheweth.
MILTON.

So mayst thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap; or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd.
MILTON.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
MILTON: *Il Penseroso.*

Such drowsy sedentary souls have they
Who would to patriarchal years live on,
Fix'd to hereditary clay,
And know no climate but their own.
NORRIS.

Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and loved, and ate, and drank your fill:
Walk sober off before a sprightlier age
Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.
POPE.

So peaceful shalt thou end thy blissful days,
And steal thyself from life by slow decays.
POPE.

Wasting years that wither human race,
Exhaust thy spirits, and thy arms unbrace.
POPE.

He now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm sunset of thy various day.
POPE.

Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end?
POPE.

Why will you break the sabbath of my days,
Now sick alike of envy and of praise?
POPE.

In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
POPE.

The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
POPE.

But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
Whom age and long experience render wise.
POPE.

Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chased old age away,
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares
produce?
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
POPE.

Propp'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows;
The god, in this decrepit form array'd,
The gardens enter'd, and the fruits survey'd.
POPE.

She still renews the ancient scene;
Forgets the forty years between;
Awkwardly gay and oddly merry;
Her scarf pale pink, her head-knot cherry.
PRIOR.

And on this forehead (where your verse has said
The loves delighted, and the graces play'd)
Insulting age will trace his cruel way,
And leave sad marks of his destructive sway.
PRIOR.

So shall I court thy dearest truth
When beauty ceases to engage:
So thinking on thy charming youth,
I'll love it o'er again in age.
PRIOR.

Kindness itself too weak a charm will prove
To raise the feeble fires of aged love.
PRIOR.

By one countless sum of woes opprest,
Hoary with cares, and ignorant of rest,
We find the vital springs relax'd and worn:
Thus, through the round of age, to childhood
we return.
PRIOR.

By weak'ning toil and hoary age o'ercome,
See thy decrease, and hasten to thy tomb.
PRIOR.

Then, in full age, and hoary holiness,
Retire, great teacher, to thy promised bliss:
Untouch'd thy tomb, uninjured be thy dust,
As thy own fame among the future just!
PRIOR.

The remnant of his days he safely past,
Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast;
He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.
PRIOR.

Till future infancy, baptized by thee,
Grow ripe in years, and old in piety.
PRIOR.

Then old age and experience, hand in hand,
Lead him to death and make him understand,
After a search so painful and so long,
That all his life he had been in the wrong.
ROCHESTER.

Boys must not have th' ambitious care of men;
Nor men the weak anxieties of age.
ROSCOMMON.

Age sits with decent grace upon his visage,
And worthily becomes his silver locks;
He wears the marks of many years well spent,
Of virtue, truth well tried, and wise experience.
ROWE: *Jane Shore.*

Thou, full of days, like weighty shocks of corn,
In season reap'd, shalt to thy grave be borne.
GEORGE SANDYS.

Nor should their age by years be told,
Whose souls more swift than motion climb,
And check the tardy flight of time.
GEORGE SANDYS.

On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly press'd its signet sage.
SIR W. SCOTT: *Lady of the Lake.*

Hard toil can roughen form and face,
And want can quench the eye's bright grace;
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace
More deeply than despair.
SIR W. SCOTT: *Marmion.*

Thus pleasures fade away;
Youth, talents, beauty thus decay,
And leave us dark, forlorn, and gray.
SIR W. SCOTT: *Marmion.*

Thou hast not youth or age;
But as it were an after-dinner sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsy'd eld: and when thou'rt old and rich,
Thou'st neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant.
SHAKSPEARE.

You are old:
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine.
SHAKSPEARE.

Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory.
SHAKSPEARE.

Nature, as it grows again tow'rds earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
SHAKSPEARE.

'Tis our first intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
While we unburthen'd crawl tow'rd death.
SHAKSPEARE.

What should we speak of
When we are old as you? When we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December.
SHAKSPEARE.

Youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.
SHAKSPEARE.

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane.
SHAKSPEARE.

Would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!
SHAKSPEARE.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.
SHAKSPEARE.

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.
SHAKSPEARE.

At your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment.
SHAKSPEARE.

Let's take the instant by the forward top:
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them.
SHAKSPEARE.

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
Give him a little earth for charity.
SHAKSPEARE.

I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have.
SHAKSPEARE.

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both.
SHAKSPEARE.

Let him keep
A hundred knights; yes, that on ev'ry dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage.
SHAKSPEARE.

Come, my lord;
We will bestow you in some better place,—
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.
SHAKSPEARE.

O heavens!
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause.
SHAKSPEARE.

I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherished by her childlike duty.
SHAKSPEARE.

The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shanks.
SHAKSPEARE.

Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.
SHAKSPEARE.

Let not old age disgrace my high desire,
O heavenly soul, in human shape contain'd!
Old wood inflamed doth yield the bravest fire,
When younger doth in smoke his virtue spend.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

From pert to stupid sinks supinely down,
In youth a coxcomb, and in age a clown.
SPECTATOR.

Dotard, said he, let be thy deep advise,
Seems that through many years thy wits thee fail,
And that weak eld hath left thee nothing wise,
Else never should thy judgment be so frail.
SPENSER: *Faerie Queene.*

We now can form no more
Long schemes of life as heretofore.

SWIFT.

Deaf, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burden grown.

SWIFT.

Wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,
For I'm ashamed to use a glass.

SWIFT.

This day then let us not be told
That you are sick, and I grown old;
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of spectacles and pills.

SWIFT.

Though you, and all your senseless tribe,
Could art, or time, or nature bribe
To make you look like beauty's queen,
And hold forever at fifteen,
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind:
All men of sense will pass your door,
And crowd to Stella's at fourscore.

SWIFT.

Age too shines out, and, garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth.

THOMSON: *Seasons.*

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages
That love of life increased with years,
So much that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.

MRS. THRALE: *Three Warnings.*

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home.

WALLER.

But an old age serene and bright
And lovely as a Lapland night
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

WORDSWORTH.

'Tis greatly wise to know before we're told,
The melancholy news that we grow old.

YOUNG.

Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures;
That life is long which answers life's great end:
The time that bears no fruit deserves no name;
The man of wisdom is the man of years.

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

When once men reach their autumn, sickly joys
Fall off apace, as yellow leaves from trees,
At every little breath misfortune blows,
Till, left quite naked of their happiness,
In the chill blasts of winter they expire.

YOUNG.

AGONY.

Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, deprived
Thy presence; agony of love! till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice.

MILTON.

Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore.

POPE.

Dost thou behold my poor distracted heart
Thus rent with agonizing love and rage,
And ask me, what it means? Art thou not false?

ROWE: *Jane Shore.*

Betwixt them both they have done me to dy
Through wounds, and strokes, and stubborn handeling,
That death were better than such agony
As grief and fury unto me did bring.

SPENSER: *Faerie Queene.*

AGRICULTURE.

Retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
Where the great Cato toil'd with his own hands.

ADDISON.

The glebe untill'd might plenteous crops have borne;
Rich fruits and flow'rs, without the gardener's pains,
Might ev'ry hill have crown'd, have honour'd all the plains.

SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Through all the soil a genial ferment spreads,
Regenerates the plants, and new adorns the meads.

SIR R. BLACKMORE.

A race
Of proud-lined loiterers, that never sow,
Nor put a plant in earth, nor use a plough.

CHAPMAN.

Ask'd if in husbandry he ought did know,—
To plough, to plant, to reap, to sow.
CHAUCER.

As Hesiod sings, spread waters o'er thy field,
And a most just and glad increase 'twill yield.
SIR J. DENHAM.

A swelling knot is raised,
Whence, in short space, itself the cluster shows,
And from earth's moisture, mixt with sunbeams, grows.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Who hath a ploughland casts all his seed corn there,
And yet allows his ground more corn to bear.
JOHN DONNE.

No fences parted fields, nor marks nor bounds
Distinguish'd acres of litigious grounds.
DRYDEN.

Apulian farms, for the rich soil admired,
And thy large fields, where falcons may be tired.
DRYDEN.

Much labour is required in trees;
Well must the ground be digg'd, and better dress'd,
New soil to make, and meliorate the rest.
DRYDEN.

Of the same soil their nursery prepare
With that of their plantation, lest the tree
Translated should not with the soil agree.
DRYDEN.

Better gleanings their worn soil can boast
Than the crab vintage of the neighb'ring coast.
DRYDEN.

When the Nile from Pharian fields is fled,
The fat manure with heav'nly fire is warm'd.
DRYDEN.

That the spent earth may gather heart again,
And, better'd by cessation, bear the grain.
DRYDEN.

Next, fenced with hedges and deep ditches round,
Exclude th' encroaching cattle from the ground.
DRYDEN.

The crooked plough, the share, the tow'ring height
Of wagons, and the cart's unwieldy weight;
These all must be prepared.
DRYDEN.

'Tis good for arable; a glebe that asks
Tough teams of oxen; and laborious tasks.
DRYDEN.

When the fiery suns too fiercely play,
And shrivell'd herbs on with'ring stems decay,
The wary ploughman, on the mountain's brow,
Undams his wat'ry stores; huge torrents flow;
Temp'ring the thirsty fever of the field.
DRYDEN.

Pales no longer swell'd the teeming grain,
Nor Phœbus fed his oxen on the plain.
DRYDEN.

Quintius here was born,
Whose shining ploughshare was in furrows worn,
Met by his trembling wife, returning home,
And rustically joy'd, as chief of Rome.
DRYDEN.

From ploughs and harrows sent to seek renown,
They fight in fields, and storm the shaken town.
DRYDEN.

The royal husbandman appear'd,
And plough'd, and sow'd, and till'd;
The thorns he rooted out, the rubbish clear'd,
And blest th' obedient field.
DRYDEN.

Men plough with oxen of their own
Their small paternal field of corn.
DRYDEN.

The field is spacious I design to sow,
With oxen far unfit to draw the plough.
DRYDEN.

No plough shall hurt the glebe, no pruning-hook the vine.
DRYDEN.

The teeming earth, yet guileless of the plough,
And unprovoked, did fruitful stores allow.
DRYDEN.

The sweating steers unharness'd from the yoke
Bring back the crooked plough.
DRYDEN.

An ox that waits the coming blow,
Old and unprofitable to the plough.
DRYDEN.

Who can cease to admire
The ploughman consul in his coarse attire?
DRYDEN.

The lab'ring swain
Scratch'd with a rake a furrow for his grain,
And cover'd with his hand the shallow seed again.
DRYDEN.

His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his supreme delight a country fair.
DRYDEN.

He burns the leaves, the scorching blast invades
The tender corn, and shrivels up the blades.
DRYDEN.

Thou king of horned floods, whose plenteous urn
Suffices fatness to the fruitful corn,
Shalt share my morning song and evening vows.
DRYDEN.

No fruitful crop the sickly fields return;
But oats and darnel choke the rising corn.
DRYDEN.

Tough thistles choked the fields, and kill'd the corn,
And an unthrifty crop of weeds was born.
DRYDEN.

The bearded corn ensued
From earth unask'd; nor was that earth renew'd.
DRYDEN.

Your hay it is mow'd, and your corn it is reap'd;
Your barns will be full, and your hovels heap'd;
Come, my boys, come,
Come, my boys, come,
And merrily roar out harvest-home.
DRYDEN.

Moist earth produces corn and grass, but both
Too rank and too luxuriant in their growth.
Let not my land so large a promise boast,
Lest the lank ears in length of stem be lost.
DRYDEN.

Delve of convenient depth your threshing floor;
With temper'd clay then fill and face it o'er.
DRYDEN.

In vain the hinds the threshing floor prepare,
And exercise their flails in empty air.
DRYDEN.

If a wood of leaves o'ershade the tree,
In vain the hind shall vex the threshing floor,
For empty chaff and straw will be thy store.
DRYDEN.

On a short pruning-hook his head reclines,
And studiously surveys his gen'rous vines.
DRYDEN.

She in pens his flocks will fold.
DRYDEN.

In shallow furrows vines securely grow.
DRYDEN.

The vineyard must employ thy sturdy steer
To turn the glebe; besides thy daily pain
To break the clods, and make the surface plain.
DRYDEN.

Some steep their seeds, and some in cauldrons boil
O'er gentle fires; the exuberant juice to drain,
And swell the flatt'ring husks with fruitful grain.
DRYDEN.

Mark well the flow'ring almonds in the wood:
If od'rous blooms the bearing branches load,
The glebe will answer to the sylvan reign:
Great heats will follow, and large crops of grain.
DRYDEN.

The low'ring spring, with lavish rain,
Beats down the slender stem and bearded grain.
DRYDEN.

Oft the drudging ass is driven with toil;
Returning late and loaden home with gain
Of barter'd pitch, and handmills for the grain.
DRYDEN.

In the sun your golden grain display,
And thrash it out and winnow it by day.
DRYDEN.

We may know
And when to reap the grain and when to sow,
Or when to fell the furzes.
DRYDEN: *Virgil.*

You who supply the ground with seeds of grain,
And you who swell those seeds with kindly rain.
DRYDEN.

When continued rain
The lab'ring husband in his house restrain,
Let him forecast his work with timely care,
Which else is huddled when the skies are fair.
DRYDEN.

And oft whole sheets descend of sluicy rain,
Suck'd by the spungy clouds from off the main:
The lofty skies at once come pouring down,
The promised crop and golden labours drown.
DRYDEN.

She took the coleworts which her husband got
From his own ground (a small well-water'd spot);
She stripp'd the stalks of all their leaves; the best
She cull'd, and then with handy care she dress'd.
DRYDEN.

But when the western winds with vital pow'r
Call forth the tender grass and budding flow'r,
Men, at the last, produce in open air
Both flocks, and send them to their summer's fare.
DRYDEN.

Begin when the slow waggoner descends,
Nor cease your sowing till midwinter ends.
DRYDEN.

For sundry foes the rural realm surround;
The field-mouse builds her garner under ground:
For gather'd grain the blind laborious mole,
In winding mazes, works her hidden hole.
DRYDEN.

Where the vales with violets once were crown'd,
Now knotty burs and thorns disgrace the ground.
DRYDEN.

Most have found
A husky harvest from the grudging ground.
DRYDEN.

For flax and oats will burn the tender field,
And sleepy poppies harmful harvests yield.
DRYDEN.

But various are the ways to change the state,
To plant, to bud, to graft, to inoculate.
DRYDEN.

The peasant, innocent of all these ills,
With crooked ploughs the fertile fallow tills,
And the round year with daily labour fills.
DRYDEN.

To his county farm the fool confined;
Rude work well suited with a rustic mind.
DRYDEN.

Thou hop'st with sacrifice of oxen slain
To compass wealth, and bribe the god of gain
To give thee flocks and herds, with large increase;
Fool! to expect them from a bullock's grease.
DRYDEN.

Apollo check'd my pride, and bade me feed
My fatt'ning flocks, nor dare beyond the reed.
DRYDEN.

Let Araby extol her happy coast,
Her fragrant flow'rs, her trees with precious tears,
Her second harvests.
DRYDEN.

Suffering not the yellow beards to rear,
He tramples down the spikes, and intercepts the ear.
DRYDEN.

Ev'n when they sing at ease in full content,
Insulting o'er the toil they underwent,
Yet still they find a future task remain,
To turn the soil.
DRYDEN.

To dress the vines new labour is required,
Nor must the painful husbandman be tired.
DRYDEN.

Give me, ye gods, the product of one field,
That so I neither may be rich nor poor;
And having just enough, not covet more.
DRYDEN.

All was common, and the fruitful earth
Was free to give her unexacted birth.
DRYDEN.

Their morning milk the peasants press at night;
Their evening milk before the rising light.
DRYDEN.

The peaceful peasant to the wars is prest,
The fields lie fallow in inglorious rest.
DRYDEN.

Where the tender rinds of trees disclose
Their shooting germs, a swelling knot there grows;
Just in that place a narrow slit we make,
Then other buds from bearing trees we take;
Inserted thus, the wounded rind we close.
DRYDEN.

Your farm requites your pains,
Though rushes overspread the neighb'ring plains.
DRYDEN.

Rocks lie cover'd with eternal snow;
Thin herbage in the plains, and fruitless fields.
DRYDEN.

Uneasy still within these narrow bounds,
Thy next design is on thy neighbour's grounds:
His crop invites, to full perfection grown;
Thy own seems thin, because it is thy own.
DRYDEN.

T' unload the branches, or the leaves to thin
That suck the vital moisture of the vine.
DRYDEN.

Yet then this little spot of earth well till'd,
A num'rous family with plenty fill'd,
The good old man and thrifty housewife spent
Their days in peace and fatten'd with content;
Enjoy'd the dregs of life, and lived to see
A long descending healthful progeny.
DRYDEN.

The soil, with fatt'ning moisture fill'd,
Is clothed with grass, and fruitful to be till'd;
Such as in fruitful vales we view from high,
Which dripping rocks, not rowling streams supply.
DRYDEN.

First, with assiduous care from winter keep,
Well fother'd in the stalls, thy tender sheep;
Then spread with straw the bedding of thy fold,
With fern beneath, to fend the bitter cold.
DRYDEN.

In vain the barns expect their promised load;
Nor barns at home, nor ricks are heap'd abroad.
DRYDEN.

At harvest-home, and on the shearing day,
When he should thanks to Pan and Pales pay.
DRYDEN.

Ah that your business had been mine,
To pen the sheep.
DRYDEN.

Root up wild olives from thy labour'd lands.
DRYDEN.

Nor is the profit small the peasant makes,
Who smooths with harrow, or who pounds with rakes,
The crumbling clods.
DRYDEN.

Be mindful
With iron teeth of rakes and prongs to move
The crusted earth.
DRYDEN.

Let thy hand supply the pruning-knife,
And crop luxuriant stragglers.
DRYDEN.

Bid the laborious hind,
Whose harden'd hands did long in tillage toil,
Neglect the promised harvest of the soil.
DRYDEN.

The wiser madman did for virtue toil
A thorny, or at least a barren, soil.
DRYDEN.

Here the marshy grounds approach your fields,
And there the soil a stony harvest yields.
DRYDEN.

While the reaper fills his greedy hands,
And binds the golden sheaves in brittle bands.
DRYDEN.

Did we for these barbarians plant and sow,
On these, on these our happy fields bestow?
DRYDEN.

If your care to wheat alone extend,
Let Maia with her sisters first descend,
Before you trust in earth your future hope,
Or else expect a listless, lazy crop.
DRYDEN.

Sleeping vegetables lie,
Till the glad summons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to-day.
GARTH.

By devastation the rough warrior gains,
And farmers fatten most when famine reigns.
GARTH.

If on Swithin's feast the welkin lowers,
And every penthouse streams with hasty show'rs,
Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain.
GAY.

Here I peruse the Mantuan's georgic strains,
And learn the labours of Italian swains.
GAY.

The bending scythe
Shaves all the surface of the waving green.
GAY.

The ploughman leaves the task of day,
And trudging homeward whistles on the way.
GAY.

How turnips hide their swelling heads below,
And how the closing coleworts upwards grow.
GAY.

Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes.
GOLDSMITH: *Traveller.*

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd can never be supplied.
GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village.*

Nor is't unwholesome to subdue the land
By often exercise; and where before
You broke the earth, again to plow.
MAY.

The ground one year at rest, forget not then
With richest dung to hearten it again.
MAY.

Their bulls they send to pastures far
On hills, or feed them at full racks within.
MAY.

Bring them for food sweet boughs and osiers cut,
Nor all the winter long thy hay-rick shut.
MAY.

I oft have seen, when corn was ripe to mow,
And now in dry and brittle straw did grow,
Winds from all quarters oppositely blow.
MAY.

Nor are the ways alike in all
How to ingraff, how to inoculate.
MAY.

Fires oft are good on barren earshes made,
With crackling flames to burn the stubble blade.
MAY.

Thy corn thou there may'st safely sow,
Where in full cods last year rich pease did grow.
MAY.

Let the plowmen's prayer
Be for moist solstices, and winters fair.
MAY.

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field
Part arable and tilth; whereon were sheaves
New reap'd; the other part, sheep-walks and folds.
MILTON.

The cattle in the fields and meadows green,
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
Pasturing, at once and in broad herds upsprung.
MILTON.

The field
To labour calls us, now with sweat imposed.
MILTON.

They mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.
MILTON.

Seedtime and harvest, heat and hoary frost,
Shall hold their course.
MILTON.

While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land.
MILTON.

The careful ploughman doubting stands,
Lest on the threshing floor his sheaves prove chaff.
MILTON.

A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought
First fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf,
Uncull'd as came to hand.
MILTON.

Tells how the drudging goblin swet,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end.
MILTON.

The labour'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat.
MILTON.

Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
MILTON.

While the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe.
MILTON.

There are who, fondly studious of increase,
Rich foreign mould in their ill-natured land
Induce.
JOHN PHILIPS.

Wilt thou repine
To labour for thyself? and rather chuse
To lie supinely, hoping heaven will bless
Thy slighted fruits, and give thee bread unearned?
JOHN PHILIPS.

Let sage experience teach thee all the arts
Of grafting and ineyeing.
JOHN PHILIPS.

The unfallow'd glebe
Yearly o'ercomes the granaries with stores
Of golden wheat.
JOHN PHILIPS.

The nursling grove
Seems fair awhile, cherish'd with foster earth;
But when the alien compost is exhaust,
Its native poverty again prevails.
JOHN PHILIPS.

Rough unwieldy earth, nor to the plough
Nor to the cattle kind, with sandy stones
And gravel o'er-abounding.
JOHN PHILIPS.

Nothing profits more
Than frequent snows: oh, may'st thou often see
Thy furrows whiten'd by the woolly rain,
Nutritious!
JOHN PHILIPS.

The orchard loves to wave
With winter winds: the loosen'd roots then drink
Large increment, earnest of happy years.
JOHN PHILIPS.

Autumn vigour gives,
Equal, intenerating, milky grain.
JOHN PHILIPS.

Twelve mules, a strong laborious race,
New to the plough, unpracticed in the trace.
POPE.

While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat.
POPE.

Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain.
POPE.

Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain
In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain.
POPE.

In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain;
Soft showers distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain.
POPE.

Go first the master of thy herds to find,
True to his charge, a loyal swain and kind.
POPE.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend.
POPE.

O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread.
POPE.

His cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil.
POPE.

From fresh pastures, and the dewy field,
The lowing herds return, and round them throng,
With leaps and bounds, the late imprison'd young.
POPE.

The worm that gnaws the ripening fruit, sad guest!
Canker, or locust hurtful to infest
The blade; while husks elude the tiller's care,
And eminence of want distinguishes the year.
PRIOR.

Let her glad valleys smile with wavy corn;
Let fleecy flocks her rising hills adorn.
PRIOR.

After the declining sun
Had changed the shadows, and their task was done,
Home with their weary team they took their way.
ROSCOMMON.

Their sickles reap the corn another sows.
SANDYS.

The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.
SHAKSPEARE.

You sunburnt sickle men, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry.
SHAKSPEARE.

The sun shines hot; and if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.
SHAKSPEARE.

The strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him like the mower's swath.
SHAKSPEARE.

What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have now we mowed down in top of all their pride?
SHAKSPEARE.

Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.
SHAKSPEARE.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks.
SHAKSPEARE.

The folds stand empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine men's morris is filled up with mud.
SHAKSPEARE.

Her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
Doth root upon; while that the culter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery.
SHAKSPEARE.

Nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
SHAKSPEARE.

The ear that budded fair is burnt and blasted,
And all my hoped gain is turn'd to scath.
SPENSER.

Thee a ploughman all unweeting found,
As he his toilsome team that way did guide,
And brought thee up in ploughman's state to bide.
SPENSER.

Her flood of tears
Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
Which from the thatch drips fast a shower of rain.
SWIFT.

In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
The kings, and awful fathers of mankind;
And some, with whom compared your insect tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm
Of mighty war, then, with unwearied hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seized
The plough, and greatly independent lived.
THOMSON.

To the harness'd yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil.
THOMSON.

With superior boon may your rich soil
Exuberant nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
And be th' exhaustless granary of a world.
THOMSON.

They rose as vigorous as the sun;
Then to the culture of the willing glebe.
THOMSON.

In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye.
THOMSON.

As they rake the green-appearing ground,
The russet haycock rises.
THOMSON.

Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks,
Feels his heart heave with joy.
THOMSON.

The gleaners,
Spike after spike, their sparing harvest pick.
THOMSON.

Huswives are teached, instead of a clocke,
How winter night passeth, by crowing of cocke.
TUSSER.

If snowe do continue, sheepe hardly that fare
Crave mistle and ivie for them to spare.
TUSSER.

In March is good graffing, the skilful do know,
So long as the wind in the east do not blow:
From moon being changed, till past be the prime,
For graffing and cropping is very good time.
TUSSER.

In May get a weed-hook, a crotch, and a glove,
And weed out such weeds as the corn doth not love.
TUSSER.

Plough-Monday next after that the twelftide is past,
Bids out with the plough, the worst husband is last.
TUSSER.

At Midsummer down with the brambles and brakes,
And after abroad with thy forks and thy rakes.
TUSSER.

Such land as ye break up for barley to sow,
Two earths, at the least, ere ye sow it, bestow.
TUSSER.

Sowe peason and beans in the wane of the moon:
Who soweth them sooner he soweth too soone.
TUSSER.

Friend, harrow in time, by some manner of means,
Not only thy peason, but also thy beans.
TUSSER.

Plant ye with alders or willowes a plot,
Where yeerely, as needeth, mo poles may be got.
TUSSER.

The north is a noiance to grass of all suits,
The east a destroyer to herbs and all fruits.
TUSSER.

The west as a father all goodness doth bring,
The east a forbearer no manner of thing.
TUSSER.

Let servant be ready with mattock in hand
To stub out the bushes that noieth the land.
TUSSER.

In lopping and felling save elder and stake,
Thine hedges, as needeth, to mend or to make.
TUSSER.

One seed for another to make an exchange
With fellowly neighbourhood seemeth not strange.
TUSSER.

Land arable, driven, or worn to the proof,
With oats you may sow it, the sooner to grass,
More soon to be pasture, to bring it to pass.
TUSSER.

And he that can rear up a pig in his house,
Hath cheaper his bacon, and sweeter his souse.
TUSSER.

Of barley the finest and greenest ye find,
Leave standing in dallops till time ye do bind.
TUSSER.

From wheat go and rake out the titters or tine,
If care be not forth, it will rise again fine.
TUSSER.

Through cunning, with dibble, rake, mattock, and spade,
By line and by level trim garden is made.
TUSSER.

Now down with the grass upon headlands about,
That groweth in shadow so rank and so stout.
TUSSER.

Some commons are barren, the nature is such,
And some overlayeth the commons too much.
TUSSER.

Grant harvest-lord more by a penny or two,
To call on his fellows the better to do.
TUSSER.

Things thus set in order, in quiet and rest,
Shall further thy harvest, and pleasure thee best.
TUSSER.

Reap well, scatter not, gather clean that is shorn,
Bind fast, shock apace, have an eye to thy corn.
TUSSER.

So likewise a hovel will serve for a room
To stack on the peas, when harvest shall come.
TUSSER.

Who abuseth his cattle and starves them for meat,
By carting or ploughing his gain is not great;
Where he that with labour can use them aright,
Hath gain to his comfort, and cattle in plight.
TUSSER.

So corn in fields, and in the garden flowers
Revive, and raise themselves with mod'rate showers;
But overcharged with never-ceasing rain,
Become too moist.
WALLER.

Your reign no less assures the ploughman's peace,
Than the warm sun advances his increase.
WALLER.

Such is the mould that the blest tenant feeds
On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.
WALLER.

ALCHEMY.

By fire
Of sooty coal th' empiric alchemist
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold.
MILTON.

The starving chymist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.
POPE.

AMBITION.

Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition.
ADDISON.

Where ambition of place goes before fitness
Of birth, contempt and disgrace follow.
GEORGE CHAPMAN.

Blinded greatness, ever in turmoil,
Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil.
DANIEL.

Be not with honour's gilded baits beguiled,
Nor think ambition wise, because 'tis brave;
For though we like it, as a forward child,
'Tis so unsound her cradle is her grave.
SIR W. DAVENANT: *Gondibert.*

Ambition, the disease of virtue, bred
Like surfeits from an undigested fulness,
Meets death in that which is the means of life.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Nature and duty bind him to obedience:
But these being placed in a lower sphere,
His fierce ambition, like the highest mover,
Has hurried with a strong impulsive motion
Against their proper course.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Some through ambition, or through thirst of gold,
Have slain their brothers, and their country sold.
DRYDEN.

Those who to empire by dark paths aspire,
Still plead a call to what they most desire.
DRYDEN.

One world sufficed not Alexander's mind;
Coop'd up he seem'd, in earth and seas confined.
DRYDEN.

Too truly Tamerlane's successors they;
Each thinks a world too little for his sway.
DRYDEN.

O diadem, thou centre of ambition,
Where all its different lines are reconciled;
As if thou wert the burning glass of glory.
DRYDEN.

No toil, no hardship can restrain
Ambitious man inured to pain;
The more confined, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
DRYDEN.

With joy th' ambitious youth his mother heard,
And, eager, for the journey soon prepared;
He longs the world beneath him to survey,
To guide the chariot, and to give the day.
DRYDEN.

Why does Antony dream out his hours,
And tempts not fortune for a noble day?
DRYDEN.

To cure their mad ambition, they were sent
To rule a distant province, each alone:
What could a careful father more have done?
DRYDEN.

Leave to fathom such high points as these,
Nor be ambitious, ere the time, to please;
Unseasonably wise, till age and cares
Have form'd thy soul to manage great affairs.
DRYDEN.

Dare to be great without a guilty crown;
View it, and lay the bright temptation down:
'Tis base to seize on all.
DRYDEN.

Both ways deceitful is the wine of power;
When new 'tis heady, and when old 'tis sour.
WALTER HARTE.

In me, as yet, ambition had no part;
Pride had not sour'd, nor wrath debased, my heart.
WALTER HARTE.

This sov'reign passion, scornful of restraint,
Even from the birth effects supreme command,
Swells in the breast, and with resistless force
O'erbears each gentler motion of the mind.
DR. JOHNSON: *Irene.*

They ween'd
To win the mount of God, and on his throne
To set the envier of his state, the proud
Aspirer; but their thoughts proved fond and vain.
MILTON.

One shall rise
Of proud ambitious heart, who, not content
With fair equality, fraternal state,
Will arrogate dominion undeserved
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of nature from the earth.
MILTON.

Here may we reign secure; and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell.
MILTON.

Bad men boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal.
MILTON.

Ambition sigh'd: she found it vain to trust
The faithless column, and the crumbling bust.
POPE.

But see, how oft ambitious aims are crost;
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost.
POPE.

Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel.
POPE.

The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And make a patriot, as it makes a knave.
POPE.

She points the arduous height where glory lies,
And teaches mad ambition to be wise.
POPE.

In vain for life he to the altar fled;
Ambition and revenge have certain speed.
PRIOR.

Thy cruel and unnatural lust of power
Has sunk thy father more than all his years,
And made him wither in a green old age.
ROWE.

O momentary grace of mortal men!
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God;
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with ev'ry nod to tumble down.
SHAKSPEARE.

'Tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.
SHAKSPEARE.

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.
SHAKSPEARE.

They hail'd him father to a line of kings;
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
No son of mine succeeding.
SHAKSPEARE.

Here lies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Choked with ambition of the meaner sort.
SHAKSPEARE.

There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have.
SHAKSPEARE.

I do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour.
SHAKSPEARE.

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thriftless ambition! that will raven up
Thine own life's means.
SHAKSPEARE.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whilst they behold a greater than themselves.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it.
SHAKSPEARE.

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound:
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough.
SHAKSPEARE.

No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right.
SHAKSPEARE.

O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
But most in courts where proud ambition towers.
SHENSTONE.

Drawn into arms, and proof of mortal fight,
Through proud ambition and heart-swelling hate.
SPENSER.

Of all the passions which possess the soul,
None so disturb vain mortals' minds
As vain ambition, which so blinds
The light of them, that nothing can control
Nor curb their thoughts who will aspire.
EARL OF STIRLING: *Darius.*

Well I deserved Evadne's scorn to prove,
That to ambition sacrificed my love.
WALLER.

Alas! ambition makes my little less,
Embitt'ring the possess'd: why wish for more?
Wishing of all employments is the worst;
Philosophy's reverse, and health's decay!
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

ANCESTRY.

Heralds stickle, who got who—
So many hundred years ago.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

He that to ancient wreaths can bring no more
From his own worth, dies bankrupt on the score.
JOHN CLEAVELAND.

'Twas no false heraldry when madness drew
Her pedigree from those who too much knew.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Were virtue by descent, a noble name
Could never villanize his father's fame;
But, as the first, the last of all the line
Would, like the sun, ev'n in descending, shine.
DRYDEN.

Vain are their hopes who fancy to inherit,
By trees of pedigree, or fame or merit;
Though plodding heralds through each branch may trace
Old captains and dictators of their race.
DRYDEN.

Long galleries of ancestors
Challenge nor wonder or esteem from me:
"Virtue alone is true nobility."
DRYDEN.

Do then as your progenitors have done,
And by their virtues prove yourself their son.
DRYDEN.

Thus, born alike, from virtue first began
The diff'rence that distinguish'd man from man:
He claim'd no title from descent of blood;
But that which made him noble, made him good.
DRYDEN.

What have I lost by my forefathers' fault!
Why was I not the twentieth by descent
From a long restive race of droning kings?
DRYDEN.

Please thy pride, and search the herald's roll,
Where thou shalt find thy famous pedigree,
Drawn from the root of some old Tuscan tree,
And thou, a thousand off, a fool of long degree.
DRYDEN.

For if the sire be faint, or out of case,
He will be copied in his famish'd race.
DRYDEN.

So bright a splendour, so divine a grace,
The glorious Daphnis casts on his illustrious race.
DRYDEN.

Auspicious chief! thy race, in times to come,
Shall spread the conquests of imperial Rome.
DRYDEN.

From a mean stock the pious Decii came;
Yet such their virtues, that their loss alone
For Rome and all our regions did atone.
DRYDEN.

Obscure! why prythee what am I? I know
My father, grandsire, and great grandsire too:
If farther I derive my pedigree,
I can but guess beyond the fourth degree.
The rest of my forgotten ancestors
Were sons of earth.
DRYDEN.

Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy and mere borrow'd thing,
From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make or hold it.
BEN JONSON.

But by your fathers' work if yours you rate,
Count me those only that were good and great.
Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
POPE.

Say from what sceptred ancestry ye claim,
Recorded eminent in deathless fame?
POPE.

From the same lineage stern Æetes came,
The far-famed brother of th' enchantress dame.
POPE.

Vulgar parents cannot stamp their race
With signatures of such majestic grace.
POPE.

He lives to build, not boast, a generous race;
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.
SAVAGE.

As many and as well-born bloods as those
Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.
SHAKSPEARE.

Being not propt by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way.
SHAKSPEARE.

The honours of a name 'tis just to guard;
They are a trust but lent us, which we take,
And should, in reverence to the donor's fame,
With care transmit them down to other hands.
SHIRLEY.

How vain are all hereditary honours,
Those poor possessions from another's deeds,
Unless our own just virtues form our title
And give a sanction to our fond assumption!
SHIRLEY.

Nor can the skilful herald trace
The founder of thy ancient race.
SWIFT.

One whose extraction from an ancient line
Gives hope again that well-born men may shine.
WALLER.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt, instead of their discharge.
YOUNG.

He stands for fame on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry proved valiant or discreet!
YOUNG.

Let high birth triumph! what can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low estate.
YOUNG.

Men should press forward in fame's glorious chase;
Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.
YOUNG.

ANGELS.

The good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
Not to return; or, if it did, in visits
Like those of angels, short and far between.
ROBERT BLAIR: *The Grave.*

If a man would be invariable,
He must be like a rock, or stone, or tree;
For ev'n the perfect angels were not stable,
But had a fall more desperate than we.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Then unbeguile thyself, and know with me,
That angels, though on earth employ'd they be,
Are still in heaven.
JOHN DONNE.

When we behold an angel, not to fear,
Is to be impudent.
DRYDEN.

That we may angels seem, we paint them elves,
And are but satires to set up ourselves.
DRYDEN.

I saw th' angelic guards from earth ascend,
Grieved they must now no longer man attend;
The beams about their temples dimly shone;
One would have thought the crime had been
their own.
DRYDEN.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.
MILTON.

Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels! for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing.
MILTON.

How often from the steep
Of echoing hill, or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices, to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive, each to other's note
Singing their great Creator!
MILTON.

Oft in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonious number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.
MILTON.

Angels, by imperial summons call'd,
Forthwith from all the ends of heav'n appear'd,
Under their hierarchs in orders bright.
MILTON.

The apostate angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair.
MILTON.

His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory obscured.
MILTON.

Him long of old
Thou didst debel, and down from heaven cast,
With all his army.
MILTON.

Gladly then he mix'd
Among those friendly pow'rs, who him received
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
That (of so many myriads fall'n) yet one
Return'd, not lost.
MILTON.

For the greater part have kept
Their station; heav'n, yet populous, retains
Number sufficient to possess her realms.
MILTON.

I might relate of thousands, and their names
Eternize here on earth; but those elect
Angels, contented with their fame in heav'n,
Seek not the praise of men.
MILTON.

Others, more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall
By doom of battle.
MILTON.

Hear, all ye angels, progeny of light,
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues,
pow'rs!
MILTON.

The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice.
MILTON.

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angels' visits, short and bright,
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.
JOHN NORRIS: *The Parting.*

Thy beauty appears,
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropp'd from the sky.
PARNELL.

In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd;
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round.
POPE.

My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
POPE.

Virgins visited by angel pow'rs.
POPE.

Ye careful angels whom eternal fate
Ordains on earth and human acts to wait,
Who turn with secret pow'r this restless ball,
And bid predestined empires rise and fall.
PRIOR.

Busy angels spread
The lasting roll, recording what we said.
PRIOR.

Why, whilst we struggle in this vale beneath,
With want and sorrow, with disease and death,
Do they, more bless'd, perpetual life employ
In songs of pleasure and in scenes of joy?
PRIOR.

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
SHAKSPEARE.

She loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with.
SHAKSPEARE.

Long, long may you on earth our empress reign,
Ere you in heaven a glorious angel stand.
SHAKSPEARE.

However, 'twas civil, an angel or elf;
For he ne'er could have fill'd it so well of himself.
SWIFT.

They now assist the choir
Of angels, who their songs admire.
WALLER.

ANGER.

You, too weak the slightest loss to bear,
Are on the fret of passion, boil and rage.
CREECH.

Of all bad things by which mankind are cursed,
Their own bad tempers surely are the worst.
RICHARD CUMBERLAND: *Menander.*

Whatsoever
Is worthy of their love is worth their anger.
SIR J. DENHAM.

When he knew his rival freed and gone,
He swells with wrath; he makes outrageous moan:
He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stamps the ground,
The hollow tow'r with clamours rings around.
DRYDEN.

I beg the grace
You would lay by those terrors of your face;
Till calmness to your eyes you first restore,
I am afraid, and I can beg no more.
DRYDEN.

If on your head my fury does not turn,
Thank that fond dotage which so much you scorn.
DRYDEN.

Thou with scorn
And anger would resent the offer'd wrong.
MILTON.

What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow?
POPE.

Harsh words, that once elanced, must ever fly
Irrevocable.
PRIOR.

When anger rushes, unrestrain'd, to action,
Like a hot steed, it stumbles in its way:
The man of thought strikes deepest, and strikes safest.
SAVAGE: *Sir Thomas Overbury.*

Anger is like
A full hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.
SHAKSPEARE.

Being once chafed, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart.
SHAKSPEARE.

Put him to choler straight: he hath been used
Ever to conquer, and to have his word
Of contradiction.
SHAKSPEARE.

Unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
It blots thy beauty, as frost bites the meads,
Confounds thy fame.
SHAKSPEARE.

Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
SHAKSPEARE.

With such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had proved an argument.
SHAKSPEARE.

In thy face
I see thy fury; if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
SHAKSPEARE.

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
SHAKSPEARE.

Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great:
Oh! I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint.
SHAKSPEARE.

It engenders choler; planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
SHAKSPEARE.

Full many mischiefs follow cruel wrath,
Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath.
SPENSER: *Faerie Queene.*

ANGLING.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset
With straggling snare or winding net.
JOHN DONNE.

Sometimes we'll angle at the brook,
The freckled trout to take
With silken worms.
DRAYTON.

He, like a patient angler, ere he strook,
Would let them play awhile upon the hook.
DRYDEN.

Casting nets were spread in shallow brooks,
Drags in the deep, and baits were hung on hooks.
DRYDEN.

Nor drain I ponds the golden carp to take,
Nor troll for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake.
GAY.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmoved, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
POPE: *Windsor Forest.*

Our plenteous streams a various race supply:
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd;
The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold.
POPE.

With hairy springes we the birds betray;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey.
POPE.

My absent mates
Bait the barb'd steel, and from the fishy flood
Appease th' afflictive fierce desire of food.
POPE.

A soldier now, he with his coat appears;
A fisher now, his trembling angle bears.
POPE.

Give me thine angle; we'll to the river; there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fish; my bending hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws.
SHAKSPEARE.

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream
And greedily devour the treacherous bait;
So angle we for Beatrice.
SHAKSPEARE.

Your diver
Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
SHAKSPEARE.

Like unto golden hooks
That from the foolish fish their baits do hide.
SPENSER.

Nymphs of Mulla, which, with careful heed,
The silver scaly trouts did tend full well.
SPENSER.

Should you lure
From his dark haunt beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
THOMSON.

The ladies angling in the crystal lake,
Feast on the waters with the prey they take.
WALLER.

Let me live harmlessly, and near the brink
Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling place;
Where I may see my quill or cork down sink
With eager bite of pearch, or bleak, or dace.
IZAAK WALTON.

I in these flowery meads would be;
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious, bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice.
IZAAK WALTON.

ANGUISH.

Perpetual anguish fills his anxious breast,
Not stopt by business, nor composed by rest;
No music cheers him, nor no feast can please.
DRYDEN.

There doth my soul in holy vision sit,
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.
MILTON.

Not all so cheerful seemed she of sight
As was her sister; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguish, in her heart, is hard to tell.
SPENSER: *Faerie Queene.*

ANTIQUITIES.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
When Rome's exalted beauty I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
ADDISON.

There is a temple in ruin stands,
Fashion'd by long-forgotten hands;
Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown!
BYRON: *Siege of Corinth.*

There is a power
And magic in the ruin'd battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages
Are its dower.
BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

Ye glorious Gothic scenes! how much ye strike
All phantasies, not even excepting mine!
A gray wall, a green ruin, rusty pike,
Make my soul pass the equinoctial line
Between the present and past worlds, and hover
Upon their airy confine, half-seas over.
BYRON.

Some on antiquated authors pore;
Rummage for sense.
DRYDEN.

Then thus a senior of the place replies,
Well read, and curious of antiquities.
DRYDEN.

Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd.
POPE.

Foes to all living work, except your own;
And advocates for folly dead and gone.
POPE.

Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er.
POPE.

O goddess, say, shall I deduce my rhymes
From the dire nation in its early times?
POPE.

With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore;
This the blue varnish, that the green, endears:
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years.
POPE.

What toil did honest Curio take,
To get one medal wanting yet,
And perfect all his Roman set.
PRIOR: *Alma.*

My copper medals by the pound
May be with learned justice weigh'd:
To turn the balance, Otho's head
May be thrown in; and for the mettle
The coin may mend a tinker's kettle.
PRIOR: *Alma.*

My copper lamps, at any rate,
For being true antique I bought;
Yet wisely melted down my plate
On modern models to be wrought;
And trifles I alike pursue
Because they're old, because they're new.
PRIOR: *Alma.*

His chamber all was hang'd about with rolls,
And old records from antient times derived;
Some made in books, some in long parchment scrolls,
That were all worm-eaten, and full of canker holes.
SPENSER.

Rare are the buttons of a Roman's breeches,
In antiquarian eyes surpassing riches;
Rare is each crack'd, black, rotten, earthen dish,
That held of ancient Rome the flesh and fish.
DR. WOLCOTT.

How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat which Joseph never wore!
He shows, on holidays, a sacred pin
That touch'd the ruff that touch'd Queen Bess's chin.
YOUNG: *Love of Fame.*

ANXIETY.

What avails it that indulgent heaven
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,
Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?
DR. J. ARMSTRONG: *Art of Preserving Health.*

His pensive cheek upon his hand reclined,
And anxious thoughts revolving in his mind.
DRYDEN.

Let this and every other anxious thought
At th' entrance of my threshold be forgot.
DRYDEN.

Be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils:
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
MILTON: *Comus.*

APPLAUSE.

Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention;
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause.
MILTON.

Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
POPE.

I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.
SHAKSPEARE.

ARCHITECTURE.

Our fathers next, in architecture skill'd,
Cities for use, and forts for safety build:
Then palaces and lofty domes arose;
These for devotion, and for pleasure those.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Windows and doors in nameless sculpture drest,
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;
Forms like some bedlam statuary's dream,
The crazed creation of misguided whim.
BURNS.

How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof!
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable;
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror to my aching sight! The tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
CONGREVE: *Mourning Bride.*

Silently as a dream the fabric rose,
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.
COWPER: *Task.*

Firm Doric pillars found the solid base,
The fair Corinthian crown the higher space,
And all below is strength, and all above is grace.
DRYDEN.

His son builds on, and never is content
Till the last farthing is in structure spent.
DRYDEN.

No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung;
Majestic silence!
HEBER: *Palestine.*

Let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof;
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
MILTON.

The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd; and the work some praise,
And some the architect: his hand was known
In heav'n by many a tower'd structure high;
Where sceptred angels held their residence,
And sat as princes.
MILTON.

Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,
And Hecatompylos her hundred gates.
MILTON.

Whene'er we view some well-proportion'd dome,
No single parts unequally surprise;
All comes united to th' admiring eyes.
POPE.

Westward a pompous frontispiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mould,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
POPE.

There stands a structure of majestic frame.
POPE.

With her the temple ev'ry moment grew,
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long aisles ascend.
POPE.

The growing tow'rs like exhalations rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.
POPE.

While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome anew.
POPE.

You show us Rome was glorious, not profuse;
And pompous buildings once were things of use.
POPE.

You too proceed! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before.
POPE: *To the Earl of Burlington.*

In the well-framed models,
With emblematic skill and mystic order,
Thou show'dst where tow'rs on battlements should rise;
Where gates should open, or where walls should compass.
PRIOR.

View not this spire by measures giv'n
To buildings raised by common hands.
PRIOR.

ARGUING.

When men argue, th' greatest part
O' the contest falls on terms of art,
Until the fustian stuff be spent,
And then they fall to th' argument.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

He could on either side dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain,
I see, to argue 'gainst the grain.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Why do disputes in wrangling spend the day,—
Whilst one says only "Yes," and t'other "Nay"?
SIR J. DENHAM.

Be calm in arguing; for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
GEORGE HERBERT.

Let argument bear no unmusical sound,
Nor jars interpose, sacred friendship to grieve.
BEN JONSON.

His tongue
Dropp'd manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels.
MILTON.

With studied argument, and much persuasion sought,
Lenient of grief and anxious thought.
MILTON.

In argument with men a woman ever
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.
MILTON.

Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite.
POPE.

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
We find our tenets just the same at last.
POPE: *Moral Essays.*

Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
POPE: *Moral Essays.*

Blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
Of solid proofs, impenetrably dull.
POPE.

They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
POPE.

Can syllogism set things right?
No, majors soon with minors fight;
Or, both in friendly consort join'd,
The consequence limps false behind.
PRIOR.

We sometimes wrangle, when we should debate;
A consequential ill which freedom draws;
A bad effect, but from a noble cause.
PRIOR.

In argument,
Similes are like songs in love:
They much describe, they nothing prove.
PRIOR.

In the dispute whate'er I said,
My heart was by my tongue belied;
And in my looks you might have read
How much I argued on your side.
PRIOR.

High flights she had, and wit at will,
And so her tongue lay seldom still;
For in all visits who but she
To argue or to repartee?
PRIOR.

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter.
SHAKSPEARE.

ARISTOCRACY.

Grant her, besides, of noble blood that ran
In ancient veins, ere heraldry began.
DRYDEN.

May none whose scatter'd names honour my book,
For strict degrees of rank or title look;
'Tis 'gainst the manner of an epigram,
And I a poet here, no herald, am.
BEN JONSON.

Their choice nobility and flower
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
MILTON.

He, then, that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain,
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.
SHAKSPEARE.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good:
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
TENNYSON.

Fairest piece of well-form'd earth,
Urge not thus your haughty birth.
WALLER.

One whose extraction from an ancient line
Gives hope again that well-born men may shine;
The meanest in your nature mild and good,
The noble rest secured in your blood.
WALLER.

ARMS.

The whole division that to Mars pertains,
All trades of death that deal in steel for gains,
Were there; the butcher, armorer, and smith,
Who forges sharpen'd fauchions, or the scythe.
DRYDEN.

The weighty mallet deals resounding blows,
Till the proud battlements her tow'rs inclose.
GAY.

The sword
Of Michael from the armory of God
Was giv'n him; temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge.
MILTON.

With plain heroic magnitude of mind,
And celestial vigour arm'd,
Their armories and magazines contemns.
MILTON.

Nigh at hand,
Celestial armory, shields, helms, and spears,
Hung high, with diamonds flaming and with gold.
MILTON.

The arm'rers temper in the ford
The keen-edged pole-ax, or the shining sword;
The red-hot metal hisses in the lake.
POPE.

The armorers accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
SHAKSPEARE.

His warlike shield
Was all of diamond, perfect, pure, and clean;
For so exceeding shone his glistering ray,
That Phœbus' golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beams doth overlay.
SPENSER: *Faerie Queene.*

ART.

The whole world, without art and dress,
Would be but one great wilderness,
And mankind but a savage herd,
For all that nature has conferr'd:
This does but roughen and design,
Leaves art to polish and refine.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Their wildness lose, and, quitting nature's part,
Obey the rules and discipline of art.
DRYDEN.

Such tools as art yet rude had form'd.
MILTON.

Art from that fund each just supply provides,
Works without show, and without pomp presides.
POPE.

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.
POPE: *Essay on Criticism.*

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart.
POPE: *Prologue to "Cato."*

We oft our slowly growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art.
POPE.

Semblant art shall carve the fair effect
And full achievement of thy great designs.
PRIOR.

Good Howard, emulous of the Grecian art.
PRIOR.

In framing artists, art hath thus decreed:
To make some good, but others to exceed.
SHAKSPEARE.

Famous Greece,
That source of art and cultivated thought,
Which they to Rome, and Romans hither brought.
WALLER.

ARTIFICE.

Others by guilty artifice and arts
Of promised kindness practise on our hearts;
With expectation blow the passion up;
She fans the fire without one gale of hope.
GRANVILLE.

A man of sense can artifice disdain,
As men of wealth may venture to go plain.
YOUNG.

ARTS.

Behold those arts with a propitious eye
That suppliant to their great protectress fly.
ADDISON.

Cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts,
The embellishments of life.
ADDISON.

Wheresoe'er her conquering eagles fled,
Arts, learning, and civility were spread.
SIR J. DENHAM.

From Egypt arts their progress made to Greece,
Wrapt in the fable of the golden fleece.
SIR J. DENHAM.

The soldier then in Grecian arts unskill'd,
Returning rich with plunder from the field,
If cups of silver or of gold he brought
With jewels set, and exquisitely wrought,
To glorious trappings strait the plate he turn'd,
And with the glitt'ring spoil his horse adorn'd.
DRYDEN.

What wonder if the kindly beams he shed,
Revived the drooping arts again;
If science raised her head,
And soft humanity, that from rebellion fled.
DRYDEN.

All arts and artists Theseus could command,
Who sold for hire, or wrought for better fame.
DRYDEN.

He, full of fraudful arts,
This well-invented tale for truth imparts.
DRYDEN.

Live then, thou great encourager of arts!
Live ever in our thankful hearts.
DRYDEN.

Studious they appear
Of arts that polish life; inventors rare,
Unmindful of their maker.
MILTON.

For when he dies, farewell all honour, bounty,
All generous encouragement of arts.
OTWAY.

Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all, our vices have created arts:
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which served the past, and must the times to come.
POPE.

Artist divine, whose skilful hands infold
The victim's horn with circumfusile gold.
POPE.

Smit with the love of English arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame.
POPE.

Arts still follow'd where Rome's eagles flew.
POPE.

We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charm:
Their arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms.
POPE.

Artists and plans relieved my solemn hours;
I founded palaces, and planted bow'rs.
PRIOR.

Ere the progressive course of restless age
Performs three thousand times its annual stage,
May not our pow'r and learning be suppress'd,
And arts and learning learn to travel west?
PRIOR.

Our court shall be a little academy,
Still and contemplative in living arts.
SHAKSPEARE.

None in more languages can show
Those arts, which you so early know.
WALLER.

ASTROLOGY.

If he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars and thinks it luxury.

ADDISON.

Thanks to my stars, I have not ranged about
The wilds of life ere I could find a friend.

ADDISON.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate—
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows, that walk by us still.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Though cheats, yet more intelligible
Than those that with the stars do fribble.

BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

But with more lucky hit than those
That use to make the stars depose.

BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

I only deal by rules of art,
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Conclusions of astrology.

BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Cardan believed great states depend
Upon the tip o' th' bear's tail's end;
That as she whisk'd it t'wards the sun,
Strow'd mighty empires up and down.

BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

They'll find i' the physiognomies
O' th' planets all men's destinies.

BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Quoth Hudibras, The stars determine
You are my prisoners, base vermin!
Could they not tell you so, as well
As what I came to know foretell?

BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Many rare pithy saws concerning
The worth of astrologic learning.

BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Cry out upon the stars for doing
Ill offices, to cross their wooing.

BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

The astrologer, who spells the stars,
Mistakes his globes, and in her brighter eye
Interprets heaven's physiognomies.

JOHN CLEAVELAND.

Howe'er love's native hours are set,
Whatever starry synod met,
'Tis in the mercy of her eye,
If poor love shall live or die.

CRASHAW.

Large foundations may be safely laid,
Or houses roof'd, if friendly planets aid.

CREECH.

The Greek names this the horoscope,
This governs life, and this marks out our parts;
Our humours, manners, qualities, and arts.

CREECH.

We must trust to virtue, not to fate;
That may protect, whom cruel stars will hate.

SIR W. DAVENANT: *Distresses.*

Unskill'd in schemes by planets to foreshow,
I neither will nor can prognosticate
To the young gaping heir his father's fate.

DRYDEN.

The spiteful stars have shed their venom down,
And now the peaceful planets take their turn.

DRYDEN.

Such sullen planets at my birth did shine,
They threaten every fortune mixt with mine.

DRYDEN.

Sorceries to raise th' infernal pow'rs,
And sigils framed in planetary hours.

DRYDEN.

Would I had been disposer of thy stars,
Thou shouldst have had thy wish, and died in wars.

DRYDEN.

If but a mile she travel out of town,
The planetary hour must first be known,
And lucky moment, if her eye but akes,
Or itches, its decumbiture she takes.

DRYDEN.

Lady, throw back thy raven hair,
Lay thy white brow in the moonlight bare;
I will look on the stars and look on thee,
And read the page of thy destiny.

L. E. LANDON.

For if those stars, cross to me in my birth,
Had not denied their prosperous influence to it,
I might have ceased to be, and not as now
To curse my being.

MASSINGER.

Their planetary motions and aspects
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join
In synod unbenign.

MILTON.

Two planets rushing from aspect malign
Of fiercest opposition in mid sky,
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
MILTON.

No date prefix'd
Directs me in the starry rubric set.
MILTON.

If I read aught in heav'n,
Or heav'n write aught of fate, by what the stars,
Voluminous, or single characters,
In their conjunction met, give me to spell,
Sorrows and labours, opposition, hate,
Attend thee.
MILTON.

O fact unparallel'd! Charles! best of kings!
What stars their black, disastrous influence shed
On thy nativity?
JOHN PHILIPS.

Astrologers that future fates foreshew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few.
POPE.

Of talismans and sigils knew the power,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
POPE.

A blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool.
POPE.

There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.
SHAKSPEARE.

Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
SHAKSPEARE.

I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.
SHAKSPEARE.

Let me lament
That our stars, unreconcilable, should have divided
Our equalness to this.
SHAKSPEARE.

Our jovial star reign'd at his birth.
SHAKSPEARE.

Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
SHAKSPEARE.

They have, as who have not, whom their great stars
Throned and set high?
SHAKSPEARE.

Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
SHAKSPEARE.

My good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell.
SHAKSPEARE.

Strange an astrologer should die
Without one wonder in the sky!
Not one of all his crony stars
To pay their duty at his hearse.
SWIFT.

AUCTION.

And much more honest to be hired, and stand
With auctionary hammer in thy hand;
Provoking to give more, and knocking thrice
For the old household stuff, or picture's price.
DRYDEN: *Juvenal.*

Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys?
Phryne foresees a general excise.
POPE.

AUTHORS.

Our homespun authors must forsake the field,
And Shakspeare to the soft Scarlatti yield.
ADDISON.

Great Milton next, with high and haughty stalks,
Unfetter'd in majestic numbers walks.
ADDISON.

Than Timoleon's arms require,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.
AKENSIDE: *Ode.*

Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer, and, rare Beaumont, lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakspeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.
WILLIAM BASSE: *On Shakspeare.*

How does Cartesius all his sinews strain
The earth's attractive vigour to explain!
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

There Shakspeare! on whose forehead climb
The crowns o' the world! O eyes sublime—
With tears and laughter for all time!
MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

The glory dies not, and the grief is past.
SIR S. E. BRYDGES: *Death of Sir Walter Scott.*

Where sense with sound and ease with weight combine
In the pure silver of Pope's ringing line;
Or where the pulse of man beats loud and strong
In the frank flow of Dryden's lusty song.
BULWER: *New Timon.*

When Bishop Berkeley said, "There was no matter,"
And proved it—'twas no matter what he said.
BYRON.

Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!
BYRON.

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away.
BYRON.

Yet truth will sometimes lend her noblest fires,
And decorate the verse herself inspires:
This fact, in Virtue's name, let Crabbe attest:
Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best.
BYRON: *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

And stoic Franklin's energetic shade,
Robed in the lightning which his hand allay'd.
BYRON: *Age of Bronze.*

The starry Galileo with his woes.
BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle.
BYRON: *Bride of Abydos.*

Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life?
BYRON.

The self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
The apostate of affection—he who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence.
BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung.
BYRON.

The Ariosto of the North.
BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

Sighing that nature form'd but one such man,
And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan.
BYRON.

And aye that volume on her lap is thrown,
Which every heart of human mould endears;
With Shakspeare's self she speaks and smiles alone,
And no intruding visitation fears
To shame the unconscious laugh or stop her sweetest tears.
CAMPBELL: *Gertrude of Wyoming.*

And rival all but Shakspeare's name below.
CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope.*

Condorcet filter'd through the dregs of Paine.
CANNING: *Anti-Jacobin.*

Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand
By those deep sounds possess'd with inward light,
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.
COLERIDGE: *Fancy in Nubibus.*

Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part;
Nature in him was almost lost in Art.
COLLINS.

The fair example of the heav'nly lark,
Thy fellow-poet, Cowley, mark;
Above the stars let thy bold music sound,
Thy humble nest build on the ground.
COWLEY.

His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.
COWLEY: *On the Death of Crashaw.*

Pindar's unnavigable song
Like a swift stream from mountains pours along.
COWLEY.

All the wide extended sky,
And all the harmonious worlds on high,
And Virgil's sacred work shall die.
COWLEY.

Sidney, warbler of poetic prose.
COWPER: *Task.*

I hasten to our own; nor will relate
Great Mithridates' and rich Crœsus' fate;
Whom Solon wisely counsell'd to attend
The name of happy, till he knew his end.
CREECH.

Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Horace's wit and Virgil's state
He did not steal, but emulate;
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear.
SIR J. DENHAM.

What from Jonson's oil and sweat did flow,
Or what more easy nature did bestow
On Shakspeare's gentler muse, in thee full-grown
Their graces did appear.
SIR J. DENHAM.

So the twins' humours in our Terence are
Unlike; this harsh and rude, that smooth and fair.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Noble Boyle, not less in nature seen
Than his great brother read in states and men.
DRYDEN.

Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear.
DRYDEN.

In easy dialogues is Fletcher's praise:
He moved the mind, but had not pow'r to raise.
DRYDEN.

When did his muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
As thou whose Eth'ridge dost transfuse to thine?
But so transfused as oil and waters flow:
His always floats above, thine sinks below.
DRYDEN.

Ganfride, who couldst so well in rhyme complain
The death of Richard, with an arrow slain.
DRYDEN.

Homer, whose name shall live in epic song,
While music numbers, or while verse has feet.
DRYDEN.

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn:
The first in majesty of thought surpass'd,
The next in gracefulness; in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go:
To make a third she join'd the other two.
DRYDEN: *On Milton.*

Horace, with sly insinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face;
Would raise a blush where secret vice he found,
And tickle while he gently probed the wound;
With seeming innocence the crowd beguiled,
But made the desperate passes when he smiled.
DRYDEN.

Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame
By arrogating Jonson's hostile name;
Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
DRYDEN.

Your Ben and Fletcher, in their first young flight,
Did no Volpone, nor no Arbaces write;
But hopp'd about, and short excursions made
From bough to bough, as if they were afraid.
DRYDEN.

Lucan, content with praise, may lie at ease
In costly grots and marble palaces;
But to poor Bassus what avails a name,
To starve on compliments and empty fame?
DRYDEN.

Orestes' bulky rage,
Unsatisfied with margins closely writ,
Foams o'er the covers, and not finish'd yet.
DRYDEN.

Next Petrarch follow'd, and in him we see
What rhyme, improved in all its height, can be;
At best a pleasing sound, and sweet barbarity.
DRYDEN.

Saint Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not ev'n the feet of thy own Psyche's rhyme;
Though they in numbers as in sense excel,
So just, so like tautology, they fell.
DRYDEN.

Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
DRYDEN.

The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
DRYDEN.

Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
DRYDEN.

Anger would indite
Such woful stuff as I or Shadwell write.
DRYDEN.

Shadwell till death true dulness would maintain;
And, in his father's right and realm's defence,
Ne'er would have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
DRYDEN.

But Shakspeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.
DRYDEN: *Prologue to the Tempest.*

The vain endurances of life,
And they who most perform'd, and promised less,
Ev'n Short and Hobbes, forsook th' unequal strife.
DRYDEN.

Whoe'er thou art, whose forward ears are bent
On state affairs, to guide the government;
Hear first what Socrates of old has said
To the loved youth whom he at Athens bred.
DRYDEN.

Exalted Socrates! divinely brave!
Injured he fell, and dying he forgave;
Too noble for revenge.
DRYDEN.

That good man, who drank the pois'nous draught
With mind serene, and could not wish to see
His vile accuser drink as deep as he.
DRYDEN.

Burns o'er the plough sung sweet his wood-notes wild,
And richest Shakspeare was a poor man's child.
E. ELLIOTT.

O ye muses! deign your bless'd retreat,
Where Horace wantons at your spring,
And Pindar sweeps a bolder string.
FENTON.

Morals snatch from Plutarch's tatter'd page,
A mildew'd Bacon, or Stagyra's sage.
GAY.

Thus flourish'd love, and beauty reign'd in state,
Till the proud Spaniard gave this glory's date:
Past is the gallantry; the fame remains,
Transmitted safe in Dryden's lofty scenes.
GRANVILLE.

Dryden himself, to cure a frantic age,
Was forced to let his judgment stoop to rage;
To a wild audience he conform'd his voice,
Complied to custom, but not err'd through choice:
Deem then the people's, not the writer's sin,
Almansor's rage, and rants of Maximin.
GRANVILLE.

Homer shall last, like Alexander, long;
As much recorded, and as often sung.
GRANVILLE.

Angry Skelton's breathless rhymes.
BISHOP HALL.

O thou, too great to rival or to praise,
Forgive, lamented shade, these duteous lays.
Lee had thy fire, and Congreve had thy wit;
And copyists, here and there, some likeness hit;
But none possess'd thy graces and thy ease,
For thee alone 'twas natural to please.
WALTER HARTE.

Pope came off clean with Homer; but they say,
Broome went before, and kindly swept the way.
ANTHONY HENLEY.

O'er nature's laws God cast the veil of night:
Out blazed a Newton's soul—and all was light.
AARON HILL.

Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,
Like hedgehogs dress'd in lace.
O. W. HOLMES: *Music Grinders.*

Good Homer sometimes nods.
HORACE.

Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.
DR. S. JOHNSON.

From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show.
DR. S. JOHNSON: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

Martial, thou gav'st far nobler epigrams
To thy Domitian than I can my James;
But in my royal subject I pass thee,
Thou flattered'st thine, mine cannot flatter'd be.
BEN JONSON.

Soule of the Age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakespeare, rise; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye
A little further, to make thee a roome:
Thou art a Monument, without a tombe,
And art aliue still, while thy Booke doth liue,
And we haue wits to read, and praise to giue.
BEN JONSON: *Preface to First Folio*, 1622.

And half had stagger'd that stout Stagirite.
LAMB.

Love warms our fancy with enliv'ning fires,
Refines our genius, and our verse inspires;
From him Theocritus, on Enna's plains,
Learnt the wild sweetness of his Doric strains;
Virgil by him was taught the moving art,
That charm'd each ear and soften'd every heart.
LORD LYTTELTON.

For his chaste Muse employ'd her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire;
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.
LORD LYTTELTON: *Prologue to Thomson's Coriolanus.*

What needе my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an Age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd Reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear Sonne of Memory, great Heire of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy Name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyselfe a lasting Monument:
For whilst, to th' shame of slow-endevouring Art,
Thy easie numbers flow, and that each part [heart]
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued Booke,
Those Delphicke Lines with deep Impression tooke;
Then thou, our fancy of herself bereaving,
Dost make us Marble with too much conceiving,
And so Sepulcher'd, in such pompe does lie,
That Kings for such a Tombe would wish to die.
MILTON.

Or sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
MILTON.

The plain good man, whose actions teach
More virtue than a sect can preach,
Pursues his course unsagely blest,
His tutor whisp'ring in his breast:
Nor could he act a purer part
Though he had Tully all by heart;
And when he drops the tear on woe,
He little knows, or cares to know,
That Epictetus blamed that tear,
By Heav'n approved, to virtue dear.
MOORE.

Oh! who that has ever had rapture complete
Would ask how we feel it, or why it is sweet;
How rays are confused, or how particles fly
Through the medium refined of a glance or a sigh?
Is there one who but once would not rather have known it
Than written, with Harvey, whole volumes upon it?
MOORE.

In English lays, and all sublimely great,
Thy Homer charms with all his ancient heat.
PARNELL.

Thus tender Spenser lived, with mean repast
Content, depress'd with penury, and pined
In foreign realm: yet not debased his verse.
JOHN PHILIPS.

How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe,
And swear! not Addison himself was safe.
POPE.

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?
POPE.

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind;
Or, ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame.
POPE.

Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spoke.
POPE.

Her gray-hair'd synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
POPE.

The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles.
POPE.

Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
Flatt'rers and bigots, even in Louis' reign;
And I not strip the gilding off a knave,
Unplaced, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave?
POPE.

Sat full-blown Bufo, puff'd by ev'ry quill,
Fed by soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
POPE.

Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton Heads of Houses quote.
POPE.

No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch-wits survived a thousand years;
Now length of fame, our second life, is lost,
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast;
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
POPE.

Less reading than makes felon 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Can make a Cibber.
POPE.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone:
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great father of his country owns.
POPE.

Begone, ye critics, and restrain your spite;
Codrus writes on, and will forever write.
POPE

Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit.
POPE.

Yet time ennobles or degrades each line;
It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine.
POPE.

Earless on high stood unabash'd Defoe,
And Tutchin, flagrant from the scourge, below.
POPE.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigour of a line
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
POPE.

Dennis and dissonance and captious art,
And snip-snap short, and interruption smart.
POPE.

Unhappy Dryden! in all Charles's days
Roscommon only boasts unspotted lays;
And in our own, excuse some courtly stains,
No whiter page than Addison's remains.
POPE.

Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
POPE.

All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's Fables down to D—y's Tales.
POPE.

Might Dryden bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise;
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
POPE.

At length Erasmus, that great injured name,
Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.
POPE.

Eusden eks out Blackmore's endless line.
POPE.

Songs, sonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift,
And whisk them back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
POPE.

Most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
POPE.

The thoughts of gods let Granville's verse recite,
And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light.
POPE.

The lines are weak, another's pleased to say:
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
POPE.

Be Homer's works your study;
Thence form your judgment, thence your notions bring,
And trace the muses upwards to their spring.
POPE.

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line.
POPE.

Those oft are stratagems which errors seem;
Nor is it Homer nods, but we who dream.
POPE.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense;
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.
POPE.

There are, who to my person pay their court;
I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short.
Amnon's great son one shoulder had too high;
Such Ovid's nose, and, sir! you have an eye!
POPE.

Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skewer to write;
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print.
POPE.

Each staunch polemic, stubborn as a rock,
Each fierce logician still expelling Locke,
Came whip and spur.
POPE.

Thee, bold Longinus, all the Nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire.
POPE.

If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can write.
POPE.

Milton's strong pinion now no heaven can bound,
Now, serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground.
POPE.

Now times are changed, and one poetic itch
Has seized the court and city, poor and rich:
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays,
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays;
To theatres and to rehearsals throng,
And all our grace at table is a song.
POPE.

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in a mortal shape,
And show'd a Newton as we show an ape.
POPE.

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night—
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.
POPE.

Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete.
POPE.

Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And fluent Shakspeare scarce effaced a line.
POPE.

Recall those nights that closed thy toilsome days;
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays.
POPE.

Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's, looks agree;
Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
POPE.

Go soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair.
POPE.

Plutarch, that writes his life,
Tells us that Cato dearly loved his wife.
POPE.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipp'd me in ink? my parents' or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
POPE.

Exact Racine and Corneille's noble fire
Taught us that France had something to admire.
POPE.

Silence, ye wolves, while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous; answer him, ye owls.
POPE.

Roscommon not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit but his own.
POPE.

Thy relicks, Rowe, to this fair shrine we trust,
And sacred place by Dryden's awful dust;
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
POPE.

Against your worship when had S—k writ?
Or P—ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?
POPE.

Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But lived in Settle's numbers one day more.
POPE.

Shakspeare, whom you and ev'ry playhouse bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will,
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite.
POPE.

The mighty Stagyrite first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star.
POPE.

Spenser himself affects the obsolete,
And Sidney's verse halts ill on Roman feet.
POPE.

O thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy grieved country's copper chains unbind.
POPE.

Swift for closer style,
But Hoadly for a period of a mile.
POPE.

For Swift and him despised the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great.
POPE.

Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole;
Now here he sipp'd, now there he plunder'd snug,
And suck'd o'er all, like an industrious bug.
POPE: *on Theobald.*

Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow,
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next to fame.
POPE.

To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line:
O let my country's friends illumine mine.
POPE.

When first young Maro sung of kings and wars,
Ere warning Phœbus touch'd his trembling ears,
Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
And but from nature's fountains scorn'd to draw.
POPE.

Even rival wits did Voiture's fate deplore,
And the gay mourn'd, who never mourn'd before.
POPE.

The truest hearts for Voiture heaved with sighs;
Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes.
POPE.

A monarch's sword when mad vain glory draws,
Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scars.
POPE.

Waller was smooth, but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine!
POPE.

Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit or thy social love.
POPE.

When once the poet's honour ceases,
From reason far his transports rove;
And Boileau for eight hundred pieces
Makes Louis take the wall of Jove.
PRIOR.

The youngster, who at nine and three
Drinks with his sisters milk and tea,
From breakfast reads, till twelve o'clock,
Burnet and Heylin, Hobbes and Locke.
PRIOR.

Homer, great bard! so fate ordain'd, arose;
And, bold as were his countrymen in fight,
Snatch'd their fair actions from degrading prose,
And set their battles in eternal light.
PRIOR.

Beneath a verdant laurel's shade,
Horace, immortal bard! supinely laid.
PRIOR.

Me all too mean for such a task I weet;
Yet if the sovereign lady deigns to smile,
I'll follow Horace with impetuous heat,
And clothe the verse in Spenser's native style,
PRIOR.

Dan Pope, for thy misfortune grieved,
With kind concern and skill has weaved
A silken web, and ne'er shall fade
Its colours; gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture bless.
PRIOR.

Shadwell from the town retires
To bless the wood with peaceful lyric;
Then hey for praise and panegyric.
PRIOR.

Writing is but just like dice,
And lucky mains make people wise;
That jumbled words, if fortune throw 'em,
Shall well as Dryden form a poem.
PRIOR.

If to be sad is to be wise,
I do most heartily despise
Whatever Socrates has said,
Or Tully writ, or Wanley read.
PRIOR.

Though its error may be such
As Knags and Burgess cannot hit,
It may feel the nicer touch
Of Wycherley's or Congreve's wit.
PRIOR.

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay.
SIR W. RALEIGH: *Verses to Spenser.*

Horace will our superfluous branches prune,
Give us new rules, and set our harps in tune.
ROSCOMMON.

Serene and clear harmonious Horace flows,
With sweetness not to be exprest in prose.
ROSCOMMON.

Horace did ne'er aspire to epic bays;
Nor lofty Maro stoop to lyric lays.
ROSCOMMON.

We know that town is but with fishers fraught,
Where Theseus govern'd and where Plato taught.
SANDYS.

Though gay as mirth, as curious thought sedate,
As elegance polite, as power elate.
SAVAGE: *On Pope.*

While we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured.
SHAKSPEARE.

Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
SHEFFIELD: *Essay on Poetry.*

How many a rustic Milton has pass'd by,
Stifling the speechless longings of his heart
In unremitting drudgery and care.
How many a vulgar Cato has compell'd
His energies, no longer tameless then,
To mould a pin, or fabricate a nail.
SHELLEY: *Queen Mab.*

A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakspeare, names that ne'er shall die.
SHENSTONE: *School-Mistress.*

Witty as Horatius Flaccus,
As great a Jacobin as Gracchus,
Short, though not as fat, as Bacchus,
Riding on a little jackass.
SYDNEY SMITH: *Impromptu on Jeffrey.*

Wild dreams! but such
As Plato loved; such as with holy zeal
Our Milton worshipp'd.
SOUTHEY: *Inscription on Henry Martyn.*

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled.
SPENSER: *Faerie Queene.*

Thrice-happy Duck, employ'd in threshing stubble,
Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profits double.
SWIFT.

Gay paid his courtship with the crowd,
As far as modest pride allow'd;
Rejects a servile usher's place,
And leaves St. James's in disgrace.
SWIFT.

Dame Nature, as the learned show,
Provides each animal its foe.
Hounds hunt the hare; the wily fox
Devours your geese, the wolf your flocks:
Thus envy pleads a natural claim
To persecute the muse's fame:
On poets, in all times, abusive;
From Homer down to Pope, inclusive.
SWIFT.

Wit, like wine, from happier climates brought,
Dash'd by these rogues, turns English common draught.
They pall Molière's and Lopez's sprightly strain.
SWIFT.

In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine;
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six.
SWIFT.

Pope's filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells.
SWIFT.

Send those to paper-sparing Pope;
And, when he sits to write,
No letter with an envelope
Could give him more delight.
SWIFT.

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true;
They argue no corrupted mind
In him: the fault is in mankind.
SWIFT.

Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains;
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revised by Tibbald, More, and Cibber.
SWIFT.

He'll use me as he does my betters,
Publish my life, my will, my letters,
Revive the libels born to die,
Which Pope must bear as well as I.
SWIFT.

In Raleigh mark their ev'ry glory mix'd;
Raleigh, the scourge of Spain, whose breast with all
The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
THOMSON.

The patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor and a friend sincere;
He taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price of knowledge!) taught us how to die.
TICKELL: *on the Death of Addison.*

Though slaves, like birds that sing not in a cage,
They lost their genius, and poetic rage;
Homers again and Pindars may be found,
And his great actions with their numbers crown'd.
WALLER.

A great deal, my dear liege, depends
On having clever bards for friends.
What had Achilles been without his Homer,—
A tailor, woollen-draper, or a comber?
DR. WOLCOTT.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perish'd in his pride;
Of him who walk'd in glory and in joy,
Following his plough, along the mountain side.
WORDSWORTH.

Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvellous source,
The rapt one, of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth;
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanish'd from his lonely hearth.
WORDSWORTH.

That mighty orb of song,
The divine Milton.
WORDSWORTH.

And when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains,—alas! too few.
WORDSWORTH.

The sightless Milton, with his hair
Around his placid temples curl'd;
And Shakspeare at his side,—a freight,
If clay could think and mind were weight,
For him who bore the world.
WORDSWORTH.

For Plato's lore sublime,
And all the wisdom of the Stagyrite,
Enrich'd and beautified his studious mind.
WORDSWORTH: *from the Italian.*

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spake, the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.
WORDSWORTH.

Meek Walton's heavenly memory.
WORDSWORTH: *Walton's Book of Lives.*

The feather whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropp'd from an angel's wing.
WORDSWORTH: *Walton's Book of Lives.*

As thou these ashes, little brook! wilt bear
Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
Into main ocean they, this deed accursed
An emblem yields to friends and enemies,
How the bold Teacher's doctrine, sanctified
By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dispersed.
WORDSWORTH: *to Wickliffe.*

Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful train,
Nor hears that virtue which he loves complain?
YOUNG.

But what in oddness can be more sublime
Than S [loane] the foremost toyman of his time?
YOUNG.

AUTHORSHIP.

Each wit may praise it for his own dear sake,
And hint he writ it, if the thing should take.
ADDISON.

Much thou hast said which I know when
And where thou stol'st from other men;
Whereby 'tis plain thy light and gifts
Are all but plagiary shifts.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print;
A book's a book although there's nothing in't.
BYRON.

One hates an author that's *all author*, fellows
In foolscap uniforms turn'd up with ink,
So very anxious, clever, fine, and jealous,
One don't know what to say to them, or think,
Unless to puff them with a pair of bellows;
Of coxcombry's worst coxcombs, e'en the pink
Are preferable to these shreds of paper,
These unquench'd snuffings of the midnight taper.
BYRON.

None but an author knows an author's cares,
Or fancy's fondness for the child she bears.
COWPER.

For he writes not for money, nor for praise,
Nor to be call'd a wit, nor to wear bays.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Who have before, or shall write after thee,
Their works, though toughly laboured, will be
Like infancy or age to man's firm stay.
JOHN DONNE.

All authors to their own defects are blind;
Hadst thou but, Janus-like, a face behind,
To see the people, what splay mouths they make,
To mark their fingers pointed at thy back.
DRYDEN.

The unhappy man who once has trail'd a pen
Lives not to please himself, but other men;
Is always drudging with his life and blood,
Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.
DRYDEN: *Prol. to Lee's Cæsar Borgia.*

Such is the poet's lot: what happier fate
Does on the works of grave historians wait!
More time they spend, in greater toils engage:
Their volumes swell beyond the thousandth page.
DRYDEN.

If I by chance succeed
In what I write, and that's a chance indeed,
Know I am not so stupid, or so hard,
Not to feel praise, or fame's deserved reward.
DRYDEN.

You exclaim as loud as those that praise,
For scraps and coach-hire, a young noble's plays.
DRYDEN.

Is it for this they study? to grow pale,
And miss the pleasures of a glorious meal?
For this, in rags accoutred are they seen,
And made the May-game of the public spleen?
DRYDEN.

The bard that first adorn'd our native tongue
Tuned to his British lyre this ancient song.
DRYDEN.

Th' illiterate writer, empiric-like, applies
To minds diseased unsafe chance remedies:
The learn'd in schools, where knowledge first began,
Studies with care th' anatomy of man;
Sees virtue, vice, and passions in their cause,
And fame from science, not from fortune, draws.
DRYDEN.

He was too warm on picking work to dwell,
But faggoted his notions as they fell;
And if they rhymed and rattled, all was well.
DRYDEN.

The hand and head were never lost of those
Who dealt in dogg'rel, or who punn'd in prose.
DRYDEN.

No more accuse thy pen, but charge the crime
On native sloth, and negligence of time.
DRYDEN.

His knowledge in the noblest useful arts
Was such dead authors could not give,
But habitudes with those who live.
DRYDEN.

Whatever truths
Redeem'd from error, or from ignorance,
Thin in their authors, like rich veins of ore,
Your works unite, and still discover more.
DRYDEN.

I must disclaim whate'er he can express;
His grovelling sense will show my passion less.
DRYDEN.

Gentle or sharp, according to thy choice,
To laugh at follies, or to lash at vice.
DRYDEN.

'Tis not indeed my talent to engage
In lofty trifles, or to swell my page
With wind and noise.
DRYDEN.

Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,
And justify their author's want of sense.
DRYDEN.

Thy name, to Phœbus and the muses known,
Shall in the front of ev'ry page be shown.
DRYDEN.

Every scribbling man
Grows a fop as fast as e'er he can,
Prunes up, and asks his oracle the glass
If pink or purple best become his face?
DRYDEN.

Envy's a sharper spur than pay,
And, unprovoked, 'twill court the fray;
No author ever spared a brother:
Wits are gamecocks to one another.
GAY: *Fables.*

The scribbler, pinch'd with hunger, writes to dine,
And to your genius must conform his line.
GRANVILLE.

From yon bright heaven our author fetch'd his fire,
And paints the passions that your eyes inspire;
Full of that flame, his tender scenes he warms,
And frames his goddess by your matchless charms.
GRANVILLE.

His works become the frippery of wit.
BEN JONSON.

Authors are judged by strange capricious rules,
The great ones are thought mad, the small ones fools;
Yet sure the best are most severely fated,
For fools are only laughed at,—wits are hated.
Blockheads with reason men of sense abhor;
But fool 'gainst fool is barb'rous civil war.
Why on all authors then should critics fall?
Since some have writ, and shown no wit at all.
POPE.

I sought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight:
Poems I heeded, now berhymed so long,
No more than thou, great George! a birthday song.
POPE.

For thee I dim these eyes and stuff this head
With all such reading as was never read.
POPE.

A dire dilemma, either way I'm sped;
If foes they write, if friends they read, me dead.
POPE.

The dog-star rages; nay, 'tis past a doubt
All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out;
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
POPE.

Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door:
"Sir, let me see your works and you no more!"
POPE.

Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb through,
He spins the slight self-pleasing thread anew.
POPE.

He plunged for sense, but found no bottom there;
Then writ and flounder'd on in mere despair!
POPE.

Shall I in London act this idle part?
Composing songs for fools to get by heart.
POPE.

They who reach Parnassus' lofty crown
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And, while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools.
POPE.

Leave flattery to fulsome dedicators,
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
POPE.

Authors alone, with more than savage rage,
Unnat'ral war with brother authors wage.
POPE.

No rag, no scrap, of all the beau or wit,
That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ.
POPE.

Oft leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves our ready wit;
And authors think their reputation safe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleased to laugh.
POPE.

With authors, stationers obey'd the call;
Glory and pain th' industrious tribe provoke,
And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
POPE.

Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance;
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance.
POPE.

There he stopp'd short, nor since has writ a tittle,
But has the wit to make the most of little,
Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got
Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
POPE.

Some the French writers, some our own despise;
The ancients only or the moderns prize.
POPE.

The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a year.
POPE.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But of the two less dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
POPE.

For fame with toil we gain, but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please.
POPE.

To write what may securely stand the test
Of being well read over thrice at least,
Compare each phrase, examine ev'ry line,
Weigh ev'ry word, and ev'ry thought refine.
POPE.

Is there who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
POPE.

Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
But are not critics to their judgments too?
POPE.

A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross.
POPE.

What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?
POPE.

Yet this false comfort never gives him o'er,
That, whilst he creeps, his vig'rous thought can soar.
POPE.

Some to conceit alone their works confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line.
POPE.

But is it thus you English bards compose?
With Runic lays thus tag insipid prose?
And when you should your heroes' deeds rehearse,
Give us a commissary's list in verse?
PRIOR.

Choose an author as you choose a friend.
PRIOR.

The privilege that ancient poets claim,
Now turn'd to license by too just a name.
ROSCOMMON.

None have been with admiration read,
But who, besides their learning, were well bred.
ROSCOMMON.

Make the proper use of each extreme,
And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
ROSCOMMON.

Every busy little scribbler now
Swells with the praises which he gives himself,
And, taking sanctuary in the crowd,
Brags of his impudence, and scorns to mend.
ROSCOMMON.

Your author always will the best advise:
Fall when he falls, and when he rises, rise.
ROSCOMMON.

Sound judgment is the ground of writing well.
ROSCOMMON.

Who did ever, in French authors, see
The comprehensive English energy?
ROSCOMMON.

Worthy of great Phœbus rote,
The triumphs of Phlegrean Jove he wrote,
That all the gods admired his lofty note.
SPENSER.

Our chilling climate hardly bears
A sprig of bay in fifty years;
While every fool his claim alleges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
SWIFT.

An author thus who pants for fame
Begins the world with fear and shame;
When first in print you see him dread
Each pop-gun levell'd at his head.
SWIFT.

His works were hawk'd in every street,
But seldom rose above a sheet.
SWIFT.

Chaste moral writing we may learn from hence,
Neglect of which no wit can recompense;
The fountain which from Helicon proceeds,
That sacred stream, should never water weeds.
WALLER.

Not content to see
That others write as carelessly as he.
WALLER.

So must the writer whose productions should
Take with the vulgar, be of vulgar mould.
WALLER.

Who but thyself the mind and ear can please,
With strength and softness, energy and ease?
WALLER.

An author! 'Tis a venerable name!
How few deserve it, and what numbers claim!
Unblest with sense above their peers refined,
Who shall stand up, dictators to mankind?
Nay, who dare shine, if not in virtue's cause,
That sole proprietor of just applause?
YOUNG.

At that tribunal stands the writing tribe,
Which nothing can intimidate or bribe:
Time is the judge.
YOUNG.

Authors now find, as once Achilles found,
The whole is mortal if a part's unsound.
YOUNG.

Hot, envious, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, ink, and die.
YOUNG.

AUTUMN.

No spring or summer's beauty hath such grace
As I have seen in one autumnal face.
JOHN DONNE.

When bounteous Autumn rears his head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd pear.
DRYDEN.

Autumnal heat declines,
Ere heat is quite decay'd, or cold begun.
DRYDEN.

Autumn succeeds, a sober, tepid age,
Nor froze with fear, nor boiling into rage;
Last, Winter creeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrow'd is his face.
DRYDEN.

But see the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deep'ning over shade, the country round
Imbrown; crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark.
THOMSON: *Seasons.*

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
Oft starting such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
THOMSON: *Seasons.*

AVARICE.

O cursed love of gold; when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds,
First starved in this, then damn'd in that to come!
BLAIR: *Grave.*

The more we have, the meaner is our store;
The unenjoying craving wretch is poor.
CREECH.

Up, up, says Avarice! thou snor'st again,
Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain:
The tyrant Lucre no denial takes;
At his command th' unwilling sluggard wakes.
DRYDEN.

Her soul abhorring avarice,
Bounteous; but almost bounteous to a vice.
DRYDEN.

But more have been by avarice opprest,
And heaps of money crowded in the chest.
DRYDEN.

Young men to imitate all ills are prone,
But are compell'd to avarice alone;
For then in virtue's shape they follow vice.
DRYDEN.

Nor love his peace of mind destroys,
Nor wicked avarice of wealth.
DRYDEN.

Go, miser! go: for lucre sell thy soul;
Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole to pole,
That men may say, when thou art dead and gone,
See what a vast estate he left his son!
DRYDEN.

For he who covets gain in such excess
Does by dumb signs himself as much express
As if in words at length he show'd his mind.
DRYDEN.

The base wretch who hoards up all he can
Is praised and call'd a careful thrifty man.
DRYDEN.

For should you to extortion be inclined,
Your cruel guilt will little booty find.
DRYDEN.

Like a miser 'midst his store,
Who grasps and grasps till he can hold no more.
DRYDEN.

As thy strutting bags with money rise,
The love of gain is of an equal size.
DRYDEN.

From hence the greatest part of ills descend,
When lust of getting more will have no end.
DRYDEN.

But the base miser starves amidst his store,
Broods o'er his gold, and, griping still at more,
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.
DRYDEN.

Why lose we life in anxious cares
To lay in hoards for future years?
Can these, when tortured by disease,
Cheer our sick hearts, or purchase ease?
Can these prolong one gasp of breath,
Or calm the troubled hour of death?
GAY.

Be thrifty, but not covetous; therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend, his due:
Never was scraper brave man. Get to live;
Then live, and use it; else it is not true
That thou hast gotten: surely, use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone.
GEORGE HERBERT.

He turns with anxious heart and crippled hands
His bonds of debt and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.
DR. JOHNSON.

The love of gold, that meanest rage
And latest folly of man's sinking age,
Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
And dies collecting lumber in the rear.
MOORE.

Thoughtful of gain, I all the live-long day
Consume in meditation deep.
JOHN PHILIPS.

Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
POPE.

'Tis strange the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy;
Is it less strange the prodigal should waste
His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
POPE.

Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
This year a reservoir, to keep and spare;
The next, a fountain spouting through his heir.
POPE.

Benighted wanderers the forest o'er,
Curse the saved candle and unopening door;
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
POPE.

When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch who living saved a candle's end;
Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay, extends his hands.
POPE.

They meanly pilfer, as they bravely fought,
Now save a nation, and now save a groat.
POPE.

Then, in plain prose, were made two sorts of men;
To squander some, and some to hide agen.
POPE.

Corruption, like a general flood,
Shall deluge all; and av'rice creeping on
Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun.
POPE.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
POPE.

This avarice
Strikes deeper, grows with more pernicious root.
SHAKSPEARE.

There grows
In my most ill-composed affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands.
SHAKSPEARE.

He shall spend mine honour with his shame;
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
SHAKSPEARE.

See, sons, what things you are! how quickly nature
Falls to revolt, when gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleeps with thought, their brains with care.
SHAKSPEARE.

Then avarice 'gan through his veins to inspire
His greedy flames, and kindle life-devouring fire.
SPENSER.

Regard of worldly muck doth foully blend
And low abase the high heroic spirit.
SPENSER.

Whether thy counter shine with sums untold,
And thy wide-grasping hand grows black with gold.
SWIFT.

Who, lord of millions, trembles for his store,
And fears to give a farthing to the poor;
Proclaims that penury will be his fate,
And, scowling, looks on charity with hate.
DR. WOLCOTT.

Some, o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad,
Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

BATTLE.

O Marcia, let me hope thy kind concerns,
And gentle wishes, follow me to battle.
ADDISON: *Cato.*

If he that is in battle slain
Be in the bed of honour lain,
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in honour's truckle-bed.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

What perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with after-claps!
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

And now the field of death, the lists,
Were enter'd by antagonists,
And blood was ready to be broach'd,
When Hudibras in haste approach'd.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

A gen'ral sets his army in array
In vain, unless he fight and win the day.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Our swords so wholly did the fates employ,
That they, at length, grew weary to destroy;
Refused the work we brought, and out of breath,
Made sorrow and despair attend for death.
DRYDEN.

I fought and fell like one, but death deceived me:
I wanted weight of feeble Moors upon me,
To crush my soul out.
DRYDEN.

Here Pallas urges on, and Lausus there;
Their congress in the field great Jove withstands:
Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.
DRYDEN.

Why asks he what avails him not in fight,
And would but cumber and retard his flight,
In which his only excellence is placed?
You give him death that interrupt his haste.
DRYDEN.

They follow their undaunted king;
Crowd through their gates; and, in the fields of light,
The shocking squadrons meet in mortal fight.
DRYDEN.

Two battles your auspicious cause has won;
Thy sword can perfect what it has begun.
DRYDEN.

A cloud of smoke envelops either host,
And all at once the combatants are lost:
Darkling they join adverse, and shock unseen,
Coursers with coursers justing, men with men.
DRYDEN.

Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball,
And now their odours arm'd against them fly:
Some preciously by shatter'd porcelain fall,
And some by aromatic splinters die.
DRYDEN.

Their standard, planted on the battlement,
Despair and death among the soldiers sent.
DRYDEN.

He to the town return'd,
Attended by the chiefs who fought the field,
Now friendly mix'd, and in one troop compell'd.
DRYDEN.

Thus fights Ulysses, thus his fame extends;
A formidable man, but to his friends.
DRYDEN.

The Grecians rally, and their powers unite;
With fury charge us, and renew the fight.
DRYDEN.

Would you the advantage of the fight delay
If, striking first, you were to win the day?
DRYDEN.

He with his sword unsheathed, on pain of life,
Commands both combatants to cease their strife.
DRYDEN.

Who, single combatant,
Duel'd their armies rank'd in proud array;
Himself an army.
MILTON.

Them, with fire and hostile arms,
Fearless assault; and to the brow of heav'n
Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss.
MILTON.

So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown.
MILTON.

The pierced battalions disunited fall
In heaps on heaps: one fate o'erwhelms them all.
POPE.

'Tis ours by craft and by surprise to gain;
'Tis yours to meet in arms, and battle in the plain.
PRIOR.

Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason wills our hearts should be as good.
SHAKSPEARE.

He which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made.
SHAKSPEARE.

O noble English! that could entertain,
With half their forces, the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action.
SHAKSPEARE.

To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; despair, and die.
SHAKSPEARE.

In that day's feats
He proved the best man i' th' field; and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak.
SHAKSPEARE.

Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't it had; for
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword.
SHAKSPEARE.

The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand
To parley, or to fight.
SHAKSPEARE.

In this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be.
SHAKSPEARE.

Against whose fury, and th' unmatched force,
The aweless lion could not wage the fight.
SHAKSPEARE.

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
SHAKSPEARE.

Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down, with a heavy fall,
Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!
SHAKSPEARE.

Themselves at discord fell,
And cruel combat join'd in middle space,
With horrible assault and fury fell.
SPENSER.

True be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
That warlike feats dost highly glorify;
Therein have I spent all my youthly days,
And many battles fought, and many frays.
SPENSER.

From vaster hopes than this he seem'd to fall,
That durst attempt the British admiral:
From her broadsides a ruder flame is thrown
Than from the fiery chariot of the sun.
WALLER.

BEAUTY.

Loveliest of women! heaven is in thy soul;
Beauty and virtue shine forever round thee,
Bright'ning each other! thou art all divine.
ADDISON.

She moves! life wanders up and down
Through all her face, and lights up every charm.
ADDISON.

In praising Chloris, moon, and stars, and skies,
Are quickly made to match her face and eyes;
And gold and rubies, with as little care,
To fit the colours of her lips and hair;
And mixing suns, and flowers, and pearls, and stones,
Make them seem all complexions at once.
BUTLER.

The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,
And oh! that eye was in itself a soul.
BYRON: *Bride of Abydos.*

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.
BYRON: *Hebrew Melodies.*

She was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight;
And rose, where'er I turn'd my eye,
The morning star of memory.
BYRON: *Giaour.*

Like pensive beauty smiling in her tears.
CAMPBELL.

It is not beauty I demand,
A crystal brow, the moon's despair,
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair.
CAREW.

Think not, 'cause men flatt'ring say,
Y' are fresh as April, sweet as May,
Bright as the morning star,
That you are so.

CAREW.

If ev'ry sweet, and ev'ry grace,
Must fly from that forsaken face.

CAREW.

Harmony, with ev'ry grace,
Plays in the fair proportions of her face.

ELIZABETH CARTER.

Metals may blazon common beauties; she
Makes pearls and planets humble heraldry.

JOHN CLEAVELAND.

Where such radiant lights have shone,
No wonder if her cheeks be grown
Sunburnt with lustre of her own.

JOHN CLEAVELAND.

Where lilies, in a lovely brown,
Inoculate carnation.

JOHN CLEAVELAND.

Beauty or wit is all I find.

COWLEY.

Beauty! thou wild fantastic ape,
Who dost in ev'ry country change thy shape:
Here black; there brown; here tawny; and
there white!
Thou flatt'rer, who comply'st with ev'ry sight!
Who hast no certain what, nor where.

COWLEY.

Beauty, sweet love! is like the morning dew,
Whose short refresh upon the tender green
Cheers for a time,—but till the sun doth shew,—
And straight is gone as it had never been.

DANIEL.

All the beauties of the court besides
Are mad in love, and dote upon your person.

SIR J. DENHAM.

She by whose lines proportion should be
Examined, measure of all symmetry;
Whom had that ancient seen, who thought souls
made
Of harmony, he would at next have said
That harmony was she.

DONNE.

Love built on beauty, soon as beauty, dies;
Choose this face, changed by no deformities.

DONNE.

Such were the features of her heav'nly face;
Her limbs were form'd with such harmonious
grace;
So faultless was the frame, as if the whole
Had been an emanation of the soul.

DRYDEN.

Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks, her shapes, her
features,
Seem to be drawn by Love's own hand; by Love
Himself in love.

DRYDEN.

Vouchsafe, illustrious Ormond, to behold
What pow'r the charms of beauty had of old.

DRYDEN.

Beauty, like ice, our footing does betray;
Who can tread sure on the smooth slipp'ry way?
Pleased with the passage, we glide swiftly on,
And see the dangers which we cannot shun.

DRYDEN.

When factious rage to cruel exile drove
The queen of beauty and the court of love,
The muses droop'd with their forsaken arts.

DRYDEN.

And she that was not only passing fair,
But was withal discreet and debonair,
Resolved the passive doctrine to fulfil.

DRYDEN.

But none, ah! none can animate the lyre,
And the mute strings with vocal souls inspire:
Whether the learn'd Minerva be her theme,
Or chaste Diana bathing in the stream;
None can record their heav'nly praise so well
As Helen, in whose eyes ten thousand cupids
dwell.

DRYDEN.

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The pow'r of beauty I remember yet.

DRYDEN.

Few admired the native red and white
Till poets dress'd them up to charm the sight.

DRYDEN.

Her who fairest does appear,
Crown her queen of all the year.

DRYDEN.

No mortal tongue can half the beauty tell;
For none but hands divine could work so well.

DRYDEN.

Beauty, and youth,
And sprightly hope, and short-enduring joy.

DRYDEN.

His neck, his hands, his shoulders, and his breast,
Did next in gracefulness and beauty stand
To breathing figures.
DRYDEN.

On sev'ral parts a sev'ral praise bestow:
The ruby lips, and well-proportion'd nose,
The snowy brow, the raven glossy hair,
The dimpled chin.
DRYDEN.

He through a little window cast his sight,
Through thick of bars that gave a scanty light;
But ev'n that glimm'ring served him to descry
Th' inevitable charms of Emily.
DRYDEN.

The young Æmilia, fairer to be seen
Than the fair lily on the flow'ry green.
DRYDEN.

The bloom of beauty other years demands,
Nor will be gather'd by such wither'd hands.
DRYDEN.

I take this garland, not as given by you,
But as my merit and my beauty's due.
DRYDEN.

Down fell the beauteous youth; the yawning wound
Gush'd out in purple stream, and stain'd the ground.
DRYDEN.

Our phœnix queen was there pourtray'd too bright;
Beauty alone could beauty take so right.
DRYDEN.

Beauty a monarch is,
Which kingly power magnificently proves
By crowds of slaves, and peopled empire loves.
DRYDEN.

O race divine!
For beauty still is fatal to the line.
DRYDEN.

The beauties of this place should mourn;
The immortal fruits and flow'rs at my return
Should hang their wither'd head.
DRYDEN.

As Thessalian steeds the race adorn,
So rosy-colour'd Helen is the pride
Of Lacedemon and of Greece beside.
DRYDEN.

So sleek her skin, so faultless was her make,
Ev'n Juno did unwilling pleasure take
To see so fair a rival.
DRYDEN.

Her heav'nly form too haughtily she prized;
His person hated, and his gifts despised.
DRYDEN.

Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
Were all observed, as well as heav'nly face;
With such a peerless majesty she stands,
As in that day she took the crown.
DRYDEN.

These look like the workmanship of heav'n:
This is the porcelain clay of human kind,
And therefore cast into these noble moulds.
DRYDEN.

I pass their form and every charming grace.
DRYDEN.

The charming Lausus, full of youthful fire,
To Turnus only second in the grace
Of manly mien, and features of the face.
DRYDEN.

Since my Orazia's death I have not seen
A beauty so deserving to be queen.
DRYDEN.

The beauty I beheld has struck me dead;
Unknowingly she strikes, and kills by chance;
Poison is in her eyes, and death in ev'ry glance.
DRYDEN.

What further fear of danger can there be?
Beauty, which captives all things, sets me free.
DRYDEN.

Daughter of the rose, whose cheeks unite
The diff'ring titles of the red and white;
Who heav'n's alternate beauty well display,
The blush of morning and the milky way.
DRYDEN.

Blood, rapine, massacres were cheaply bought,
So mighty recompense your beauty brought.
DRYDEN.

Beauteous Helen shines among the rest;
Tall, slender, straight, with all the graces blest.
DRYDEN.

The well-proportion'd shape, and beauteous face,
Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes.
DRYDEN.

Yet all combined,
Your beauty and my impotence of mind.
DRYDEN.

Ruddy his lips, and fresh and fair his hue;
Some sprinkled freckles on his face were seen,
Whose dusk set off the whiteness of the skin.
DRYDEN.

Some angel copied, while I slept, each grace,
And moulded ev'ry feature from my face;
Such majesty does from her forehead rise,
Her cheeks such blushes cast, such rays her eyes.
DRYDEN.

Sure I am, unless I win in arms,
To stand excluded from Emilia's charms.
DRYDEN.

Trust not too much to that enchanting face;
Beauty's a charm, but soon the charm will pass.
DRYDEN.

For my own share one beauty I design;
Engage your honours that she shall be mine.
DRYDEN.

When I view the beauties of thy face,
I fear not death, nor dangers, nor disgrace.
DRYDEN.

A vaile obscured the sunshine of her eyes,
The rose within herself her sweetness closed;
Each ornament about her seemly lies,
By curious chance, or careless art, composed.
FAIRFAX.

The same that left thee by the cooling stream,
Safe from sun's heat, but scorch'd with beauty's beam.
FAIRFAX.

Fairest blossoms drop with every blast;
But the brown beauty will like hollies last.
GAY.

Narcissus' change to the vain virgin shows,
Who trusts to beauty, trusts the fading rose.
GAY.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day.
GAY.

The toilet, nursery of charms,
Completely furnish'd with bright beauty's arms,
The patch, the powder-box, pulvil, perfumes.
GAY.

Of beauty sing:
Let others govern or defend the state,
Plead at the bar, or manage a debate.
GRANVILLE.

Of beauty sing, her shining progress view,
From clime to clime the dazzling light pursue.
GRANVILLE.

Her cheeks their freshness lose and wonted grace,
And an unusual paleness spreads her face.
GRANVILLE.

Wyndham like a tyrant throws the dart,
And takes a cruel pleasure in the smart;
Proud of the ravage that her beauties make,
Delights in wounds, and kills for killing's sake.
GRANVILLE.

A lovelier nymph the pencil never drew;
For the fond Graces form'd her easy mien,
And heaven's soft azure in her eye was seen.
HAYLEY.

As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright;
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
And she who means no mischief does it all.
AARON HILL.

Who sees a soul in such a body set,
Might love the treasure for the cabinet.
BEN JONSON.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness.
KEATS.

Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle.
LORD LYTTELTON: *Soliloquy on a Beauty in the Country.*

Oh, she is fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.
MARLOWE: *Faustus.*

While in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting siren in thy tongue,
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endured!
But when the candle enter'd, I was cured.
MARTIAL.

They said her cheek of youth was beautiful,
Till with'ring sorrow blanch'd the white rose there.
MATURIN.

Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep
By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep,
Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove:
Too fair to worship, too divine to love!
MILMAN.

Her grace of motion, and of look, the smooth
And swimming majesty of step and tread,
The symmetry of form and feature, set
The soul afloat, even like delicious airs
Of flute and harp.
MILMAN.

Beauty is nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsavoury in th' enjoyment of itself:
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
MILTON.

Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder.
MILTON.

Beauty is excell'd by manly grace,
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.
MILTON.

Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,
After offence returning, to regain
Love once possest.
MILTON.

Beauty stands
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; cease to admire, and all her plumes
Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy;
At every sudden slighting quite abash'd.
MILTON.

Here only weak,
Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance.
MILTON.

How many have with a smile made small account
Of beauty, and her lures; easily scorn'd
All her assaults, on worthier things intent!
MILTON.

Or should she, confident
As sitting queen adorn'd on beauty's throne,
Descend, with all her winning charms begirt,
T' enamour.
MILTON.

What admir'st thou, what transports thee so?
An outside? fair, no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cherishing and thy love.
MILTON.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment!
MILTON.

His grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace.
MILTON.

His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule.
MILTON.

So lovely fair!
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd.
MILTON.

What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
MILTON.

All beaming with light as those young features are,
There's a light round thy heart that is lovelier far;
It is not thy cheek—'tis the soul dawning clear—
Though its innocent blush makes thy beauty so dear:
As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
Is look'd up to more because heaven is there!
MOORE.

'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
POPE.

Love raised on beauty will like that decay;
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day:
As flow'ry bands in wantonness are worn,
A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn.
POPE.

Happy, and happy still she might have proved,
Were she less beautiful, or less beloved.
POPE.

The nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace
Of charming features, and a youthful face.
POPE.

Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,
With you immortal, and with beauty blest.
POPE.

A scene where, if a god should cast his sight,
A god might gaze and wonder with delight!
Joy touch'd the messenger of heav'n; he stay'd
Entranced, and all the blissful haunts survey'd.
POPE.

But beauty's triumph is well-timed retreat,
As hard a science to the fair as great.
POPE.

Some nymphs there are too conscious of their face;
These swell their prospects, and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love denied.
POPE.

The fair
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face.
POPE.

Trust not too much your now resistless charms;
Those age or sickness soon or late disarms.
POPE.

Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide;
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
POPE.

Some figures monstrous and misshaped appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near;
Which but proportion'd to their light or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
POPE.

What winning graces, what majestic mien!
She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen.
POPE.

Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone;
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.
POPE.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
POPE.

Say, why are beauties praised and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford?
Why angels call'd, and angel-like adored?
POPE.

You still, fair mother, in your offspring trace
The stock of beauty destined for the race;
Kind Nature, forming them, the pattern took
From heav'n's first work, and Eve's original look.
PRIOR.

That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees and beautifully less.
PRIOR.

Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm,
And ev'ry gem augmented ev'ry charm.
PRIOR.

Mature the virgin was, of Egypt's race;
Grace shaped her limbs, and beauty deck'd her face.
PRIOR.

This forehead, where your verse has said
The Loves delighted and the Graces play'd.
PRIOR.

Take heed, my dear, youth flies apace;
As well as Cupid, Time is blind;
Soon must those glories of thy face
The fate of vulgar beauty find.
The thousand loves, that arm thy potent eye,
Must drop their quivers, flag their wings, and die.
PRIOR.

Another nymph with fatal pow'r may rise,
To damp the sinking beams of Cælia's eyes;
With haughty pride may hear her charms confest,
And scorn the ardent vows that I have blest.
PRIOR.

Venus! take my votive glass:
Since I am not what I was,
What from this day I shall be,
Venus! let me never see.
PRIOR.

Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?
ROWE: *Fair Penitent.*

The bloom of opening flowers' unsullied beauty,
Softness, and sweetest innocence she wears,
And looks like nature in the world's first spring.
ROWE.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly,
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud,
A brittle glass that's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.
SHAKSPEARE.

Beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subject all
To envious and calumniating time.
SHAKSPEARE.

Beauty does varnish age as if new born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
SHAKSPEARE.

Since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheek,
And pitch'd the lily tincture of her face.
SHAKSPEARE.

She means to tangle mine eyes too:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
SHAKSPEARE.

These black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty, ten times louder
Than beauty could display.
SHAKSPEARE.

Tell me,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman,
Such war of white and red within her cheeks?
SHAKSPEARE.

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
SHAKSPEARE.

The lover, frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
SHAKSPEARE.

Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice,
Thou handlest in thy discourse.
SHAKSPEARE.

Kate, like the hazel twig,
Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
SHAKSPEARE.

Black brows
Become some women best, so they be in a semi-circle
Or a half-moon, made with a pen.
SHAKSPEARE.

With untainted eye
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.
SHAKSPEARE.

I've perused her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled
That they have caught the king.
SHAKSPEARE.

I have mark'd
A thousand blushing pparitions
Start into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes.
SHAKSPEARE.

Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
SHAKSPEARE.

Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,
Whither away? or where is thy abode?
SHAKSPEARE.

Beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
SHAKSPEARE.

As the snake, roll'd in the flow'ry bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
SHAKSPEARE.

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
SHAKSPEARE.

'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him ev'ry hour: to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table.
SHAKSPEARE.

A combination and a form indeed
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
SHAKSPEARE.

See what a grace was seated on his brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command.
SHAKSPEARE.

Read o'er the volume of his lovely face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every several lineament,
And what obscure in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
SHAKSPEARE.

A night of fretful passion may consume
All that thou hast of beauty's gentle bloom;
And one distemper'd hour of sordid fear
Print on thy brow the wrinkles of a year.
SHERIDAN: *on Female Gamesters.*

This doth lead me to her hand,
Of my first love the fatal band,
Where whiteness doth forever sit;
Nature herself enamell'd it.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

Disdain not me, although I be not fair:
Doth beauty keep which never sun can burn,
Nor storms do turn?
SIR P. SIDNEY.

Lips never part but that they show
Of precious pearls the double row.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

Doth even beauty beautify,
And most bewitch the wretched eye?
SIR P. SIDNEY.

In her cheeks the vermil red did shew,
Like roses in a bed of lilies shed;
The which ambrosial odours from them threw,
And gazer's sense with double pleasure fed.
SPENSER.

The blazing brightness of her beauty's beam,
And glorious light of her sun-shining face,
To tell, were as to strive against the stream.
SPENSER.

The brightness of her beauty clear,
The ravish'd hearts of gazeful men might rear
To admiration of that heavenly light.
SPENSER.

Upon her eyelids many graces sat,
Under the shadow of her even brows,
Working bellgards and amorous retraite;
And every one her with a grace endows.
SPENSER.

Her face so fair, as flesh it seemed not,
But heavenly portrait of bright angel's hue,
Clear as the sky, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexion's dew.
SPENSER.

How red the roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow with goodly vermil stain,
Like crimson dyed in grain.
SPENSER.

Take heed, mine eyes, how ye do stare
Henceforth too rashly on that guileful net;
In which, if ever eyes entrapped are,
Out of her bands ye by no means shall get.
SPENSER.

Her face right wondrous fair did seem to be,
That her broad beauty's beam great brightness threw
Through the dim shade, that all men might it see.
SPENSER.

Fair is my love
When the rose in her cheek appears,
Or in her eyes the fire of love doth spark.
SPENSER.

Her cheeks like apples which the sun had rudded.
SPENSER.

What great despite doth fortune to thee bear,
Thus lowly to abase thy beauty bright,
That it should not deface all other lesser light?
SPENSER.

So long as Guyon with her communed,
Unto the ground she cast her modest eye;
And ever and anon, with rosy red,
The bashful blood her snowy cheeks did dye.
SPENSER.

She doth display
The gate with pearls and rubies richly dight,
Through which her words so wise do make their way.
SPENSER.

Fairer than fairest, in his faining eye,
Whose sole aspect he counts felicity.
SPENSER.

There a noble crew
Of lords and ladies stood on every side,
Which with their presence fair the place much beautified.
SPENSER.

Beauty's empires, like to greater states,
Have certain periods set, and hidden fates,
SIR J. SUCKLING.

Dost see how unregarded now
That piece of beauty passes?
There was a time when I did vow
To that alone:
But mark the fate of faces.
SIR J. SUCKLING.

Wonder not much if thus amazed I look;
Since I saw you I have been planet-struck;
A beauty, and so rare, I did descry.
SIR J. SUCKLING.

There's no such thing as that we beauty call,
It is mere cosenage all:
For though some long ago
Liked certain colours mingle so and so,
That doth not tie me now from chusing new.
SIR J. SUCKLING.

Oh! it would please the gods to split
Thy beauty, size, and years, and wit:
No age could furnish out a pair
Of nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair;
With half the lustre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and size.
SWIFT.

You'll be no more your former you;
But for a blooming nymph will pass,
Just fifteen coming summer's grasp.
SWIFT.

Nor should my praises owe their truth
To beauty, dress, or paint, or youth;
'Twere grafting on an annual stock,
That must our expectations mock,
And, making one luxuriant shoot,
Die the next year for want of root.
SWIFT.

A native grace
Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
THOMSON.

The sun's oppressive ray, the roseate bloom
Of beauty blasting, gives the glossy hue
And feature gross.
THOMSON.

Such madd'ning draughts of beauty
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptured thought.
THOMSON.

In Britain's lovely isle a shining throng
War in his cause, a thousand beauties strong.
TICKELL.

Fame of thy beauty and thy youth
Among the rest me hither brought;
Finding this fame fall short of truth
Made me stay longer than I thought.
WALLER.

You can with single look inflame
The coldest breast, the rudest tame.
WALLER.

And in the symmetry of her parts is found
A pow'r like that of harmony and sound.
WALLER.

This royal fair
Shall, when the blossom of her beauty's blown,
See her great brother on the British throne.
WALLER.

War brings ruin where it should amend;
But beauty, with a bloodless conquest, finds
A welcome sov'reignty in rudest minds.
WALLER.

Delia, the queen of love, let all deplore!
Delia, the queen of beauty, is no more.
WALSH.

The face that in the morning sun
We thought so wondrous fair,
Hath faded ere its course was run
Beneath its golden hair.
PROFESSOR JOHN WILSON.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.
WORDSWORTH.

What's true beauty but fair virtue's face,—
Virtue made visible in outward grace?
YOUNG.

What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Through which the mind's all gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body charms, because the soul is seen.
Hence men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace:
Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can bear,
Some, none resist, though not exceeding fair.
YOUNG.

BEAUX.

Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved beaux?
Why bows the side box from its inmost rows?
POPE.

There heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer cases.
POPE.

Visits, plays, and powdered beaux.
SWIFT.

His genius was below
The skill of ev'ry common beau;
Who, though he cannot spell, is wise
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.
SWIFT.

BIRDS.

The raven, used by such impertinence,
Grew passionate, it seems, and took offence.
ADDISON.

Each bird gives o'er its note, the thrush alone
Fills the cool grove when all the rest are gone.
Harmonious bird! daring till night to stay,
And glean the last remainder of the day.
EDMUND BURKE, *æt.* 16.

Teach me, O lark! with thee to greatly rise,
T' exalt my soul and lift it to the skies;
To make each worldly joy as mean appear,
Unworthy care, when heavenly joys are near.
EDMUND BURKE, *æt.* 16.

The nightingale, their only vesper-bell,
Sung sweetly to the rose the day's farewell.
BYRON.

I saw the expectant raven fly,
Who scarce could wait till both should die,
Ere his repast began.
BYRON.

Ah! nut-brown partridges! ah, brilliant pheasants!
And ah, ye poachers! 'Tis no sport for peasants.
BYRON.

So the struck eagle stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart.
BYRON.

The winglets of the fairy humming-bird,
Like atoms of the rainbow flitting round.
CAMPBELL.

Two eagles,
That mounted on the wings, together still
Their strokes extended.
CHAPMAN.

'Tis the merry nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates,
With fast, thick warble, his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburden his full soul
Of all its music!
COLERIDGE.

A bird that flies about,
And beats itself against the cage,
Finding at last no passage out,
It sits and sings.
COWLEY.

Nay, the birds' rural music too
Is as melodious and as free
As if they sung to pleasure you.
COWLEY.

Foolish swallow, what dost thou
So often at my window do,
With thy tuneless serenade?
COWLEY.

Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The live-long night: nor these alone whose notes
Nice-finger'd art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud;
The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
COWPER: *Task.*

Whom call we gay? that honour has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the name:
The innocent are gay,—the lark is gay
That dries his feathers saturate with dew
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest.
COWPER.

The morning muses perch like birds, and sing
Among his branches.
CRASHAW.

Dost thou use me as fond children do
Their birds, show me my freedom in a string,
And when thou'st play'd with me a while, then pull
Me back again, to languish in my cage?
SIR W. DAVENANT.

Thou marry'st every year
The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove,
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with the red stomacher.
DONNE.

He rounds the air, and breaks the hymnic notes
In birds, heav'n's choristers, organic throats;
Which, if they did not die, might seem to be
A tenth rank in the heav'nly hierarchy.
DONNE.

Tongued like the night-crow.
DONNE.

The winds were hush'd, no leaf so small
At all was seen to stir;
Whilst tuning to the water's fall
The small birds sang to her.
DRAYTON.

With her nimble quills his soul did seem to hover,
And eye the very pitch that lusty bird did cover.
DRAYTON.

And here th' access a gloomy grove defends;
And here th' unnavigable lake extends;
O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,
No bird presumes to steer his airy flight.
DRYDEN.

Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,
And birds of air, and monsters of the main.
DRYDEN.

As callow birds,
Whose mother 's kill'd in seeking of the prey,
Cry in their nest, and think her long away,
And at each leaf that flies, each blast of wind,
Gape for the food which they must never find.
DRYDEN.

Fowls, by winter forced, forsake the floods,
And wing their hasty flight to happier lands.
DRYDEN.

All hail, he cry'd, thy country's grace and love;
Once first of men below, now first of birds above.
DRYDEN.

The painted birds, companions of the spring,
Hopping from spray to spray were heard.
DRYDEN.

He therefore makes all birds of every sect
Free of his farm, with promise to respect
Their several kinds alike, and equally protect.
DRYDEN.

His gracious edict the same franchise yields
To all the wild increase of woods and fields.
DRYDEN.

The painted lizard and the birds of prey,
Foes of the frugal kind, be far away.
DRYDEN.

From each tree
The feather'd people look down to peep on me.
DRYDEN.

A bird new made, about the banks she plies,
Not far from shore, and short excursions tries.
DRYDEN.

Her leafy arms with such extent were spread,
That hosts of birds, that wing the liquid air,
Perch'd in the boughs, had nightly lodging there.
DRYDEN.

At first she flutters, but at length she springs
To smoother flight, and shoots upon her wings.
DRYDEN.

The broken air loud whistling as she flies,
She stops and listens, and shoots forth again,
And guides her pinions by her young ones' cries.
DRYDEN.

New herds of beasts he sends the plains to share;
New colonies of birds to people air;
And to the oozy beds the finny fish repair.
DRYDEN.

The gods their shapes to winter birds translate;
But both obnoxious to their former fate.
DRYDEN.

For still methought she sung not far away;
At last I found her on a laurel spray:
Close by my side she sat, and fair in sight,
Full in a line against her opposite.
DRYDEN.

The pris'ner with a spring from prison broke,
Then stretch'd his feather'd fans with all his might,
And to the neighb'ring maple wing'd his flight.
DRYDEN.

Either songster holding out their throats,
And folding up their wings, renew'd their notes,
As if all day, preluding to the sight,
They only had rehearsed, to sing by night.
DRYDEN.

I rave,
And, like a giddy bird in dead of night,
Fly round the fire that scorches me to death.
DRYDEN.

I waked, and, looking round the bow'r,
Search'd ev'ry tree, and prey'd on ev'ry flow'r,
If anywhere by chance I might espy
The rural poet of the melody.
DRYDEN.

A peal of loud applause rang out,
And thinn'd the air, till ev'n the birds fell down
Upon the shouters' heads.
DRYDEN.

Earth smiles with flow'rs renewing, laughs the sky,
And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes apply.
DRYDEN.

The crested bird shall by experience know
Jove made not him his master-piece below.
DRYDEN.

The buzzard
Invites the feather'd Nimrods of his race
To hide the thinness of their flock from sight
And all together make a seeming goodly flight.
DRYDEN.

Within this homestead lived without a peer,
For crowing loud, the noble chanticleer.
DRYDEN.

Sooner than the matin-bell was rung
He clapp'd his wings upon his roost, and sung.
DRYDEN.

To crows he like impartial grace affords,
And choughs, and daws, and such republic birds.
DRYDEN.

The dastard crow, that to the wood made wing,
With her loud caws her craven kind does bring,
Who, safe in numbers, cuff the noble bird.
DRYDEN.

The new dissembled eagle, now endued
With beak and pounces, Hercules pursued.
DRYDEN.

Then as an eagle who with pious care
Was beating widely on the wing for prey,
To her now silent eyrie does repair,
And finds her callow infants forced away.
DRYDEN.

Spread upon a lake, with upward eye,
A plump of fowl behold their foe on high,
They close their trembling troop, and all attend
On whom the soaring eagle will descend.
DRYDEN.

A goldfinch there I saw, with gaudy pride
Of painted plumes that hopp'd from side to side.
DRYDEN.

Some haggard hawk, who had her eyrie nigh,
Well pounced to fasten, and well wing'd to fly.
DRYDEN.

When watchful herons leave their watery stand,
And, mounting upward with erected flight,
Gain on the skies, and soar above the sight.
DRYDEN.

And how in fields the lapwing Tereus reigns,
The warbling nightingale in woods complains.
DRYDEN.

The lark, the messenger of day,
Saluted in her song the morning gray.
DRYDEN.

Mark how the lark and linnet sing;
With rival notes
They strain their warbling throats
To welcome in the spring.
DRYDEN.

As in a drought the thirsty creatures cry,
And gape upon the gather'd clouds for rain,
Then first the martlet meets it in the sky,
And with wet wings joys all the feather'd train.
DRYDEN.

Nor need they fear the dampness of the sky
Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly;
'Twas only water thrown on sails too dry.
DRYDEN.

Owls, that mark the setting sun, declare
A starlight evening and a morning fair.
DRYDEN.

The musket and the coyshet were too weak,
Too fierce the falcon; but above the rest
The noble buzzard ever pleased me best.
DRYDEN.

The mother nightingale laments alone;
Whose nest some prying churl had found, and thence,
By stealth, convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence.
DRYDEN.

On his left hand twelve rev'rend owls did fly:
So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tiber's brook,
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took.
DRYDEN.

And parrots, imitating human tongue,
And singing birds, in silver cages hung;
And ev'ry fragrant flow'r, and od'rous green,
Were sorted well, with lumps of amber laid between.
DRYDEN.

Who taught the parrot human notes to try,
Or with a voice endued the chattering pie?
'Twas witty want.
DRYDEN.

So when the new-born phœnix first is seen,
Her feather'd subjects all adore their queen.
DRYDEN.

All these received their birth from other things,
But from himself the phœnix only springs:
Self-born, begotten by the parent flame
In which he burn'd, another and the same.
DRYDEN.

Constrain'd him in a bird, and made him fly,
With party-colour'd plumes, a chattering pie.
DRYDEN.

Huge flocks of rising rooks forsake their food,
And crying seek the shelter of the wood.
DRYDEN.

Stockdoves and turtles tell their am'rous pain,
And from the lofty elms of love complain.
DRYDEN.

The swallow skims the river's wat'ry face,
The frogs renew the croaks of their loquacious race.
DRYDEN.

Thus on some silver swan or tim'rous hare
Jove's bird comes sousing down from upper air;
Her crooked talons truss the fearful prey,
Then out of sight she soars.
DRYDEN.

Twelve swans behold in beauteous order move,
And stoop with closing pinions from above.
DRYDEN.

Like a long team of snowy swans on high,
Which clap their wings, and cleave the liquid sky,
While homeward from their wat'ry pastures borne,
They sing, and Asia's lakes their notes return.
DRYDEN.

Your words are like the notes of dying swans;
Too sweet to last.
DRYDEN.

The titmouse and the peckers' hungry brood,
And Progne with her bosom stain'd in blood.
DRYDEN.

A rav'nous vulture in his open'd side
Her crooked beak and cruel talons tried.
DRYDEN.

Such dread his awful visage on them cast;
So seem poor doves at goshawk's sight aghast.
FAIRFAX.

They long'd to see the day, to hear the lark
Record her hymns, and chant her carols blest.
FAIRFAX.

Thus boys hatch game-eggs under birds of prey,
To make the fowl more furious for the fray.
GARTH.

The widow'd turtle hangs her moulting wings,
And to the woods in mournful murmur sings.
GARTH.

Thy younglings, Cuddy, are but just awake,
No thrustles shrill the bramble bush forsake,
No chirping lark the welkin sheen invokes.
GAY.

See yon gay goldfinch hop from spray to spray,
Who sings a farewell to the parting day.
GAY.

Such strains ne'er warble in the linnet's throat.
GAY.

The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.
GAY.

He told us that the welkin would be clear
When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air.
GAY.

Soon as in doubtful day the woodcock flies,
Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears.
GAY.

The noisy geese that gabbled in the pool.
GOLDSMITH.

Want sharpens poetry, and grief adorns:
The spink chants sweetest in a hedge of thorns.
WALTER HARTE.

Brightly, sweet summer, brightly
Thine hours have floated by,
To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs,
To the rangers of the sky.
MRS. HEMANS.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown.
KEATS.

None but the lark so shrill and clear!
Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
JOHN LILY.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.
MARLOWE.

If chance the radiant sun, with farewell sweet,
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley ring.
MILTON.

The birds,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.
MILTON.

From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings
Till ev'n.
MILTON.

I saw a pleasant grove,
With chant of tuneful birds resounding love.
MILTON.

Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds.
MILTON.

Creatures that lived, and moved, and walked, or flew;
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smiled.
MILTON.

These delicacies
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flow'rs,
Walks, and the melody of birds.
MILTON.

Wings he wore of many a coloured plume.
MILTON.

Cow'ring low
With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing.
MILTON.

Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars.
MILTON.

Join voices, all ye living souls! ye birds,
That singing up to heaven gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes, his praise.
MILTON.

While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack or the barn door
Proudly struts his dames before.
MILTON.

The eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar-tops their eyries build.
MILTON.

The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his airy tour,
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove.
MILTON.

To hear the lark begin its flight,
And singing, startle the dull night,
From his watchtower in the skies,
Till the dapple dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid "Good morrow."
MILTON.

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even-song.
MILTON.

O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still;
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
MILTON.

The love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well.
MILTON.

Nor then the solemn nightingale
Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays.
MILTON.

The wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note.
MILTON.

Th' other, whose gay train
Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue
Of rainbows and starry eyes.
MILTON.

The swan with arched neck,
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet.
MILTON.

Those lazy owls, who, perch'd near fortune's tip,
Sit only watchful with their heavy wings
To cuff down new-fledged virtues, that would rise
To nobler heights, and make the grove harmonious.
OTWAY.

The fowler, warn'd
By those good omens, with swift early steps
Treads the crimp earth, ranging through fields and glades,
Offensive to the birds.
JOHN PHILIPS.

From retentive cage
When sullen Philomel escapes, her notes
She varies, and of past imprisonment
Sweetly complains.
JOHN PHILIPS.

Philomela's liberty retrieved,
Cheers her sad soul.
JOHN PHILIPS.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry blooming spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day!
Why sit we mute when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?
Why sit we sad when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple year?
POPE.

Fear the just gods, and think of Sylla's fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air.
POPE.

Ah! what avail his glossy varying dyes;
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold;
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?
POPE.

Unnumber'd birds glide through th' aerial way,
Vagrants of air, and unforeboding stray.
POPE.

With hairy springes we the birds betray;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey.
POPE.

With slaught'ring guns th' unwearied fowler roves,
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves.
POPE.

Oh, were I made, by some transforming pow'r,
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r,
Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.
POPE.

The chough, the sea-mew, the loquacious crow,
Scream aloft.
POPE.

Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When through the skies he drives the trembling doves.
POPE.

Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
POPE.

Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
Or fetch th' aerial eagle to the ground.
POPE.

Abrupt, with eagle-speed she cut the sky,
Instant invisible to mortal eye:
Then first he recognized th' ethereal guest.
POPE.

Will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
POPE.

The dullest brain, if gently stirr'd,
Perhaps may waken to a humming-bird;
The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
Congenial object in the cockle kind.
POPE.

Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death.
POPE.

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall, lifting in mid air, suspend their wings.
POPE.

Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
POPE.

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy, he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
POPE.

Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie;
All but the mournful Philomel and I.
POPE.

How all things listen while thy muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains
In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
POPE.

The robin-redbreast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a martin's nest.
POPE.

Not less their number than the milk-white swans
That o'er the winding of Cyaster's springs
Stretch their long necks, and clap their rustling wings.
POPE.

Upward the noble bird directs his wing,
And, tow'ring round his master's earth-born foes,
Swift he collects his fatal stock of ire,
Lifts his fierce talon high, and darts the forked fire.
PRIOR.

How in small flights they know to try their young,
And teach the callow child her parent's song.
PRIOR.

Poor, little, pretty, flutt'ring thing,
Must we no longer live together?
And dost thou prune thy trembling wing
To take thy flight thou know'st not whither?
PRIOR.

The cheerful birds no longer sing;
Each drops his head, and hangs his wing.
PRIOR.

A falc'ner Henry is, when Emma hawks:
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks.
PRIOR.

The birds, great Nature's happy commoners,
That haunt in woods, in meads, and flowery gardens,
Rifle the sweets, and taste the choicest fruits.
ROWE.

Ask thou the citizens of pathless woods;
What cut the air with wings, what swim in floods?
SANDYS.

The peacock not at thy command assumes
His glorious train, nor ostrich her rare plumes.
SANDYS.

The birds chant melody on every bush,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind.
SHAKSPEARE.

Our cage
We make a choir, as doth the prison bird,
And sing our bondage freely.
SHAKSPEARE.

Myself have limed a bush for her,
And placed a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will 'light to listen to their lays.
SHAKSPEARE.

I would have thee gone,
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again.
SHAKSPEARE.

Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight.
SHAKSPEARE.

Often to our comfort shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle.
SHAKSPEARE.

Russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report.
SHAKSPEARE.

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day.
SHAKSPEARE.

The morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.
SHAKSPEARE.

The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn.
SHAKSPEARE.

Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rocky wood.
SHAKSPEARE.

The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles.
SHAKSPEARE.

To be furious
Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge.
SHAKSPEARE.

So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
SHAKSPEARE.

I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spungy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams.
SHAKSPEARE.

His royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleased.
SHAKSPEARE.

The gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his eyrie tow'rs,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.
SHAKSPEARE.

She that her eyrie buildeth in the cedar-top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.
SHAKSPEARE.

All plumed like estridges, that with the wind
Baited like eagles having lately bathed;
Glittering in golden coats like images.
SHAKSPEARE.

A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.
SHAKSPEARE.

What a point your falcon made!
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!
SHAKSPEARE.

My falcon now is sharp and passing empty,
And till she stoop, she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
SHAKSPEARE.

Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is, to watch her as we watch those kites
That bait and beat, and will not be obedient.
SHAKSPEARE.

Between two hawks which flies the higher pitch,
I have, perhaps, some shallow judgment.
SHAKSPEARE.

What! is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
SHAKSPEARE.

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty.
SHAKSPEARE.

Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heav'n so high above our heads.
SHAKSPEARE.

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
SHAKSPEARE.

It was the lark, the herald of the morn.
SHAKSPEARE.

Look up a height, the shrill-gorged lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard.
SHAKSPEARE.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks.
SHAKSPEARE.

Augurs, that understood relations, have
By magpies, and by choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.
SHAKSPEARE.

This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate.
SHAKSPEARE.

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.
SHAKSPEARE.

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
SHAKSPEARE.

Except I be by Sylvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale.
SHAKSPEARE.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long.
SHAKSPEARE.

The ousel cock so black of hue,
With orange tawny bill.
SHAKSPEARE.

It was the owl that shriek'd; the fatal bellman
Which gives the stern'st good-night.
SHAKSPEARE.

The obscure bird clamour'd the livelong night.
SHAKSPEARE.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth; an evil sign;
The night-crow cry'd; a boding luckless time.
SHAKSPEARE.

The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits.
SHAKSPEARE.

Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
SHAKSPEARE.

Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And, like a peacock, sweep along his tail.
SHAKSPEARE.

Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
SHAKSPEARE.

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements.
SHAKSPEARE.

The raven croak'd hoarse on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discord sung.
SHAKSPEARE.

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long
That it had its head bit off by its young.
SHAKSPEARE.

The swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.
SHAKSPEARE.

The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.
SHAKSPEARE.

We'll teach him to know turtles from jays.
SHAKSPEARE.

As a woodcock to my own springe, Osrick,
I'm justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
SHAKSPEARE.

The poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
SHAKSPEARE.

The world is grown so bad
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.
SHAKSPEARE.

As the day begins,
With twenty gins we will the small birds take,
And pastime make.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

Thus children do the silly birds they find
With stroking hurt, and too much cramming kill.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

As Venus' bird, the white, swift, lovely dove,
O! happy dove that art compared to her,
Doth on her wings her utmost swiftness prove,
Finding the gripe of falcon fierce not far.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

The phœnix' wings are not so rare
For faultless length and stainless hue.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

A maid thitherward did run
To catch her sparrow, which from her did swerve.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

The heron,
Upon the bank of some small, purling brook,
Observant stands, to take his scaly prey.
SOMERVILE.

The melancholy Philomel,
Thus perch'd all night alone in shady groves,
Tunes her soft voice to sad complaint of love,
Making her life one great harmonious woe.
SOUTHERN.

The merry birds of ev'ry sort
Chaunted about their cheerful harmony,
And made amongst themselves a sweet consort,
That quick'ned the dull sp'rit with musical comfort.
SPENSER.

No bird but did her shrill notes sweetly sing;
No song but did contain a lovely dit.
SPENSER.

The trees did bud, and early blossom bore,
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
And told that garden's pleasures in their carolling.
SPENSER.

Leaves of flowers
That freshly budded, and new blossoms did bear,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowers.
SPENSER.

The birds
Frame to thy song their cheerful cheruping,
Or hold their peace for shame of thy sweet lays.
SPENSER.

The cheerful birds of sundry kind
Do chant sweet music to delight his mind.
SPENSER.

He percheth on some branch thereby,
To weather him, and his moist wings to dry.
SPENSER.

She, more sweet than any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes among them bear a part,
And strive to pass, as she could well enow,
Their native music by her skilful art.
SPENSER.

Hark! how the cheerful birds do chant their lays,
And carol of Love's praise.
The merry lark her matins sings aloft;
The thrush replies; the mavis descant plays;
The ousel shrills; the redbreast warbles soft:
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this day's merriment.
SPENSER.

The merry cuckoo, messenger of spring,
His trumpet shrill hath thrice already sounded.
SPENSER.

Like as the culver on the bared bough
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate.
SPENSER.

As an eagle seeing prey appear
His airy plumes doth rouse full rudely dight,
So shaked he, that horror was to hear.
SPENSER.

The kingly bird that bears Jove's thunderclap
One day did scorn the simple scarabee,
Proud of his highest service, and good hap,
That made all other fowls his thralls to be.
SPENSER.

Lifted aloft, he 'gan to mount up higher,
And, like fresh eagle, made his hardy flight
Thro' all that great wide waste, yet wanting light.
SPENSER.

An haggard hawk, presuming to contend
With hardy fowl above his able might,
His weary pounces all in vain doth spend,
To truss the prey too heavy for his flight.
SPENSER.

The nightingale is sovereign of song,
Before him sits the titmouse silent by,
And I, unfit to thrust in skilful throng,
Should Colin make judge of my foolerie.
SPENSER.

The ill-faced owl, death's dreadful messenger,
The hoarse night-raven, trump of doleful drere,
The leather-winged bat, day's enemy,
The rueful strick, still waiting on the bier.
SPENSER.

Where dwelt the ghostly owl,
Shrieking his baleful note, which ever drave
Far from their haunt all other cheerful fowl.
SPENSER.

Often have I scaled the craggy oak,
All to dislodge the raven of her nest.
SPENSER.

Nor the night raven, that still deadly yells,
Nor griesly vultures, make us once affear'd.
SPENSER.

The swallow peeps out of her nest,
And cloudy welkin cleareth.
SPENSER.

Up a grove did spring, green as in May
When April had been moist; upon whose bushes
The pretty robins, nightingales, and thrushes
Warbled their notes.
SIR J. SUCKLING.

The boding owl
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candlelight.
SWIFT.

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing.
TENNYSON.

Every copse
Deep tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony.
THOMSON.

The cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few;
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
THOMSON.

Through the soft silence of the listening night
The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.
THOMSON.

Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vig'rous wings,
And many a circle, many a short essay
Wheel'd round and round.
THOMSON.

Innumerous songsters in the fresh'ning shade
Of new spring leaves their modulations mix.
THOMSON.

The jay, the rook, the daw
Aid the full concert.
THOMSON.

Up springs the lark, shrill-voiced and loud.
THOMSON.

A fresher gale
Sweeping with shadowy gust the field of corn,
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
THOMSON.

The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Pays to trusted man his annual visit.
THOMSON.

The rook, who high amid the boughs
In early spring his airy city builds,
And ceaseless caws.
THOMSON.

The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool to build his hanging house.
THOMSON.

The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier isle,
Protective of his young.
THOMSON.

Congregated thrushes, linnets, sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock.
THOMSON.

Hark! on every bough
In lulling strains the feather'd warblers woo.
TICKELL.

In these soft shades, unpress'd by human feet,
Thy happy Phœnix keeps his balmy seat.
TICKELL.

Those which only warble long,
And gargle in their throats a song.
WALLER.

The birds know how to chuse their fare;
To peck this fruit they all forbear:
Those cheerful singers know not why
They should make any haste to die.
WALLER.

The eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar on high.
WALLER.

The lark still shuns on lofty boughs to build;
Her humble nest lies silent in the field.
WALLER.

Thus the wise nightingale that leaves her home,
Pursuing constantly the cheerful spring,
To foreign groves does her old music bring.
WALLER.

And hark how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher.
WORDSWORTH: *Table Turned.*

Now all nature seem'd in love,
And birds had drawn their valentines.
WOTTON.

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays.
WOTTON.

BLANDISHMENTS.

Him Dido now with blandishment detains;
But I suspect the town where Juno reigns.
DRYDEN.

Each bird and beast behold
Approaching two and two; these cow'ring low
With blandishment.
MILTON.

Must'ring all her wiles,
With blandish'd parleys, feminine assaults,
Tongue-batteries, she surceased not day nor night
To storm me, over-watch'd and weary'd out.
MILTON.

The little babe up in his arms he bent,
Who, with sweet pleasure and bold blandishment,
'Gan smile.
SPENSER.

BLESSINGS.

In vain with folding arms the youth assay'd
To stop her flight, and strain the flying shade;
But she return'd no more to bless his longing eyes.
DRYDEN.

There's not a blessing individuals find
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind.
POPE.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account,
Make fair deductions, see to what they mount.
POPE.

The blest to-day is as completely so
As who began a thousand years ago.
POPE.

From the blessings they bestow
Our times are dated, and our eras move:
They govern and enlighten all below,
As thou dost all above.
PRIOR.

For so it falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.
SHAKSPEARE.

How blessings brighten as they take their flight!
YOUNG.

BLINDNESS.

He blinds the wise, gives eyesight to the blind,
And moulds and stamps anew the lover's mind.
DRYDEN.

This three years day, these eyes, though clear
To outward view of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of sight, their seeing have forgot.
MILTON.

These eyes that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn.
MILTON.

Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.
MILTON.

Though sight be lost,
Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd,
Where other senses want not their delights,
At home, in leisure and domestic ease,
Exempt from many a care and chance, to which
Eyesight exposes daily men abroad.
MILTON.

Sight bereaved
May chance to number thee with those
Whom patience finally must crown.
MILTON.

He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
SHAKSPEARE.

BLISS.

To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires;
My lot unequal to my vast desires.
ARBUTHNOT.

Though duller thoughts succeed,
The bliss e'en of a moment still is bliss.
Thou would'st not of her dew-drops spoil the thorn
Because her glory will not last till noon.
JOANNA BAILLIE: *Beacon.*

Blessed, thrice blessed days! but ah! how short!
Bless'd as the pleasing charms of holy men,
But fugitive like those, and quickly gone.
ROBERT BLAIR: *The Grave.*

Alas! the breast that inly bleeds
Hath nought to dread from outward blow:
Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
Cares little into what abyss.
BYRON: *Giaour.*

She contains all bliss,
And makes the world but her periphrasis.
JOHN CLEAVELAND.

The quick'ning power would be, and so would rest;
The sense would not be only, but be well:
But wit's ambition longeth to the best,
For it desires in endless bliss to dwell.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Poor human kind, all dazed in open day,
Err after bliss, and blindly miss their way.
DRYDEN.

Two magnets, heav'n and earth, allure to bliss,
The larger loadstone that, the nearer this.
DRYDEN.

Kindness for man, and pity for his fate,
May mix with bliss, and yet not violate.
DRYDEN.

May Heav'n, great monarch, still augment your bliss
With length of days, and every day like this.
DRYDEN.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.
GOLDSMITH.

Bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss;
Tedious, unshared with thee, and odious soon.
MILTON.

Condition, circumstance, is not the thing:
Bliss is the same in subject or in king;
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds, a friend.
POPE.

Some place the bliss in action, some in ease;
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these.
POPE.

See! the sole bliss heav'n could on all bestow,
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know.
POPE.

I see thee, lord and end of my desire,
Loaded and blest with all the affluent store
Which human vows and smoking shrines implore.
PRIOR.

Then pour out plaint, and in one word say this:
Helpless his plaint who spoils himself of bliss.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

Yet, swimming in that sea of blissful joy,
He nought forgot.
SPENSER.

This day's ensample hath this lesson dear
Deep written in my heart with iron pen,
That bliss may not abide in state of mortal men.
SPENSER.

Oft when blind mortals think themselves secure,
In height of bliss, they touch the brink of ruin.
THOMSON.

While the fond soul,
Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
Still paints th' illusive form.
THOMSON.

The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord—is cable—to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.
YOUNG.

BLUSHES.

The eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought
You might have almost said her body thought.
DONNE.

Will you not speak to save a lady's blush?
DRYDEN.

O call not to this aged cheek
The little blood which should keep warm my heart.
DRYDEN.

Playful blushes that seem'd nought
But luminous escapes of thought.
MOORE.

Let me forever gaze
And bless the new-born glories that adorn thee;
From every blush that kindles in thy cheeks
Ten thousand little loves and graces spring.
ROWE.

I will go wash:
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no.
SHAKSPEARE.

I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames,
In angel whiteness, bear away those blushes.
SHAKSPEARE.

To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him.
SHAKSPEARE.

Her lips blush deeper sweets.
THOMSON.

Along those blushing borders, bright with dew.
THOMSON.

The man that blushes is not quite a brute.
YOUNG.

BOASTING.

That brawny fool who did his vigour boast,
In that presuming confidence was lost.
DRYDEN.

No more delays, vain boaster! but begin;
I prophesy beforehand I shall win:
I'll teach you how to brag another time.
DRYDEN.

He the proud boasters sent, with stern assault,
Down to the realms of night.
JOHN PHILIPS.

Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire,
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar.
POPE.

If it be so, yet bragless let it be:
Great Hector was as good a man as he.
SHAKSPEARE.

Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
SHAKSPEARE

BOOKS.

Its no' in books, its no' in lear,
To make us truly blest,
If happiness has not her seat
And centre in the breast.
BURNS: *Epistle to Davie.*

Old wood to burn! old wine to drink!
Old friends to trust! old books to read!
ALONZO OF ARAGON.

'Tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.
BUTLER.

They cannot read, and so don't lisp in criticism;
Nor write, and so they don't affect the muse;
Were never caught in epigram or witticism;
Have no romances, sermons, plays, reviews.
BYRON.

'Twere well with most, if books, that could engage
Their childhood, pleased them at a riper age,
The man, approving what had charm'd the boy,
Would die at last in comfort, peace, and joy;
And not with curses on his art who stole
The gem of truth from his unguarded soul.
COWPER.

Books are not seldom talismans and spells.
COWPER.

Books cannot always please, however good;
Minds are not ever craving for their food.
CRABBE.

Books should to one of these four ends conduce:
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Fixt and contemplative their looks,
Still turning over nature's books.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Yet vainly most their age in study spend:
No end of writing books, and to no end.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Let moths through pages eat their way,
Your wars, your loves, your praises be forgot,
And make of all an universal blot.
DRYDEN.

Whate'er these booklearn'd blockheads say,
Solon's the veriest fool in all the play.
DRYDEN.

How pure the joy when first my hands unfold
The small, rare volume, black with tarnish'd gold.
FERRIAR: *Bibliomania.*

The princeps copy, clad in blue and gold.
FERRIAR: *Bibliomania.*

Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold.
FERRIAR: *Bibliomania.*

That place that does
Contain my books, the best companions, is
To me a glorious court, where hourly I
Converse with the old sages and philosophers.
FLETCHER.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?
GAY.

Volumes on shelter'd stalls expanded lie,
And various science lures the learned eye.
GAY.

Uncertain and unsettled he remains,
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself.
MILTON.

My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they taught me.
MOORE.

Books are part of man's prerogative;
In formal ink they thought and voices hold,
That we to them our solitude may give,
And make time present travel that of old.
Our life, fame pieceth longer at the end,
And books it farther backward doth extend.
SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

Studious he sate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound;
Plunged for his sense, but found no bottom there;
Then wrote, and flounder'd on in mere despair.
POPE.

Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll
In pleasing memory of all he stole.
POPE.

The fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
POPE.

Yes, you despise the man to books confined,
Who from his study rails at human kind;
Though what he learns he speaks.
POPE.

Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfined;
A knowledge both of books and human kind.
POPE.

Still with esteem no less conversed than read;
With wit well-natured, and with books well-bred.
POPE.

To all their dated backs he turns you round:
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound.
POPE.

Quartos, octavos, shape the lessening pyre,
And last a little Ajax tips the spire.
POPE.

There Caxton slept, with Wynken at his side;
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cowhide.
POPE.

To love an altar built
Of twelve vast French romances neatly gilt.
POPE.

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always list'ning to himself appears.
POPE.

I, fond of my well-chosen seat,
My pictures, medals, books complete.
PRIOR.

My favourite books and pictures sell;
Kindly throw in a little figure,
And set the price upon the bigger.
PRIOR.

Those who could never read the grammar,
When my dear volumes touch the hammer,
May think books best, as richly bound.
PRIOR.

O Rosalind, these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando, carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she.
SHAKSPEARE.

A book! oh, rare one!
Be not, as in this fangled world, a garment
Nobler than it covers.
SHAKSPEARE.

Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough.
SHAKSPEARE.

We turn'd o'er many books together.
SHAKSPEARE.

This man's brow, like to a title leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.
SHAKSPEARE.

Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound?
SHAKSPEARE.

This Armado is a Spaniard that keeps here in court,
A phantasm, a monarch, one that makes sport
To the prince and his bookmates.
SHAKSPEARE.

This civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his bookmen; for here 'tis abused.
SHAKSPEARE.

I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.
SHAKSPEARE.

So have I seen trim books in velvet dight,
With golden leaves and painted babery
Of seely boys, please unacquainted sight.
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

My days among the dead are pass'd;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse night and day.
SOUTHEY.

The printed part, though far too large, is less
Than that which, yet unprinted, waits the press.
SPANISH COUPLET.

Then as they 'gan his library to view,
And antique registers for to avise,
There chanced to the prince's hand to rise
An ancient book, hight Britain's Monuments.
SPENSER.

After so long a race as I have run
Through fairy land, which those six books compile,
Give leave to rest me.
SPENSER.

How enviously the ladies look
When they surprise me at my book,
And sure as they're alive at night,
As soon as gone will show their spite.
SWIFT.

Harley, the nation's great support,
Returning home one day from court,
Observed a parson near Whitehall
Cheap'ning old authors on a stall.
SWIFT.

To statesmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in Italic type:
When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes;
But when in capitals exprest,
The dullest reader smokes the jest.
SWIFT.

If one short volume could comprise
All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
How would it be esteem'd and read!
SWIFT.

You modern wits should each man bring his claim,
Have desperate debentures on your fame;
And little would be left you, I'm afraid,
If all your debts to Greece and Rome were paid.
SWIFT.

Books are yours,
Within whose silent chambers treasure lies
Preserved from age to age; more precious far
Than that accumulated store of gold
And orient gems which, for a day of need,
The Sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs.
These hoards of truth you can unlock at will.
WORDSWORTH.

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good:

Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
WORDSWORTH: *Personal Talk.*

Others with wistful eyes on glory look
When they have got their picture towards a book;
Or pompous title, like a gaudy sign
Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine.
YOUNG.

Some future strain, in which the muse shall tell
How science dwindles, and how volumes swell.
YOUNG.

Letters admit not of a half renown;
They give you nothing, or they give a crown:
No work e'er gain'd true fame, or ever can,
But what did honour to the name of man.
YOUNG.

BORES.

What though no bees around your cradle flew,
Nor on their lips distill'd their golden dew,
Yet have we oft discover'd, in their stead,
A swarm of drones that buzz'd about your head.
POPE.

BOUNTY.

For thy vast bounties are so numberless,
That them or to conceal, or else to tell,
Is equally impossible.
COWLEY.

Such moderation with thy bounty join
That thou may'st nothing give that is not thine;
That liberality is but cast away
Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Those godlike men, to wanting virtue kind,
Bounty well placed, preferr'd, and well design'd,
To all their titles.
DRYDEN.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery all he had—a tear;
He gain'd from heaven—'twas all he wish'd—a friend!
GRAY.

Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.
SHAKSPEARE.

If you knew to whom you show this honour,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
SHAKSPEARE.

That churchman bears a bounteous mind, indeed;
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dew falls ev'rywhere.
SHAKSPEARE.

A losel wandering by the way,
One that to bounty never cast his mind;
Ne thought of heaven ever did assay
His baser breast.
SPENSER.

BRAVERY.

The truly brave are soft of hearts and eyes,
And feel for what their duty bids them do.
BYRON.

But whosoe'er it was, nature design'd
First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
SIR J. DENHAM.

No fire, nor foe, nor fate, nor night,
The Trojan hero did affright,
Who bravely twice renew'd the fight.
SIR J. DENHAM.

No, there is a necessity in fate
Why still the brave bold man is fortunate;
He keeps his object ever full in sight,
And that assurance holds him firm and right:
True, 'tis a narrow path that leads to bliss,
But right before there is no precipice;
Fear makes men look aside, and so their footing miss.
DRYDEN.

The brave man seeks not popular applause,
Nor, overpower'd with arms, deserts his cause:
Unshamed, though foil'd, he does the best he can;
Force is of brutes, but honour is of man.
DRYDEN.

Impute your danger to our ignorance;
The bravest men are subject most to chance.
DRYDEN.

Hot braves, like thee, may fight, but know not well
To manage this, the last great stake.
DRYDEN.

A braver choice of dauntless spirits
Did never float upon the swelling tide.
SHAKSPEARE.

I do not think a braver gentleman,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
SHAKSPEARE.

Fight valiantly to-day;
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it;
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.
SHAKSPEARE.

I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with a braver grace.
SHAKSPEARE.

But while hope lives
Let not the generous die. 'Tis late before
The brave despair.
THOMSON.

From armed foes to bring a royal prize,
Shows your brave heart victorious as your eyes.
WALLER.

BRIDE.

As when a piece of wanton lawn,
A thin aerial veil is drawn
O'er beauty's face, seeming to hide,
More sweetly shows the blushing bride:
A soul whose intellectual beams
No mists do mask, no lazy streams.
CRASHAW.

Up, up, fair bride! and call
Thy stars from out their several boxes; take
Thy rubies, pearls, and diamonds forth, and make
Thyself a constellation of them all.
JOHN DONNE.

The bride,
Lovely herself, and lovely by her side
A bevy of bright nymphs, with sober grace,
Came glitt'ring like a star, and took her place:
Her heav'nly form beheld, all wish'd her joy;
And little wanted, but in vain, their wishes all employ.
DRYDEN.

O happy youth!
For whom thy fates reserve so fair a bride:
He sigh'd, and had no leisure more to say;
His honour call'd his eyes another way.
DRYDEN.

The day approach'd when fortune should decide
Th' important enterprise, and give the bride.
DRYDEN.

Heaven's unchanged decrees attentive hear:
More pow'rful gods have torn thee from my side,
Unwilling to resign, and doom'd a bride.
DRYDEN.

The lovely Thais by his side
Sat, like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth, and beauty's pride.
DRYDEN.

By this the brides are waked, their grooms are dress'd;
All Rhodes is summon'd to the nuptial feast.
DRYDEN.

Love yields at last, thus combated by pride,
And she submits to be the Roman's bride.
GRANVILLE.

She smiled, array'd
With all the charms of sunshine, stream, and glade,
New drest and blooming as a bridal maid.
WALTER HARTE.

She turn'd—and her mother's gaze brought back
Each hue of her childhood's faded track:
Oh, hush the song, and let her tears
Flow to the dream of her early years!
Holy and pure are the drops that fall
When the young bride goes from her father's hall;
She goes unto love yet untried and new:
She parts from love which hath still been true.
MRS. HEMANS.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night:
For thou must die!
GEORGE HERBERT.

The amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the ev'ning star
On his hill-top to light the bridal lamp.
MILTON.

Your ill-meaning politician lords,
Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,
Appointed to await me thirty spies.
MILTON.

Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,
Whose temper betters by the father's side;
Unlike the rest that double human care,
Fond to relieve, or resolute to share.
PARNELL.

For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins hymeneals sing.
POPE.

Sleep'st thou careless of the nuptial day?
Thy spousal ornament neglected lies;
Arise, prepare the bridal train, arise!
POPE.

Elusive of the bridal day, she gives
Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.
POPE.

They, vain expectants of the bridal hour,
My stores in riotous expense devour.
POPE.

Nay, we must think men are not gods;
Nor of them look for such observance always
As fits the bridal.
SHAKSPEARE.

Our wedding cheer to a sad fun'ral feast,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse.
SHAKSPEARE.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse,
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The brides come thick and thick.
SIR J. SUCKLING.

Next morn, betimes, the bride was missing:
The mother scream'd, the father chid,—
Where can this idle wench be hid!
SWIFT.

No news of Phyl? the bridegroom came;
And thought his bride had skulk'd for shame;
Because her father used to say
The girl had such a bashful way.
SWIFT.

CALUMNY.

With calumnious art
Of counterfeited truth, thus held their ears.
MILTON.

Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes.
SHAKSPEARE.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny.
SHAKSPEARE.

CANDOUR.

Up into the watch-tower get,
And see all things despoil'd of fallacies:
Thou shalt not peep through lattices of eyes
Nor hear through labyrinths of ears, nor learn
By circuit or collections to discern.
DONNE.

As thought was visible that roll'd within,
As through a crystal case the figured hours are seen.
DRYDEN.

Some positive persisting fops we know,
That if once wrong, will needs be always so:
But you with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critic on the last.
POPE.

CARE.

I have observed of late thy looks are fallen,
O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent.
ADDISON.

The people, free from cares, serene and gay,
Pass all their mild untroubled hours away.
ADDISON.

Vain man, forbear; of cares unload thy mind;
Forget thy hopes, and give thy fears to wind.
CREECH.

Let early care thy main concerns secure:
Things of less moment may delays endure.
SIR J. DENHAM.

No sullen discontent, nor anxious care,
E'en though brought thither, could inhabit there.
DRYDEN.

Or, if I would take care, that care should be
For wit that scorn'd the world, and lived like me.
DRYDEN.

Well, on my terms thou wilt not be my heir;
If thou car'st little, less shall be my care.
DRYDEN.

Flush'd were his cheeks, and glowing were his eyes.
Is she thy care? is she thy care? he cries.
DRYDEN.

Restless anxiety, forlorn despair,
And all the faded family of care.
GARTH.

Care that is enter'd once into the breast
Will have the whole possession ere it rest.
BEN JONSON.

What bliss, what wealth, did e'er the world bestow
On man, but cares and fears attended it?
THOMAS MAY.

Mild heav'n
Disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day.
MILTON.

God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
And not molest us; unless we ourselves
Seek them with wandering thoughts and notions vain.
MILTON.

I who at some times spend, at others spare;
Divided between carelessness and care.
POPE.

To gloomy cares my thoughts alone are free:
Ill the gay sports with troubled thoughts agree.
POPE.

To pass the riper period of his age,
Acting his part upon a crowded stage,
To lasting toils exposed, and endless cares,
To open dangers and to secret snares.
PRIOR.

Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd.
SHAKSPEARE.

Care is no cure, but rather a corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
SHAKSPEARE.

The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through and will break out.
SHAKSPEARE.

And this of all my harvest-hope I have
Nought reaped but a weedy crop of care.
SPENSER.

Stiff opposition, and perplex'd debate,
And thorny care, and rank and stinging hate.
YOUNG.

Life's cares are comforts; such by heav'n design'd;
He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments; and without employ
The soul is on the rack; the rack of rest,
To souls most adverse: action all their joy.
YOUNG.

CAROL.

For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays.
MILTON.

They gladly thither haste; and by a choir
Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung.
MILTON.

No night is now with hymn or carol blest.
SHAKSPEARE.

CAROUSING.

Our cheerful guests carouse the sparkling tears
Of the rich grape, whilst music charms their ears.
SIR JOHN DENHAM.

Waste in wild riot what your land allows,
Then ply the early feast and late carouse.
POPE.

Learn with how little life may be preserved:
In gold and myrrh they need not to carouse.
SIR W. RALEIGH.

Now my sick fool, Roderigo,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night caroused
Potations pottle deep.
SHAKSPEARE.

He calls for wine: A health, quoth he, as if
He'd been aboard carousing to his mates.
SHAKSPEARE.

Please you, we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health.
SHAKSPEARE.

Under the shadow of friendly boughs
They sit carousing, where their liquor grows.
WALLER.

CATARACTS.

Torrents and loud impetuous cataracts,
Through roads abrupt, and rude unfashion'd tracts,
Run down the lofty mountain's channel'd sides,
And to the vale convey their foaming tides.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

What if all
Her stores were open'd, and the firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire?
Impendent horrors!
MILTON.

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks; rage, blow!
You cataracts and hurricanes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples.
SHAKSPEARE.

CAUTION.

Like a rich vessel beat by storms to shore,
'Twere madness should I venture out once more.
DRYDEN.

Fields are full of eyes, and woods have ears;
For this the wise are ever on their guard:
For, unforeseen, they say, is unprepared.
DRYDEN.

CENSURE.

To his green years your censure you would suit;
Not blast the blossom, but expect the fruit.
DRYDEN.

Some did all folly with just sharpness blame,
While others laugh'd and scorn'd them into shame;
But, of these two, the last succeeded best,
As men aim rightest when they shoot in jest.
DRYDEN.

As if to every fop it might belong,
Like senators, to censure, right or wrong.
GRANVILLE.

Let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blamed enough elsewhere.
MILTON.

Enough for half the greatest of these days
To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise.
POPE.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
Not yet purged off, of spleen and sour disdain,
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
POPE.

Let ev'ry tongue its various censures chuse,
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse.
PRIOR.

O let thy presence make my travels light!
And potent Venus shall exalt my name
Above the rumours of censorious fame.
PRIOR.

We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers.
SHAKSPEARE.

Madam, you and my sister, will you go
To give your censures in this weighty business?
SHAKSPEARE.

If I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
SHAKSPEARE.

Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks.
SHAKSPEARE.

CEREMONY.

A coarser place,
Where pomp and ceremonies enter'd not,
Where greatness was shut out, and highness well forgot.
DRYDEN: *Fables.*

What art thou, thou idle ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal grief than do thy worshippers?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form?
SHAKSPEARE.

What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy toll, O adoration?
SHAKSPEARE.

The sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
SHAKSPEARE.

You are too senseless obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional.
SHAKSPEARE.

He is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.
SHAKSPEARE.

CHANCE.

If casual concourse did the world compose,
And things and acts fortuitous arose,
Then any thing might come from any thing;
For how from chance can constant order spring?
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Thanks to giddy chance, which never bears
That mortal bliss should last for length of years:
She cast us headlong from our high estate,
And here in hope of thy return we wait.
DRYDEN.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance direction which thou canst not see.
POPE.

Esteem we these, my friends! event and chance,
Produced by atoms from their flutt'ring dance?
PRIOR.

Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i' th' way before thee.
SHAKSPEARE.

As th' untaught accident is guilty
Of what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.
SHAKSPEARE.

CHANGE.

Our fathers did, for change, to France repair;
And they, for change, will try our English air.
DRYDEN.

The French and we still change; but here's the curse,
They change for better, and we change for worse.
DRYDEN.

O wondrous changes of a fatal scene,
Still varying to the last!
DRYDEN.

Each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days.
POPE.

Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.
SHAKSPEARE.

I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.
SHAKSPEARE.

I am the very man
That from your first of difference and decay
Have follow'd your sad steps.
SHAKSPEARE.

The fleece that has been by the dyer stain'd
Never again its native whiteness gain'd.
WALLER.

CHANGELINGS.

'Twas not long
Before from world to world they swung;
As they had turn'd from side to side,
And as they changelings lived they died.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Changelings and fools of heav'n, and thence shut out,
Wildly we roam in discontent about.
DRYDEN.

She, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling.
SHAKSPEARE.

Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
That gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation.
SHAKSPEARE.

And her base elfin breed there for thee left:
Such men do changelings call, so changed by fairies' theft.
SPENSER.

CHAPLETS.

The winding ivy chaplet to invade,
And folded fern, that your fair forehead shade.
DRYDEN.

All the quire was graced
With chaplets green, upon their foreheads placed.
DRYDEN.

I strangely long to know
Whether they nobler chaplets wear,
Those that their mistress' scorn did bear,
Or those that were used kindly.
SIR J. SUCKLING.

CHARACTER.

Each drew fair characters, yet none
Of those they feign'd excels their own.
SIR J. DENHAM.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn:
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;
A judge is just, a chanc'llor juster still;
A gown-man, learn'd; a bishop, what you will;
Wise, if a minister; but if a king,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.

POPE.

These plain characters we rarely find;
Though strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind;
Or puzzling contraries confound the whole,
Or affectations quite reverse the soul.

POPE.

But grant that actions best discover man,
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can:
The few that glare each character must mark:
You balance not the many in the dark.

POPE.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise,
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.

POPE.

Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot:
'Tis true; but something in her was forgot.

POPE.

There's no art
To show the mind's construction in the face.

SHAKSPEARE.

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

SHAKSPEARE.

Poets make characters, as salesmen clothes;
We take no measure of your fops and beaux.

SWIFT.

Not warp'd by passion, awed by rumour,
Nor grave through pride, nor gay through folly,
An equal mixture of good humour
And sensible soft melancholy.

SWIFT.

CHARITY.

Such moderation with thy bounty join
That thou may'st nothing give that is not thine;
That liberality is but cast away
Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay.

SIR J. DENHAM.

Wise Plato said the world with men was stored
That succour each to other might afford.

SIR J. DENHAM.

Godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.

SIR J. DENHAM.

From thy new hope, and from thy growing store,
Now lend assistance, and relieve the poor.

DRYDEN.

Yet was she not profuse, but fear'd to waste,
And wisely managed that the stock might last;
That all might be supplied, and she not grieve,
When crowds appear'd, she had not to relieve;
Which to prevent, she still increased her store;
Laid up, and spared, that she might give the more.

DRYDEN.

In such charities she pass'd the day
'Twas wondrous how she found an hour to pray.

DRYDEN.

The wanting orphans saw with wat'ry eyes
Their founder's charity in the dust laid low.

DRYDEN.

A parish priest was of the pilgrim train,
An awful, reverend, and religious man;
His eyes diffused a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face.

DRYDEN.

Who, should they steal for want of his relief,
He judged himself accomplice with the thief.

DRYDEN.

I never had the confidence to beg a charity.

DRYDEN.

Heaven-born charity! thy blessings shed;
Bid meagre want uprear her sickly head

GAY.

His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast.

GOLDSMITH.

The liberal are secure alone;
For what we frankly give, forever is our own.

GRANVILLE.

Half his earn'd pittance to poor neighbours went:
They had his alms, and he had his content.

WALTER HARTE.

Still from his little he could something spare
To feed the hungry, and to clothe the bare.
WALTER HARTE.

Only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,
By name to come call'd charity,—the soul
Of all the rest.
MILTON.

By thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
MILTON.

In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All must be false that thwart this one great end;
And all of God, that bless mankind or mend.
POPE.

Constant at church and 'change; his gains were sure;
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.
POPE.

Who feeds that alms-house neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate?
Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
"The man of Ross!" each lisping babe replies.
POPE.

Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread;
The man of Ross divides the weekly bread!
POPE.

Him portion'd maids, apprenticed orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
POPE.

Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
POPE.

Like the sun, let bounty spread her ray,
And shine that superfluity away.
POPE.

Health to himself, and to his infants bread,
The lab'rer bears: what his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies.
POPE.

But lasting charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall forever live.
PRIOR.

Faith and hope themselves shall die,
While deathless charity remains.
PRIOR.

Yet, gracious charity! indulgent guest!
Were not thy pow'r exerted in my breast,
My speeches would send up unheeded pray'r:
The scorn of life would be but wild despair:
A tymbal's sound were better than my voice,
My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.
PRIOR.

How few, like thee, inquire the wretched out,
And court the offices of soft humanity!
Like thee, reserve their raiment for the naked,
Reach out their bread to feed the crying orphan,
Or mix the pitying tears with those that weep!
ROWE.

Think not the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,
Shall die forgotten all: the poor, the pris'ner,
The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,
Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,
Shall cry to heav'n, and pull a blessing on thee.
ROWE.

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint;
As humorous as winter.
SHAKSPEARE.

My very enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire. SHAKSPEARE.

O father abbot!
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity.
SHAKSPEARE.

What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?
SHAKSPEARE.

The gen'rous band redressive search'd
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail,
Unpity'd and unheard where misery moans.
THOMSON.

From a confined well-managed store,
You both employ and feed the poor.
WALLER.

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scatter'd at the feet of man, like flowers.
WORDSWORTH.

CHARMS.

Oh, he was all made up of love and charms!
Delight of every eye! when he appear'd,
A secret pleasure gladden'd all that saw him.
ADDISON.

Alcyone he names amidst his pray'rs,
Names as a charm against the waves and wind,
Most in his mouth, and ever in his mind.
DRYDEN.

The passion you pretended
Was only to obtain;
But when the charm is ended,
The charmer you disdain.
DRYDEN.

We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distress'd.
MILTON.

Charm by accepting, by submitting sway.
POPE.

Chloe thus the soul alarm'd,
Awed without sense, and without beauty charm'd.
POPE.

Nor ever hope the queen of love
Will e'er thy fav'rite's charms improve.
PRIOR.

That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people.
SHAKSPEARE.

Antæus could, by magic charms,
Recover strength whene'er he fell.
SWIFT.

You caution'd me against their charms,
But never gave me equal arms.
SWIFT.

Amoret! my lovely foe,
Tell me where thy strength doth lie:
Where the pow'r that charms us so,—
In thy soul, or in thy eye?
WALLER.

CHASTISEMENT.

I follow thee, safe guide! the path
Thou lead'st me; and to the hand of heav'n submit,
However chast'ning.
MILTON.

Like you, commission'd to chastise and bless,
He must avenge the world, and give it peace!
PRIOR.

Some feel the rod,
And own, like us, the father's chast'ning hand.
ROWE.

Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirit in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee.
SHAKSPEARE.

Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia.
SHAKSPEARE.

CHEERFULNESS.

Let cheerfulness on happy fortune wait,
And give not thus the counter-time to fate.
DRYDEN.

Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,
That wont to be more cheerful and serene.
MILTON.

At sight of thee my gloomy soul cheers up,
My hopes revive, and gladness dawns within me.
AMBROSE PHILIPS.

I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
SHAKSPEARE.

You promised
To lay aside self-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.
SHAKSPEARE.

Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
SHAKSPEARE.

His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning:
There's some conceit or other, likes him well,
When that he bids Good-morrow with such spirit.
SHAKSPEARE.

We beseech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.
SHAKSPEARE.

I died, ere I could lend thee aid;
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd.
SHAKSPEARE.

So my storm-beaten heart likewise is cheer'd
With that sunshine, when cloudy looks are clear'd.

SPENSER.

CHESS.

This game the Persian magi did invent,
The force of Eastern wisdom to express:
From thence to busy Europeans sent,
And styled by modern Lombards pensive chess.

SIR J. DENHAM.

So have I seen a king on chess,
(His rooks and knights withdrawn,
His queen and bishops in distress,)
Shifting about, grow less and less,
With here and there a pawn.

DRYDEN.

And cards are dealt, and chess-boards brought,
To ease the pain of coward thought.

PRIOR.

CHIDING.

Winds murmur'd through the leaves your long delay,
And fountains, o'er the pebbles, chid your stay.

DRYDEN.

I chid the folly of my thoughtless haste;
For, the work perfected, the joy was past.

PRIOR.

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth.

SHAKSPEARE.

Those that do teach your babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks;
He might have chid me so: for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

SHAKSPEARE.

Not her that chides, sir, at thy hand I pray—
I love no chiders, sir.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHILDREN.

Crying they creep among us like young cats:
Cares and continual crosses keeping with them,
They make time old to tend them, and experience
An ass, they alter so.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.

E. B. BROWNING.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee things todlin stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichtering noise and glee.

BURNS.

Thy little brethren, which, like fairy sprights,
Oft skip into our chamber those sweet nights,
And kiss'd and dandled on thy father's knee,
Were bribed next day to tell what they did see.

DONNE.

The little children when they learn to go
By painful mothers daded to and fro.

DRAYTON.

He struggles first for breath, and cries for aid;
Then helpless in his mother's lap is laid:
He creeps, he walks, and, issuing into man,
Grudges their life from whence his own began;
Retchless of laws, affects to rule alone.

DRYDEN.

He next essays to walk, but, downward press'd,
On four feet imitates his brother beast;
By slow degrees he gathers from the ground
His legs, and to the rolling chair is bound.

DRYDEN.

The babe had all that infant care beguiles,
And early knew his mother in her smiles;
At his first aptness the maternal love
Those rudiments of reason did improve.

DRYDEN.

Begin, auspicious boy, to cast about
Thy infant eyes, and with a smile thy mother single out.

DRYDEN.

In their tender nonage, while they spread
Their springing leaves, and lift their infant head,
Indulge their childhood, and the nursling spare.

DRYDEN.

His cares are eased with intervals of bliss:
His little children, climbing for a kiss,
Welcome their father's late return at night.

DRYDEN.

He grieved, he wept; the sight an image brought
Of his own filial love, a sadly pleasing thought.

DRYDEN.

When the father is too fondly kind,
Such seed he sows, such harvest shall he find.
DRYDEN.

Children to serve their parents' int'rests live:
Take heed what doom against yourself you give.
DRYDEN.

Their love in early infancy began,
And rose as childhood ripen'd into man.
DRYDEN.

The nurse's legends are for truth received,
And the man dreams but what the boy believed.
DRYDEN.

Your warrior offspring that upheld the crown,
The scarlet honour of your peaceful gown,
Are the most pleasing objects I can find;
Charms to my sight, and cordials to my mind.
DRYDEN.

In Spain, our springs like old men's children be,
Decay'd and wither'd from their infancy;
No kindly showers fall on our barren earth,
To hatch the seasons in a timely birth.
DRYDEN.

O happy unown'd youths! your limbs can bear
The scorching dog-star and the winter's air;
While the rich infant, nursed with care and pain,
Thirsts with each heat, and coughs with ev'ry rain.
GAY.

By sports like these are all their cares beguiled:
The sports of children satisfy the child.
GOLDSMITH.

This is folly, childhood's guide,
This is childhood at her side.
HAWKESWORTH.

Oh! I will hearken like a doting mother
To hear her children praised by flatt'ring tongues.
SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

I know he's coming by this sign,—
That baby's almost wild!
See how he laughs and crows and starts,—
Heaven bless the merry child!
He's father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him.
Shout, baby, shout! and clap thy hands,
For father on the threshold stands.
MARY HOWITT.

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled;
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.
SIR W. JONES: *from the Persian.*

Seldom have I ceased to eye
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth.
MILTON.

On thy foot thou stood'st at last,
Though comfortless as when a father mourns
His children, all in view destroy'd at once.
MILTON.

When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know.
MILTON.

Of all the joys that brighten suffering earth,
What joy is welcomed like a new-born child?
MRS. NORTON.

Children blessings seem, but torments are:
When young, our folly, and when old, our fear.
OTWAY: *Don Carlos.*

Britain, changeful as a child at play,
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
POPE.

My sons their old unhappy sire despise,
Spoil'd of his kingdom, and deprived of eyes.
POPE.

From the age
That children tread this worldly stage,
Broomstaff or poker they bestride,
And round the parlour love to ride.
PRIOR.

Condemn'd to sacrifice his childish years
To babbling ign'rance and to empty fears.
PRIOR.

Leave to thy children tumult, strife, and war,
Portions of toil, and legacies of care.
PRIOR.

One that has newly learn'd to speak and go
Loves childish plays.
ROSCOMMON.

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.
SCOTT.

Your children were vexation to your youth:
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
SHAKSPEARE.

Fathers that wear rags
Do make their children blind:
But fathers that bear bags
Shall see their children kind.
SHAKSPEARE.

Those that do teach your babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks;
He might have chid me so: for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.
SHAKSPEARE.

Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
SHAKSPEARE.

Grief fills the room up of my absent child;
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:
Thus have I reason to be fond of grief.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thy due from me is tears,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously.
SHAKSPEARE.

His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love without retention or restraint.
SHAKSPEARE.

We have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again; therefore begone,
Without our grace, our love, our benison.
SHAKSPEARE.

We'll no more meet, no more see one another:
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter.
SHAKSPEARE.

The heav'ns have blest you with a godly son,
To be a comforter when he is gone.
SHAKSPEARE.

How have I stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from our own.
SHAKSPEARE.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child!
SHAKSPEARE.

I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.
SHAKSPEARE.

Oh, when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?
SOUTHEY.

Them before the fry of children young,
Their wanton sports and childish mirth did play,
And to the maidens sounding timbrels sung.
SPENSER.

The lion's whelps she saw how he did bear
And lull in rugged arms withouten childish fear.
SPENSER.

The bearing and the training of a child
Is woman's wisdom.
TENNYSON.

Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm;
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
THOMSON.

The little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twined around his neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond paternal soul.
THOMSON.

In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire.
THOMSON.

Trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy.
WORDSWORTH.

CHIVALRY.

Solemnly he swore,
That by the faith which knights to knighthood bore,
And whate'er else to chivalry belongs,
He would not cease till he revenged their wrongs.
DRYDEN.

The champions, all of high degree,
Who knighthood loved, and deeds of chivalry,
Throng'd to the lists, and envy'd to behold
The names of others, not their own, enroll'd.
DRYDEN.

How does your pride presume against my laws;
As in a listed field to fight your cause:
Unask'd the royal grant, no marshal by,
As knightly rites require, nor judge to try.
DRYDEN.

Thou hast slain
The flow'r of Europe for his chivalry.
SHAKSPEARE.

And by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts.
SHAKSPEARE.

I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry.
SHAKSPEARE.

CHURCH.

God never had a house of prayer
But Satan had a chapel there.
DE FOE.

A place where misdevotion frames
A thousand prayers to saints, whose very names
The church knew not, heav'n knows not yet.
DONNE.

They would assume, with wondrous art,
Themselves to be the whole who are but part
Of that vast frame the church; yet grant they were
The handers down, can they from thence infer
A right t' interpret? Or would they alone,
Who brought the present, claim it for their own?
DRYDEN.

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name;
Go search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history.
POPE.

Seldom at church, 'twas such a busy life;
But duly sent his family and wife.
POPE.

No silver saints by dying misers giv'n
Here bribed the rage of ill-requited Heav'n;
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
POPE.

COLD.

When winter frosts constrain the field with cold,
The fainty root can take no steady hold.
DRYDEN.

Frosts that constrain the ground
Do seldom their usurping power withdraw,
But raging floods pursue their hasty hand.
DRYDEN.

The frame of burnish'd steel, that cast a glare
From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing air.
DRYDEN.

Unless an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing
Depress'd.
MILTON.

Or call the winds through long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door.
POPE.

What more miraculous thing may be told,
Than ice, which is congeal'd with senseless cold,
Should kindle fire by wonderful device?
SPENSER.

No more
The expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold,
But full of life, and vivifying soul.
THOMSON.

COMMENTS.

Slily as any commentator goes by
Hard words or sense.
DONNE.

Such are thy secrets, which my life makes good,
And comments on thee; for in ev'ry thing
Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,
And in another make me understand.
GEORGE HERBERT.

No commentator can more slily pass
O'er a learn'd unintelligible place.
POPE.

In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.
SHAKSPEARE.

Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind.
SHAKSPEARE.

COMMERCE.

Instructed ships shall sail to quick commerce,
By which remotest regions are allied;
Which makes one city of the universe,
Where some may gain, and all may be supplied.
DRYDEN.

How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
But by degrees stand in authentic place?
SHAKSPEARE.

COMPASSION.

Compassionate my pains! she pities me!
To one that asks the warm return of love,
Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death.
ADDISON.

Then we must those who groan beneath the weight
Of age, disease, or want, commiserate.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Distress'd myself, like you confined I live,
And therefore can compassion take and give.
DRYDEN.

Their angry hands
My brothers hold, and vengeance these exact;
This pleads compassion, and repents the fact.
DRYDEN.

O heavens! can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
SHAKSPEARE.

COMPLIMENTS.

What honour that,
But tedious waste of time, to sit and hear
So many hollow compliments and lies,
Outlandish flatteries?
MILTON.

Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment,
Not working with the ear, but with the eye.
SHAKSPEARE.

My servant, sir? 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment.
SHAKSPEARE.

One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony:
A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their meeting.
SHAKSPEARE.

A doleful case desires a doleful song,
Without vain art or curious compliments.
SPENSER.

CONSCIENCE.

No ear can hear, no tongue can tell,
The tortures of that inward hell!
BYRON: *Giaour.*

Yet still there whispers the small voice within,
Heard through Gain's silence, and o'er Glory's din:
Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God!
BYRON: *Island.*

That savage spirit which would lull by wrath
Its desperate escapes from duty's path;
For ne'er can man his conscience all assuage,
Unless he drain the wine of passion,—rage.
BYRON: *Island.*

There is no future pang
Can deal that justice on the self-condemn'd
He deals on his own soul.
BYRON: *Manfred.*

A clear conscience and heroic mind
In ills their business and their glory find.
COWLEY.

Oh conscience! conscience! Man's most faithful friend,
How canst thou comfort, ease, relieve, defend!
But if he will thy friendly checks forego,
Thou art, oh, woe for me! his deadliest foe.
CRABBE.

But why must those be thought to 'scape, that feel
Those rods of scorpions and those whips of steel
Which conscience shakes?
CREECH: *Juvenal.*

But of the clock which in our breasts we bear,
The subtile motions we forget the while.
SIR J. DAVIES.

What power was that, whereby Medea saw,
And well approved, and praised the better course,
When her rebellious sense did so withdraw
Her feeble pow'rs, that she pursued the worse?
SIR J. DAVIES.

Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame.
SIR J. DENHAM.

The sweetest cordial we receive at last
Is conscience of our virtuous actions past.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Immortal pow'rs the term of conscience know,
But interest is her name with men below.
DRYDEN.

His own impartial thought
Will damn, and conscience will record the fault.
DRYDEN.

Not sharp revenge, nor hell itself, can find
A fiercer torment than a guilty mind,
Which day and night doth dreadfully accuse,
Condemns the wretch, and still the charge renews.
DRYDEN.

First guilty conscience doth the mirror bring,
Then sharp remorse shoots out her angry sting;
And anxious thoughts, within themselves at strife,
Upbraid the long misspent, luxurious life.
DRYDEN.

Here, here, it lies; a lump of lead by day;
And in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams.
DRYDEN.

I, my own judge, condemn'd myself before;
For pity, aggravate my crime no more.
DRYDEN.

Trust me, no tortures which the poets feign
Can match the fierce, the unutterable pain
He feels, who, night and day devoid of rest,
Carries his own accuser in his breast.
GIFFORD: *Juvenal.*

Doctrine and life, colours and light, in one
When they combine and mingle, bring
A strong regard and awe; but speech alone
Doth vanish like a flaring thing,
And in the ear, not conscience, ring.
GEORGE HERBERT.

Not all the glory, all the praise,
That decks the prosperous hero's days,
The shout of men, the laurel crown,
The pealing echoes of renown,
May conscience' dreadful sentence drown.
MRS. HOLFORD.

Now guilt once harbour'd in the conscious breast
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great.
DR. JOHNSON: *Irene.*

'Tis ever thus
With noble minds, if chance they slide to folly;
Remorse stings deeper, and relentless conscience
Pours more of gall into the bitter cup
Of their severe repentance.
MASON: *Elfrida.*

Knowledge or wealth to few are given;
But mark how just the ways of heaven:
True joy to all is free:
Nor wealth nor knowledge grant the boon,
'Tis thine, O Conscience! thine alone:
It all belongs to thee.
MICKLE.

Now conscience wakes despair
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse; if worse deeds, worse sufferings must ensue.
MILTON.

O conscience! into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driv'n me! out of which
I find no way; from deep to deeper plunged.
MILTON.

But his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him.
MILTON.

Let his tormentor, conscience, find him out.
MILTON.

The chains of darkness, and th' undying worm.
MILTON.

I will place within them as a guide
My umpire conscience, whom if they will hear,
Light after light well used they shall attain,
And to the end persisting safe arrive.
MILTON.

In such righteousness
To them by faith imputed, they may find
Justification towards God, and peace
Of conscience.
MILTON.

The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, conscience.
MILTON.

He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun:
Himself is his own dungeon.
MILTON.

Accountable to none
But to my conscience and my God alone.
OLDHAM.

How awful is that hour when conscience stings
The hoary wretch, who on his deathbed hears,
Deep in his soul, the thundering voice that rings,
In one dark, damning moment, crimes of years!
J. G. PERCIVAL.

Some scruple rose, but thus he eased his thought:
I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice,
And am so clear too of all other vice.
POPE.

He's arm'd without that's innocent within.
POPE.

Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
POPE.

Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
And the glad conscience of a life well spent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
POPE.

My conscience hath a thousand sev'ral tongues,
And ev'ry tongue brings in a sev'ral tale,
And ev'ry tale condemns me for a villain.
SHAKSPEARE.

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue. Is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
SHAKSPEARE.

I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe.
SHAKSPEARE.

I will converse with iron-witted fools,
And unrespective boys: none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes.
SHAKSPEARE.

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe.
SHAKSPEARE.

Conscience is a blushing shame-faced spirit,
That mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills
One full of obstacles.
SHAKSPEARE.

I know myself now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities;
A still and quiet conscience.
SHAKSPEARE.

Leave her to heav'n,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.
SHAKSPEARE.

The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul.
SHAKSPEARE.

O Brackenbury, I have done these things
That now give evidence against my soul.
SHAKSPEARE.

Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?
SHAKSPEARE.

Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.
SHAKSPEARE.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
SHAKSPEARE.

How smart a lash that speech doth give
My conscience!
SHAKSPEARE.

Which gifts the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.
SHAKSPEARE.

'Tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.
SHAKSPEARE.

My conscience bids me ask, wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most pois'nous compounds.
SHAKSPEARE.

The colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience.
SHAKSPEARE.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thou may'st conceal thy sin by cunning art,
But conscience sits a witness in thy heart;
Which will disturb thy peace, thy rest undo,
For that is witness, judge, and prison too.
R. WATKYNS.

See, from behind her secret stand,
The sly informer minutes ev'ry fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.
YOUNG.

CONSPIRACY.

But let the bold conspirator beware;
For heav'n makes princes its peculiar care.
DRYDEN.

When scarce he had escaped the blow
Of faction and conspiracy,
Death did his promised hopes destroy.
DRYDEN.

O conspiracy!
Shamest thou to show thy dang'rous brow by night,
When evils are most free?
SHAKSPEARE.

Take no care
Who chafes, who frets, and where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be.
SHAKSPEARE.

I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confed'rates
Against my life.
SHAKSPEARE.

CONTEMPLATION.

No sense the precious joys conceives
Which in her private contemplations be;
For then the ravish'd spirit the senses leaves,
Hath her own powers and proper actions free.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Bear me, some god! oh, quickly bear me hence
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense;
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity kings.
POPE.

In these deep solitudes, and awful cells,
Where heavenly pensive Contemplation dwells.
POPE.

So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate.
SHAKSPEARE.

I have breathed a sacred vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here.
SHAKSPEARE.

His name was heav'nly contemplation;
Of God and goodness was his meditation.
SPENSER.

Pure serenity apace
Produces thought and contemplation still.
THOMSON.

Free from th' impediments of light and noise,
Man, thus retired, his nobler thoughts employs.
WALLER.

CONTENTMENT.

Unfit for greatness, I her snares defy,
And look on riches with untainted eye:
To others let the glitt'ring baubles fall;
Content shall place me far above them all.
CHURCHILL.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Embittering all his state.
COWPER: *Horace.*

Oh! happiness of sweet retired content!
To be at once secure and innocent.
SIR J. DENHAM.

One thought content the good to be enjoy'd;
This every little accident destroy'd.
DRYDEN.

Still all great souls still make their own content;
We to ourselves may all our wishes grant;
For, nothing coveting, we nothing want.
DRYDEN.

Her poverty was glad; her heart content;
Nor knew she what the spleen or vapours meant.
DRYDEN.

Unvex'd with thoughts of want which may betide,
Or for to-morrow's dinner to provide.
DRYDEN.

What happiness the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labour while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what Heaven has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.
GAY.

O grant me, heav'n, a middle state,
Neither too humble nor too great;
More than enough for nature's ends,
With something left to treat my friends.
DAVID MALLET.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
No one will change his neighbour for himself:
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of heav'n.
POPE.

No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfied.
POPE.

Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind,
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd.
POPE.

But now no face divine contentment wears;
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
POPE.

Whose little store her well-taught mind does please,
Nor pinch'd with want, nor cloy'd with wanton ease.
ROSCOMMON.

My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.
SHAKSPEARE.

I seek not to wax great by others' waning;
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.
SHAKSPEARE.

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
SHAKSPEARE.

By him that raised me to this careful height,
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd.
SHAKSPEARE.

Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content.
SHAKSPEARE.

Best states, contentless,
Have a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
SHAKSPEARE.

Arrived there, the little house they fill,
Ne look for entertainment where none was;
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will:
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
SPENSER.

Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease,
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace,
That bids defiance to the storms of fate:
High bliss is only for a higher state.
THOMSON.

This man is freed from servile hands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all.
WOTTON.

CONVERSATION.

Oft the hours
From morn to eve have stolen unmark'd away,
While mute attention hung upon his lips.
AKENSIDE.

But, light and airy, stood on the alert,
And shone in the best part of dialogue:
By humouring always what they might assert,
And listening to the topics most in vogue;
Now grave, now gay, but never dull or pert;
And smiling but in secret—cunning rogue!
He ne'er presumed to make an error clearer:
In short, there never was a better hearer.
BYRON.

Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute.
COWPER.

Discourse may want an animated "No!"
To brush the surface, and to make it flow;
But still remember, if you mean to please,
To press your point with modesty and ease.
COWPER.

Words learn'd by rote a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse;
Not more distinct from harmony divine
The constant creaking of a country sign.
COWPER.

First in the council-hall to steer the state,
And ever foremost in a tongue-debate.
DRYDEN.

The vanquish'd party with the victors join'd,
Nor wanted sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind.
DRYDEN.

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please,
All such is courteous, useful, new, or witty;
Usefulness comes by labour, wit by ease,
Courtesy grows in court, news in the city.
GEORGE HERBERT.

And when you stick on conversation's burrs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful *urs*.
O. W. HOLMES: *Urania*.

Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day?
MILTON.

Or object new
Casual discourse draws on, which intermits
Our day's work.
MILTON.

If much converse
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield.
MILTON.

I by conversing cannot these erect
From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.
MILTON.

My earthly, by his heav'nly overpower'd,
In that celestial colloquy sublime,
As with an object that excels the sense,
Dazzled and spent, sunk down.
MILTON.

Meantime he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
JOHN PHILIPS.

Form'd by thy converse happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.
POPE.

Gen'rous converse, a soul exempt from pride,
And love to praise with reason on his side.
POPE.

In various talk th' instructive hours they past;
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last.
POPE.

Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks;
But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks.
POPE.

The tongue moved gently first, and speech was low,
Till wrangling science taught it noise and show,
And wicked wit arose, thy most abusive foe.
POPE.

Be silent always when you doubt your sense;
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence.
POPE.

'Tis remarkable, that they
Talk most who have the least to say.
PRIOR.

Your fair discourse has been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
SHAKSPEARE.

The tract of everything
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to.
SHAKSPEARE.

Leave nothing fitted for the purpose
Untouch'd or slightly handled in discourse.
SHAKSPEARE.

She hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.
SHAKSPEARE.

If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.
SHAKSPEARE.

Her conversation
More glad to me than to a miser money is.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

Would you both please and be instructed too,
Watch well the rage of shining to subdue;
Hear every man upon his favourite theme,
And ever be more knowing than you seem.
The lowest genius will afford some light,
Or give a hint that had escaped your sight.
BENJAMIN STILLINGFLEET.

Thus you may still be young to me
While I can better hear than see:
Oh, ne'er may Fortune show her spite,
To make me deaf, and mend my sight.
SWIFT.

His converse is a system fit
Alone to fill up all her wit.
SWIFT.

The tender heart is peace,
And kindly pours its copious treasures forth
In various converse.
THOMSON.

Her speech is graced with sweeter sound
Than in another's song is found.
WALLER.

Nor did we fail to see within ourselves
What need there is to be reserved in speech
And temper all our thoughts with charity.
WORDSWORTH.

Is there a tongue like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding up?
YOUNG.

A dearth of words a woman need not fear,
But 'tis a task indeed to learn—to hear:
In that the skill of conversation lies;
That shows or makes you both polite and wise.
YOUNG.

COQUETTES.

Flavia the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ:
In other hands the fan would prove
An engine of small force in love;
But she with such an air and mien,
Not to be told or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motion so
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow,
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
To every other breast a flame.
ATTERBURY.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both studied, though both seem neglected;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.
CONGREVE.

If she perceived by his outward cheer
That any would his love by talk bewray,
Sometimes she heard him, sometimes stopt her ear,
And played fast and loose the livelong day.
FAIRFAX.

The vain coquette each suit disdains,
And glories in her lover's pains;
With age she fades,—each lover flies:
Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.
GAY: *Fables.*

There affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheeks the roses of eighteen;
Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride;
On the rich silk sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown for sickness and for show.
POPE.

The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.
POPE.

'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infants' cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.
POPE.

Phyllis, who but a month ago
Was married to the Tunbridge beau,
I saw coquetting t'other night,
In public, with that odious knight.
SWIFT.

In vain are all the practised wiles,
In vain those eyes would love impart;
Not all th' advances, all the smiles,
Can move one unrelenting heart.
WALSH.

COUNTRY LIFE.

Bear me, some god, to Baja's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats,
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride.
ADDISON.

Oh! blest of heaven, whom not the languid songs
Of luxury, the siren! nor the bribes
Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant honour, can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of nature fair imagination culls
To charm the enliven'd soul!
AKENSIDE: *Pleasures of Imagination.*

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields:
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven:
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?
BEATTIE: *Minstrel.*

Would I a house for happiness erect,
Nature alone should be the architect;
She'd build it more convenient than great,
And doubtless in the country choose her seat.
COWLEY.

O fields, O woods, oh when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade!
COWLEY.

The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,
Pants for the refuge of some rural shade,
Where, all his long anxieties forgot,
Amidst the charms of a sequester'd spot,
Or recollected only to gild o'er
And add a smile to what was sweet before,
He may possess the joys he thinks he sees,
Lay his old age upon the lap of ease,
Improve the remnant of his wasted span,
And, having lived a trifler, die a man.
COWPER: *Retirement.*

The fall of waters, and the song of birds,
And hills that echo to the distant herds,
Are luxuries excelling all the glare
The world can boast, and her chief favourites share.
COWPER: *Retirement.*

God made the country, and man made the town;
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threaten'd in the fields and groves?
COWPER: *Task.*

Oh friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domestic life in rural leisure pass'd!
Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets,
Though many boast thy favours, and affect
To understand and choose thee for their own.
COWPER: *Task.*

More true delight in that small ground
Than in possessing all the earth was found.
DANIEL.

But could you be content to bid adieu
To the dear playhouse, and the players too,
Sweet country seats are purchased ev'rywhere,
With lands and gardens, at less price than here
You hire a darksome dog-hole by the year.
DRYDEN.

All these a milk-white honeycomb surround,
Which in the midst a country banquet crown'd.
DRYDEN.

That pleasing shade they sought, a soft retreat
From sudden April showers, a shelter from the heat.
DRYDEN.

How rich in humble poverty is he
Who leads a quiet country life;
Discharged of business, void of strife!
DRYDEN.

You to your own Aquinuum shall repair,
To take a mouthful of sweet country air.
DRYDEN.

O leave the noisy town! O come and see
Our country cots, and live content with me!
DRYDEN.

The dewy paths of meadows we will tread.
DRYDEN.

Lofty trees, with sacred shades,
And perspectives of pleasant glades,
Where nymphs of brightest form appear.
DRYDEN.

How happy in his low degree,
Who leads a quiet country life,
And from the griping scrivener free!
DRYDEN.

Here nature spreads her fruitful sweetness round,
Breathes on the air, and broods upon the ground.
DRYDEN.

Beneath this shade a weary peasant lies,
Plucks the broad-leaf, and bids the breezes rise.
GAY.

Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows;
For still new fairs before his eyes arose:
How pedlars' stalls with glitt'ring toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country maid.
GAY.

O blest retirement! friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine:
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village.*

In quiet shades, content with rural sports,
Give me a life remote from guilty courts.
GRANVILLE.

Thrice happy they, who thus in woods and groves,
From courts retired, possess their peaceful loves:
Of royal maids how wretched is the fate!
GRANVILLE.

Leave the mere country to mere country swains,
And dwell where life in all life's glory reigns.
WALTER HARTE.

Couldst thou resign the park and play, content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent,
There mightst thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hireling senator's deserted seat;

And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand;
There prune thy walks, support thy drooping
flow'rs,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs;
And, while thy beds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord:
There ev'ry bush with nature's music rings,
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings;
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thy evening walk and morning toil.
DR. S. JOHNSON: *London.*

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven, to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
KEATS: *Sonnets.*

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, and hills, and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountains, yield.
C. MARLOWE: *Passionate Shepherd to his Love.*

Then let me, fameless, love the fields and woods,
The fruitful water'd vales, and running floods.
THOMAS MAY: *Virgil.*

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight.
MILTON.

Cedar and pine, and fir and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view.
MILTON.

There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye.
MILTON.

Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
Who thank the gods amiss.
MILTON.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray.
MILTON.

The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound.
MILTON.

Round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams.
MILTON.

The cattle in the fields and meadows green,
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
Pasturing, at once and in broad herds upsprung.
MILTON.

With what delights could I have walk'd thee
round!
If I could joy in aught! sweet interchange
Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains.
MILTON.

Sometimes walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green.
MILTON.

This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honeysuckle.
MILTON.

Come, we'll e'en to our country seat repair,
The native home of innocence and love.
JOHN NORRIS.

What are the falling rills, the pendent shades,
The morning bowers, the evening colonnades,
But soft recesses for the weary mind
To sigh unheard into the passing wind!
POPE.

To her the shady grove, the flow'ry field,
The streams and fountains, no delight could
yield.
POPE.

Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
The wat'ry landscape of the pendent woods,
And absent trees, that tremble in the floods.
POPE.

She went to plain work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking
rooks.
POPE.

His court, with nettles and with cresses stored,
With soups unbought and salads blest his board.
POPE.

Midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That, crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
POPE.

Beneath our humble cottage let us haste,
And here, unenvied, rural dainties taste.
POPE.

Haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs;
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While opening blooms diffuse their sweets around.
POPE.

Behold Villario's ten years' toil complete,
His arbours darken, his espaliers meet.
POPE.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
Bear me, oh, bear me to sequester'd scenes
Of bow'ry mazes and surrounding greens.
POPE.

Interspersed in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
POPE.

Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my paternal cell;
A little house, with trees a-row,
And, like its master, very low!
POPE.

A man first builds a country seat,
Then finds the walls not good to eat.
PRIOR.

I'll cull the farthest mead for thy repast;
The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,
And draw thy water from the freshest spring.
PRIOR.

They spied a country farm,
Where all was snug, and clean, and warm;
For woods above, and hills behind,
Secured it both from rain and wind.
PRIOR.

Dear solitary groves, where peace does dwell!
Sweet harbours of pure love and innocence!
How willingly could I forever stay
Beneath the shade of your embracing greens,
List'ning to the harmony of warbling birds,
Tuned with the gentle murmur of the streams.
ROCHESTER: *Valentinian.*

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near.
ROGERS: *A Wish.*

Here may I always on this downy grass,
Unknown, unseen, my easy minutes pass!
ROSCOMMON.

Within an ancient forest's ample verge,
There stands a lonely but a healthful dwelling,
But for convenience, and the use of life;
Around it fallows, meads, and pastures fair,
A little garden, and a limpid brook,
By nature's own contrivance seem disposed.
ROWE: *Jane Shore.*

Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests, and with champaigns rich'd
With plenteous rivers, and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady.
SHAKSPEARE.

This our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
SHAKSPEARE.

Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
SHAKSPEARE.

O happy if ye know your happy state,
Ye rangers of the fields! whom nature's boon
Cheers with her smiles, and ev'ry element
Conspires to bless.
SOMERVILE: *Chase.*

A little lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people that did pass
In travel to and fro.
SPENSER.

Oh, could I see my country-seat!
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book;
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.
SWIFT.

Jove sent and found, far in a country scene,
Truth, innocence, good-nature, look serene;
From which ingredients, first the dext'rous boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.
SWIFT.

I've often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.
SWIFT.

Long untravell'd heaths,
With desolation brown, he wanders waste.
THOMSON.

He, thrice happy, on the sunless side,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines.
THOMSON.

Through the verdant maze
Of sweet-brier hedges I pursue my walk.
THOMSON.

Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
Unsullied beauty; sound unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleased;
Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation; and poetic ease.
THOMSON.

O knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he! who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.
THOMSON.

Can fierce passion vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody?
THOMSON.

I long my careless limbs to lay
Under the plantain's shade.
WALLER.

Your love in a cottage is hungry,
Your vine is a nest for flies;
Your milkmaid shocks the graces,
And simplicity talks of pies!
You lie down to your shady slumber,
And wake with a bug in your ear;
And your damsel that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.
N. P. WILLIS.

On every thorn delightful wisdom grows,
In ev'ry rill a sweet instruction flows;
But some untaught o'erhear the whisp'ring rill,
In spite of sacred leisure, blockheads still.
YOUNG.

COURAGE.

Wearied, forsaken, and pursued at last,
All safety in despair of safety placed,
Courage he thence resumes, resolved to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
SIR J. DENHAM.

He, when his country (threatened with alarm)
Requires his courage and his conq'ring arm,
Shall more than once the Punic bands affright.
DRYDEN.

Unconquer'd yet, in that forlorn estate,
His manly courage overcame his fate.
DRYDEN.

How fierce in fight, with courage undecay'd!
Judge if such warriors want immortal aid.
DRYDEN.

Hope arms their courage; from their tow'rs they throw
Their darts with double force, and drive the foe.
DRYDEN.

Deaf with the noise, I took my hasty flight:
No mortal courage can support the fright.
DRYDEN.

Numerous sails the fearful only tell;
Courage from hearts, and not from numbers, grows.
DRYDEN.

No drum or trumpet needs
T' inspire the coward, or to warm the cold;
His voice, his sole appearance, makes them bold.
DRYDEN.

Courage uncertain dangers may abate;
But who can bear th' approach of certain fate?
DRYDEN.

The combat now by courage must be tried.
DRYDEN.

Can I want courage for so brave a deed?
I've shook it off: my soul is free from fear.
DRYDEN.

Heav'n as its instrument my courage sends;
Heav'n ne'er sent those who fight for private ends.
DRYDEN.

Well I knew
What perils youthful ardour would pursue,
Young as thou wert in dangers, raw to war.
DRYDEN.

What courage tamely could to death consent,
And not by striking first the blow prevent?
DRYDEN.

He was stout of courage, strong of hand,
Bold was his heart, and restless was his spright.
FAIRFAX.

Now if 'tis chiefly in the heart
That courage doth itself exert,
'Twill be prodigious hard to prove
That this is eke the throne of love.
PRIOR.

The thing of courage,
As roused with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tuned in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.
SHAKSPEARE.

The native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.
SHAKSPEARE.

No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him.
SHAKSPEARE.

They're thinking, by his face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so. SHAKSPEARE.

His death
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops.
SHAKSPEARE.

Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill.
THOMSON.

Errors not to be recall'd do find
Their best redress from presence of the mind;
Courage our greatest failings does supply.
WALLER.

Godlike his courage seem'd; whom nor delight
Could soften, nor the face of death affright.
WALLER.

'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain disguise;
It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength.
YOUNG.

COURTESY.

So gentle of condition was he known,
That through the court his courtesy was blown.
DRYDEN.

Shepherd,
I trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls,
And courts of princes.
MILTON.

I am the very pink of courtesy.
SHAKSPEARE.

Repose you there, while I to the hard house
Return, and force their scanted courtesy.
SHAKSPEARE.

Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleased eye see your courtesy.
SHAKSPEARE.

You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies.
SHAKSPEARE.

COURTSHIP.

They often have reveal'd their passion to me:
But tell me whose address thou favour'st most;
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.
ADDISON.

Feel darts and charms, attracts and flames,
And woo and contract in their names.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

In tedious courtship we declare our pain,
And ere we kindness find, first meet disdain.
DRYDEN.

Your boldness I with admiration see;
What hope had you to gain a queen like me?
Because a hero forced me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a second prey?
DRYDEN.

Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all they gain,
A thousand court you, though they court in vain.
POPE.

That man who hath a tongue is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
SHAKSPEARE.

Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there.
SHAKSPEARE.

To me (sad maid, or rather widow sad)
He was affianced, long time before;
And sacred pledges he both gave and had,
False errant knight, infamous and forswore.
SPENSER: *Faerie Queene.*

COWARDICE.

That all men would be cowards if they dare,
Some men have had the courage to declare.
CRABBE.

That he should dare to do me this disgrace!
Is fool or coward writ upon my face?
DRYDEN.

Never did men more joyfully obey,
Or sooner understood the sign to fly:
With such alacrity they bore away,
As if, to praise them, all the States stood by.
DRYDEN.

When desperate ills demand a speedy cure,
Distrust is cowardice, and prudence folly.
DR. JOHNSON: *Irene.*

Fear is my vassal; when I frown, he flies:
A hundred times in life a coward dies.
MARSTON: *Insatiate Countess.*

Cowards fear to die; but courage stout,
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.
SIR W. RALEIGH:
On the Snuff of a Candle.

Thou runaway! thou coward! art thou fled?
Speak in some bush; where dost thou hide thy head?
SHAKSPEARE.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
SHAKSPEARE.

Bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.
SHAKSPEARE.

Have the power still
To banish your defenders, till at length
Your ignorance deliver you, as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows.
SHAKSPEARE.

COXCOMBS.

Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs, nature meant but fools.
POPE.

CREATION.

Jove was not more pleased
With infant nature, when his spacious hand
Had rounded this huge ball of earth and seas,
To give it the first push, and see it roll
Along the vast abyss.
ADDISON: *Guardian, No.* 110.

Does it not all mechanic heads confound,
That troops of atoms from all parts around,
Of equal number and of equal force,
Should to this single point direct their course,
That so the counter-pressure ev'ry way,
Of equal vigour, might their motions stay,
And by a steady poise the whole in quiet lay?
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Should we the long-depending scale ascend,
Of sons and fathers will it never end?
If 'twill, then must we through the order run
To some one man whose being ne'er begun:
If that one man was sempiternal, why
Did he, once independent, ever die?
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Had not the Maker wrought the springy frame,
Such as it is, to fan the vital flame,
The blood, defrauded of its nitrous food,
Had cool'd and languish'd in th' arterial road;
While the tired heart had strove, with fruitless pain,
To push the lazy tide along the vein.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Could atoms, which, with undirected flight,
Roam'd through the void, and ranged the realms of night,
In order march, and to their posts advance,
Led by no guide but undesigning chance?
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Besides materials, which are brute and blind,
Did not this work require a knowing mind,
Who for the task should fit detachments choose
From all the atoms.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

How could this noble fabric be design'd,
And fashion'd by a maker brute and blind?
Could it of art such miracles invent?
And raise a beauteous world of such extent?
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Unconscious causes only still impart
Their utmost skill, their utmost power exert:
Those which can freely choose, discern, and know,
Can more or less of art and care bestow.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Ye sons of art, one curious piece devise,
From whose construction motion shall arise.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Did chymic chance the furnaces prepare,
Raise all the labour-houses of the air,
And lay crude vapours in digestion there?
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

When the world first out of chaos sprang,
So smiled the days, and so the tenor ran
Of their felicity; a spring was there,
An everlasting spring the jolly year
Led round in his great circle; no wind's breath,
As now, did smell of winter or of death.
CRASHAW.

Atheist, use thine eyes;
And, having view'd the order of the skies,
Think (if thou canst) that matter, blindly hurl'd
Without a guide, should frame this wondrous world.
CREECH.

For when God's hand had written in the hearts
Of our first parents all the rules of good,
So that their skill infused surpass'd all arts
That ever were before or since the flood.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Such was the discord, which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty, through the universe:
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists.
SIR J. DENHAM.

As subjects then the whole creation came,
And from their natures Adam them did name.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Before the sea, and this terrestrial ball,
One was the face of nature, if a face;
Rather a rude and indigested mass.
DRYDEN.

From such rude principles our form began,
And earth was metamorphosed into man.
DRYDEN.

Nor could the tender new creation bear
Th' excessive heats or coldness of the year.
DRYDEN.

Heav'n and earth's compacted frame,
And flowing waters, and the starry flame,
And both the radiant lights, one common soul
Inspires and feeds, and animates the whole.
DRYDEN.

Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led
From cause to cause to nature's secret head,
And found that one first principle must be.
DRYDEN.

Study thyself: what rank, or what degree,
Thy wise Creator has ordain'd for thee.
DRYDEN.

Betwixt the midst and these, the gods assign'd
Two habitable seats for human kind;
And 'cross their limits cut a sloping way,
Which the twelve signs in beauteous order sway.
DRYDEN.

Whether with particles of heav'nly fire
The God of nature did his soul inspire;
Or earth, but new divided from the sky,
And pliant still, retain'd th' ethereal energy.
DRYDEN.

What am I? or from whence? for that I am
I know, because I think; but whence I came,
Or how this frame of mine began to be,
What other being can disclose to me?
DRYDEN.

Such was the saint, who shone with ev'ry grace,
Reflecting, Moses-like, his master's face:
God saw his image lively was express'd,
And his own work as his creation bless'd.
DRYDEN.

Open, ye heavens, your living doors; let in
The great Creator, from his work return'd
Magnificent; his six days' work, a world.
MILTON.

What cause
Moved the Creator, in his holy rest
Through all eternity, so late to build
In chaos; and the work begun, how soon
Absolved.
MILTON.

To recount almighty works,
What words of tongue or seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
MILTON.

When I behold this goodly frame, this world,
Of heav'n and earth consisting; and compute
Their magnitudes; this earth a spot, a grain,
An atom, with the firmament compared.
MILTON.

He longer will delay, to hear thee tell
His generation, and the rising birth
Of nature from the unapparent deep.
MILTON.

By thy kind pow'r and influencing care,
The various creatures live, and move, and are.
MILTON.

In days of yore, no matter where or when,
Before the low creation swarm'd with men.
PARNELL.

See plastic nature, working to this end!
The single atoms each to other tend;
Attract, attracted to, the next in place,
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
POPE.

Then various elements against thee join'd,
In one more various animal combined,
And framed the clam'rous race of busy human kind.
POPE.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
POPE.

And if each system in gradation roll,
Alike essential to the amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
POPE.

Then from whate'er we can to sense produce,
Common and plain, or wondrous and abstruse,
From Nature's constant or eccentric laws,
The thoughtful soul this gen'ral inference draws,
That an effect must presuppose the cause.
PRIOR.

He, sole in power, at the beginning said,
Let sea and air, and earth, and heav'n be made;
And it was so: and when he shall ordain
In other sort, has but to speak again,
And they shall be no more.
PRIOR.

While she does her upward flight sustain,
Touching each link of the continued chain,
At length she is obliged and forced to see
A first, a source, a life, a deity.
PRIOR.

Heaven, sure, has kept this spot of earth uncurst,
To show how all things were created first.
PRIOR.

A mind which through each part infused doth pass,
Fashions and works, and wholly doth transpierce
All this great body of the universe.
SIR W. RALEIGH.

Thou hung'st the solid earth in fleeting air,
Vein'd with clear springs, which ambient seas repair.
SANDYS.

All the world by thee at first was made,
And daily yet thou dost the same repair:
Nor aught on earth that merry is and glad,
Nor aught on earth that lovely is and fair,
But thou the same for pleasure didst prepare.
SPENSER.

Through knowledge we behold the world's creation,
How in his cradle first he foster'd was;
And judge of nature's cunning operation,
How things she formed of a formless mass.
SPENSER.

But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
Of all his works, creative beauty burns
With warmest beam.
THOMSON.

What but God!
Inspiring God! who, boundless spirit all,
And unremitting energy pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
THOMSON.

Who on this base the earth didst firmly found,
And mad'st the deep to circumvent it round.
WOTTON.

CRITICISM.

This writer's want of sense arraign,
Treat all his empty pages with disdain,
And think a grave reply misspent in vain.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

These, with the pride of dogmatizing schools,
Imposed on nature arbitrary rules;
Forced her their vain inventions to obey,
And move as learned frenzy traced the way.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Brimful of learning, see that pedant stride,
Bristling with horrid Greek, and puff'd with pride!
A thousand authors he in vain has read,
And with their maxims stuff'd his empty head;
And thinks that without Aristotle's rule
Reason is blind, and common sense a fool.
BOILEAU.

Those fierce inquisitors of wit,
The critics, spare no flesh that ever writ;
But just as tooth-draw'rs find among the rout
Their own teeth work in pulling others out,
So they, decrying all of all that write,
Think to erect a trade of judging by 't.
BUTLER.

All this, without a gloss or comment,
He could unriddle in a moment.

BUTLER.

A man must serve his time to ev'ry trade
Save censure:—critics all are ready made:
Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote;
A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault;
A turn for punning—call it Attic salt.

BYRON.

A modern critic is a thing who runs
All ways, all risks, to evitate his duns:
Let but an author ask him home to dine,
And lend him money while he gave him wine;
However dull the trash the man might write,
Its praise the grateful guest would still indite.

BYRON.

Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,
Believe a woman, or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics who themselves are sore.

BYRON.

John Keats, who was kill'd off by one critique,
Just as he really promised something great,
If not intelligible, without Greek
Contrived to talk about the gods of late,
Much as they might have been supposed to speak.
Poor fellow! His was an untoward fate.
'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article.

BYRON.

Smit with the love of honour—or of pence—
O'errun with wit, and destitute of sense,
Should any novice in the rhyming trade
With lawless pen the realms of verse invade,
Forth from the court where sceptred sages sit,
Abused with praise, and flatter'd into wit,
Where in lethargic majesty they reign,
And what they win by dulness still maintain,
Legions of factious authors throng at once,
Fool beckons fool, and dunce awakens dunce.

CHURCHILL.

A servile race,
Who in mere want of fault all merit place;
Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools,
Bigots to Greece, and slaves to rusty rules.

CHURCHILL.

Who shall dispute what the Reviewers say?
Their word's sufficient; and to ask a reason,
In such a state as theirs, is downright treason.

CHURCHILL.

Through whim (our critics) or by envy led,
They damn those authors whom they never read.

CHURCHILL.

But, spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves.

CHURCHILL.

You scandal to the stock of verse! a race
Able to bring the gibbet in disgrace.

JOHN CLEAVELAND.

Critics to plays for the same end resort
That surgeons wait on trials in a court:
For innocence condemn'd they've no respect,
Provided they've a body to dissect.

CONGREVE.

Then all bad poets we are sure are foes,
And how their number's swell'd the town well knows:
In shoals I've mark'd 'em judging in the pit,
Tho' they're on no pretence for judgment fit,
But that they have been damn'd for want of wit.
Since when they, by their own offences taught,
Set up for spies on plays and finding fault.

CONGREVE.

Rich, racy verses, in which we
The soil from which they come taste, smell, and see.

COWLEY.

Oh! rather give me commentators plain,
Who with no deep researches vex the brain;
Who from the dark and doubtful love to run,
And hold their glimm'ring tapers to the sun.

CRABBE: *Parish Register.*

Some vip'rous critic may bereave
Th' opinion of thy work for some defect.

DANIEL.

That servile path thou nobly dost decline
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.

SIR J. DENHAM.

Your intention hold,
As fire these drossy rhymes to purify,
Or as elixir to change them into gold.

DONNE.

This wond'red error growth
At which our critics gird.

DRAYTON.

Critics in plume,
Who lolling on our foremost branches sit,
And still charge first, the true forlorn of wit.

DRYDEN.

Hourly we see some raw pin-feather'd thing
Attempt to mount, and fights and heroes sing,
Who for false quantities was whipp'd at school,
But t'other day, and breaking grammar-rule.
DRYDEN.

These wretched spies of wit must then confess
They take more pains to please themselves the less.
DRYDEN.

The verse in fashion is, when numbers flow
So smooth and equal, that no sight can find
The rivet, where the polish'd piece was join'd.
DRYDEN.

When I spoke,
My honest, homely words were carp'd and censured,
For want of courtly style.
DRYDEN.

They damn themselves, nor will my muse descend
To class with such who fools and knaves commend.
DRYDEN.

For the great dons of wit,
Phœbus gives them full privilege alone
To damn all others, and cry up their own.
DRYDEN.

Two fools that crutch their feeble sense in verse;
Who by my muse to all succeeding times
Shall live, in spite of their own dogg'rel rhymes.
DRYDEN.

Your wit burlesque may one step higher climb,
And in his sphere may judge all dogg'rel rhyme.
DRYDEN.

But he whose noble genius is allow'd,
Who with stretch'd pinions soars above the crowd;
Who mighty thought can clothe with manly dress:
He whom I fancy, but can ne'er express.
DRYDEN.

As I interpret fairly your design,
So look not with severer eyes on mine.
DRYDEN.

'Tis fustian all, 'tis execrably bad;
But if they will be fools, must you be mad?
DRYDEN.

He that but conceives a crime in thought
Contracts the danger of an actual fault.
DRYDEN.

Teach them how manly passions ought to move;
For such as cannot think, can never love;
And since they needs will judge the poet's art,
Point 'em with fescues to each shining part.
DRYDEN.

In thy felonious heart though venom lies,
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
DRYDEN.

Ev'ry one is eagle-eyed to see
Another's faults and his deformity.
DRYDEN.

Kind wits will those light faults excuse;
Those are the common frailties of the muse.
DRYDEN.

Who would excel, when few can make a test
Betwixt indiff'rent writing and the best?
DRYDEN.

The more inform'd, the less he understood,
And deeper sunk by flound'ring in the mud.
DRYDEN.

Free from all meaning, whether good or bad;
And, in one word, heroically mad.
DRYDEN.

They give the scandal, and the wise discern,
Their glosses teach an age too apt to learn.
DRYDEN.

So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
That your least praise is to be regular.
DRYDEN.

He match'd their beauties where they most excel;
Of love sung better, and of arms as well.
DRYDEN.

Thy gen'rous fruits, though gather'd ere their prime,
Still show'd a quickness; and maturing time
But mellows what we write to the dull sweets of rhyme.
DRYDEN.

When did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand?
DRYDEN.

Pure clinches the suburban muse affords,
And Panton waging harmless war with words.
DRYDEN.

Malice in critics reigns so high
That for small errors they whole plays decry.
DRYDEN.

No more accuse thy pen; but charge the crime
On native sloth, and negligence of time;
Beware the public laughter of the town,
Thou spring'st a leak already in thy crown.
DRYDEN.

Winnow well this thought, and you shall find
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.
DRYDEN.

Base rivals, who true wit and merit hate,
Caballing still against it with the great,
Maliciously aspire to gain renown
By standing up and pulling others down.
DRYDEN.

No carping critic interrupts his praise,
No rival strives but for a second place.
GRANVILLE.

These scenes were wrought,
Embellish'd with good morals and just thought.
GRANVILLE.

When, more indulgent to the writer's ease,
You are so good to be so hard to please,
No such convulsive pangs it will require
To write the pretty things that you admire.
GRANVILLE.

When Crito once a panegyric show'd,
He beat him with a staff of his own ode.
WALTER HARTE.

Courtling, I rather thou shouldst utterly
Dispraise my work than praise it frostily.
BEN JONSON.

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs,
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When straight a barbarous noise environs me.
MILTON.

In every work regard the writer's end;
For none can compass more than they intend:
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
POPE.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer:
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike:
Alike reserved to blame or to commend;
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend.
POPE.

Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
POPE.

The heaviest muse the swiftest course has gone,
As clocks run fastest when most lead is on.
POPE.

Learn then what morals critics ought to show:
'Tis not enough wit, art, and learning join;
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine.
POPE.

Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But show no mercy to an empty line.
POPE.

I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censured not as bad, but new;
While, if our elders break all reason's laws,
Those fools demand, not pardon, but applause.
POPE.

Let those teach others who themselves excel;
And censure freely, who have written well.
POPE.

I know there are to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
POPE.

Your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend, and ev'ry foe.
POPE.

The piece you think is incorrect: why, take it;
I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make it.
POPE.

Ah! ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost!
Good nature and good sense must ever join:
To err is human; to forgive, divine.
POPE.

Then criticism the muse's handmaid proved,
To dress her charms and make her more beloved.
POPE.

Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend.
POPE.

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ;
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,
Where nature moves, and rapture charms the mind.
POPE.

Thus critics of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
Form short ideas, and offend in arts,
As most in manners, by a love to parts.
POPE.

He who, supreme in judgment as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judged with coolness, though he sung with fire;
His precepts teach but what his works inspire:
Our critics take a contrary extreme;
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm.
POPE.

The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit.
POPE.

These when they praise, the world believes no more
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
POPE.

Some have at first for wits, then poets past,
Turn'd critics next, and proved plain fools at last.
POPE.

Concluding all were desp'rate sots and fools
That durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
POPE.

Thy hand strikes out some free design,
When life awakes and dawns at every line.
POPE.

Know well each ancient's proper character;
Without all this at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticise.
POPE.

But you with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critic on the last.
POPE.

If wit so much from ignorance undergo,
Ah, let not learning too commence its foe.
POPE.

Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But critic-learning flourish'd most in France.
POPE.

Critics I saw, that others' names deface,
And fix their own with labour in their place;
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
POPE.

How severely with themselves proceed
The men who write such verse as who can read?
Their own strict judges, not a word they spare
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care.
POPE.

Not that my quill to critics was confined;
My verse gave ampler lessons to mankind.
POPE.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine.
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line.
POPE.

Most by the numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong.
POPE.

The gen'rous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.
POPE.

Yet some there were among the sounder few,
Of those who less presumed, and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restored wit's fundamental laws.
POPE.

Neglect the rule each verbal critic lays:
For not to know some trifles is a praise.
POPE.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow.
POPE.

'Tis more to guide than spur the muse's steed,
Restrain his fury than provoke his speed;
The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.
POPE.

Those rules of old discover'd, not devised,
Are nature still, but nature methodized.
POPE.

These leave the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.
POPE.

The poring scholiasts mark;
Wits who, like owls, see only in the dark;
A lumber-house of books in ev'ry head.
POPE.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress, and when indulge our flights!
POPE.

Poets, a race long unconfined and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Received his laws.
POPE.

Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
POPE.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare;
For there's a happiness as well as care:
Music resembles poetry: in each
Are nameless graces, which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
POPE.

Still, with itself compared, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan muse.
POPE.

Once on a time, La Mancha's knight, they say,
A certain bard encount'ring on the way,
Discoursed in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As ere could Dennis of the laws o' th' stage.
POPE.

Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire:
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
And is himself that great sublime he draws.
POPE.

And though the ancients thus their rules invade,
As kings dispense with laws themselves have made;
Moderns, beware! or, if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end.
POPE.

New graces yearly like thy works display,
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay.
POPE.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town.
POPE.

Should some more sober critic come abroad,
If wrong, I smile; if right, I kiss the rod.
POPE.

At length I drop, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."
POPE.

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
"Not, sir, if you revise it and retouch."
POPE.

Shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice.
POPE.

Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part;
They talk of principles; but notions prize,
And all to one loved folly sacrifice.
POPE.

Fustian's so sublimely bad
It is not poetry, but prose run mad.
POPE.

Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb through,
He spins the slight self-pleasing thread anew:
Destroy his fib or sophistry: in vain!
The creature's at his dirty work again;
Throned on the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
POPE.

Both must alike from heav'n derive their light;
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
POPE.

Curb that impetuous tongue; nor rashly vain,
And singly mad, asperse the sov'reign reign.
POPE.

Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the last opinion right.
A muse by these is like a mistress used;
This hour she's idolized, the next abused.
POPE.

Here one poor word a hundred clinches makes.
POPE.

Each finding, like a friend,
Something to blame, and something to commend.
POPE.

In such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That, shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep,
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
POPE.

Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.
POPE.

The muse whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescribed her heights, and pruned her tender wing.
POPE.

Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd critics too.
POPE.

Now they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown
Employ their pains to spurn some others down.
POPE.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill.
POPE.

To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for the observer's sake.
POPE.

Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like slashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook.
POPE.

Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought.
POPE.

That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic.
POPE.

He checks the bold design;
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine
As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each line.
POPE.

In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share.
POPE.

'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain.
POPE.

Some dryly plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
POPE.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true:
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
POPE.

Critics I read on other men,
And hypers upon them again. PRIOR.

From this last toil again what knowledge flows?
Just as much, perhaps, as shows
That all his predecessors' rules
Were empty cant, all jargon of the schools.
PRIOR.

Many knotty points there are,
Which all discuss, but few can clear.
PRIOR.

When Sappho writ,
By their applause the critics show'd their wit.
PRIOR.

Bold is the critic who dares prove
These heroes were no friends to love;
And bolder he who dares aver
That they were enemies to war.
PRIOR.

Some servile imitators
Prescribe at first such strict, uneasy rules,
As they must ever slavishly observe.
ROSCOMMON.

Ill-natured censors of the present age,
And fond of all the follies of the past.
ROSCOMMON.

Take pains the genuine meaning to explore;
There sweat, there strain, tug the laborious oar.
ROSCOMMON.

Let all your precepts be succinct and clear,
That ready wits may comprehend them soon.
ROSCOMMON.

And the rude notions of pedantic schools
Blaspheme the sacred founder of our rules.
ROSCOMMON.

The press, the pulpit, and the stage
Conspire to censure and expose our age.
ROSCOMMON.

In a poem elegantly writ,
I will not quarrel with a slight mistake.
ROSCOMMON.

Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce;
For rich ill poets are without excuse.
ROSCOMMON.

Search every comment that your care can find,
Some here, some there, may hit the poet's mind.
ROSCOMMON.

Excursions are inexpiably bad,
And 'tis much safer to leave out than add.
ROSCOMMON.

For I am nothing, if not critical.
SHAKSPEARE.

These sentences to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.
SHAKSPEARE.

Stubborn critics, apt, without a theme,
For depravation, to square the general sex.
SHAKSPEARE.

I never yet saw man
But she would spell him backward; if fair-faced,
She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot.
SHAKSPEARE.

Learn Aristotle's rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote.
SWIFT.

Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For those our critics much confide in;
Though merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling.
SWIFT.

At Will's
Lie snug, and hear what critics say.
SWIFT.

The critic to his grief will find
How firmly these indentures bind.
SWIFT.

Till critics blame and judges praise,
The poet cannot claim his bays;
On me when dunces are satiric,
I take it for a panegyric;
Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my motto and my fate.
SWIFT.

After toiling twenty days
To earn a stock of pence and praise,
Thy labour's grown the critic's prey.
SWIFT.

Though they the lines on golden anvils beat,
It looks as if they struck them at a heat.
TATE.

Horace will our superfluous branches prune,
Give us new rules, and set our harp in tune.
WALLER.

Our lines reform'd, and not composed in haste,
Polish'd like marble, would like marble last;
But as the present, so the last age writ:
In both we find like negligence and wit.
WALLER.

The muses' friend, unto himself severe,
With silent pity looks on all that err.
WALLER.

What ambitious fools are more to blame
Than those who thunder in the critic's name?
Good authors damn'd have their revenge in this,—
To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.
YOUNG.

How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.
YOUNG.

One judges as the weather dictates, right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night;
Another judges by a surer gauge,—
An author's principles or parentage.
YOUNG.

Critics on verse, as squibs on triumphs, wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state;
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, ink, and die.
YOUNG.

Not all on books their criticism waste:
The genius of a dish some justly taste,
And eat their way to fame.
YOUNG.

CRUELTY.

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.
BURNS.

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
COWPER.

You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb.
SHAKSPEARE.

No care of justice, nor no rule of reason,
Did thenceforth ever enter in his mind,
But cruelty, the sign of currish kind.
SPENSER.

CUSTOM.

As custom arbitrates, whose shifting sway
Our life and manners must alike obey.
BYRON: *Hints from Horace.*

Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone
To rev'rence what is ancient, and can plead
A course of long observance for its use.
COWPER.

Man yields to custom as he bows to fate,
In all things ruled,—mind, body, and estate;
In pain, in sickness, we for cure apply
To them we know not, and we know not why.
CRABBE.

Habit with him was all the test of truth:
"It must be right: I've done it from my youth."
CRABBE.

All habits gather by unseen degrees;
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
DRYDEN: *Ovid.*

Custom does often reason overrule,
And only serves for reason to the fool.
ROCHESTER.

That monster, custom, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on.
SHAKSPEARE.

What custom wills in all things should we do't,
Mountainous error would be too highly heap'd
For truth to overpeer.
SHAKSPEARE.

Tyrant custom
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down.
SHAKSPEARE.

It is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
SHAKSPEARE.

Custom, 'tis true, a venerable tyrant,
O'er servile man extends her blind dominion.
THOMSON.

DANCE.

Musicians and dancers! take some truce
With these your pleasing labours; for great use
As much weariness as perfection brings.
DONNE.

With songs and dance we celebrate the day,
And with due honours usher in the May.
DRYDEN.

The muses blush'd to see their friends exalting
Those elegant delights of jig and vaulting.
FENTON.

Such a light and mettled dance
Saw you never yet in France.
BEN JONSON.

When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs sound,
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the checker'd shade.
MILTON.

All the swains that there abide,
With jigs and rural dance resort.
MILTON.

Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn.
MILTON.

Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach kings to fiddle, and make senates dance.
POPE.

Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
POPE.

Ridotta sips, and dances till she see
The doubling lustres dance as quick as she.
POPE.

Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a part,
Forming her movements to the rules of art;
And, vex'd, I found that the musician's hand
Had o'er the dancer's mind too great command.
PRIOR.

He, perfect dancer! climbs the rope,
And balances your fear and hope.
PRIOR.

Let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels:
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;
I'll be a candle-holder and look on.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thy grandsire loved thee well;
Many a time he danced thee on his knee.
SHAKSPEARE.

What masks, what dances,
To wear away this long age of three hours.
SHAKSPEARE.

After them all dancing on a row,
The comely virgins came with garlands dight,
All fresh as flowers.
SPENSER.

DAY.

Scarce had he spoken when the cloud gave way;
The mists flew upwards, and dissolved in day.
DRYDEN.

When the following morn had chased away
The flying stars, and light restored the day.
DRYDEN.

Earthly limbs and gross allay
Blunt not the beams of heav'n, and edge of day.
DRYDEN.

From gilded roofs depending lamps display
Nocturnal beams that emulate the day.
DRYDEN.

And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream.
MILTON.

A waving glow his bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day.
POPE.

Through the plains, of one continual day,
Six shining months pursue their even way;
And six succeeding urge their dusky flight,
Obscured with vapours and o'erwhelm'd in night.
PRIOR.

Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day.
SHAKSPEARE.

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea.
SHAKSPEARE.

The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
SHAKSPEARE.

Calm was the day, and through the trembling air
Sweet-breathing Zephyrus did softly play,
A gentle spirit, that lightly did allay
Hot Titan's beams, which then did glister fair.
SPENSER.

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Christ's blood our balsam; if that cure us here,
Him when our Judge we shall not find severe.
SIR J. DENHAM.

We are but farmers of ourselves; yet may,
If we can stock ourselves and thrive, uplay
Much, much good treasure for the great rent-day.
DONNE.

In the valley of Jehoshaphat
The judging God shall close the book of fate;
And there the last assizes keep
For those who wake, and those who sleep.
DRYDEN.

When the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky.
DRYDEN.

Minos, the strict inquisitor, appears,
And lives and crimes with his assessors hears;
Round in his urn the blended balls he rolls;
Absolves the just and dooms the guilty souls.
DRYDEN.

Nor custom, nor example, nor vast numbers
Of such as do offend, make less the sin;
For each particular crime a strict account
Will be exacted; and that comfort which
The damn'd pretend follows in misery,
Takes nothing from their torments: every one
Must suffer in himself the measure of
His wickedness.
MASSINGER.

Trumpet once more to sound at general doom.
MILTON.

Thence shall come,
When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory and pow'r to judge both quick and dead.
MILTON.

Till the day
Appear of respiration to the just,
And vengeance to the wicked.
MILTON.

A peal shall rouse their sleep;
Then, all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge
Bad men and angels.
MILTON.

Forthwith the cited dead,
Of all past ages, to the general doom
Shall hasten.
MILTON.

Thence shall come
To judge th' unfaithful dead; but to reward
His faithful, and receive them into bliss.
MILTON.

Thou attended gloriously from heav'n
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
Thy summoning archangels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal.
MILTON.

On death and judgment, heaven and hell,
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.
SIR W. RALEIGH.

What horror will invade the mind
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find!

ROSCOMMON.

O then, what interest shall I make
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake!

ROSCOMMON.

Thou whom avenging pow'rs obey,
Cancel my debt, too great to pay,
Before the sad accounting day.

ROSCOMMON.

The dreadful judgment day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.

SHAKSPEARE.

How would you be
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are?

SHAKSPEARE.

DEATH.

But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded blest before he die.

ADDISON.

And yet, methinks, a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul.

ADDISON.

I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony.

ADDISON.

Thus o'er the dying lamp th' unsteady flame
Hangs quivering on a point, leaps off by fits,
And falls again, as loth to quit its hold.

ADDISON.

Thus we well left, he better reft,
In heaven to take his place;
That by like life and death, at last,
We may obtain like grace.

ASCHAM.

Be it what it may, or bliss or torment,
Annihilation, dark and endless rest,
Or some dread thing man's wildest range of thought
Hath never yet conceived, that change I'll dare
Which makes me anything but what I am.

JOANNA BAILLIE: *Basil.*

It goes against the mind of man
To be turn'd out from its warm wonted home
Ere yet one rent admits the winter's chill.

JOANNA BAILLIE: *Rayner.*

How shocking must thy summons be, O death,
To him who is at ease in his possessions!
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!

BLAIR: *Grave.*

For me, my heart, that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose
Who giveth his beloved sleep.

MRS. BROWNING.

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustain'd and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

BRYANT: *Thanatopsis.*

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!

BURNS.

If from society we learn to live,
'Tis solitude should teach us how to die;
It hath no flatterers: vanity can give
No hollow aid; alone, man with his God must strive.

BYRON.

The very generations of the dead
Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb,
Until the memory of an age is fled,
And, buried, sinks beneath its offspring's doom.

BYRON.

Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.

BYRON.

Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,
When youth itself survives young love and joy?
Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,
Death has but little left him to destroy!

BYRON.

Few men dare show their thoughts of worst or best;
Dissimulation always sets apart
A corner for herself; and therefore fiction
Is that which passes with least contradiction.

BYRON.

"Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore,
And many deaths do they escape by this:
The death of friends, and that which slays even more—
The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,
Except mere breath.
BYRON.

Must I consume my little life—this little life—
In guarding against all may make it less?
It is not worth so much! It were to die
Before my hour, to live in dread of death.
BYRON.

And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon return'd to earth!
Though earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.
BYRON.

Soon may this fluttering spark of vital flame
Forsake its languid melancholy frame!
Soon may these eyes their trembling lustre close,
Welcome the dreamless night of long repose;
Soon may this woe-worn spirit seek the bourn
Where, lull'd to slumber, grief forgets to mourn!
CAMPBELL.

Nor virtue, wit, or beauty, could
Preserve from death's hand this their heav'nly mould.
CAREW.

You shall die
Twice now, where others, that mortality
In her fair arms holds, shall but once decease.
CHAPMAN.

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care,
The opening bud to heav'n convey'd,
And bade it blossom there.
COLERIDGE.

Unhappy slave and pupil to a bell,
Unhappy till the last, the kind releasing knell.
COWLEY.

All has its date below. The fatal hour
Was register'd in heaven ere time began.
We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works
Die too.
COWPER.

Not to understand a treasure's worth
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is.
COWPER.

Spare him, death!
But oh, thou wilt not, canst not spare!
Haste hath never time to hear.
CRASHAW.

Therefore if he needs must go,
And the fates will have it so,
Softly may he be possest
Of his monumental rest. CRASHAW.

Him while fresh and fragrant time
Cherish'd in his golden prime,
The rush of death's unruly wave
Swept him off into his grave.
CRASHAW.

Peace, which he loved in life, did lend
Her hand to bring him to his end;
When age and death call'd for the score,
No surfeits were to reckon for.
CRASHAW.

The soul receives intelligence,
By her near genius, of the body's end,
And so imparts a sadness to the sense.
DANIEL.

Which public death, received with such a cheer,
As not a sigh, a look, a shrink bewrays
The least felt touch of a degen'rous fear,
Gave life to envy, to his courage praise.
DANIEL.

Then doth th' aspiring soul the body leave,
Which we call death; but were it known to all,
What life our souls do by this death receive,
Men would it birth or gaol delivery call.
SIR J. DAVIES.

If death do quench us quite, we have great wrong,
That daws, and trees, and rocks should last so long,
When we must in an instant pass to nought.
SIR J. DAVIES.

What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire,
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dow'r,
Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire!
SIR J. DAVIES.

The foolish and short-sighted die with fear
That they go nowhere, or they know not where.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Fond, foolish man! with fear of death surprised,
Which either should be wish'd for, or despised:
This, if our souls with bodies death destroy;
That, if our souls a second life enjoy:
What else is to be fear'd? when we shall gain
Eternal life, or have no sense of pain.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Such madness, as for fear of death to die,
Is to be poor for fear of poverty.
SIR J. DENHAM.

To death I with such joy resort
As seamen from a tempest to their port;
Yet to that port ourselves we must not force,
Before our pilot, Nature, steers our course.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Though all our ligaments betimes grow weak,
We must not force them till themselves they break.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Death hath taken in the out-works,
And now assails the fort; I feel, I feel him
Gnawing my heart-strings.
SIR J. DENHAM.

My soul is on her journey; do not now
Divert, or lead her back, to lose herself
I' th' maze and winding labyrinths o' the world.
SIR J. DENHAM.

If the worst of all mishaps hath fallen,
Speak: for he could not die unlike himself.
SIR J. DENHAM.

That's Erythæa,
Or some angel voiced like her. 'Tis she! my struggling soul
Would fain go out to meet and welcome her.
SIR J. DENHAM.

To her grim death appears in all her shapes;
The hungry grave for her dire tribute gapes.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my grave's inside see'st what thou art now;
Yet thou'rt not yet so good: till death us lay
To ripe and mellow there, we're stubborn clay.
DONNE.

If this commerce 'twixt heaven and earth were not
Embarr'd, and all this traffic quite forgot,
She, for whose loss we have lamented thus,
Would work more fully and pow'rfully on us.
DONNE.

I shall survey, and spy
Death in thy cheeks, and darkness in thy eye.
DONNE.

Think then, my soul! that death is but a groom
Which brings a taper to the outward room.
DONNE.

As doth the pith, which, lest our bodies slack,
Strings fast the little bones of neck and back,
So by the soul doth death string heav'n and earth.
DONNE.

Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to die,
To make a virtue of necessity.
Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain:
The bad grows better which we well sustain;
And could we choose the time, and choose aright,
'Tis best to die, our honour at the height.
DRYDEN.

No kings nor nations
One moment can retard th' appointed hour.
DRYDEN.

Sounded at once the bow, and swiftly flies
The feather'd death, and hisses through the skies.
DRYDEN.

Then round our death-bed ev'ry friend should run,
And joy us of our conquest early won.
DRYDEN.

Jove saw from high, with just disdain,
The dead inspired with vital life again.
DRYDEN.

Obscure they went through dreary shades, that led
Along the vast dominion of the dead.
DRYDEN.

O father! can it be, that souls sublime
Return to visit our terrestrial clime?
And that the gen'rous mind, released by death,
Can covet lazy limbs and mortal breath?
DRYDEN.

These, when death
Comes like a rushing lion, couch like spaniels,
With lolling tongues, and tremble at the paw.
DRYDEN.

I wish to die, yet dare not death endure;
Detest the medicine, yet desire the cure!
Oh! that I'd courage but to meet my fate,
That short dark passage to a future state.
DRYDEN.

Show me the flying soul's convulsive strife,
And all the anguish of departing life.
DRYDEN.

My soul grows hard, and cannot death endure:
Your convoy makes the dangerous way secure.
DRYDEN.

Deaths invisible come wing'd with fire;
They hear a dreadful noise, and straight expire.
DRYDEN.

He must his acts reveal,
From the first moment of his vital breath,
To his last hour of unrepenting death.
DRYDEN.

So should we make our death a glad relief
From future shame.
DRYDEN.

Our swords so wholly did the fates employ
That they at length grew wèary to destroy,
Refused the work we brought, and, out of breath,
Made sorrow and despair attend for death.
DRYDEN.

Griefs always green, a household still in tears;
Sad pomps, a threshold throng'd with daily biers
And liveries of black. DRYDEN.

They pass their precious hours in plays and sports,
Till death behind came stalking on unseen.
DRYDEN.

More moderate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
Too early fitted for a better state.
DRYDEN.

From thy corporeal prison freed,
Soon hast thou reach'd the goal with mended pace;
A world of woes dispatch'd in little space.
DRYDEN.

To thy wishes move a speedy pace,
Or death will soon o'ertake thee in the chase.
DRYDEN.

What wondrous sort of death has heav'n design'd
For so untamed, so turbulent a mind?
DRYDEN.

Too justly ravish'd from an age like this,
Now she is gone the world is of a piece.
DRYDEN.

Past hope of safety, 'twas his latest care,
Like falling Cæsar, decently to die.
DRYDEN.

She vanish'd: we can scarcely say she died,
For but a now did heav'n and earth divide:
This moment perfect health, the next was death.
DRYDEN.

Death was denounced, that frightful sound,
Which ev'n the best can hardly bear:
He took the summons void of fear,
And unconcern'dly cast his eyes around,
As if to find and dare the grisly challenger.
DRYDEN.

Death came on amain,
And exercised below his iron reign;
Then upward to the seat of life he goes:
Sense fled before him; what he touch'd he froze.
DRYDEN.

Now pass'd, on either side they nimbly tack,
Both strive to intercept and guide the wind;
And in its eye more closely they come back;
To finish all the deaths they left behind.
DRYDEN.

No man has more contempt than I of breath:
But whence hast thou the pow'r to give me death?
DRYDEN.

In combating, but two of you will fall;
And we resolve we will despatch you all.
DRYDEN.

Despatch me quickly, I may death forgive;
I shall grow tender else, and wish to live.
DRYDEN.

Whate'er befalls, your life shall be my care:
One death or one deliv'rance we will share.
DRYDEN.

Since death is near, and runs with so much force,
We must meet first, and intercept his course.
DRYDEN.

I yet am tender, young, and full of fear,
And dare not die, but fain would tarry here.
DRYDEN.

Since then our Arcite is with honour dead,
Why should we mourn that he so soon is freed?
DRYDEN.

Death will dismiss me,
And lay me softly in my native dust,
To pay the forfeit of ill-managed trust.
DRYDEN.

I thought
To smooth your passage, and to soften death:
For I would have you, when you upward move,
Speak kindly of me to our friends above.
DRYDEN.

He was exhaled; his great Creator drew
His spirit as the sun the morning dew.
DRYDEN.

A soul that can securely death defy,
And count it nature's privilege to die.
DRYDEN.

His sorrows bore him off; and softly laid
His languish'd limbs upon his homely bed.
DRYDEN.

Nor will I wretched thee
In death forsake, but keep thee company.
DRYDEN.

Behold
Those who by ling'ring sickness lose their breath,
And those who by despair suborn their death.
DRYDEN.

To dare that death, I will approach thee nigher;
Thus wert thou compassed with circling fire.
DRYDEN.

Heav'n gave him all at once, then snatch'd away,
Ere mortals all his beauties could survey:
Just like the flower that buds and withers in a day.
DRYDEN.

Then, loathing life, and yet of death afraid,
In anguish of her spirit thus she pray'd.
DRYDEN.

Thrice call upon my name, thrice beat your breast,
And hail me thrice to everlasting rest.
DRYDEN.

The wandering breath was on the wing to part,
Weak was the pulse, and hardly heaved the heart.
DRYDEN.

After death, we sprights have just such natures
We had, for all the world, when human creatures.
DRYDEN.

The living few and frequent funerals then
Proclaim'd thy wrath on this forsaken place;
And now those few, who are return'd again,
Thy searching judgments to their dwellings trace.
DRYDEN.

The face of things a frightful image bears,
And present death in various forms appears.
DRYDEN.

Secure of death, I should contemn thy dart,
Though naked, and impassible depart.
DRYDEN.

I'm weary of the flesh which holds us here,
And dastards manly souls with hope and fear.
DRYDEN.

Happier for me, that all our hours assign'd
Together we had lived; ev'n not in death disjoin'd.
DRYDEN.

Here hope began to dawn: resolved to try,
She fix'd on this her utmost remedy.
Death was behind; but hard it was to die.
DRYDEN.

Thy unoffending life I could not save;
Nor weeping could I follow to thy grave.
DRYDEN.

Some few, by temperance taught, approaching slow,
To distant fate by easy journeys go:
Gently they lay 'em down, as ev'ning sheep
On their own woolly fleeces softly sleep.
DRYDEN.

All parts resound with tumults, plaints, and fears,
And grisly death, in sundry shapes, appears.
DRYDEN.

I'd show you
How easy 'tis to die by my example,
And handsel fate before you.
DRYDEN.

I am half-seas o'er to death;
And since I must die once, I would be loth
To make a double work of what's half finish'd.
DRYDEN.

It stopp'd at once the passage of his wind,
And the free soul to flitting air resign'd.
DRYDEN.

Tysiphone there keeps the ward,
Girt in her sanguine gown, by night and day,
Observant of the souls that pass the downward way.
DRYDEN.

What greater curse could envious fortune give,
Than just to die when I began to live?
DRYDEN.

Limping death, lash'd on by fate,
Comes up to shorten half our date.
DRYDEN.

O that I less could fear to lose this being,
Which, like a snow-ball, in my coward hand,
The more 'tis grasp'd, the faster melts away.
DRYDEN.

For death's become to me no dreadful name;
In fighting fields, where our acquaintance grew,
I saw him, and contemn'd him first for you.
DRYDEN.

An iron slumber shuts my swimming eyes;
And now farewell! involved in shades of night,
Forever I am ravish'd from thy sight.
DRYDEN.

A hovering mist came swimming o'er his sight,
And seal'd his eyes in everlasting night.
DRYDEN.

Obstinately bent
To die undaunted, and to circumvent.
DRYDEN.

For me, my stormy voyage at an end,
I to the port of death securely tend.
DRYDEN.

Since every man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind what happens let us bear,
Nor joy nor grieve for things beyond our care.
Like pilgrims to the appointed place we tend;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
DRYDEN.

Pale death our leader hath oppress'd:
Come wreak his loss whom bootless ye complain.
FAIRFAX.

Death's what the guilty fear, the pious crave,
Sought by the wretch, and vanquish'd by the brave.
GARTH.

To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar;
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.
GARTH.

The good man warn'd us from his text
That none could tell whose turn should be the next.
GAY.

The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she died,
And shrilling crickets in the chimney cried.
GAY.

Where the brass knocker wrapt in flannel band
Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand;
Th' upholder, rueful harbinger of death,
Waits with impatience for the dying breath.
GAY.

While there is life there's hope, he cried.
GAY.

The prince, who kept the world in awe,
The judge, whose dictate fix'd the law,
The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
Are levell'd: death confounds them all.
GAY.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.
GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village.*

While resignation gently slopes the way,
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.
GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village.*

Thy thoughts to nobler meditations give,
And study how to die, not how to live.
GRANVILLE.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
GRAY: *Elegy.*

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind!
GRAY: *Elegy.*

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?
GRAY: *Elegy.*

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
GRAY: *Elegy.*

The bad man's death is horror; but the just
Keeps something of his glory in the dust.
HABINGTON: *Castara.*

Surrender up to me thy captive breath;
My pow'r is nature's pow'r, my name is death.
WALTER HARTE.

In souls prepared, the passage is a breath
From time t' eternity, from life to death.
WALTER HARTE.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.
MRS. HEMANS.

This hour is mine: if for the next I care, I grow too wide,
And do encroach upon death's side.
GEORGE HERBERT.

Flesh is but the glass which holds the dust
That measures all our time, which also shall
Be crumbled into dust.
GEORGE HERBERT.

O loose this frame, this knot of man untie,
That my free soul may use her wing,
Which now is pinion'd with mortality,
As an entangled, hamper'd thing.
GEORGE HERBERT.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying while she slept,
And sleeping when she died.
HOOD: *The Death-bed.*

All mankind
Is one of these two cowards;
Either to wish to die
When he should live, or live when he should die.
SIR ROBERT HOWARD: *Blind Lady.*

For if, when dead, we are but dust or clay,
Why think of what posterity will say?
Her praise or censure cannot us concern,
Nor ever penetrate the silent urn.
SOAME JENYNS.

Catch, then, oh, catch the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer—man a flower—
He dies, alas! how soon he dies!
DR. S. JOHNSON.

Then, with no throbs of fiery pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.
DR. S. JOHNSON: *on Robert Levett.*

This world death's region is, the other life's;
And here it should be one of our first strifes
So to front death as each might judge us past it:
For good men but see death, the wicked taste it.
BEN JONSON.

But hark! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach—tells thee I come!
And, slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.
BISHOP HENRY KING.

Death is the pledge of rest, and with one bail
Two prisons quits; the body and the jail.
BISHOP HENRY KING.

There is no Death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.
LONGFELLOW: *Resignation.*

There is no flock, however watch'd and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.
LONGFELLOW: *Resignation.*

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.
LONGFELLOW: *The Reaper and the Flowers.*

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin,
And softly, from that hush'd and darken'd room,
Two angels issued where but one went in.
LONGFELLOW: *Death of Maria Lowell.*

Angels of life and death alike are his;
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who then would wish or dare, believing this,
Against his messengers to shut the door?
LONGFELLOW: *Death of Maria Lowell.*

The rich, the poor, one common bed
Shall find in the unhonour'd grave,
Where weeds shall crown alike the head
Of tyrant and of slave.
MARVELL.

The wisest men are glad to die; no fear
Of death can touch a true philosopher:
Death sets the soul at liberty to fly,
Which, whilst imprison'd in the body here,
She cannot learn.

THOMAS MAY: *Continuation of Lucan.*

If thou covet death, as utmost end
Of misery, so thinking to evade
The penalty pronounced, doubt not but God
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire, than so
To be forestall'd.

MILTON.

Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on man; but many shapes
Of death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave; all dismal! yet to sense
More terrible at th' entrance than within.

MILTON.

Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child,
Her false imagined loss cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrow wild.

MILTON.

Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd.

MILTON.

Sin, and her shadow death, and misery,
Death's harbinger.

MILTON.

Who brought me hither
Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek.

MILTON.

However I with thee have fix'd my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom; if death
Consort with thee; death is to me as life.

MILTON.

But death comes not at call, justice divine
Mends not her slowest pace for pray'rs or cries.

MILTON.

Death becomes
His final remedy; and after life
Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined
By faith and faithful works.

MILTON.

Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
Life much: bent rather how I may be quit
Fairest and easiest of this cumbrous charge.

MILTON.

So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I would endure; without him, life no life.

MILTON.

Death unawares, with his cold, kind embrace,
Unhoused thy virgin soul from her fair biding-place.

MILTON.

Blood, death, and deathful deeds, are in that noise,
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

MILTON.

Is there no way, besides
These painful passages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our connatural dust?

MILTON.

Behind her death
Close following pace for pace, and mounted yet
On his purple horse.

MILTON.

Thou
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

MILTON.

Speedy death,
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

MILTON.

Nor will the light of life continue long,
But yields to double darkness nigh at hand;
So much I feel my genial spirits droop.

MILTON.

Then all this earthly grossness quit,
Attired with stars, we shall forever sit,
Triumphing over death, and chance, and time.

MILTON.

I had hope to spend,
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both.

MILTON.

Too secure, because from death released some days.

MILTON.

Till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap; or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd.

MILTON.

So shalt thou best prepared endure
Thy mortal passage when it comes.

MILTON.

Summers three times eight save one,
She had told; alas! too soon,
After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness and with death.

MILTON.

So much of death her thoughts
Had entertain'd as dyed her cheeks with pale.
MILTON.

O, all my hopes defeated
To free him hence! But death, who sets all free,
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.
MILTON.

When faith and love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death call'd life.
MILTON.

Nature seems
In all her functions weary of herself;
My race of glory run, and race of shame;
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.
MILTON.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

No eye to mingle sorrow's tear,
No lip to mingle pleasure's breath,
No tongue to call me kind and dear—
'Twas gloomy, and I wish'd for death!
MOORE.

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.
MOORE.

That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown dark.
MOORE: *Lalla Rookh.*

When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?
MOORE: *Last Rose of Summer.*

Oft, too, when that disheartening fear
Which all who love beneath this sky
Feel when they gaze on what is dear,—
The dreadful thought that it must die!
MOORE: *Loves of the Angels.*

Since, howe'er protracted, death will come,
Why fondly study with ingenious pains
To put it off! To breathe a little longer
Is to defer our fate, but not to shun it.
HANNAH MORE: *David and Goliath.*

It must be done, my soul: but 'tis a strange,
A dismal and mysterious change,
When thou shalt leave this tenement of clay,
And to an unknown—somewhere—wing away;
When time shall be eternity, and thou
Shalt be—thou know'st not what—and live—
thou know'st not how!
Amazing state! no wonder that we dread
To think of death, or view the dead:
Thou'rt all wrapt up in clouds, as if to thee
Our very knowledge had antipathy.
Death could not a more sad retinue find:
Sickness and pain before, and darkness still behind.
JOHN NORRIS.

Weep not for him that dieth,
For he hath ceased from tears,
And a voice to his replieth
Which he hath not heard for years.
MRS. NORTON.

Death's but a path that must be trod
If man would ever pass to God.
PARNELL.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie;
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great.
PARNELL.

Grim death, in different shapes,
Depopulates the nations; thousands fall
His victims.
JOHN PHILIPS.

Merely to die no man of reason fears;
For certainly we must,
As we are born, return to dust;
'Tis the last point of many ling'ring years:
But whither then we go,
Whither we fain would know;
But human understanding cannot show:
This makes us tremble.
POMFRET: *Prospect of Death.*

Hope humbly, then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, death; and God adore:
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
POPE.

Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.
POPE.

These eyes behold
The deathful scene; princes on princes roll'd.
POPE.

The best, the dearest fav'rite of the sky
Must taste that cup; for man is born to die.
POPE.

O Death! all-eloquent! you only prove
What dust we dote on when 'tis man we love.
POPE.

Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind;
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
POPE.

Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end.
POPE.

The balmy zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath.
POPE.

As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below,
So flew her soul to its congenial place.
POPE.

Such were the notes thy once-loved poet sung,
Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh just beheld and lost!
POPE.

A shameful fate now hides my hopeless head:
Unwept, unnoted, and forever dead.
POPE.

At fear of death, that saddens all,
With terrors round, can reason hold her throne,
Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
POPE.

Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From nature's temperate feast rose satisfied;
Thank'd heav'n that he had lived, and that he died.
POPE.

If in the melancholy shades below
The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
Yet mine shall sacred last, mine undecay'd,
Borne on through death, and animate my shade.
POPE.

Destruction sure o'er all your heads impends,
Ulysses comes, and death his steps attends.
POPE.

They steer'd their course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more.
POPE.

Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest.
POPE.

See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
POPE.

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung:
Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
POPE.

The fainting soul stood ready wing'd for flight,
And o'er his eyeballs swum the shades of night.
POPE.

That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain.
POPE.

The rest are vanish'd, none repass the gate,
And not a man appears to tell their fate.
POPE.

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?
POPE.

No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd.
POPE.

To-morrow comes; 'tis noon; 'tis night:
This day like all the former flies;
Yet on he runs to seek delight
To-morrow, till to-night he dies.
PRIOR.

Must the whole man (amazing thought!) return
To the cold marble and contracted urn?
And never shall those particles agree
That were in life this individual he?
PRIOR.

Happy the mortal man, who now at last
Has through this doleful vale of mis'ry past;
Who to his destined stage has carried on
The tedious load, and laid his burden down.
PRIOR.

Wisdom and eloquence in vain would plead
One moment's respite for the learned head;
Judges of writings and of men have died.
PRIOR.

Nought shall the psalt'ry and the harp avail,
When the quick spirits their warm march forbear,
And numbing coldness has unbraced the ear.
PRIOR.

From earth all came, to earth must all return,
Frail as the cord, and brittle as the urn.
PRIOR.

Towns, forests, herds, and men promiscuous drown'd,
With one great death deform the dreary ground.
PRIOR.

Must I pass
Again to nothing, when this vital breath
Ceasing, consigns me o'er to rest and death?
PRIOR.

Shall our relics second birth receive?
Sleep we to wake, and only die to live?
PRIOR.

Nor Nature's law with fruitless sorrow mourn,
But die, O mortal man! for thou wast born.
PRIOR.

This only object of my real care
In some few posting fatal hours is hurl'd
From wealth, from pow'r, from love, and from the world.
PRIOR.

He happier yet, who, privileged by fate
To shorter labour and a lighter weight,
Received but yesterday the gift of breath,
Ordain'd to-morrow to return to death.
PRIOR.

We at the sad approach of death shall know
The truth which from these pensive numbers flow,
That we pursue false joy, and suffer real woe.
PRIOR.

Till as the earthly part decays and falls,
The captive breaks her prison's mould'ring walls,
Hovers awhile upon the sad remains,
Which now the pile, or sepulchre, contains,
And thence with liberty unbounded flies,
Impatient to regain her native skies.
PRIOR.

When obedient nature knows his will,
A fly, a grape-stone, or a hair can kill.
PRIOR.

A lovely bud, so soft and fair,
Call'd hence by early doom;
Just sent to show how sweet a flower
In Paradise would bloom.
LEGH RICHMOND.

Those that he loved so long, and sees no more,
Loved and still loves,—not dead, but gone before.
ROGERS: *Human Life.*

Remember Milo's end:
Wedged in that timber which he strove to rend.
ROSCOMMON.

My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end.
ROSCOMMON: *Translation of Dies Iræ.*

Thy gentle eyes send forth a quick'ning spirit,
And feed the dying lamp of life within me.
ROWE.

'Tis not the Stoic's lessons got by rote,
The pomp of words and pedant dissertations,
That can sustain thee in that hour of terror:
Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it,
But when the trial comes they stand aghast.
Hast thou consider'd what may happen after it?
How thy account may stand, and what to answer?
ROWE.

I ere long that precipice must tread,
Whence none return, that leads unto the dead.
SANDYS.

A little ease to these my torments give,
Before I go where all in silence mourn,
From whose dark shores no travellers return.
SANDYS.

As torrents in the drouth of summer fail,
So perish'd man from death shall never rise.
SANDYS.

No prisoners there, enforced by torments, cry;
But fearless by their old tormentors lie.
SANDYS.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store
Of strange adventures happ'd by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
SCOTT: *Lady of the Lake.*

The sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.
SHAKSPEARE.

It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.
SHAKSPEARE.

We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.
SHAKSPEARE.

To die by thee were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torture more than death.
SHAKSPEARE.

Death, death! oh, amiable, lovely death,
Come grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st.
SHAKSPEARE.

Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
SHAKSPEARE.

He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, and flush as May:
And how his audit stands, who knows save Heaven?
SHAKSPEARE.

What thou art, resign to death.
SHAKSPEARE.

In death he cried,
Like to a dismal clangour heard from far,
Warwick! revenge my death!
SHAKSPEARE.

Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in earth,
Have burst their cerements?
SHAKSPEARE.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.
SHAKSPEARE.

Have I not hideous death within my view?
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, ev'n as a form of wax
Resolveth from its figure 'gainst the fire?
SHAKSPEARE.

Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither.
SHAKSPEARE.

'Tis our first intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, whilst we
Unburthen'd crawl towards death.
SHAKSPEARE.

O, our lives' sweetness!
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die
Rather than die at once.
SHAKSPEARE.

Nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
SHAKSPEARE.

A tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips; she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.
SHAKSPEARE.

I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.
SHAKSPEARE.

That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear.
SHAKSPEARE.

This world I do renounce; and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off.
SHAKSPEARE.

Vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.
SHAKSPEARE.

To die—to sleep—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.
SHAKSPEARE.

To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
SHAKSPEARE.

The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

SHAKSPEARE.

How will my mother for a father's death
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied!

SHAKSPEARE.

The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

SHAKSPEARE.

Bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.

SHAKSPEARE.

Ah, what a sign it is of evil life
When death's approach is seen so terrible!

SHAKSPEARE.

Mark! we use
To say the dead are well.

SHAKSPEARE.

But once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume.

SHAKSPEARE.

Thou hast finish'd joy and moan;
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

SHAKSPEARE.

What obscured light the heav'ns did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death.

SHAKSPEARE.

Had I but time (as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest), oh! I could tell.

SHAKSPEARE.

Thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death.

SHAKSPEARE.

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end!
O churl, drink all, and leave no friendly drop
To help me after!

SHAKSPEARE.

I must yield my body to the earth:
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle;
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's pow'rful wind.

SHAKSPEARE.

Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

SHAKSPEARE.

I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died.

SHAKSPEARE.

Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeased
That you take with unthankfulness his doing;
In common worldly things 'tis called ungrateful
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

SHAKSPEARE.

He at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

SHAKSPEARE.

So shall you hear
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths, put on by cunning and forced cause.

SHAKSPEARE.

But now the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of man's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.

SHAKSPEARE.

Let's choose executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?

SHAKSPEARE.

I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.

SHAKSPEARE.

Vex not his ghost: oh, let him pass! He hates him
That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer.

SHAKSPEARE.

The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.
SHAKSPEARE.

That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns.
SHAKSPEARE.

When beggars die, there are no comets seen:
The heav'ns themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick.
SHAKSPEARE.

Death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.
SHAKSPEARE.

Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time: for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality.
SHAKSPEARE.

I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks I give
As one near death to those that wish him live.
SHAKSPEARE.

Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wait,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.
SHAKSPEARE.

This day I breathed my first; time is come round;
And where I did begin, there shall I end:
My life is run its compass.
SHAKSPEARE.

The dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.
SHAKSPEARE.

Is not the causer of these timeless deaths
As blameful as the executioner?
SHAKSPEARE.

Not helping, death's my fee;
But if I help, what do you promise me?
SHAKSPEARE.

Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay.
SHAKSPEARE.

When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The ever lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit
Than when she lived indeed.
SHAKSPEARE.

Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees nor hears us.
SHAKSPEARE.

Death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.
SHAKSPEARE.

Witness my son, now in the shade of death,
Whose bright outshining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
SHAKSPEARE.

Her physician tells me
She has pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.
SHAKSPEARE.

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death.
SHAKSPEARE.

The tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony;
Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
SHAKSPEARE.

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 'twere a careless trifle.
SHAKSPEARE.

Giving his reason passport for to pass
Whither it would, so it would let him die.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

The reconciling grave
Swallows distinction first, that made us foes,
That all alike lie down in peace together.
SOUTHERN: *Fatal Marriage.*

What a world were this,
How unendurable its weight, if they
Whom Death hath sunder'd did not meet again!
SOUTHEY.

Death! to the happy thou art terrible;
But how the wretched love to think of thee,
O thou true comforter: the friend of all
Who have no friend beside!

SOUTHEY: *Joan of Arc.*

Most glorious Lord of life, that on this day
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin,
And, having harrow'd hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win.

SPENSER.

The life did flit away out of her nest,
And all his senses were with deadly fit opprest.

SPENSER.

Such life should be the honour of your light;
Such death the sad ensample of your night.

SPENSER.

And now the prey of fowls he lies;
Nor wail'd of friends, nor laid on groaning bier.

SPENSER.

To dally thus with death is no fit toy:
Go find some other playfellows, mine own sweet boy.

SPENSER.

Breaking off the end for want of breath,
And sliding soft, as down to sleep her laid,
She ended all her woe in quiet death.

SPENSER.

Leave, ah, leave off, whatever wight thou be,
To let a weary wretch from her due rest,
And trouble dying soul's tranquillity!

SPENSER.

But direful, deadly black, both leaf and bloom,
Fit to adorn the dead, and deck the dreary tomb.

SPENSER.

The messenger of death, the ghastly owl,
With dreary shrieks did also yell;
And hungry wolves continually did howl
At her abhorred face, so horrid and so foul.

SPENSER.

Softly feel
Her feeble pulse, to prove if any drop
Of living blood yet in her veins did hop.

SPENSER.

O man! have mind of that most bitter throe,
For as the tree does fall, so lies it ever low.

SPENSER.

Is it not better to die willingly,
Than linger till the glass be all outrun?

SPENSER.

Come then, come soon; come, sweetest death, to me,
And take away this long lent loathed light:
Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweete the medicines be
That long captived soules from weary thraldome free.

SPENSER.

What life refused, to gain by death he thought:
For life and death are but indifi'rent things,
And of themselves not to be shunn'd nor sought,
But for the good or ill that either brings.

EARL OF STIRLING.

Death is the port where all may refuge find,
The end of labour, entry unto rest;
Death hath the bounds of misery confined,
Whose sanctuary shrouds affliction best.

EARL OF STIRLING.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortured with suspense and fear,
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach'd to stand between.

SWIFT.

One year is past,—a different scene!
No farther mention of the dean:
Who now, alas, no more is mist
Than if he never did exist.

SWIFT.

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more:
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam.*

Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly long'd for death.

TENNYSON: *Two Voices.*

Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

THOMSON.

Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the sad variety of pain!

THOMSON: *Seasons.*

The best
Are, by the playful children of this world,
At once forgot, as they had never been.

THOMSON: *Tancred and Sigismund.*

We must resign! heav'n his great soul doth claim
In storms as loud as his immortal fame:
His dying groans, his last breath, shake our isle,
And trees uncut fall for his fun'ral pile.
WALLER.

While I listen to thy voice,
Chloris! I feel my life decay;
That powerful noise
Calls my fleeting soul away.
WALLER.

O cruel death! to those you are more kind
Than to the wretched mortals left behind.
WALLER.

Love and beauty still that visage grace;
Death cannot fright 'em from their wonted place.
WALLER.

Heart-rending news, and dreadful to those few
Who her resemble, and her steps pursue;
That death should license have to rage among
The fair, the wise, the virtuous, and the young!
WALLER.

He first deceased, she for a little tried
To live without him, liked it not, and died.
WOTTON.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
YOUNG.

At death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myself undone.
YOUNG.

On death-beds some in conscious glory lie,
Since of the doctor in the mode they die.
YOUNG.

Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
Few know so many friends alive as dead.
YOUNG.

Like other tyrants, death delights to smite
What, smitten, most proclaims the pride of pow'r,
And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,
To bid the wretch survive the fortunate;
The feeble wrap the athletic in his shroud;
And weeping fathers build their children's tomb.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,
As conscious all their love is in arrear.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

Life is the triumph of our mould'ring clay;
Death, of the spirit infinite! divine!
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

All men think all men mortal but themselves.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

That man lives greatly,
Whate'er his fate, or fame, who greatly dies;
High flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

A death-bed's a detector of the heart:
Here tired dissimulation drops her mask,
Through life's grimace that mistress of the scene;
Here real and apparent are the same.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

Death is the crown of life:
Were death denied, poor man would live in vain.
Death wounds to cure; we fall, we rise, we reign;
Spring from our fetters, fasten to the skies,
Where blooming Eden withers from our sight.
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,
To break the shock blind nature cannot shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

DECEIT.

In troth, thou'rt able to instruct gray hairs,
And teach the wily African deceit.
ADDISON.

With such deceits he gain'd their easy hearts,
Too prone to credit his perfidious arts.
DRYDEN.

The walk, the words, the gesture could supply,
The habit mimic, and the mien belie.
DRYDEN.

An honest man may take a knave's advice,
But idiots only may be cozen'd twice.
DRYDEN.

Thou'lt fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch.
MILTON.

Oh, colder than the wind that freezes
Founts that but now in sunshine play'd,
Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom when betray'd.
MOORE: *Lalla Rookh.*

Adieu the heart-expanding bowl,
And all the kind deceivers of the soul.
POPE.

O what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive!
SIR W. SCOTT: *Marmion.*

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
SHAKSPEARE.

Yet there is a credence in my heart,
That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
SHAKSPEARE.

She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father's eyes up close as oak.
SHAKSPEARE.

His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true meant design.
SHAKSPEARE.

O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
SHAKSPEARE.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.
SHAKSPEARE.

What man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,
As to descry the crafty cunning train
By which deceit doth mask in visor fair
And cast her colours dyed deep in grain,
To seem like truth, whose shape she well can feign?
SPENSER.

DEEDS.

Thousands were there, in darker fame that dwell,
Whose deeds some nobler poem shall adorn.
DRYDEN.

And deeds could only deeds unjust maintain.
DRYDEN.

I, on the other side,
Used no ambition to commend my deeds;
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer.
MILTON.

Instant, he cried, your female discord end,
Ye deedless boasters! and the song attend.
POPE.

Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue.
SHAKSPEARE.

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doer's deed.
SHAKSPEARE.

DELAY.

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise:
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.
CONGREVE: *Letter to Cobham.*

Think not to-morrow still shall be your care;
Alas! to-morrow like to-day will fare.
Reflect that yesterday's to-morrow's o'er,—
Thus one "to-morrow," one "to-morrow" more,
Have seen long years before them fade away,
And still appear no nearer than to-day.
GIFFORD: *Perseus.*

I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary.
SHAKSPEARE.

Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits;
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it.
SHAKSPEARE.

Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.
YOUNG: *Love of Fame.*

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

Procrastination is the thief of time.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,
Hell threatens.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

DELIGHT.

Such huge extremes when nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
SIR J. DENHAM.

She was his care, his hope, and his delight,
Most in his thought, and ever in his sight.
DRYDEN.

Longing they look, and, gaping at the sight,
Devour her o'er and o'er with vast delight.
DRYDEN.

With wonder seized, we view the pleasing ground,
And walk delighted, and expatiate round.
POPE.

He heard, he took, and pouring down his throat,
Delighted, swill'd the large luxurious draught.
POPE.

Well I entreated her, who well deserved:
I call'd her often; for she always served:
Use made her person easy to my sight,
And ease insensibly produced delight.
PRIOR.

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And show the best of our delights:
We'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round.
SHAKSPEARE.

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they meet, consume.
SHAKSPEARE.

Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which with pain purchased doth inherit pain.
SHAKSPEARE.

Most happy he
Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive
Remembrance of all pains which him opprest.
SPENSER.

DESOLATION.

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.
LONGFELLOW: *Endymion.*

Where cities stood,
Well fenced, and numerous, desolation reigns,
And emptiness; dismay'd, unfed, unhoused,
The widow and the orphan stroll.
JOHN PHILIPS.

My desolation does begin to make
A better life.
SHAKSPEARE.

DESPAIR.

Talk not of comfort; 'tis for lighter ills:
I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair.
ADDISON: *Cato.*

I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless:—
That only men incredulous of despair,
Half taught in anguish, through the midnight air,
Beat upward to God's throne in loud access
Of shrieking and reproach.
MRS. BROWNING.

Eager to hope, but not less firm to bear;
Acquainted with all feelings save despair.
BYRON: *Island.*

Beware of desperate steps: the darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away.
COWPER: *The Needless Alarm.*

Uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Equal their flame, unequal was their care:
One loved with hope, one languish'd with despair.
DRYDEN.

He raved with all the madness of despair;
He roar'd, he beat his breast, he tore his hair.
DRYDEN.

Drown'd in deep despair,
He dares not offer one repenting prayer:
Amazed he lies, and sadly looks for death.
DRYDEN.

Nor flight was left, nor hopes to force his way,
Imbolden'd by despair, he stood at bay.
DRYDEN.

Her life she might have had; but the despair
Of saving his, had put it past her care.
DRYDEN.

Expense, and after-thought, and idle care,
And doubts of motley hue, and dark despair.
DRYDEN.

Despair, that aconite does prove
And certain death to others' love,
That poison never yet withstood,
Does nourish mine, and turns to blood.
GRANVILLE.

Wouldst thou unlock the door
To cold despairs and gnawing pensiveness?
GEORGE HERBERT.

Despair takes heart when there's no hope to speed:
The coward then takes arms and does the deed.
HERRICK.

So spake th' apostate angel, though in pain;
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair.
MILTON.

Some whose meaning hath at first been fair
Grow knaves by use, and rebels by despair.
ROSCOMMON.

If a wild uncertainty prevail,
And turn your veering heart with ev'ry gale,
You lose the fruit of all your former care,
For the sad prospect of a just despair.
ROSCOMMON.

My heart and my chill veins freeze with despair.
ROWE.

Oh, can your counsel his despair defer,
Who now is housed in his sepulchre?
SANDYS.

How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash embraced despair!
SHAKSPEARE.

Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
SHAKSPEARE.

To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; despair and die.
SHAKSPEARE.

Why should he despair, that knows to court
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
SHAKSPEARE.

I will keep her ign'rant of her good,
To make her heav'nly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.
SHAKSPEARE.

Curst be good haps, and curst be they that build
Their hopes on haps, and do not make despair
For all these certain blows the surest shield.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

DESTINY.

Had thy great destiny but given thee skill
To know, as well as pow'r to act, her will.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Chance, or forceful destiny,
Which forms in causes first whate'er shall be.
DRYDEN.

The father bore it with undaunted soul,
Like one who durst his destiny control.
DRYDEN.

Far from that hated face the Trojans fly;
All but the fool who sought his destiny.
DRYDEN.

How can hearts not free be tried whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose?
MILTON.

He said, Dear daughter, rightly may I rue
The fall of famous children born of me;
But who can turn the stream of destiny,
Or break the chain of strong necessity,
Which fast is tied to Jove's eternal seat?
SPENSER.

DEVOTION.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors rise.
ADDISON.

In vain doth man the name of just expect,
If his devotions he to God neglect.
SIR J. DENHAM.

For this, with soul devout, he thank'd the god,
And, of success secure, return'd to his abode.
DRYDEN.

Meantime her warlike brother on the seas
His waving streamers to the winds displays,
And vows for his return with vain devotion pays.
DRYDEN.

Grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
Directed to devotion, to adore
And worship God supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works.
MILTON.

From the full choir when loud hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene, if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold reliques lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heaven,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.
POPE.

View not this spire by measure given
To buildings raised by common hands:
That fabric rises high as heaven,
Whose basis on devotion stands.
PRIOR.

An aged holy man,
That night and day said his devotion,
Ne other worldly business did apply.
SPENSER.

DISCONTENT.

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face
When discontent sits heavy at my heart.
ADDISON.

Cellars and granaries in vain we fill
With all the bounteous summer's store,
If the mind thirst and hunger still:
The poor rich man's emphatically poor.
COWLEY.

Grieved with disgrace, remaining in their fears:
However seeming outwardly content,
Yet th' inward touch their wounded honour bears.
DANIEL.

That grates my heart-strings: what should discontent him?
Except he thinks I live too long.
SIR J. DENHAM.

The discontented now are only they
Whose crimes before did your just cause betray.
DRYDEN.

Alone sometimes she walk'd in secret, where
To ruminate upon her discontent.
FAIRFAX.

Not that their pleasures caused her discontent:
She sigh'd, not that they stay'd, but that she went.
POPE.

The goddess, with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him, but she grants his prayer.
POPE.

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
SHAKSPEARE.

My heart is drown'd with grief,
My body round engirt with misery;
For what's more miserable than discontent?
SHAKSPEARE.

I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind.
SHAKSPEARE.

DISHONOUR.

Will you thus dishonour
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?
ADDISON: *Cato.*

Our foe's too proud the weaker to assail,
Or doubles his dishonour if he fail.
DRYDEN.

I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo.
SHAKSPEARE.

DISPRAISE.

I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise.
SIR J. DENHAM.

To me reproach
Rather belongs, distrust, and all dispraise.
MILTON.

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breasts, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame.
MILTON.

If I can do it
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
SHAKSPEARE.

DISTRESS.

There can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
SHAKSPEARE.

I often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd.
SHAKSPEARE.

DOUBTS.

To every doubt your answer is the same,
It so fell out, and so by chance it came.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Known mischiefs have their cure, but doubts have none;
And better is despair than fruitless hope
Mix'd with a killing fear.

THOMAS MAY: *Cleopatra.*

Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?

POPE.

The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst.

SHAKSPEARE.

Doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born.

SHAKSPEARE.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

SHAKSPEARE.

DRAMA.

In this grave age, when comedies are few,
We crave your patronage for one that's new;
And let the scarceness recommend the fare.

ADDISON.

Long have your ears been fill'd with tragic parts;
Blood and blank verse have harden'd all your hearts.

ADDISON.

Long has a race of heroes fill'd the stage,
That rant by note, and through the gamut rage,
In songs and airs express their martial fire,
Combat in trills, and in a fugue expire.

ADDISON.

Then shall the British stage
More noble characters expose to view,
And draw her finish'd heroines from you.

ADDISON.

When a good actor doth his part present,
In ev'ry act he our attention draws,
That, at the last, he may find just applause.

SIR J. DENHAM.

By Shakspeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines,
Our stage's lustre Rome outshines.

SIR J. DENHAM.

On the world's stage, when our applause grows high,
For acting here life's tragi-comedy,
The lookers-on will say we act not well,
Unless the last the former scenes excel.

SIR J. DENHAM.

Now you will all be wits; and he, I pray,
And you, that discommend it, mend the play.

SIR J. DENHAM.

Courts are theatres, where some men play
Princes, some slaves, and all end in one day.

JOHN DONNE.

Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear;
But gentle Simkin just reception finds
Amidst the monuments of vanish'd minds.

DRYDEN.

Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling charm the pit,
And in their folly show the author's wit.

DRYDEN.

Thus they jog on, still tricking, never thriving,
And murd'ring plays, which still they call reviving.

DRYDEN.

To the well-lung'd tragedian's rage
They recommend their labours of the stage.

DRYDEN.

Both adorn'd their age;
One for the study, t'other for the stage.

DRYDEN.

There's a dearth of wit in this dull town,
While silly plays so savourily go down.

DRYDEN.

Our poet may
Himself admire the fortune of his play;
And arrogantly, as his fellows do,
Think he writes well, because he pleases you.

DRYDEN.

Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep,
Thy tragic muse gives smiles, thy comic sleep.

DRYDEN.

Thine be the laurel, then; support the stage,
Which so declines, that shortly we may see
Players and plays reduced to second infancy.

DRYDEN.

Ev'n kings but play; and when their part is done,
Some other, worse or better, mounts the throne.

DRYDEN.

Unfledged actors learn to laugh and cry.
DRYDEN.

Now luck for us, and a kind hearty pit;
For he who pleases never fails of wit.
DRYDEN.

These, waving plots, found out a better way:
Some god descended, and preserved the play.
DRYDEN.

'Twere well your judgments but in plays did range;
But ev'n your follies and debauches change
With such a whirl, the poets of your age
Are tired, and cannot score them on the stage.
DRYDEN.

His muse had starved, had not a piece unread,
And by a player bought, supplied her bread.
DRYDEN.

If his characters were good,
The scenes entire, and freed from noise and blood,
The action great, yet circumscribed by time,
The words not forced, but sliding into rhyme,
He thought, in hitting these, his business done.
DRYDEN.

What men of spirit nowadays
Come to give sober judgment of new plays?
GARRICK.

Here saunt'ring 'prentices o'er Otway weep.
GAY.

Plays in themselves have neither hopes nor fears:
Their fate is only in their hearers' ears.
BEN JONSON.

Come, leave the loathed stage,
And this more loathsome age;
Where pride and impudence, in faction knit,
Usurp the chair of wit.
BEN JONSON.

O that, as oft I have at Athens seen
The stage arise, and the big clouds descend,
So now in very deed I might behold
The pond'rous earth, and all yon marble roof,
Meet like the hands of Jove.
LEE: *Œdipus.*

Let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by.
MILTON.

Or what, though rare, of later age,
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage?
MILTON.

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
MILTON: *L'Allegro.*

Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation and Italian song:
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage.
POPE.

Our author
Produced his play, and begg'd the knight's advice;
Made him observe the subject and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities, what not?
POPE.

How tragedy and comedy embrace,
How farce and epic get a jumbled race.
POPE.

If three ladies like a play,
Take the whole house upon the poet's day.
POPE.

Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
POPE.

Whilst all its throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit ascends.
POPE.

A long, exact, and serious comedy;
In every scene some moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach.
POPE.

Oh, great restorer of the good old stage,
Preacher at once, and zany, of thy age.
POPE.

The man in graver tragic known,
Though his best part long since was done,
Still on the stage desires to tarry;
And he who play'd the harlequin,
After the jest still loads the scene,
Unwilling to retire, though weary.
PRIOR.

Next, Comedy appear'd, with great applause,
Till her licentious and abusive tongue
Waken'd the magistrate's coercive power.
ROSCOMMON.

A comic subject loves an humble verse;
Thyestes scorns a low and comic style;
Yet Comedy sometimes may raise her voice.
ROSCOMMON.

Tragedy should blush as much to stoop
To the low mimic follies of a farce,
As a gay matron would to dance with girls.
ROSCOMMON.

The first tragedians found that serious style
Too grave for their uncultivated age.
ROSCOMMON.

Medea must not draw her murthering knife
And spill her children's blood upon the stage.
ROSCOMMON.

Like a strutting player, whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, he doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage.
SHAKSPEARE.

I've heard that guilty creatures, at a play,
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions.
SHAKSPEARE.

Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd?
SHAKSPEARE.

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears.
SHAKSPEARE.

Your honour's players
Are come to play a pleasant comedy.
SHAKSPEARE.

Only they
That come to hear a merry play
Will be deceived.
SHAKSPEARE.

I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion.
SHAKSPEARE.

Why look you still so stern and tragical?
SHAKSPEARE.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances.
SHAKSPEARE.

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene.
SHAKSPEARE.

So to repel the Vandals of the stage,
Our vet'ran bard resumes his tragic rage;
He throws the gauntlet Otway used to wield,
And calls for Englishmen to judge the field.
SOUTHERN.

The rout and tragical effect
Vouchsafe, O thou the mournful'st muse of nine,
That wont'st the tragic stage for to direct,
In funeral complaints and wailful tine
Reveal to me.
SPENSER.

Sometimes I joy, when glad occasion fits,
And mask in mirth like to a comedy;
Soon after, when my joy to sorrow flits,
I will make my woes a tragedy.
SPENSER.

You dread reformers of an impious age,
You awful cat-o'-nine-tails to the stage,
This once be just, and in our cause engage.
Prologue to Vanbrugh's False Friend.

Of all our eldest plays,
This and Philaster have the loudest fame;
Great are their faults, and glorious is their flame;
In both our English genius is exprest,
Lofty and bold, but negligently drest.
WALLER.

I never yet the tragic muse essay'd,
Deterr'd by thy inimitable maid;
And when I venture at the comic style,
Thy scornful lady seems to mock my toil.
WALLER.

The knowing artist may
Judge better than the people, but a play
Made for delight,
If you approve it not, has no excuse.
WALLER.

Hence Gildon rails, that raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcasses of wit.
YOUNG.

DREAMS.

A kind refreshing sleep is fall'n upon him:
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams.
ADDISON.

But dreams full oft are found of real events
The forms and shadows.
JOANNA BAILLIE: *Ethelwald.*

The heathen bards, who idle fables drest,
Illusive dreams in mystic forms exprest.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Close by a softly murm'ring stream,
Where lovers used to loll and dream.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils;
They do divide our being: they become
A portion of ourselves, as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity.
BYRON: *Dream.*

I would recall a vision which I dream'd,
Perchance in sleep, for in itself a thought,
A slumb'ring thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.
BYRON: *Dream.*

Well may dreams present us fictions,
Since our waking moments teem
With such fanciful convictions
As make life itself a dream.
CAMPBELL.

But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.
CAMPBELL: *Soldier's Dream.*

In sleep, when fancy is let loose to play,
Our dreams repeat the wishes of the day:
Though further toil his tired limbs refuse,
The dreaming hunter still the chase pursues;
The judge a-bed dispenses still the laws,
And sleeps again o'er the unfinish'd cause;
The dozing racer hears his chariot roll,
Smacks the vain whip, and shuns the fancied goal:
Me too the Muses, in the silent night,
With wonted chimes of jingling verse delight.
CLAUDIUS.

What studies please, what most delight,
And fill men's thoughts, they dream them o'er
at night.
CREECH.

Nature else hath conference
With profound sleep, and so doth warning send
By prophetizing dreams.
DANIEL.

This busy power is working day and night;
For when the outward senses rest do take,
A thousand dreams, fantastical and light,
With fluttering wings do keep her still awake.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Think of all our miseries
But as some melancholy dream which has
awaked us
To the renewing of our joys.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Could we not wake from that lethargic dream
But to be restless in a worse extreme?
SIR J. DENHAM.

All thy fears,
Thy wakeful terrors, and affrighting dreams,
Have now their full reward.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes;
When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes,
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A court of cobblers, and a mob of kings.
Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad:
Both are the reasonable soul run mad.
DRYDEN.

Their reason sleeps, but mimic fancy wakes,
Supplies her parts, and wild ideas takes
From words and things, ill sorted, and misjoin'd;
The anarchy of thought, and chaos of the mind.
DRYDEN.

Many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
Sometimes forgotten things long cast behind
Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.
DRYDEN.

All dreams
Are from repletion and complexion bred;
From rising fumes of undigested food.
DRYDEN.

The night restores our actions done by day;
As hounds in sleep will open for their prey.
DRYDEN.

Till grosser atoms, tumbling in the stream
Of fancy, madly met, and clubb'd into a dream.
DRYDEN.

Glorious dreams stand ready to restore
The pleasing shapes of all you saw before.
DRYDEN.

We walk in dreams on fairy land,
Where golden ore lies mix'd with common sand.
DRYDEN.

In short, the force of dreams is of a piece,
Chimeras all, and more absurd, or less.
DRYDEN.

Adorn a dream, expressing human form,
The shape of him who suffer'd in the storm.
DRYDEN.

I thus conclude my theme,
The dominating humour makes me dream.
DRYDEN.

This dream all-powerful Juno sends; I bear
Her mighty mandates, and her words you hear.
DRYDEN.

The virgin ent'ring bright, indulged the day
To the brown cave, and brush'd the dreams away.
DRYDEN.

The priest on skins of off'ring takes his ease,
And nightly visions in his slumbers sees.
DRYDEN.

In gentle dreams I often will be by,
And sweep along before your closing eye.
DRYDEN.

As one who in some frightful dream would shun
His pressing foe, labours in vain to run,
And his own slowness in his sleep bemoans,
In thick short sighs, weak cries, and tender groans.
DRYDEN.

They thought at first they dream'd: for 'twas offence
With them to question certitude of sense.
DRYDEN.

She interprets all your dreams for these;
Foretells th' estate when the rich uncle dies,
And sees a sweetheart in the sacrifice.
DRYDEN.

I start as from some dreadful dream,
And often ask myself if yet awake.
DRYDEN.

He would have cry'd; but, hoping that he dreamt,
Amazement tied his tongue, and stopp'd th' attempt.
DRYDEN.

His dream returns; his friend appears again:
The murd'rer's come; now help, or I am slain!
'Twas but a vision still, and visions are but vain.
DRYDEN.

He warn'd in dreams, his murder did foretell,
From point to point, as after it befell.
DRYDEN.

The vision said, and vanish'd from his sight;
The dreamer waken'd in a mortal fright.
DRYDEN.

His friend smiled scornful, and with proud contempt
Rejects as idle what his fellow dreamt.
DRYDEN.

At length in sleep their bodies they compose,
And dreamt the future fight, and early rose.
DRYDEN.

Such frantic flights are like a madman's dream;
And nature suffers in the wild extreme.
GRANVILLE.

O Spirit land! thou land of dreams!
A world thou art of mysterious gleams,
Of startling voices and sounds of strife,
A world of the dead in the hues of life.
MRS. HEMANS.

Voice after voice hath died away,
Once in my dwelling heard;
Sweet household name by name hath changed
To grief's forbidden word!
From dreams of night on each I call,
Each of the far removed;
And waken to my own wild cry:
Where are ye, my beloved?
MRS. HEMANS.

Why, when the balm of sleep descends on man,
Do gay delusions, wand'ring o'er the brain,
Soothe the delighted soul with empty bliss?
DR. JOHNSON: *Irene.*

Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes
To imitate her; but, misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
MILTON.

Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
MILTON.

God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging. MILTON.

And in clear dream and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear.
MILTON.

Him God vouchsafed
To call by vision, from his father's house,
Into a land which he will show him.
MILTON.

Abstract as in a trance, methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
Still glorious before whom awake I stood.
MILTON.

I have dream'd
Of much offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night.
MILTON.

The trouble of my thoughts this night
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung, I fear.
MILTON.

Whereat I waked, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively shadow'd.
MILTON.

When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
Whose inward apparition gently moved
My fancy.
MILTON.

Let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid. MILTON.

One sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams.
MILTON.

Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
MILTON.

Strange is the power of dreams! who has not felt,
When in the morning light such visions melt,
How the veil'd soul, though struggling to be free,
Ruled by that deep, unfathom'd mystery,
Wakes, haunted by the thoughts of good or ill,
Whose shading influence pursues us still?
MRS. NORTON: *Dream.*

The last image of that troubled heap,
When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep,
Though past the recollection of the thought,
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought.
POPE.

Pallas pour'd sweet slumbers on his soul;
And balmy dreams, the gift of soft repose,
Calm'd all his pains, and banish'd all his woes.
POPE.

While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight,
His daily vision, and his dream by night,
Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he sees his absent brother fly.
POPE.

In some fair evening, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural shade.
POPE.

To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!
POPE.

Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
The air-built castle, and the golden dream,
The maid's romantic wish, the chymist's flame,
And poet's vision of eternal fame.
POPE.

Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.
POPE.

Now may'rs and shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day.
POPE.

To the late revel, and protracted feast,
Wild dreams succeeded, and disorder'd rest.
PRIOR.

To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!
SIR W. SCOTT: *Marmion.*

I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain;
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind.
SHAKSPEARE.

He is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me.
SHAKSPEARE.

We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And waked half dead with nothing.
SHAKSPEARE.

O, I have past a miserable night;
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
So full of dismal terror was the time.
SHAKSPEARE.

I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing been but forms of slaughter.
SHAKSPEARE.

In thy faint slumber I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars,
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed.
SHAKSPEARE.

What dream'd my lord? Tell me, and I'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.
SHAKSPEARE.

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
SHAKSPEARE.

Never yet one hour in bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep
But with his tim'rous dreams was still awaked.
SHAKSPEARE.

He hearkens after prophecies and dreams.
SHAKSPEARE.

My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
I thought I was enamour'd of an ass.
SHAKSPEARE.

This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.
SHAKSPEARE.

Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights,
Four nights will quickly dream away the time.
SHAKSPEARE.

To sleep; perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub.
SHAKSPEARE.

In that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.
SHAKSPEARE.

And for his dreams, I wonder he's so fond
To trust the mock'ry of unquiet slumbers.
SHAKSPEARE.

We eat our meat in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of those terrible dreams
That shake us nightly.
SHAKSPEARE.

Dreams are toys;
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squared by this.
SHAKSPEARE.

Last night the very gods show'd me a vision.
SHAKSPEARE.

If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand;
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne;
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
SHAKSPEARE.

The day seems long, but night is odious;
No sleep, but dreams; no dreams, but visions strange.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

Now when that idle dream was to him brought,
Unto that elfin knight he bade him fly,
Where he slept soundly.
SPENSER.

Suddenly out of this delightful dream
The man awoke, and would have question'd more;
But he would not endure the woful theme.
SPENSER.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams.
TENNYSON: *Locksley Hall.*

By the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And lost in lonely musing in a dream.
THOMSON.

In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thoughts, and warn the favour'd soul.
THOMSON.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.
HENRY VAUGHAN: *They are all Gone.*

Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.
WORDSWORTH.

Our waking dreams are fatal: how I dreamt
Of things impossible! (could sleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
YOUNG.

DRESS.

Nor the hack'd helmet, nor the dusty field,
But purple vests and flow'ry garlands please.
ADDISON.

Illustrious robes of satin and of silk,
And wanton lawns more soft and white than milk.
BEAUMONT.

A painted vest Prince Voltager had on,
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

I'll please the maids of honour, if I can:
Without black velvet breeches, what is man?
I will my skill in button-holes display,
And brag, how oft I shift me ev'ry day.
BRAMSTON.

Give laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches and the gathers,
Part cannons, periwigs, and feathers.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Purblind to poverty the worldling goes,
And scarce sees rags an inch beyond his nose,
But from a crowd can single out His Grace,
And cringe and creep to fools who strut in lace.
CHURCHILL.

Three or four suits one winter there does waste,
One suit there three or four winters last.
COWLEY.

We sacrifice to dress, till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign.
COWPER: *Task.*

And sooner may a gulling weather-spy,
By drawing forth heaven's scheme, tell certainly
What fashion'd hats, or ruffs, or suits, next year
Our giddy-headed antique youth will wear.
DONNE.

Him all repute,
For his device in handsoming a suit,
To judge of lace, pink, panes, print, cut, and plait,
Of all the court to have the best conceit.
DONNE.

Can any dresses find a way
To stop th' approaches of decay
And mend a ruin'd face?
DORSET.

I pass their form, and ev'ry charming grace;
But their attire, like liveries of a kind
All rich and rare, is fresh within my mind.
DRYDEN.

White seem'd her robes, yet woven so they were
As snow and gold together had been wrought.
DRYDEN.

These purple vests were-weaved by Dardan dames.
DRYDEN.

In velvet white as snow the troop was gown'd,
The seams with sparkling emeralds set around.
DRYDEN.

Her purple habit sits with such a grace
On her smooth shoulders, and so suits her face.
DRYDEN.

As in beauty she surpass'd the quire,
So nobler than the rest was her attire.
DRYDEN.

Meantime the pastor shears their hoary beards,
And eases of their hair the loaden herds:
Their camelots warm in tents the soldier hold,
And shield the shiv'ring mariner from cold.
DRYDEN.

Nor pass unpraised the vest and veil divine,
Which wand'ring foliage and rich flow'rs entwine.
DRYDEN.

The ladies dress'd in rich symars were seen,
Of Florence satin, flower'd with white and green,
And for a shade betwixt the bloomy gridelin.
DRYDEN.

Clad in white velvet all their troop they led,
With each an oaken chaplet on his head.
DRYDEN.

Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor,
As heav'n had clothed his own ambassador.
DRYDEN.

Let it likewise your gentle breast inspire
With sweet infusion, and put you in mind
Of that proud maid whom now those leaves attire,
Proud Daphne. DRYDEN.

So may your hats your foretops never press,
Untouch'd your ribbons, sacred be your dress.
DRYDEN.

Young Pallas shone conspicuous o'er the rest;
Gilded his arms, embroider'd was his vest.
DRYDEN.

He Mars deposed, and arms to gowns made yield;
Successful councils did him soon approve
As fit for close intrigues as open field.
DRYDEN.

A robe of tissue, stiff with golden wire;
An upper vest, once Helen's rich attire.
DRYDEN.

Will any freedom here from you be borne,
Whose clothes are threadbare, and whose cloaks are torn?
DRYDEN.

Aping the foreigners in every dress;
Which, bought at greater cost, becomes him less.
DRYDEN.

In this remembrance, Emily ere day
Arose, and dress'd herself in rich array.
DRYDEN.

In length of train descends her sweeping gown,
And by her graceful walk the queen of love is known.
DRYDEN.

A plain suit, since we can make but one,
Is better than to be by tarnish'd gaud'ry known.
DRYDEN.

Where's now that labour'd niceness in thy dress,
And all those arts that did the spark express?
DRYDEN.

Here, attired beyond our purse, we go
For useless ornament and flaunting show:
We take on trust, in purple robes to shine,
And poor, are yet ambitious to be fine.
DRYDEN.

The first request
He made was, like his brothers to be dress'd;
And, as his birth required, above the rest.
DRYDEN.

Since in braided gold her foot is bound,
And a long trailing manteau sweeps the ground,
Her shoe disdains the street.
GAY.

The ladies, gayly dress'd, the Mall adorn
With curious dyes, and paint the sunny morn.
GAY.

The rich brocaded silk unfold,
Where rising flowers grow stiff with frosted gold.
GAY.

Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,
The new scour'd manteau, and the slattern air.
GAY.

True Witney broadcloth with its shag unshorn,
Unpierced, is in the lasting tempest worn.
GAY.

In cloths, cheap handsomeness doth bear the bell.
GEORGE HERBERT.

The curious unthrift makes his clothes too wide,
And spares himself, but would his tailor chide.
GEORGE HERBERT.

A vest of purple flow'd;
Iris had dipp'd the woof.
MILTON.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sober stole of Cyprus lawn
O'er the decent shoulders drawn.
MILTON.

Over his lucid arms
A military vest of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Melibæan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old.
MILTON.

I must put off
These my sky-robes, spun out of Iris' woof.
MILTON.

Earth, in her rich attire,
Consummate lovely smiled.
MILTON.

Sturdy swains,
In clean array, for rustic dance prepare,
Mixt with the buxom damsels hand in hand.
JOHN PHILIPS.

Fortune in men has some small difference made:
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
POPE.

Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chased old age away,
To patch, nay, ogle, might become a saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
POPE.

Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage.
POPE.

In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And, titt'ring, push'd the pedants off the place.
POPE.

First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.
POPE.

Th' embroider'd suit, at least, he deem'd his prey:
That suit an unpaid tailor snatch'd away.
POPE.

Such a doctrine in St. James's air
Should chance to make the well-dress'd rabble stare.
POPE.

A veil of richest texture wrought she wears.
POPE.

Nay, oft in dreams invention we bestow
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.
POPE.

Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd.
POPE.

Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroidery dress'd.
POPE.

Fair nymphs and well-dress'd youths around her shone,
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
POPE.

Scarce could the goddess from her nymphs be known,
But by the crescent and the golden zone.
POPE.

The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown;
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.
POPE.

"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke!"
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke:)
"No! let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace,
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead:
And, Betty, give this cheek a little red."
POPE.

Our humble province is to tend the fair,
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale.
POPE.

The gown with stiff embroid'ry shining
Looks charming with a slighter lining;
The out if Indian figures stain,
The inside must be rich and plain.
PRIOR.

No longer shall thy bodice aptly lace,
That air and shape of harmony express,
Fine by degrees, and delicately less.
PRIOR.

That Chloe may be served in state,
The hours must at her toilet wait;
Whilst all the reasoning fools below
Wonder their watches go so slow.
PRIOR.

Fairer she seem'd, distinguished from the rest,
And better mien disclosed, as better drest:
A bright tiara round her forehead tied
To juster bounds confined its rising pride.
PRIOR.

Our dress, still varying, nor to forms confined,
Shifts like the sands, the sport of every wind.
PROPERTIUS.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.
SIR W. RALEIGH.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array;
Be finest at every fine show,
And frolic it all the long day.
ROWE.

What woman in the city do I name
When that I say, The city woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
SHAKSPEARE.

She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns her poverty.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Hath cost a mass of public treasure.
SHAKSPEARE.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich:
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
SHAKSPEARE.

Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble;
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.
SHAKSPEARE.

Now will we revel it,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings.
SHAKSPEARE.

So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them.
SHAKSPEARE.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all.
SHAKSPEARE.

Write,
In em'rald tuffs, flow'rs purfled, blue and white,
Like sapphire, pearl, in rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee.
SHAKSPEARE.

Her mother hath intended
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed,
With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head.
SHAKSPEARE.

My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.
SHAKSPEARE.

Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those misfortunes;
I pr'ythee put them off to worser hours.
SHAKSPEARE.

The fashion
Wears out more apparel than the man.
SHAKSPEARE.

I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant.
SHAKSPEARE.

I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
SHAKSPEARE.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
SHAKSPEARE.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield.
SHENSTONE: *Schoolmistress.*

In robe of lily white she was array'd,
That from her shoulder to her heel down raught,
The train whereof loose far behind her stray'd,
Branched with gold and pearl, most richly wrought.
SPENSER.

Forth came that ancient lord and aged queen,
Array'd in antique robes down to the ground,
And sad habiliments right well beseen.
SPENSER.

Some pounce their curled hair in courtly guise,
Some prank their ruffs, and others timely dight
Their gay attire.
SPENSER.

A noble crew about them waited round
Of sage and sober peers, all gravely gown'd.
SPENSER.

In goodly garments, that her well became,
Fair marching forth in honourable wise,
Him at the threshold met, and well did enterprise.
SPENSER.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light.
SIR J. SUCKLING.

To see some radiant nymph appear
In all her glitt'ring birthday gear,
You think some goddess from the sky
Descended ready cut and dry.
SWIFT.

Plain Goody would no longer down;
'Twas Madam in her grogram gown.
SWIFT.

Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black satin flounced with lace.
SWIFT.

Drest her again genteel and neat,
And rather tight than great.
SWIFT.

Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
THOMSON: *Autumn.*

The graces put not more exactly on
Th' attire of Venus, when the ball she won,
Than that young beauty by thy care is dress'd
When all your youth prefer her to the rest.
WALLER.

Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine.
WALLER.

No worthies form'd by any muse but thine
Could purchase robes to make themselves so fine.
WALLER.

Gay mellow silks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of Lyce but herself is old.
YOUNG.

DROWNING.

Woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the wat'ry floor:
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.
MILTON.

O lord! methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks,
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon.
SHAKSPEARE.

DULNESS.

Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years.
DRYDEN.

Taught, or untaught, the dunce is still the same;
Yet still the wretched master bears the blame.
DRYDEN.

But, in her temple's last recess inclosed,
On Dulness' lap th' anointed head reposed:
Him close she curtain'd round with vapours blue,
And soft besprinkled with Cimmerian dew.
POPE.

Thy hand, great Dulness! lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all.
POPE.

Dulness delighted eyed the lively dunce,
Rememb'ring she herself was pertness once.
POPE.

Modest dulness lurks in thought's disguise;
Thou varnisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise.
POPE.

Me emptiness and dulness could inspire,
And were my elasticity and fire.
POPE.

As things seem large which we through mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.
POPE.

They empty head console with empty sound.
No more, alas! the voice of fame they hear,
The balm of dulness trickling in their ear.
POPE.

Angel of dulness, sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground.
POPE.

He, great tamer of all human art,
Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend.
POPE.

On every thorn delightful wisdom grows,
In every stream a sweet instruction flows;
But some untaught o'erhear the whispering rill:
In spite of sacred leisure, blockheads still.
YOUNG.

DUTY.

What is our duty here? To tend
From good to better—thence to best;
Grateful to drink life's cup—then bend
Unmurmuring to our bed of rest;
To pluck the flowers that round us blow,
Scattering our fragrance as we go.
SIR J. BOWRING.

Duty by habit is to pleasure turn'd:
He is content who to obey has learn'd.
SIR S. E. BRYDGES.

To what gulfs
A single deviation from the track
Of human duties leads!
BYRON: *Sardanapalus.*

Whatever God did say,
Is all thy clear and smooth uninterrupted way.
COWLEY.

Of formal duty make no more thy boast;
Thou disobey'st where it concerns me most.
DRYDEN.

I rule the Paphian race,
Whose bounds the deep circumfluent waves embrace;
A duteous people, and industrious isle.
POPE.

Thy sum of duty let two words contain;
O may they graven in thy heart remain:
Be humble and be just.
PRIOR.

With mine own tongue deny my sacred right,
With mine own breath release all duteous ties.
SHAKSPEARE.

My duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.
SHAKSPEARE.

She is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty.
SHAKSPEARE.

To every duty he could minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.
WALLER.

EARTH.

Imprison'd fires, in the close dungeons pent,
Roar to get loose, and struggle for a vent;
Eating their way, and undermining all,
Till with a mighty burst whole mountains fall.
ADDISON.

The earth, and each erratic world,
Around the sun their proper centre whirl'd,
Compose but one extended vast machine.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Adoring first the genius of the place,
Then earth, the mother of the heav'nly race.
DRYDEN.

Earth, in her rich attire
Consummate, lovely smiled.
MILTON.

The earth,
Though in comparison of heav'n so small,
Nor glist'ring, may of solid good contain
More plenty than the sun, that barren shines.
MILTON.

The hemisphere of earth, in clearest ken,
Stretch'd out to th' amplest reach of prospect lay.
MILTON.

By which the beauty of the earth appears,
The divers-colour'd mantle which she wears.
SANDYS.

Nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give.
SHAKSPEARE.

Earth his uncouth mother was,
And blust'ring Æolus his boasted sire.
SPENSER.

EDUCATION.

Oh ye who teach the ingenious youth of nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions:
It mends their morals, never mind the pain.
BYRON.

Why did my parents send me to the schools,
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind?
Since the desire to know first made men fools,
And did corrupt the root of all mankind.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Children, like tender osiers, take the bow,
And as they first are fashion'd, always grow.
DRYDEN.

One son at home
Concerns thee more than many guests to come.
If to some useful art he be not bred,
He grows mere lumber, and is worse than dead.
DRYDEN.

To breed up the son to common sense,
Is evermore the parent's least expense.
DRYDEN.

Exalted hence, and drunk with secret joy,
Their young succession all their cares employ;
They breed, they brood, instruct, and educate,
And make provision for the future state.
DRYDEN.

The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too:
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage;
And even the story ran, that he could gauge.
GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village.*

Hail, foreign wonder!
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed.

MILTON.

Take him to develop, if you can,
And hew the block off, and get out the man.

POPE.

'Tis education forms the common mind:
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

POPE: *Moral Essays.*

Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. To cunning men
I will be very kind; and liberal
To mine own children, in good bringing up.

SHAKSPEARE.

I do present you with a man of mine,
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences.

SHAKSPEARE.

He had charge my discipline to frame,
And tutors nouriture to oversee.

SPENSER.

Whoe'er excels in what we prize
Appears a hero in our eyes:
Each girl, when pleased with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought:
A blockhead with melodious voice
In boarding-schools may have his choice.

SWIFT: *Cadenus and Vanessa.*

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot;
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

THOMSON: *Seasons.*

Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a genius to a dunce.
Who stifle nature, and subsist on art,
Who coin the face, and petrify the heart.

YOUNG.

ELOQUENCE.

Plead it to her,
With all the strength and heats of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.

ADDISON.

Henry, the forest-born Demosthenes,
Whose thunder shook the Philip of the seas.

BYRON: *Age of Bronze.*

No words suffice the secret soul to show;
For truth denies all eloquence to woe.

BYRON: *Corsair.*

Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take.

COWPER.

Power above powers! O heavenly eloquence!
That, with the strong rein of commanding words,
Dost manage, guide, and master th' eminence
Of men's affections, more than all their swords!

DANIEL.

Now private pity strove with public hate,
Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate.

SIR J. DENHAM.

Soft elocution does thy style renown,
Gentle or sharp according to thy choice,
To laugh at follies, or to lash at vice.

DRYDEN.

Some who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable stream were drown'd.

DRYDEN.

Both orators so much renown'd
In their own depths of eloquence were drown'd.

DRYDEN.

O! couldst thou break through fate's severe decree,
A new Marcellus should arise in thee.

DRYDEN.

With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd:
Though harsh the precept, yet the people charm'd.

DRYDEN.

The Christian princess in her tent confers
With fifty of your learn'd philosophers,
Whom with such eloquence she does persuade,
That they are captives to her reasons made.

DRYDEN.

When sage Minerva rose,
From her sweet lips smooth elocution flows.

GAY.

As when of old some orator renown'd
In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence
Flourish'd, since mute! to some great cause address'd,
Stood in himself collected; while each part,
Motion, each act, won audience, ere the tongue
Sometimes in highth began, as no delay
Of preface brooking through his zeal of right.

MILTON.

Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratie.

MILTON.

Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those
The top of eloquence, statists indeed,
And lovers of their country.

MILTON.

Prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse.

MILTON.

The breaking of that parliament
Broke him; as that dishonest victory
At Cheronæa, fatal to liberty,
Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.

MILTON.

His tongue
Dropp'd manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels.

MILTON.

Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear
The bait of honey'd words; a rougher tongue
Draws hitherward.

MILTON.

Thy words had such a melting flow,
And spoke of truth so sweetly well,
They dropp'd like heaven's serenest snow,
And all was brightness where they fell!

MOORE.

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads in ev'ry place:
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:—
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

POPE.

Fit words attended on his weighty sense,
And mild persuasion flow'd in eloquence.

POPE.

Too plain thy nakedness of soul espy'd,
Why dost thou strive the conscious shame to hide,
By masks of eloquence, and veils of pride?

PRIOR.

Men are more eloquent than women made;
But women are more pow'rful to persuade.

THOMAS RANDOLPH: *Amyntas.*

Mysterious secrets of a high concern,
And weighty truths, solid convincing sense,
Explain'd by unaffected eloquence.

ROSCOMMON.

Her humble gestures made the residue plain,
Dumb eloquence persuading more than speech.

ROSCOMMON.

And aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished,
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

SHAKSPEARE.

When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.

SHAKSPEARE.

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

SHAKSPEARE.

There is such confusion in my pow'rs,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing multitude.

SHAKSPEARE.

Say she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.

SHAKSPEARE.

In such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant
More learned than the ears.

SHAKSPEARE.

Listening senates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving through the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods sweeter than her song.

THOMSON.

Eloquence, with all her pomp and charms,
Foretold us useful and sententious truths.

WALLER.

Now, with fine phrase, and foppery of tongue,
More graceful action, and a smoother tone,
That orator of fable, and fair face,
Will steal on your bribed hearts.

YOUNG.

EMULATION.

Those fair ideas to my aid I'll call,
And emulate my great original.

DRYDEN.

I would have
Him emulate you: 'tis no shame to follow
The better precedent.

BEN JONSON.

By strength
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels.
MILTON.

What madness rules in brain-sick men,
When for so slight and frivolous a cause
Such factious emulations shall arise!
SHAKSPEARE.

ENVY.

He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
Their loftiest peaks most wrapp'd in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below.
BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

Yet even her tyranny had such a grace,
The woman pardon'd all except her face.
BYRON.

With that malignant envy which turns pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate.
CHURCHILL: *Rosciad.*

If envious eyes their hurtful rays have cast,
More pow'rful verse shall free thee from the blast.
DRYDEN.

Let envy, then, those crimes within you see,
From which the happy never must be free.
DRYDEN.

Morat's too insolent, too much a brave,
His courage to his envy is a slave.
DRYDEN.

Fools may our scorn, not envy, raise:
For envy is a kind of praise.
GAY: *Fables.*

Envy not greatness; for thou mak'st thereby
Thyself the worse; and so the distance greater.
GEORGE HERBERT.

Less than half we find exprest,
Envy bid conceal the rest.
MILTON.

All human virtue, to its latest breath,
Finds envy never conquer'd but by death:
The great Alcides, ev'ry labour past,
Had still this monster to subdue at last.
POPE.

Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true.
POPE.

Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave.
POPE.

Madam, this is mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.
SHAKSPEARE.

They will not stick to say you envied him;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still, which so grieved him,
That he ran mad and died. SHAKSPEARE.

No metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. SHAKSPEARE.

You dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord.
SHAKSPEARE.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
SHAKSPEARE.

Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold,
And envy base, to bark at sleeping fame.
SPENSER.

Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
THOMSON: *Seasons.*

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story;
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still to grapple with at last.
WALLER.

High stations tumults, but not bliss, create;
None think the great unhappy but the great!
Fools gaze and envy; Envy darts a sting,
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.
YOUNG.

It is the art
Of such as have the world in their possession
To give it a good name, that fools may envy;
For envy to small minds is flattery.
YOUNG.

EPITAPHS.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,

She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

COLLINS.

Rich in the world's opinion, and men's praise,
And full in all we could desire but days:
He that is warn'd of this, and shall forbear
To vent a sigh for him, or shed a tear,
May he live long scorn'd, and unpitied fall,
And want a mourner at his funeral.

BISHOP CORBET.

In peace, ye shades of our great grandsires, rest,
Eternal spring and rising flow'rs adorn
The relics of each venerable urn.

DRYDEN.

Poor heart! She slumbers in her silent tomb:
Let her possess in peace that narrow room.

DRYDEN.

This avarice of praise in times to come;
Those long inscriptions, crowded on the tomb.

DRYDEN.

Should some wild fig-tree take her native bent,
And heave below the gaudy monument,
'Twould crack the marble titles, and disperse
The characters of all the lying verse.

DRYDEN: *Juvenal.*

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.
No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

GRAY: *Elegy.*

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

GRAY: *Elegy.*

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Philips, whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty power and hapless love;
Rest here, distrest by poverty no more,
Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
Sleep, undisturb'd, within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine!

DR. S. JOHNSON: *Epitaph on C. Philips, the Musician.*

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die;
Which in life did harbour give
To more beauty than could live.

BEN JONSON.

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

BEN JONSON: *Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke.*

Gentle lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this day's travel sore,
Sweet rest seize thee evermore.

MILTON.

Thus peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.

POPE.

Make sacred Charles's tomb forever known;
Obscure the place, and uninscribed the stone:
Oh fact accursed!

POPE.

What can atone, oh ever-injured shade!
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?

POPE.

Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast.

POPE.

How loved, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee:
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

POPE.

Should some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold reliques lie.
POPE.

The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.
POPE: *Epitaph on Mrs. Corbet.*

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child.
POPE: *Epitaph on Gay.*

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near.
Here lies the friend most loved, the son most dear;
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief, but when he died.

How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh! let thy once loved friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrows mix his own.
POPE: *from the Monument to the son of Chancellor Harcourt.*

Thy relicks, Rowe, to this fair shrine we trust,
And sacred place by Dryden's awful dust;
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
POPE: *Epitaph on Rowe.*

The secret wound with which I bleed
Shall lie wrapt up, ev'n in my hearse;
But on my tombstone thou shalt read
My answer to thy dubious verse.
PRIOR.

Our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.
SHAKSPEARE.

With fairest flow'rs, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave.
SHAKSPEARE.

Live still, and write mine epitaph.
SHAKSPEARE.

May here her monument stand so,
To credit this rude age; and show
To future times that even we
Some patterns did of virtue see. WALLER.

Here lies the learned Savile's heir,
So early wise, and lasting fair,
That none, except her years they told,
Thought her a child, or thought her old.
WALLER.

Under this stone lies virtue, youth,
Unblemish'd probity and truth;
Just unto all relations known,
A worthy patriot, pious son. WALLER.

Earth's highest station ends in "Here he lies,"
And "Dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

EQUANIMITY.

With equal mind what happens let us bear;
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our care.
DRYDEN.

He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears,
At their vain triumphs, and their vainer tears;
An equal temper in his mind he found
When Fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd.
DRYDEN.

Your steady soul preserves her frame
In good and evil times the same.
SWIFT.

ETERNITY.

Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
ADDISON.

'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us,
'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
ADDISON.

Hence came its name, in that the grateful Jove
Hath eternized the glory of his love.
CREECH.

And as the better spirit, when she doth bear
A scorn of death, doth show she cannot die;
So when the wicked soul death's face doth fear,
Ev'n then she proves her own eternity.
SIR J. DAVIES.

What's time, when on eternity we think?
A thousand ages in that sea must sink:
Time's nothing but a word; a million
Is full as far from infinite as one.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.

SIR J. DENHAM.

He first the fate of Cæsar did foretell,
And pitied Rome when Rome in Cæsar fell;
In iron clouds conceal'd the public light,
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.

DRYDEN.

Sure there is none but fears a future state;
And when the most obdurate swear they do not,
Their trembling hearts belie their boasting tongues.

DRYDEN.

Pure and unchanged, and needing no defence
From sins, as did my frailer innocence;
Their joy sincere, with no more sorrow mix'd,
Eternity stands permanent and fix'd.

DRYDEN.

Beyond is all abyss,
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.

MILTON.

I with two fair gifts
Created him, endow'd with happiness
And immortality; that fondly lost,
This other served but to eternize woe.

MILTON.

Here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain.

MILTON.

Yet some there be, that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.

MILTON.

Not so, when diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from virtue's shrine,
Her priestless muse forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of eternity.

POPE.

All that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

SHAKSPEARE.

EVENING.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.

BYRON.

The dews of the evening most carefully shun;
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.

CHESTERFIELD.

For noonday's heats are closer arbours made;
And for fresh ev'ning air, the op'ner glade.

DRYDEN.

Meantime the sun descended from the skies,
And the bright evening star began to rise.

DRYDEN.

For winds, when homeward they return, will drive
The loaded carriers from their evening hive.

DRYDEN.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below.

GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village.*

And hie him home at evening's close,
To sweet repast and calm repose.

GRAY: *Ode.*

One summer's eve when the breeze was gone,
And the nightingale was mute.

T. K. HERVEY.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad:
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the woeful nightingale.

MILTON.

The sun,
Declined, was hasting now with prone career
To th' ocean isles, and in th' ascending scale
Of heav'n the stars that usher ev'ning rose.

MILTON.

Ev'ning mist,
Ris'n from a river, o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heels,
Homeward returning.

MILTON.

Now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird.

MILTON.

Sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild.

MILTON.

When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount.

MILTON.

They left me then, when the gray-headed even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.

MILTON.

The evening comes
Kerchieft in a comely cloud,
While racking winds are piping loud.

MILTON.

Oft on a plat of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

MILTON.

It was an evening bright and still
As ever blush'd on wave or bower,
Smiling from heaven, as if nought ill
Could happen in so sweet an hour.

MOORE: *Loves of the Angels.*

Then take repast, till Hesperus display'd
His golden circlet in the western shade.

POPE.

You, whose pastime
Is to make midnight-mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew.

SHAKSPEARE.

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea.

SHAKSPEARE.

As gentle shepherd in sweet eventide,
When ruddy Phœbus 'gins to welk in west,
Marks which do bite their hasty supper best.

SPENSER.

And now fair Phœbus 'gan decline in haste
His weary wagon to the western vale.

SPENSER.

Now 'gan the golden Phœbus for to steep
His fiery face in billows of the west,
And his faint steeds water'd in ocean deep,
Whilst from their journal labours they did rest.

SPENSER.

Now day is done, and night is nighing fast.

SPENSER.

Of evening tinct
The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.

THOMSON.

EVERLASTING.

And what a trifle is a moment's breath,
Laid in the scale with everlasting death!

SIR J. DENHAM.

Nothing could make me sooner to confess
That this world had an everlastingness,
Than to consider that a year is run
Since both this lower world's and the sun's sun
Did set.

JOHN DONNE.

Whether we shall meet again, I know not;
Therefore our everlasting farewell take;
Forever, and forever, farewell, Cassius.

SHAKSPEARE.

EVIL.

This is the curse of every evil deed,
That, propagating still, it brings forth evil.

COLERIDGE.

Evil into the mind of God or man
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
No spot or blame behind.

MILTON.

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

SHAKSPEARE.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.

SHAKSPEARE.

EXAMPLE.

I'll gaze forever on thy godlike father,
Transplanting one by one into my life
His bright perfections, till I shine like him.

ADDISON.

Your edicts some reclaim from sins,
But most your life and blest example wins.

DRYDEN.

The fault of others' sway
He set as sea-marks for himself to shun.

DRYDEN.

Since truth and constancy are vain,
Since neither love, nor sense of pain,
Nor force of reason, can persuade,
Then let example be obey'd.

GRANVILLE.

By thy example kings are taught to sway,
Heroes to fight, and saints may learn to pray.

GRANVILLE.

Just precepts thus from great examples given,
She drew from them what they derived from Heav'n.

POPE.

On the smooth expanse of crystal lakes,
The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance.
POPE.

Example is a living law, whose sway
Men more than all the written laws obey.
SIR C. SEDLEY.

EXERCISE.

The wise for cure on exercise depend:
God never made his work for man to mend.
DRYDEN.

Their airy limbs in sports they exercise,
And on the green contend the wrestlér's prize.
DRYDEN.

Sea would be pools without the brushing air
To curl the waves; and sure some little care
Should weary nature so, to make her want repose.
DRYDEN.

The purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer heats.
THOMSON.

EXPECTATION.

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear.
POPE.

Expectation whirls me round;
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense.
SHAKSPEARE.

EXPERIENCE.

Not from experience, for the world was new,
He only from their cause their natures knew.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Some truths are not by reason to be tried,
But we have sure experience for our guide.
DRYDEN.

Till old experience do attain
To something of prophetic strain.
MILTON.

All things by experience
Are most improved; then sedulously think
To meliorate thy stock; no way or rule
Be unessay'd.
JOHN PHILIPS.

So fathers speak, persuasive speech and mild!
Their sage experience to the fav'rite child.
POPE.

This sad experience cites me to reveal,
And what I dictate is from what I feel.
PRIOR.

Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal do warrant
The tenor of my book.
SHAKSPEARE.

EXTREMES.

Heat burns his rise, frost chills his setting beams,
And vex the world with opposite extremes.
CREECH.

Betwixt th' extremes, two happier climates hold
The temper that partakes of hot and cold.
DRYDEN.

Extremes in nature equal good produce.
POPE.

Avoid extremes, and shun the faults of such
Who still are pleased too little, or too much.
POPE.

EYES.

The beams of light had been in vain display'd
Had not the eye been fit for vision made;
In vain the author had the eye prepared
With so much skill, had not the light appeared.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Her deep blue eyes smile constantly,—as if
they had by fitness
Won the secret of a happy dream, she does not
care to speak.
MRS. BROWNING.

And the large musing eyes, neither joyous nor
sorry,
Sing on like the angels in separate glory
Between clouds of amber.
MRS. BROWNING.

Her eye (I'm very fond of handsome eyes)
Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire
Until she spoke; then, through its soft disguise,
Flash'd an expression more of pride than ire,
And love than either.
BYRON.

Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell;
But gaze on that of the gazelle,
It will assist thy fancy well.
BYRON.

An eye's an eye, and whether black or blue,
Is no great matter, so 'tis in request;
'Tis nonsense to dispute about a hue;
The kindest may be taken for the best.
BYRON.

And her brow clear'd, but not her troubled eye:
The wind was down, but still the sea ran high.
BYRON.

Oh! o'er the eye Death most exerts his might,
And hurls the spirit from her throne of light.
BYRON.

First, the two eyes, which have the seeing pow'r,
Stand as one watchman, spy, or sentinel,
Being placed aloft, within the head's high tow'r;
And though both see, yet both but one thing tell.
SIR J. DAVIES.

And yet the lights which in my tower do shine,
Mine eyes, which view all objects nigh and far,
Look not into this little world of mine.
SIR J. DAVIES.

For, if we chance to fix our thoughts elsewhere,
Though our eyes open be, we cannot see.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Nine things to sight required are:
The pow'r to see, the light, the visible thing,
Being not too small, too thin, too nigh, too far,
Clear space and time, the form distinct to bring.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Love to our citadel resorts
Through those deceitful sallyports;
Our sentinels betray our forts.
SIR J. DENHAM.

His awful presence did the crowd surprise,
Nor durst the rash spectator meet his eyes;
Eyes that confess'd him born for kingly sway;
So fierce, they flash'd intolerable day.
DRYDEN.

Misdoubt my constancy, and do not try;
But stay and ever keep me in your eye.
DRYDEN.

My eyes are still the same; each glance, each grace,
Keep their first lustre, and maintain their place,
Not second yet to any other face.
DRYDEN.

Some cruel pleasure will from thence arise,
To view the mighty ravage of your eyes.
DRYDEN.

Mark but how terribly his eyes appear;
And yet there's something roughly noble there;
Which in unfashion'd nature looks divine,
And like a gem, does in the quarry shine.
DRYDEN.

I dare not trust these eyes:
They dance in mists, and dazzle with surprise.
DRYDEN.

All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the heart;
Of your own pomp yourself the greater part.
DRYDEN.

Calm as the breath which fans our eastern groves,
And bright as when thy eyes first lighted up our loves.
DRYDEN.

From some she cast her modest eyes below;
At some her gazing glances roving flew.
FAIRFAX.

Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright.
GAY.

A sprightly red vermilions all her face;
And her eyes languish with unusual grace.
GRANVILLE.

And gospel light first beam'd from Bullen's eyes.
GRAY: *Long Story.*

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.
HERRICK: *Night Piece to Julia.*

Thy eyes that were so bright, love,
Have now a dimmer shine;
But what they've lost in light, love,
Is what they gave to mine.
THOMAS HOOD.

All the gazers on the skies
Read not in fair heaven's story
Expresser truth, or truer glory,
Than they might in her bright eyes.
BEN JONSON.

The light of midnight's starry heaven
Is in those radiant eyes;
The rose's crimson life has given
That cheek its glowing dyes.
L. E. LANDON.

Why was the sight
To such a tender ball as th' eye confined,
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd,
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused;
That she might look at will through every pore?
MILTON.

Ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence.
MILTON: *L'Allegro.*

And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.
MILTON: *Il Penseroso.*

O love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes.
POPE.

Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike;
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
POPE.

Her lovely looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those.
POPE.

Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason—man is not a fly.
POPE.

See by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
POPE.

Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day.
POPE.

Those smiling eyes, attempting ev'ry ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
POPE.

Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And these love-darting eyes must roll no more.
POPE.

No happier task these faded eyes pursue:
To read and weep is all they now can do.
POPE.

His pow'r can heal me, and relight my eye.
POPE.

Pass but some fleeting years, and these poor eyes,
Where now without a boast some lustre lies,
No longer shall their little honours keep,
But only be of use to read or weep.
PRIOR.

A slave I am to Clara's eyes:
The gipsy knows her pow'r, and flies.
PRIOR.

His eyebrow dark, and eye of fire,
Show'd spirit proud, and prompt to ire;
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek
Did deep design and counsel speak.
SIR W. SCOTT.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, academies,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world,
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
SHAKSPEARE.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes.
SHAKSPEARE.

Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
SHAKSPEARE.

Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the pow'r this charm doth owe.
SHAKSPEARE.

Her eyes, in heaven,
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thy bones are marrowless; thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Thou starest with.
SHAKSPEARE.

Eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment.
SHAKSPEARE.

Nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eyes opposed,
Salute each other with each other's form.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes—that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
SHAKSPEARE.

A wither'd hermit fivescore winters worn
Might shake off fifty looking in her eye.
SHAKSPEARE.

Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee!
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not.
SHAKSPEARE.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to-day:
Her two blue windows faintly she upheaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth:
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumined with her eye.
SHAKSPEARE.

Yet looks he like a king: behold his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty.
SHAKSPEARE.

Though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.
SHAKSPEARE.

The fixture of her eye hath motion in 't,
As we were mock'd with art.
SHAKSPEARE.

Those eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent.
SHAKSPEARE.

Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me; on mine own accord, I'll off.
SHAKSPEARE.

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind.
SHAKSPEARE.

Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once:
The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly doat
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thus are my eyes still captive to one sight;
Thus all my thoughts are slaves to one thought still.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

Believe thyself, thy eyes,
That first inflamed, and lit me to my love,
Those stars that still must guide me to my joy.
SOUTHERN.

Long while I sought to what I might compare
Those powerful eyes, which lighten my dark spirit,
Yet found I nought on earth to which I dare
Resemble the image of their goodly light.
SPENSER.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining fields,
Did burn with wrath, and sparkled living fire;
As two broad beacons set in open fields
Send forth their flames.
SPENSER.

Happy lines, on which with starry light
Those lamping eyes will deign sometimes to look.
SPENSER.

And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now show their goodly beams.
SPENSER.

Some praise the eyes they love to see,
As rivalling the western star;
But eyes I know well worth to me
A thousand firmaments afar.
JOHN STERLING.

'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown;
For nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my sight.
SWIFT.

Amoret, my lovely foe,
Tell me where thy strength does lie,
Where the pow'r that charms us so,
In thy soul, or in thy eye?
WALLER.

The heedless lover does not know
Whose eyes they are that wound him so.
WALLER.

Ye lofty beeches, tell this matchless dame,
That if together ye fed all one flame,
It would not equalize the hundredth part
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart.
WALLER.

Sounds which address the ear are lost and die
In one short hour; but that which strikes the eye
Lives long upon the mind; the faithful sight
Engraves the knowledge with a beam of light.
WATTS.

Those eyes,
Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky,
Whose azure depth their colour emulates,
Must needs be conversant with upward looks:
Prayer's voiceless service.
WORDSWORTH.

FAIRIES.

To pass their lives in fountains and on flowers,
And never know the weight of human hours.
BYRON.

The maskers come late, and I think will stay,
Like fairies, till the cock crow them away.
DONNE.

And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above—below—on every side,
Their little minim forms array'd
In all the tricksy pomp of fairy pride.
DRAKE: *Culprit Fay.*

In days of old, when Arthur fill'd the throne,
Whose acts and fame to foreign lands were blown,
The king of elves and little fairy queen
Gamboll'd on heaths, and danced on ev'ry green;
And when the jolly troop had led the round,
The grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the ground.
DRYDEN.

In the bright moonshine while winds whistle loud,
Tivy, tivy, tivy, we mount and we fly,
All rocking in a downy white cloud;
And lest our leap from the sky should prove too far,
We slide on the back of a new-falling star.
DRYDEN.

With songs and dance we celebrate the day;
At other times we reign by night alone,
And, posting through the skies, pursue the moon.
DRYDEN.

What you saw was all a fairy show,
And all those airy shapes you now behold
Were human bodies once.
DRYDEN.

Be secret and discreet: the fairy favours
Are lost, when not conceal'd.
DRYDEN.

You have no more work
Than the coarse and country fairy,
That doth haunt the hearth or dairy.
BEN JONSON.

These are nights
Solemn to the shining rites
Of the fairy prince and knights,
While the moon their orgies lights.
BEN JONSON.

Fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course: they on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear:
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
MILTON.

By dimpled brook, and fountain-brim,
The wood-nymphs deck'd with daisies trim
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
What hath night to do with sleep?
MILTON.

Demons found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element. MILTON.

On the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
MILTON.

Good luck befriend thee, son; for at thy birth
The fairy danced upon the hearth.
MILTON.

I took it for a fairy vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds.
MILTON.

How the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set;
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had thresh'd the corn.
MILTON.

He, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
MILTON.

About this spring, if ancient bards say true,
The dapper elves their moonlight sports renew;
Their pigmy king and little fairy queen
In circling dances gamboll'd on the green,
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
And airy music warbled through the shade.
POPE.

The spirits,
Some thread the mazy ringlets of her hair,
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear.
POPE.

If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught,
Of airy elves by moonlight shadow seen,
The silver token, and the circled green.
POPE.

Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear:
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear.
POPE.

The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
Through all the giddy circle they pursue.
POPE.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopt in vials, or transfix'd with pins.
POPE.

There the snake throws her enamell'd skin;
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.
SHAKSPEARE.

And nightly, meadow fairies, look you sing,
Like to the garter-compass in a ring:
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile fresh than all the world to see.
SHAKSPEARE.

You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newt and blindworms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen.
SHAKSPEARE.

Through this house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier.
SHAKSPEARE.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.
SHAKSPEARE.

This is the fairy land: oh, spite of spites,
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites.
SHAKSPEARE.

My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.
SHAKSPEARE.

We fairies that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic.
SHAKSPEARE.

Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
SHAKSPEARE.

This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
SHAKSPEARE.

In this state she gallops, night by night,
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues.
SHAKSPEARE.

Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office.
SHAKSPEARE.

They're fairies! he that speaks to them shall die:
I'll wink and couch; no man their sports must eye.
SHAKSPEARE.

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner Squirrel, or old Grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
SHAKSPEARE.

Where fires thou find'st unraked, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry.
SHAKSPEARE.

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white.
SHAKSPEARE.

Come now, a roundel and a fairy song,
SHAKSPEARE.

Never since that middle summer's spring
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
SHAKSPEARE.

Set your heart at rest;
The fairy-land buys not the child of me.
SHAKSPEARE.

The joyous nymphs and light-foot fairies,
Which thither came to hear their music sweet,
And to the measure of their melodies
Did learn to move their nimble-shifting feet.
SPENSER.

I have a venturous fairy, that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee thence new nuts.
SHAKSPEARE.

But friendly fairies met with many graces,
And light-foot nymphs can chase the ling'ring night
With heydegives, and trimly trodden traces.
SPENSER.

From thence a fairy thee unweeting reft,
There as thou slept'st in tender swaddling band,
And her base elfin brood there for thee left:
Such men do changelings call, so changed by fairies' theft.
SPENSER.

Love is all spirit: fairies sooner may
Be taken tardy, when they night-tricks play,
Than we; we are too dull and lumpish.
SIR J. SUCKLING.

Before the downfall of the fairy state,
This dale, a pleasing region, not unblest,
This dale possess'd they, and had still possess'd.
TICKELL.

There haply by the ruddy damsel seen,
Or shepherd boy, they featly foot the green.
TICKELL.

FAITH.

His faith perhaps in some nice tenets might
Be wrong, his life I'm sure was in the right.
COWLEY.

If faith with reason never doth advise,
Nor yet tradition leads her, she is then
From heav'n inspired; and secretly grows wise
Above the schools, we know not how, nor when.
SIR W. DAVENANT.

Fond men! if we believe that men do live
Under the zenith of both frozen poles,
Though none come thence advertisement to give,
Why bear we not the like faith of our souls?
SIR J. DAVIES.

For you alone
I broke my faith with injured Palamon.
DRYDEN.

His promise Palamon accepts; but pray'd
To keep it better than the first he made:
Thus fair they parted, till the morrow's dawn;
For each had laid his plighted faith to pawn.
DRYDEN.

Observe the wretch who hath his faith forsook,
How clear his voice, and how assured his look!
Like innocence, and as serenely bold
As truth, how loudly he forswears thy gold!
DRYDEN.

A lively faith will bear aloft the mind,
And leave the luggage of good works behind.
DRYDEN.

Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight;
O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
And search no further than thyself reveal'd.
DRYDEN.

For mysterious things of faith rely
On the proponent, heaven's authority.
DRYDEN.

Th' unletter'd Christian, who believes in gross,
Plods on to heav'n, and ne'er is at a loss.
DRYDEN.

Then banish'd faith shall once again return,
And vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn.
DRYDEN.

Well I know him;
Of easy temper, naturally good,
And faithful to his word. DRYDEN.

The childlike faith that asks not sight,
Waits not for wonder or for sign,
Believes, because it loves, aright,
Shall see things greater, things divine.
Heaven to that gaze shall open wide,
And brightest angels to and fro
On messages of love shall glide
'Twixt God and Christ below. KEBLE.

And what is faith, love, virtue unessay'd,
Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?
MILTON.

What will they, then? what but unbuild
A living temple, built by faith to stand?
MILTON.

Her failing, while her faith to me remains,
I should conceal.
MILTON.

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found;
Among the faithless faithful only he.
MILTON.

Then faith shall fail, and holy hope shall die;
One lost in certainty, and one in joy.
PRIOR.

I'll ne'er distrust my God for cloth and bread,
While lilies flourish, and the raven's fed.
QUARLES.

Now God be praised, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair.
SHAKSPEARE.

Which to believe of her
Must be a faith, that reason, without miracle,
Shall never plant in me.
SHAKSPEARE.

I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved.
SHAKSPEARE.

Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love.
SHAKSPEARE.

Is't not enough that to this lady mild
Thou falsed hath thy faith with perjury?
SPENSER.

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,
To break the shock which nature cannot shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

FALSE.

So hast thou cheated Theseus with a wile,
Against thy vow, returning to beguile
Under a borrow'd name; as false to me,
So false art thou to him who set thee free.
DRYDEN.

So the false spider, when her nets are spread,
Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie.
DRYDEN.

Tell him, I did in vain his brother move,
And yet he falsely said he was in love;
Falsely; for had he truly loved, at least
He would have giv'n one day to my request.
DRYDEN.

He seem'd
For dignity composed, and high exploit;
But all was false and hollow.
MILTON.

What thou wouldst highly,
That thou wouldst holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win.
SHAKSPEARE.

FALSEHOOD.

But oh, that treacherous breast! to whom weak you
Did trust our counsels, and we both may rue,
Having his falsehood found too late!' Twas he
That made me cast you guilty, and you me.
JOHN DONNE.

Life and death are equal in themselves:
That which would cast the balance is thy falsehood.
DRYDEN.

Artificer of fraud; he was the first
That practised falsehood under saintly show.
MILTON.

For no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness.
MILTON.

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.
POPE.

The dull flat falsehood serves for policy,
And, in the cunning, truth's itself a lie.
POPE.

Thy better soul abhors a liar's part;
Wise is thy voice, and noble is thy heart.
POPE.

As folks, quoth Richard, prone to leasing,
Say things at first because they're pleasing;
Then prove what they have once asserted,
Nor care to have their lie deserted:
Till their own dreams at length deceive them,
And, oft repeating, they believe them.
PRIOR.

No falsehood shall defile my lips with lies,
Or with a veil of truth disguise.
SANDYS.

To lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.
SHAKSPEARE.

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.
SHAKSPEARE.

Such is the face of falsehood, such the sight
Of foul Duessa, when her borrow'd light
Is laid away, and counterfessance known.
SPENSER.

Let a man be ne'er so wise,
He may be caught with sober lies;
For, take it in its proper light,
'Tis just what coxcombs call a bite.

SWIFT.

FAME.

How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant blaze!

ADDISON.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar?
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star
And waged with fortune an eternal war?

BEATTIE: *Minstrel.*

Studious of good, man disregarded fame,
And useful knowledge was his eldest aim.

SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Absurd! to think to overreach the grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours:
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away: only themselves die faster.
The far-famed sculptor, and the laurell'd bard,
Those bold insurers of eternal fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.

BLAIR: *Grave.*

Fame is the thirst of youth,—but I am not
So young as to regard men's frown or smile
As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot;
I stood and stand alone,—remember'd or forgot.

BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper:
Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour:
For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
And bards burn what they call their "midnight taper,"
To have, when the original is dust,
A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.

BYRON.

The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome
Outlives in fame the pious fool that raised it.

CIBBER: *Richard III., altered.*

If what I gain in empire
I lose in fame, I think myself no gainer.

SIR J. DENHAM.

Of ev'ry nation each illustrious name
Such toys as these have cheated into fame;
Exchanging solid quiet to obtain
The windy satisfaction of the brain.

DRYDEN.

Their temples wreathed with leaves that still renew;
For deathless laurel is the victor's due.

DRYDEN.

Yet this mad chase of fame, by few pursued,
Has drawn destruction on the multitude.

DRYDEN.

May your sick fame still languish till it die,
And you grow cheap in every subject's eye.

DRYDEN.

I stand in need of one whose glories may
Redeem my crimes, ally me to his fame.

DRYDEN.

Tuscan Valerius by force o'ercame,
And not belied his mighty father's name.

DRYDEN.

If I by chance succeed,
Know I am not so stupid, or so hard,
Not to feel praise, or fame's deserved reward.

DRYDEN.

Had we but lasting youth and time to spare,
Some might be thrown away on fame and war.

DRYDEN.

This calm'd his cares; soothed with his future fame,
And pleased to hear his propagated name.

DRYDEN.

The good Æneas am I call'd; a name,
While fortune favour'd, not unknown to fame.

DRYDEN.

His beauty these, and those his blooming age,
The rest his house and his own fame engage.

DRYDEN.

None was disgraced; for falling is no shame,
And cowardice alone is loss of fame:
The vent'rous knight is from the saddle thrown;
But 'tis the fault of fortune, not his own.

DRYDEN.

A foreign son upon the shore descends,
Whose martial fame from pole to pole extends.

DRYDEN.

Yet, if desire of fame, and thirst of pow'r,
A beauteous princess with a crown in dow'r,
So fire your mind, in arms assert your right.

DRYDEN.

Some as justly fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
DRYDEN.

For well you know, and can record alone,
What fame to future times conveys but darkly down.
DRYDEN.

The more effeminate and soft his life,
The more his fame to struggle to the field.
DRYDEN.

A noble emulation heats your breast,
And your own fame now robs you of your rest:
Good actions still must be maintain'd with good,
As bodies nourish'd with resembling food.
DRYDEN.

They sung no more, or only sung his fame;
Struck dumb, they all admired the godlike man.
DRYDEN.

But who will call those noble, who deface,
By meaner acts, the glories of their race;
Whose only title to their father's fame
Is couch'd in the dead letters of their name?
DRYDEN.

My soul is all the same,
Unmoved with fear, and moved with martial fame;
But my chill blood is curdled in my veins,
And scarce the shadow of a man remains.
DRYDEN.

Draw him strictly so,
That all who view the piece may know
He needs no trappings of fictitious fame.
DRYDEN.

Like you, a man; and hither led by fame,
Not by constraint, but by my choice, I came.
DRYDEN.

A chief renown'd in war,
Whose race shall bear aloft the Latian name,
And through the conquer'd world diffuse our fame.
DRYDEN.

Life with ease I can disclaim,
And think it oversold to purchase fame.
DRYDEN.

But if to fame alone thou dost pretend,
The miser will his empty palace lend,
Set wide with doors, adorn'd with plated brass,
Where droves, as at a city-gate, may pass.
DRYDEN.

Our best notes are treason to his fame,
Join'd with the loud applause of public voice.
DRYDEN.

Bigoted to this idol, we disclaim
Rest, health, and ease, for nothing but a name.
GARTH.

Honour's the noblest chase; pursue that game,
And recompense the loss of love with fame.
GRANVILLE.

What is an age in dull renown drudged o'er!
One little single hour of love is more.
GRANVILLE.

Let no vain fear thy gen'rous ardour tame;
But stand erect, and sound as loud as fame.
GRANVILLE.

Fame, not contented with her broad highway,
Delights, for change, through private paths to stray.
WALTER HARTE.

If that thy fame with every toy be posed,
'Tis a thin web, which poisonous fancies make;
But the great soldier's honour was composed
Of thicker stuff, which could endure a shake:
Wisdom picks friends; civility plays the rest;
A toy, shunn'd cleanly, passeth with the best.
GEORGE HERBERT.

He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.
DR. JOHNSON: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

The fame that a man wins himself is best;
That he may call his own: honours put on him
Make him no more a man than his clothes do,
Which are as soon ta'en off.
MIDDLETON.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life.
MILTON.

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil.
MILTON.

He can spread thy name o'er land and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
MILTON.

Those other two, equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown!
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides;
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old.
MILTON.

What is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praise, if always praise unmix'd?
MILTON.

They cast to get themselves a name,
Regardless whether good or evil fame.
MILTON.

Strength to glory aspires
Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame.
MILTON.

Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on earth;
And what most merits fame, in silence hid.
MILTON.

Fame, that her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise.
MILTON.

Here let those who boast in mortal things
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
And strength, and art, are easily outdone
By spirits reprobate.
MILTON.

What's fame? a fancied life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have; and what's unknown,
The same, my lord, if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade,
As Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead.
POPE.

How vain that second life in others' breath,
Th' estate which wits inherit after death!
Ease, health, and life for this they must resign;
Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!
The great man's curse without the gain endure;
Be envied, wretched; and be flatter'd, poor.
POPE.

Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call:
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
POPE.

Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
O grant an honest fame, or grant me none.
POPE.

Fame's high temple stands;
Stupendous pile; not rear'd by mortal hands!
Whate'er proud Rome, or artful Greece, beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
POPE.

Along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame.
POPE.

The tomb with manly arms and trophies raise;
There, high in air, memorial of my name,
Fix the smooth oar, and bid me live to fame.
POPE.

But sure the eye of time beholds no name
So blest as thine in all the rolls of fame.
POPE.

Fast by the throne obsequious fame resides,
And wealth incessant rolls her golden tides.
POPE.

Their names inscribed unnumber'd ages past,
From time's first birth, with time itself shall last;
There ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread and grow brighter with the length of days.
POPE.

Hope, too long with vain delusion fed,
Deaf to the rumour of fallacious fame,
Gives to the roll of death his glorious name.
POPE.

All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not near the heart;
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas.
POPE.

Henry and Edward, brightest sons of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
After a life of glorious toils endured,
Closed their long glories with a sigh.
POPE.

Proud fame's imperial seat
With jewels blazed, magnificently great.
POPE.

Though short my stature, yet my name extends
To heav'n itself, and earth's remotest ends.
POPE.

Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy than excess of praise.
POPE.

Not Tyro, nor Mycene, match her name,
Nor great Alcmena, the proud boasts of fame.
POPE.

Alas! not dazzled with their noontide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale that blends their glory with their shame.
POPE.

Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
And poets once had promised they should last.
POPE.

How shall I then your helpless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend.
POPE.

Fame, that delights around the world to stray,
Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.
POPE.

Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down enlarging as they go.
POPE.

And what is fame? the meanest have their day;
The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
POPE.

The great Antilocus! a name
Not unrecorded in the rolls of fame.
POPE.

Above all Greek, above all Roman fame.
POPE.

The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd:
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new;
And all who heard it made enlargement too:
In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
POPE.

In arts and science 'tis the same,—
Our rivals' hurts create our fame.
PRIOR.

His fame, like gold, the more 'tis try'd
The more shall its intrinsic worth proclaim.
PRIOR.

Thy arms pursue,
Paths of renown, and climb ascents of fame.
PRIOR.

Now, Mars, she said, let fame exalt her voice;
Nor let thy conquests only be her choice.
PRIOR.

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart.
SHAKSPEARE.

Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
SHAKSPEARE.

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge
And make us heirs of all eternity.
SHAKSPEARE.

I am sorry
That he approves the common liar, Fame,
Who speaks him thus at Rome.
SHAKSPEARE.

Let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.
SHAKSPEARE.

The cry went once for thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive
And case thy reputation in a tent.
SHAKSPEARE.

Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouth as household words,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
SHAKSPEARE.

Still the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.
SHAKSPEARE.

Famed by thy tutor, and thy parts of nature;
Thrice famed, beyond all erudition.
SHAKSPEARE.

I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified.
SHAKSPEARE.

Die two months ago, and not forgotten yet?
Then there is hope a great man's memory
May outlive his life half a year.
SHAKSPEARE.

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies,
While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise,
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise.
SHENSTONE: *Schoolmistress.*

And well beseems all knights of noble name,
That covet in the immortal book of fame
To be eternized, that same to haunt.
SPENSER.

Joy may you have, and everlasting fame,
Of late most hard achievement by you done,
For which inrolled is your glorious name
In heav'nly registers above the sun.
SPENSER.

Certes, Sir Knight, ye been too much to blame,
Thus for to blot the honour of the dead,
And with foul cowardice his carcase shame,
Whose living hands immortalized his name.
SPENSER.

Let stubborn pride possess thee long,
And be thou negligent of fame;
With ev'ry muse to grace thy song,
May'st thou despise a poet's name.
SWIFT.

What so foolish as the chase of fame?
How vain the prize! how impotent our aim!
For what are men, who grasp at praise sublime,
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
That rise and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born and forgot, ten thousand in an hour?
YOUNG.

The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either shoulder has its share of fame.
YOUNG.

Fame is a bubble the reserved enjoy;
Who strive to grasp it, as they touch, destroy.
YOUNG.

Take up no more than you by worth may claim,
Lest soon you prove a bankrupt in your fame.
YOUNG.

The breath of others raises our renown,
Our own as soon blows the pageant down.
YOUNG.

Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,
And into coxcombs burnishes our fools.
YOUNG.

With fame, in just proportion, envy grows;
The man that makes a character makes foes.
YOUNG.

For as by depredations wasps proclaim
The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.
YOUNG.

FAMINE.

This city never felt a siege before,
But from the lake received its daily store;
Which now shut up, and millions crowded here,
Famine will soon in multitudes appear.
DRYDEN.

You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire.
SHAKSPEARE.

The sacred sons of vengeance, on whose course
Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year.
THOMSON.

FANCY.

With these sometimes she doth her time beguile;
These do by fits her phantasy possess.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Yet in this agony his fancy wrought,
And fear supply'd him with this happy thought.
DRYDEN.

Love is by fancy led about,
From hope to fear, from joy to doubt:
Whom we now a goddess call,
Divinely graced in every feature,
Strait's a deform'd, a perjured creature:
Love and hate are fancy all.
GRANVILLE.

In the soul
Are many lesser faculties, that serve
Reason as chief: among these fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, airy shapes,
Which reason joining, or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm, or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion.
MILTON.

Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell
Of fancy, my internal sight.
MILTON.

The brain contains ten thousand cells;
In each some active fancy dwells.
PRIOR.

Fancy flows in, and muse flies high;
He knows not where my clack will lie.
PRIOR.

Some lower muse, perhaps, who lightly treads
The devious paths where wanton fancy leads.
ROWE.

Woe to the youth whom fancy gains,
Winning from reason's hand the reins:
Pity and woe! for such a mind
Is soft, contemplative, and kind.
SIR W. SCOTT.

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
SHAKSPEARE.

But all the story of the night told over
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy,
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.
SHAKSPEARE.

Horatio says: 'tis but our fantasy,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us:
Therefore I have intreated him,
That, if again this apparition comes,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.
SHAKSPEARE.

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on?
SHAKSPEARE.

Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies.
SHAKSPEARE.

There in full opulence a banker dwelt,
Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt;
His sideboard glitter'd with imagined plate,
And his proud fancy held a vast estate.
SWIFT.

My own breath still foments the fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aspire.
WALLER.

FASHION.

Fashion,—a word which knaves and fools may use
Their knavery and folly to excuse.
CHURCHILL.

Fashion, leader of a chatt'ring train,
Whom man for his own hurt permits to reign,
Who shifts and changes all things but his shape,
And would degrade her vot'ry to an ape.
COWPER.

And sooner may a gulling weather-spy,
By drawing forth heav'n's scheme, tell certainly
What fashion'd hats, or ruffs, or suits, next year
Our giddy-headed antic youth will wear.
DONNE.

Rich, fashionable robes her person deck;
Pendants her ears, and pearls adorn her neck.
DRYDEN.

In fashions wayward, and in love unkind;
For Cupid deigns not wound a currish mind.
FAIRFAX.

In times of old, when British nymphs were known
To love no foreign fashions like their own.
GARTH.

A different toil another forge employs;
Here the loud hammer fashions female toys:
Each trinket that adorns the modern dame
First to these little artists owed its frame.
GAY.

And even while Fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.
GOLDSMITH.

Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
POPE.

Painted for sight and essenced for the smell,
Like frigates fraught with spice and cochineal,
Sail in the ladies: how each pirate eyes
So weak a vessel and so rich a prize!
POPE.

She glares in balls, front boxes, and the ring;
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched thing.
POPE.

New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
SHAKSPEARE.

All with one consent praise new-born gawds.
Though they are made and moulded of things past.
SHAKSPEARE.

Because I cannot flatter and look fair,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
SHAKSPEARE.

Report of fashions in proud Italy;
Whose manners ill our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base awkward imitation.
SHAKSPEARE.

When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
THOMSON.

The loud daw, his throat displaying, draws
The whole assembly of his fellow daws.
WALLER.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool in fashion, but a fool that's out;
His passion for absurdity's so strong
He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.
Though wrong the mode, comply: more sense
is shown
In wearing others' follies than our own.
YOUNG.

Yet, not superior to her sex's cares,
The mode she fixes by the gown she wears;
Of silks and china she's the last appeal:
In these great points she leads the common weal.
YOUNG.

FATE.

The hand of fate is over us, and Heaven
Exacts severity from all our thoughts.
ADDISON.

The hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.
ADDISON.

Thy downcast looks, and thy disorder'd thoughts,
Tell me my fate: I ask not the success
My cause has found.
ADDISON.

Others will gape t' anticipate
The cabinet designs of fate;
Apply to wizards to foresee
What shall, and what shall never be.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

A sacrifice to fall of state,
Whose thread of life the fatal sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

To bear is to conquer our fate.
CAMPBELL.

Fate her own book mistrusted at the sight,
On that side war, on this a single fight.
COWLEY.

The slipp'ry tops of human state,
The gilded pinnacles of fate.
COWLEY.

Fate steals along with ceaseless tread,
And meets us oft when least we dread;
Frowns in the storm with threatening brow,
Yet in the sunshine strikes the blow.
COWPER.

The Fates but only spin the coarser clue;
The finest of the wool is left for you.
DRYDEN.

Think it not hard, if at so cheap a rate
You can secure the constancy of fate,
Whose kindness sent what does your malice seem,
By lesser ills the greater to redeem.
DRYDEN.

As tides at highest mark regorge the flood,
So fate, that could no more improve their joy,
Took a malicious pleasure to destroy.
DRYDEN.

Dismiss thy fear,
And heaven's unchanged decrees attentive hear.
DRYDEN.

But God has wisely hid from human sight
The dark decrees of future fate,
And sown their seeds in depth of night.
DRYDEN.

If fate be not, then what can we foresee?
And how can we avoid it if it be?
If by free will in our own paths we move,
How are we bounded by decrees above?
Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,
If ill, 'tis ours; if good, the act of heaven.
DRYDEN.

Alas, what stay is there in human state?
Or who can shun inevitable fate?
The doom was written, the decree was past,
Ere the foundations of the world were cast.
DRYDEN.

Man makes his fate according to his mind:
The weak, low spirit Fortune makes her slave:
But she's a drudge when hector'd by the brave.
If Fate weave common thread, I'll change the
doom,
And with new purple weave a nobler loom.
DRYDEN.

Heav'n has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolutions of their fate.
DRYDEN.

Eternal deities,
Who rule the world with absolute decrees,
And write whatever time shall bring to pass,
With pens of adamant on plates of brass.
DRYDEN.

Fully ripe, his swelling fate breaks out,
And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on.
DRYDEN.

These are the realms of unrelenting fate;
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state!
DRYDEN.

If, said he,
Your grief alone is hard captivity,
For love of heav'n with patience undergo
A cureless ill, since fate will have it so.
DRYDEN.

Fate and the dooming gods are deaf to tears.
DRYDEN.

I meant to meet
My fate with face unmoved and eyes unwet.
DRYDEN.

Whate'er betides, by destiny 'tis done;
And better bear like men than vainly seek to shun.
DRYDEN.

Our guardian angel saw them where they sate
Above the palace of our slumb'ring king;
He sigh'd, abandoning his charge to fate.
DRYDEN.

How have I fear'd your fate! but fear'd it most
When love assail'd you on the Libyan coast.
DRYDEN.

Fate has cramm'd us all into one lease,
And that even now expiring.
DRYDEN.

Must I new bars to my own joy create?
Refuse myself what I had forced from fate?
DRYDEN.

You must obey me soon or late:
Why will you vainly struggle with your fate?
DRYDEN.

With fates averse, the rout in arms resort
To force their monarch, and insult the court.
DRYDEN.

What if I please to lengthen out his date
A day, and take a pride to cozen fate?
DRYDEN.

We follow fate, which does too fast pursue.
DRYDEN.

Before our farther way the fates allow,
Here must we fix on high the golden bough.
DRYDEN.

Are we condemn'd by fate's unjust decree
No more our houses and our homes to see!
DRYDEN.

My fates permit me not from hence to fly;
Nor he, the great comptroller of the sky.
DRYDEN.

Hear himself repine
At fate's unequal laws; and at the clue
Which merciless in length the midmost sister drew.
DRYDEN.

Like fawning courtiers, for success they wait,
And then come smiling, and declare for fate.
DRYDEN.

Fate makes you deaf, while I in vain implore:
My fate forebodes I ne'er shall see you more.
DRYDEN.

Each to his proper fortune stand or fall;
Equal and unconcern'd I look on all:
Rutilians, Trojans, are the same to me,
And both shall draw the lots their fate decree.
DRYDEN.

Death never won a stake with greater toil,
Nor e'er was fate so near a foil.
DRYDEN.

Unwilling I forsook your friendly state,
Commanded by the gods, and forced by fate.
DRYDEN.

What port can such a pilot find,
Who in the night of fate must blindly steer.
DRYDEN.

Himself to be the man the fates require,
I firmly judge, and what I judge desire.
DRYDEN.

There is a necessity in fate
Why still the brave bold man is fortunate.
DRYDEN.

'Tis fate that flings the dice; and as she flings,
Of kings makes peasants, and of peasants kings.
DRYDEN.

How easy 'tis, when destiny proves kind,
With full-spread sails to run before the wind;
But they who 'gainst stiff gales laveering go,
Must be at once resolved and skilful too.
DRYDEN.

An ancient augur, skill'd in future fate,
With these foreboding words restrains their hate.
DRYDEN.

Sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
MILTON.

And life more perfect have attain'd than fate
Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.
MILTON.

Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high,
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate.
MILTON.

Necessity or chance
Approach not me; and what I will is fate.
MILTON.

By fate the strength of gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail.
MILTON.

While warmer souls command, nay, make their fate,
Thy fate made thee, and forced thee to be great.
MOORE.

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below?
POPE.

This day black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
POPE.

Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,
And each irrevocable word is fate.
POPE.

Blind to former as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
POPE.

What time would spare, from steel receives its date;
And monuments, like men, submit to fate.
POPE.

With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious and trembling for the birth of fate.
POPE.

O thou, who freest me from my doubtful state,
Long lost and wilder'd in the maze of fate!
Be present still: oh goddess, in our aid
Proceed, and 'firm those omens thou hast made.
POPE.

Oh, thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate!
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate!
I, of mind elate, and scorning fear,
Thus with new taunts insult the monster's ear.
POPE.

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate.
POPE.

Let wit her sails, her oars let wisdom lend;
The helm let politic experience guide:
Yet cease to hope thy short-lived bark shall ride
Down spreading fate's unnavigable tide.
PRIOR.

The future few or more, howe'er they be,
Were destined erst, nor can by fate's decree
Be now cut off.
PRIOR.

The gods, who portion out
The lots of princes as of private men,
Have put a bar between his hopes and empire.
ROWE.

Such harbingers preceding still the fates,
Have heav'n and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.
SHAKSPEARE.

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live.
SHAKSPEARE.

The life thou gavest me first, was lost and done;
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determined time thou gav'st new date.
SHAKSPEARE.

The seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance.
SHAKSPEARE.

Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?
SHAKSPEARE.

Let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way.
SHAKSPEARE.

Fate, show thy force; ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be; and be this so.
SHAKSPEARE.

What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
SHAKSPEARE.

Fates! we will know your pleasures:—
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
SHAKSPEARE.

How eagerly he flew, when Europe's fate
Did for the seed of future actions wait!
GEORGE STEPNEY.

Though fear should lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet swifter fate will seize him from behind.
SWIFT.

Fame and censure, with a tether,
By fate are always link'd together.
SWIFT.

Empires subversed, when ruling fate has struck
Th' unalterable hour.
THOMSON.

FEAR.

Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails;
And each, by turns, his aching heart assails.
ADDISON.

I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from ev'ry side.
ADDISON.

Speechless with wonder, and half dead with fear.
ADDISON.

Fear is an ague that forsakes
And haunts by fits those whom it takes;
And they opine they feel the pain
And blows they felt to-day, again.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

His fear was greater than his haste;
For fear, though fleeter than the wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Men as resolute appear
With too much as too little fear;
And when they're out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from death by dying;
Or turn again to stand it out,
And those they fled, like lions, rout.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And, having once turn'd round, walks on,
And turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.
COLERIDGE: *Ancient Mariner.*

The absent danger greater still appears;
Less fears he who is near the thing he fears.
DANIEL: *Cleopatra.*

Alas! my fears are causeless and ungrounded,
Fantastic dreams, and melancholy fumes.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Fear's a large promiser; who subject live
To that base passion, know not what they give.
DRYDEN.

I felt my curdled blood
Congeal with fear; my hair with horror stood.
DRYDEN.

My blood ran back,
My shaking knees against each other knock'd!
On the cold pavement down I fell entranced,
And so unfinish'd left the horrid scene!
DRYDEN.

Fear freezes minds; but love, like heat,
Exhales the soul sublime to seek her native seat.
DRYDEN.

While we behold such dauntless worth appear
In dawning youth, and souls so void of fear.
DRYDEN.

His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
His high-designing thoughts were figured there.
DRYDEN.

The more I know, the more my fears augment;
And fears are oft prophetic of th' event.
DRYDEN.

Let him in arms the pow'r of Turnus prove,
And learn to fear whom he disdains to love.
DRYDEN.

Aghast he waked; and, starting from his bed,
Cold sweat in clammy drops his limbs o'erspread.
DRYDEN.

As one condemn'd to leap a precipice,
Who sees before his eyes the depth below,
Stops short, and looks about for some kind shrub
To break his dreadful fall.
DRYDEN.

Th' advice was true; but fear had seized the man,
And all good counsel is on cowards lost.
DRYDEN.

I feel my sinews slacken'd with the fright,
And a cold sweat thrills down all o'er my limbs,
As if I were dissolving into water.
DRYDEN.

Fear never yet a gen'rous mind did gain;
We yield on parley, but are storm'd in vain;
Constraint, in all things, makes the pleasure less;
Sweet is the love which comes with willingness.
DRYDEN.

This heard, th' imperious queen sat mute with fear,
Nor further durst incense the gloomy thunderer.
Silence was in the court at this rebuke:
Nor could the gods, abash'd, sustain their sovereign's look.

DRYDEN.

Bestow, base man, thy idle threats elsewhere;
My mother's daughter knows not how to fear.

DRYDEN.

Who knows what adverse fortune may befall?
Arm well your mind, hope little, and fear all.

DRYDEN.

A thousand fears
Still overawe when she appears.

GRANVILLE.

I see the gods
Upbraid our suff'rings, and would humble them
By sending these affrights, while we are here;
That we might laugh at their ridiculous fear.

BEN JONSON: *Catiline.*

Let terror strike slaves mute;
Much danger makes great hearts most resolute.

MARSTON.

The flaming seraph, fearless, though alone,
Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold.

MILTON.

Fearless of danger, like a petty god
I walk'd about admired of all, and dreaded
On hostile ground, none daring my affront.

MILTON.

A glorious apparition had (no doubt),
And carnal fear, that day, dimm'd Adam's eyes.

MILTON.

The aged earth, aghast
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake.

MILTON.

Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky.

POPE.

But now no face divine contentment wears;
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual fears.

POPE.

Invading fears repel my coward joy,
And ills foreseen the present bliss destroy.

PRIOR.

I tell thee, life is but one common care,
And man was born to suffer and to fear.

PRIOR.

But when vain doubt and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear.

PRIOR.

His name struck fear, his conduct won the day;
He came, he saw, he seized the struggling prey.

ROSCOMMON

None knew, till guilt created fear,
What darts or poison'd arrows were.

ROSCOMMON.

Fear is the tax that conscience pays to guilt.

SEWELL.

Fear is the last of ills:
In time we hate that which we often fear.

SHAKSPEARE.

The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.

SHAKSPEARE.

A faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.

SHAKSPEARE.

This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the air-drawn dagger, which (you said)
Led you to Duncan.

SHAKSPEARE.

Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.

SHAKSPEARE.

Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal?

SHAKSPEARE.

I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis an aspect of terror. All's not well.

SHAKSPEARE.

To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe.

SHAKSPEARE.

Possess'd with humours full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.

SHAKSPEARE.

I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't.

SHAKSPEARE.

Let me still take away the arms I fear,
Nor fear still to be harm'd.
SHAKSPEARE.

His horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature.
SHAKSPEARE.

You can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.
SHAKSPEARE.

He answer'd nought at all; but adding new
Fear to his first amazement, staring wide,
With stony eyes, and heartless hollow hue,
Astonish'd stood, as one that had espy'd
Infernal furies, with their chains unty'd.
SPENSER.

As one affright
With hellish fiends, or furies' mad uproar,
He then uprose.
SPENSER.

Whilst she spake, her great words did appall
My feeble courage, and my heart oppress,
That yet I quake and tremble over all.
SPENSER.

From the ground she fearless doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime.
SPENSER.

As the moon, cloathed with cloudy night,
Doth show to him that walks in fear and sad affright.
SPENSER.

Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens ev'ry power.
THOMSON.

What are fears but voices airy,
Whispering harm where harm is not,
And deluding the unwary
Till the fatal bolt is shot?
WORDSWORTH.

FEASTS.

Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,
With dishes tortured from their native taste,
And mad variety, to spur beyond
Its wiser will the jaded appetite!
DR. JOHN ARMSTRONG:
Art of Preserving Health.

Some men are born to feast, and not to fight;
Whose sluggish minds, e'en in fair honour's field,
Still on their dinner turn.
JOANNA BAILLIE: *Basil.*

But 'twas a public feast, and public day—
Quite full, right dull, guests hot, and dishes cold,
Great plenty, much formality, small cheer,
And everybody out of their own sphere.
BYRON.

That all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul,—the dinner-bell.
BYRON.

Unpurchased plenty our full tables loads,
And part of what they lent, return'd t' our gods.
SIR J. DENHAM.

All the tributes land and sea affords,
Heap'd in great chargers, load our sumptuous boards.
SIR J. DENHAM.

I was the first who set up festivals;
Not with high tastes our appetites did force,
But fill'd with conversation and discourse;
Which feasts, convivial meetings we did name.
SIR J. DENHAM.

'Tis holyday; provide me better cheer:
'Tis holyday; and shall be round the year:
Shall I my household gods and genius cheat,
To make him rich who grudges me my meat?
That he may loll at ease, and, pamper'd high,
When I am laid, may feed on giblet pie?
DRYDEN.

No sideboards then with gilded plate were dress'd,
No sweating slaves with massive dishes press'd.
DRYDEN.

Ev'ry brow with cheerful green is crown'd;
The feasts are doubled, and the bowls go round.
DRYDEN.

His jolly brother, opposite in sense,
Laughs at his thrift, and, lavish of expense,
Quaffs, crams, and guttles in his own defence.
DRYDEN.

She's gone unkindly, and refused to cast
One glance to feed me for so long a fast.
DRYDEN.

But such fine feeders are no guests for me;
Riot agrees not with frugality:
Then that unfashionable man am I,
With me they'd starve for want of ivory.
DRYDEN.

The lady of the leaf ordain'd a feast,
And made the lady of the flow'r her guest;
When lo! a bow'r ascended on the plain,
With sudden seats ordain'd, and large for either train.

DRYDEN.

Some coarse cold salad is before thee set;
Bread with the bran, perhaps, and broken meat.
Fall on, and try thy appetite to eat.

DRYDEN.

No poignant sauce she knew, nor costly treat;
Her hunger gave a relish to her meat.

DRYDEN.

She to the palace led her guest,
Then offer'd incense, and proclaim'd a feast.

DRYDEN.

Then with a second course the tables load,
And with full chargers offer to the god.

DRYDEN: *Æneid.*

A feast prepared with riotous expense,
Much cost, more care, and most magnificence.

DRYDEN.

Not heath-pout, or the rarer bird
Which Phasis or Ionia yields,
More pleasing morsels would afford
Than the fat olives of my fields.

DRYDEN.

The day
Had summon'd him to due repast at noon.

DRYDEN.

What more than madness reigns,
When one short sitting many hundred drains,
And not enough is left him to supply
Board-wages, or a footman's livery!

DRYDEN.

What aim'st thou at? delicious fare,
And then to sun thyself in open air?

DRYDEN.

Content with food which nature freely bred,
On wildings and on strawberries they fed:
Cornels and bramble berries gave the rest,
And falling acorns furnish'd out a feast.

DRYDEN.

Such whose sole bliss is eating; who can give
But that one brutal reason why they live.

DRYDEN.

There the coarse cake and homely husks of beans
From pamp'ring riot the young stomach weans.

DRYDEN.

A maple dresser in her hall she had,
On which full many a slender meal she made.

DRYDEN.

Meanwhile, thy indignation yet to raise,
The carver, dancing round, each dish surveys,
With flying knife, and, as his art directs,
With proper gestures ev'ry fowl dissects.

DRYDEN.

He for the feast prepared,
In equal portions with the ven'son shared.

DRYDEN.

Now purple hangings clothe the palace walls,
And sumptuous feasts are made in splendid halls.

DRYDEN.

The cook and sewer each his talent tries,
In various figures scenes of dishes rise.

DRYDEN.

When poor Rutilius spends all his worth
In hopes of setting one good dinner forth,
'Tis downright madness.

DRYDEN.

To the stage permit
Ragouts for Tereus or Thyestes dress'd;
'Tis task enough for thee t'expose a Roman feast.

DRYDEN.

Thus the voluptuous youth, bred up to dress,
For his fat grandsire, some delicious mess,
In feeding high his tutor will surpass,
An heir apparent of the gourmand race.

DRYDEN.

Wouldst thou with mighty beef augment thy meal,
Seek Leadenhall; St. James's sends thee veal.

GAY.

Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks, that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale.

GOLDSMITH: *Traveller.*

Apicius, thou didst on thy guts bestow
Full ninety millions: yet, when this was spent,
Ten millions still remain'd to thee; which thou,
Fearing to suffer thirst and famishment,
In poison'd potion drank'st.

HAKEWILL.

Not that we think us worthy such a guest,
But that your worth will dignify our feast.

BEN JONSON.

No simple word
That shall be utter'd at our mirthful board
Shall make us sad next morning.
BEN JONSON.

The acceptance, sir, creates
The entertainment perfect, not the cates.
BEN JONSON.

The snow-white damask ensigns are display'd,
And glittering salvers on the sideboard laid.
DR. WM. KING: *Art of Cookery.*

Such the figure of a feast,
Which, were it not for plenty and for steam,
Might be resembled to a sick man's dream.
DR. WM. KING: *Art of Cookery.*

When art and nature join, th' effect will be
Some nice ragout, or charming fricasee.
DR. WM. KING: *Art of Cookery.*

Cornwall squab-pie, and Devon whitepot brings;
And Leister beans and bacon, food of kings.
DR. WM. KING: *Art of Cookery.*

Cheerful looks make every dish a feast,
And 'tis that crowns a welcome.
MASSINGER.

I join with thee calm peace and quiet:
Spare fast, that oft the gods doth diet.
MILTON.

At a stately sideboard by the wine
That fragrant smell diffused.
MILTON.

He set before him spread
A table of celestial food divine,
Ambrosial fruits, fetch'd from the tree of life;
And from the fount of life ambrosial drink.
MILTON.

He look'd, and saw the face of things quite changed:
The brazen throat of war had ceased to roar;
All now was turn'd to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feast and dance.
MILTON.

His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
MILTON.

Up, up! cries gluttony: 'tis break of day;
Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey.
POPE.

Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me just at dinner-time.
POPE.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save just at dinner,—then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with venison to a saint without.
POPE.

The tables in fair order spread;
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour; rich repast!
POPE.

To feastful mirth be this white hour assign'd,
And sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind.
POPE.

The chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall.
POPE.

Is this a bridal or a friendly feast?
Or from their deeds I rightlier may divine,
Unseemly flown with insolence or wine.
POPE.

From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
And China's earth receives the smoking tide.
POPE.

Of all the servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality;
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
POPE.

"I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude
To eat so much—but all's so good!
I have a thousand thanks to give:
My lord alone knows how to live."
POPE.

Mingles with the friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.
POPE.

Your wine lock'd,
Or fish denied: the river yet unthaw'd.
POPE.

The nymph the table spread,
Ambrosial cates, with nectar roses red.
POPE.

The plenteous board, high-heap'd with cates divine,
And o'er the foaming bowl the laughing wine.
POPE.

At once they gratify their scent and taste,
While frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
POPE.

One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
POPE.

Wines and cates the tables grace,
But most the kind inviter's cheerful face.
POPE.

In plenty starving, tantalized in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate;
Treated, caress'd, and tired, I take my leave.
POPE.

No turbots dignify my boards;
But gudgeons, flounders,—what my Thames affords.
POPE.

Let each becalm his troubled breast,
Wash and partake serene the friendly feast.
POPE.

Then bids prepare the hospitable treat,
Vain shows of love to veil his felon hate.
POPE.

The vulgar boil, the learned roast, an egg:
Hard task to hit the palate of such guests.
POPE.

The suitor train
Who crowd his palace, and with lawless pow'r
His herds and flocks in feastful rites devour.
POPE.

Thus of your heroes and brave boys,
With whom old Homer makes such noise,
The greatest actions I can find
Are that they did their work, and dined.
PRIOR.

The meat was served, the bowls were crown'd,
Catches were sung, and healths went round.
PRIOR.

The shining sideboard, and the burnish'd plate,
Let other ministers, great Ann, require.
PRIOR.

The feast was served; the bowl was crown'd;
To the king's pleasure went the mirthful round.
PRIOR.

Well, then, things handsomely were served;
My mistress for the strangers carved.
PRIOR.

Matter and figure they produce,
For garnish this, and that for use;
They seek to feed and please their guests.
PRIOR.

Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn,
And blooming peace shall ever bless thy morn.
PRIOR.

O wasteful riot, never well content
With low-prized fare; hunger ambitious
Of cates by land and sea far fetcht and sent.
RALEIGH.

The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we've stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls.
SHAKSPEARE.

'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these? Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
SHAKSPEARE.

Go to a gossip's feast, and gawd with me,
After so long grief such nativity.
SHAKSPEARE.

We may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives.
SHAKSPEARE.

Here's our chief guest. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast.
SHAKSPEARE.

Who can cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
SHAKSPEARE.

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite.
SHAKSPEARE.

I hold an old accustomed feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest.
SHAKSPEARE.

As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So ev'ry scope, by the immoderate use,
Turns to restraint.
SHAKSPEARE.

He shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.
SHAKSPEARE.

You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis making,
'Tis given with welcome.
SHAKSPEARE.

To feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
SHAKSPEARE.

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both.
SHAKSPEARE.

Were the graced person of our Banquo present,
Whom I may rather challenge for unkindness.
SHAKSPEARE.

But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Jest with it as a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired.
SHAKSPEARE.

Through the hall there walked to and fro
A jolly yeoman, marshal of the same,
Whose name was Appetite; he did bestow
Both guests and meats, whenever in they came,
And knew them how to order without blame.
SPENSER.

Thence she them brought into a stately hall,
Wherein were many tables fair dispred,
And ready dight with drapets feastival,
Against the viands should be ministred.
SPENSER.

What needs me tell their feasts and goodly guise,
In which was nothing riotous nor vain.
SPENSER.

Give no more to ev'ry guest
Than he's able to digest;
Give him always of the prime,
And but little at a time.
SWIFT.

Deluded mortals, whom the great
Choose for companions *tête-à-tête;*
Who at their dinners, *en famille,*
Get leave to sit whene'er you will.
SWIFT.

With British bounty in his ship he feasts
Th' Hesperian princes, his amazed guests,
To find that wat'ry wilderness exceed
The entertainment of their great Madrid.
WALLER.

Rome's holy days you tell, as if a guest
With the old Romans you were wont to feast.
WALLER.

Venus her myrtle, Phœbus has his bays;
Tea both excels, which you vouchsafe to praise.
WALLER.

Their various cares in one great point combine
The business of their lives,—that is—to dine.
YOUNG: *Love of Fame.*

FICKLENESS.

The thin chameleon, fed with air, receives
The colour of the thing to which he cleaves.
DRYDEN.

They know how fickle common lovers are;
Their oaths and vows are cautiously believed;
For few there are but have been once deceived.
DRYDEN.

A feather shooting from another's head
Extracts his brains, and principle is fled.
POPE.

As the chameleon, which is known
To have no colours of his own,
But borrows from his neighbour's hue,
His white or black, his green or blue.
PRIOR.

As I blow this feather from my face,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greatest gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
SHAKSPEARE.

Beware of fraud, beware of fickleness
In choice and change of thy dear loved dame.
SPENSER.

FICTION.

Unbind the charms that in slight fables lie,
And teach that truth is truest poesy.
COWLEY.

And novels (witness ev'ry month's Review)
Belie their name, and offer nothing new.
COWPER: *Retirement.*

Who would with care some happy fiction frame,
So mimics truth, it looks the very same.
GRANVILLE.

Truth and fiction are so aptly mix'd
That all seems uniform and of a piece.
ROSCOMMON.

A brave romance who would exactly frame,
First brings his knight from some immortal dame.

WALLER.

FISHES.

Thus mean in state, and calm in sprite,
My fishful pond is my delight.

CAREW.

Lest he should suspect it, draw it from him,
As fishes do the bait, to make him follow it.

SIR J. DENHAM.

Thus at half-ebb a rolling sea
Returns, and wins upon the shore;
The watery herd, affrighted at the roar,
Rest on their fins awhile, and stay,
Then backward take their wond'ring way.

DRYDEN.

The fish had long in Cæsar's pond been fed,
And from its lord undutifully fled.

DRYDEN.

Would ye preserve a num'rous finny race?
Let your fierce dogs the rav'nous otter chase;
Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
Darts through the waves, and every haunt explores.

GAY.

Each bay
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green waves, in sculls that oft
Bank the mid sea.

MILTON.

The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move.

MILTON.

Or sporting, with quick glance,
Show to the sun their waved coats, dropp'd with gold.

MILTON.

All fish from sea or shore,
Freshet, or purling brook, or shell, or fin.

MILTON.

Our plenteous streams a various race supply:
The bright-eyed perch, with fins of various dye;
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd;
The yellow carp, in scales bedropt with gold;
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.

POPE.

'Tis true no turbots dignify my boards;
But gudgeons, flounders,—what my Thames affords.

POPE.

Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
Yet for small turbots such esteem profess?

POPE.

To make baskets of bulrushes was my wont;
Who to entrap the fish in winding sale
Was better seen?

SPENSER.

The glittering finny swarms
That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores.

THOMSON.

FLATTERY.

For praise that's due, does give no more
To worth than what it had before;
But to commend without desert
Requires a mastery of art;
That sets a glass on what's amiss,
And says what should be, not what is.

BUTLER.

Flattery, the dang'rous nurse of vice,
Got hand upon his youth, to pleasures bent.

DANIEL.

If we from wealth to poverty descend,
Want gives to know the flatt'rer from the friend.

DRYDEN.

In this plain fable, you th' effect may see
Of negligence, and fond credulity;
And learn besides of flatt'rers to beware,
Then most pernicious when they speak too fair.

DRYDEN.

But flattery never seems absurd:
The flatter'd always take your word;
Impossibilities seem just,
They take the strongest praise on trust;
Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.

GAY: *Fables.*

Who praises Lesbia's eyes and features
Must call her sisters awkward creatures;
For the kind flattery's sure to charm
When we some other nymph disarm.

GAY: *Fables.*

Say, flatterer, say, all-fair deluder, speak;
Answer me this, ere yet my heart does break.

GRANVILLE.

To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear;
And as her patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.
DR. JOHNSON: *London.*

I would give worlds could I believe
One-half that is profess'd me;
Affection! could I think it thee,
When Flattery has caress'd me.
MISS LANDON.

The firmest purpose of a woman's heart
To well-timed, artful flattery may yield.
LILLO: *Elmerick.*

Tedious waste of time, to sit and hear
So many hollow compliments and lies,
Outlandish flatteries.
MILTON.

No adulation; 'tis the death of virtue!
Who flatters is of all mankind the lowest,
Save he who courts the flatterer.
HANNAH MORE: *Daniel.*

A huffing, shining, flatt'ring, cringing coward,
A canker-worm of peace, was raised above him.
OTWAY.

All-potent Flattery, universal lord!
Reviled, yet courted; censured, yet adored!
How thy strong spell each human bosom draws,
The very echo to our self-applause!
POPE.

When simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
POPE.

A scorn of flattery, and a zeal for truth.
POPE.

That flattery ev'n to kings he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same.
POPE.

Awkward and supple each devoir to pay,
She flatters her good lady twice a day.
POPE.

A vile encomium doubly ridicules;
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
POPE.

No wit to flatter left of all his store;
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
POPE.

Strike a blush through frontless flattery.
POPE.

Averse alike to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.
POPE.

Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flattery to fulsome dedicators.
POPE.

"Dear countess! you have charms all hearts to suit!"
And, "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!"
Such wits and beauties are not praised for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought.
POPE.

Pernicious flatt'ry! thy malignant seeds,
In an ill hour and by a fatal hand
Sadly diffused o'er virtue's gleby land,
With rising pride amidst the corn appear,
And choke the hopes and harvest of the year.
PRIOR.

Secure from foolish pride's affected state,
And specious flattery's more pernicious bait.
ROSCOMMON.

Minds
By nature great are conscious of their greatness,
And hold it mean to borrow aught from flattery.
ROWE: *Royal Convert.*

O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!
SHAKSPEARE.

Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
SHAKSPEARE.

His nature is too noble for the world;
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder.
SHAKSPEARE.

When I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does; being then most flatter'd.
SHAKSPEARE.

Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd.
SHAKSPEARE.

Should the poor be flatter'd?
No: let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning.
SHAKSPEARE.

So, when he saw his flatt'ring arts to fail,
With greedy force he 'gan the fort t' assail.
SPENSER.

The world that cannot deem of worthy things,
When I do praise her, says I do but flatter;
So doth the cuckoo, when the mavis sings,
Begin his witness note apace to clear.

SPENSER.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

SWIFT.

I am not form'd, by flattery and praise,
By sighs and tears, and all the whining trade
Of love, to feed a fair one's vanity;
To charm at once and spoil her.

THOMSON: *Tancred and Sigismunda.*

See how they beg an alms of flattery!
They languish; O! support them with a lie.

YOUNG.

Flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Provoke our censure.

YOUNG.

FLOWERS.

E'en the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.

ADDISON.

There the ever-blooming roses
Everlasting spring bestow,
There the snow-white lilies glisten
With the saffron's ruddy glow.

ST. AUGUSTINE: *Hymn.*

Not Eastern monarchs, on their nuptial day,
In dazzling gold and purple shine so gay,
As the bright natives of the unlabour'd field,
Unversed in spinning, and in looms unskill'd.

SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r.

BURNS: *To a Mountain Daisy.*

Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, tis true;
Yet, wildings of nature, I dote upon you;
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teem'd around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

CAMPBELL.

The flowers, call'd out of their beds,
Start and raise up their drowsy heads.

JOHN CLEAVELAND.

The marigold, whose courtier's face
Echoes the sun, and doth unlace
Her at his rise, at his full stop
Packs and shuts up her gaudy shop.

JOHN CLEAVELAND.

Beauteous flowers why do we spread
Upon the monuments of the dead?

COWLEY.

The tim'rous maiden blossoms on each bough
Peep'd forth from their first blushes; so that now
A thousand ruddy hopes smiled in each bud,
And flatter'd ev'ry greedy eye that stood.

CRASHAW.

Then as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flow'rs, with lustre fresh and gay,
She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all,
But, pleased with none, doth rise, and soar away.

SIR J. DAVIES

The flowers which it had press'd
Appeared to my view
More fresh and lovely than the rest
That in the meadows grew.

SIR J. DENHAM.

A single violet transplant:
The strength, the colour, and the size,
All which before was poor and scant,
Redoubles still and multiplies.

DONNE.

The wealthy spring yet never bore
That sweet nor dainty flow'r,
That damask'd not the checker'd floor
Of Cynthia's summer bow'r.

DRAYTON.

I on a fountain light
Whose brim with pinks was platted;
The bank with daffodillies dight,
With grass-like sleave was matted.

DRAYTON.

The rose is fragrant, but it fades in time,
The violet sweet, but quickly past the prime;
White lilies hang their heads, and soon decay;
And whiter snow in minutes melts away.

DRYDEN.

Can flow'rs but droop in absence of the sun
Which waked their sweets? and mine, alas! is gone.

DRYDEN.

No more, my goats, shall I behold you climb
The steepy cliffs, or crop the flow'ry thyme.
DRYDEN.

With greens and flow'rs recruit their empty hives,
And seek fresh forage to sustain their lives.
DRYDEN.

The flow'r which lasts for little space,
A short-lived good, and an uncertain grace.
DRYDEN.

Arcadia's flow'ry plains and pleasing floods.
DRYDEN.

Sycamore with eglantine were spread,
A hedge about the sides, a covering overhead.
DRYDEN.

Then party-colour'd flow'rs of white and red
She wove, to make a garland for her head.
DRYDEN.

And set soft hyacinths with iron-blue
To shade marsh-marigolds of shining hue.
DRYDEN.

And where the vales with violets once were crown'd,
Now knotty burs and thorns disgrace the ground.
DRYDEN.

For thee the groves green liv'ries wear,
For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flow'rs.
DRYDEN.

The daughters of the flood have search'd the mead
For violets pale, and cropp'd the poppy's head;
The short narcissus, and fair daffodil,
Pansies to please the sight, and cassia sweet to smell.
DRYDEN.

Nature not bounteous now, but lavish grows,
Our paths with flow'rs she prodigally strows.
DRYDEN.

The fresh eglantine exhaled a breath
Whose odours were of pow'r to raise from death.
DRYDEN.

Fair as the face of nature did appear,
When flowers first peep'd, and trees did blossoms bear,
And winter had not yet deform'd th' inverted year.
DRYDEN.

Yet ere to-morrow's sun shall show his head,
The dewy paths of meadows we will tread
For crowns and chaplets to adorn thy bed.
DRYDEN.

Flow'rs are strew'd, and lamps in order placed,
And windows with illuminations graced.
DRYDEN.

You range the pathless wood,
While on a flow'ry bank he chews the cud.
DRYDEN.

Set rows of rosemary with flow'ring stem,
And let the purple violets drink the stream.
DRYDEN.

Mark well the flow'ring almonds in the wood,
If od'rous blooms the bearing branches load.
DRYDEN.

Then laughs the childish year with flow'rets crown'd,
And lavishly perfumes the fields around;
But no substantial nourishment receives;
Infirm the stalk, unsolid are the leaves.
DRYDEN.

A tuft of daisies on a flowery lay
They saw, and thitherward they bent their way.
DRYDEN.

Then droop'd the fading flow'rs, their beauty fled,
And closed their sickly eyes and hung the head,
And rivel'd up with heat, lay dying in their bed.
DRYDEN.

A flow'r in meadow ground, amellus call'd;
And from one root thy rising stem bestows
A world of leaves.
DRYDEN.

The flow'rs unsown in fields and meadows reign'd,
And western winds immortal spring maintain'd.
DRYDEN.

Farewell, you flow'rs, whose buds with early care
I watch'd, and to the cheerful sun did rear:
Who now shall bind your stems? or, when you fall,
With fountain streams your fainting souls recall?
DRYDEN.

Around him dance the rosy Hours,
And, damasking the ground with flow'rs,
With ambient sweets perfume the morn.
FENTON.

For cowslips sweet, let dandelions spread;
For Blouzelinda, blithesome maid, is dead!
GAY.

Fair is the kingcup that in meadow blows;
Fair is the daisy that beside her grows.
GAY.

Fair is the gillyflow'r of gardens sweet,
Fair is the marigold, for pottage meet.
GAY.

Let weeds, instead of butter flow'rs, appear;
And meads, instead of daisies, hemlock bear.
GAY.

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.
GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village.*

Her cheeks grow the brighter, recruiting their colour;
As flowers by sprinkling revive with fresh odour.
GRANVILLE.

Some plants the sunshine ask, and some the shade;
At night the nure trees spread, but check their bloom
At morn, and lose their verdure and perfume.
WALTER HARTE.

Pulse of all kinds diffused their od'rous pow'rs,
Where nature pencils butterflies on flow'rs.
WALTER HARTE.

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flow'rs
That laugh to the summer's day.
MRS. HEMANS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
HERRICK.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all;
He might have made enough—enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.
MARY HOWITT.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
BEN JONSON.

Bring flowers to crown the cup and lute,—
Bring flowers—the bride is near;
Bring flowers to soothe the captive's cell,
Bring flowers to strew the bier!
MISS LANDON.

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he call'd the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.
LONGFELLOW: *Flowers.*

Let no sheep there play,
Nor frisking kids the flowery meadows lay.
THOMAS MAY.

Day's harbinger
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
MILTON.

Then herbs of every leaf that sudden flower'd,
Op'ning their various colours.
MILTON.

My mother Circe, with the syrens three,
Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades.
MILTON.

To the sylvan lodge
They came, that like Pomona's arbour smiled,
With flow'rets deck'd, and fragrant smells.
MILTON.

Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
MILTON.

They sat recline
On the soft downy bank, damask'd with flow'rs.
MILTON.

It fed flow'rs worthy of paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon,
Pour'd forth profuse on hill and dale and plain.
MILTON.

Under foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground.
MILTON.

Iris there, with humid bow,
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purpled scarf can show.
MILTON.

Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
MILTON.

Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread.
MILTON.

So have I seen some tender slip,
Saved with care from winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain.
MILTON.

Stooping to support each flow'r of tender stalk.
MILTON.

Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?
MILTON.

O flow'rs
That neither will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud.
MILTON.

On a green shady bank profuse of flow'rs,
Pensive I sat.
MILTON.

Flow'r
Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold.
MILTON.

They at her coming sprung,
And touch'd by her fair tendance gladlier grew.
MILTON.

On flow'rs reposed, and with rich flow'rets crown'd
They eat, they drink, and, in communion sweet,
Quaff immortality and joy.
MILTON.

Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied show'rs,
And purple all the ground with vernal flow'rs.
MILTON.

He only thought to crop the flow'r
New shot up from a vernal show'r.
MILTON.

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine.
MILTON.

Each beauteous flow'r,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic.
MILTON.

He now is come
Into the blissful field, thro' groves of myrrh,
And flow'ring odours, cassia, nard, and balm.
MILTON.

Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.
MILTON.

Beyond
The flow'ry dale of Sibma, clad with vine.
MILTON.

I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honeysuckle.
MILTON.

Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes.
MILTON.

And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds and blasting vapours chill.
MILTON.

Yon flow'ry arbours, yonder alleys green.
MILTON.

See daisies open, rivers run.
PARNELL.

Look how the purple flower, which the plough
Hath shorn in sunder, languishing doth die.
PEACHAM.

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers
On its leaves a mystic language bears.
J. G. PERCIVAL.

Thy little sons
Permit to range the pastures; gladly they
Will mow the cowslip posies, faintly sweet.
JOHN PHILIPS.

Where solar beams
Parch thirsty human veins, the damask'd meads
Unforced display ten thousand painted flow'rs,
Useful in potables.
JOHN PHILIPS.

Where opening roses breathing sweets diffuse,
And soft carnations shower their balmy dews;
Where lilies smile in virgin robes of white,
The thin undress of superficial light;
And varied tulips show so dazzling gay,
Blushing in bright diversities of day.
POPE.

Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flow'r,
Suckled and cheer'd with air, and sun, and show'r;
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.
POPE.

Tell me in what more happy fields
The thistle springs to which the lily yields.
POPE.

I come, ye ghosts! prepare your roseate bow'rs,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs,
POPE.

See where on earth the flow'ry glories lie!
With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
POPE.

Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.
POPE.

With chymic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs.
POPE.

To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
Diffusing languor in the parting gales.
POPE.

And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flow'r,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r.
POPE.

Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
POPE.

Her gods and godlike heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
POPE.

See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
POPE.

Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew.
POPE.

No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
POPE.

For her the limes their pleasing shades deny,
For her the lilies hang their heads, and die.
POPE.

See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd;
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground.
POPE.

A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot.
POPE.

Like some fair flow'r, that early spring supplies,
That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
POPE.

Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring;
Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground.
POPE.

The silken fleece, impurpled for the loom,
Rival'd the hyacinth in vernal bloom.
POPE.

A fairer red stands blushing in the rose
Than that which on the bridegroom's vestment flows;
Take but the humblest lily of the field,
And, if our pride will to our reason yield,
It must, by sure comparison, be shown
That on the regal seat great David's son,
Array'd in all his robes and types of pow'r,
Shines with less glory than that simple flow'r.
PRIOR.

Ten thousand stalks their various blossoms spread;
Peaceful and lowly in their native soil,
They neither know to spin, nor care to toil.
PRIOR.

Why does one climate and one soil endue
The blushing poppy with a crimson hue,
Yet leave the lily pale, and tinge the violet blue?
PRIOR.

While the fantastic tulip strives to break
In twofold beauty, and a parted streak.
PRIOR.

Where the old myrtle her good influence sheds,
Sprigs of like leaf erect their filial heads;
And when the parent rose decays and dies,
With a resembling face the daughter buds arise.
PRIOR.

Let one great day
To celebrated sports and floral play
Be set aside.
PRIOR.

When you the flow'rs for Chloe twine,
Why do you to her garland join
The meanest bud that falls from mine?
PRIOR.

The twining jessamine and blushing rose
With lavish grace their morning scents disclose.
PRIOR.

Flow'rs
Innumerable, by the soft south-west
Open'd, and gather'd by religious hands,
Rebound their sweets from th' odoriferous pavement.
PRIOR.

Array'd in ephods; nor so few
As are those pearls of morning dew
Which hang on herbs and flowers.
SANDYS.

O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odours.
SHAKSPEARE.

Pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength.
SHAKSPEARE.

They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet.
SHAKSPEARE.

The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover.
SHAKSPEARE.

The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed.
SHAKSPEARE.

I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
SHAKSPEARE.

The fairest flowers o' th' season
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyflowers.
SHAKSPEARE.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.
SHAKSPEARE.

Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed.
SHAKSPEARE.

Flow'rs, purple, blue, and white,
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee.
SHAKSPEARE.

The leaf of eglantine, which not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath.
SHAKSPEARE.

A bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlip and the nodding violet grows.
SHAKSPEARE.

Bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter; like to favourites
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against the power that bred it.
SHAKSPEARE.

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see:
Those be rubies, fairy favours;
In those freckles live their savours.
SHAKSPEARE.

The same dew, which sometimes on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
SHAKSPEARE.

The even mead that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip.
SHAKSPEARE.

Good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thou shalt not lack
The flow'r that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins.
SHAKSPEARE.

The bolt of Cupid fell.
It fell upon a little western flower;
Before milkwhite, now purple with love's wound;
And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.
SHAKSPEARE.

All the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.
SHAKSPEARE.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie.
SHAKSPEARE.

Within the infant rind of this small flow'r
Poison hath residence, and medicine pow'r.
SHAKSPEARE.

Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flow'rs, and drown the weeds.
SHAKSPEARE.

The paleness of this flow'r
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.
SHAKSPEARE.

Daffodils that come before the swallow dares,
and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.
SHAKSPEARE.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!
HORACE SMITH: *Hymn to the Flowers.*

Cool violets, and orpine growing still,
Embathed balm, and cheerful galingale,
Fresh costmary, and breathful chamomile,
Dull poppy, and drink-quick'ning setuale.
SPENSER.

So forth they marched in this goodly sort,
To take the solace of the open air,
And in fresh flow'ring fields themselves to sport.
SPENSER.

Sometimes her head she fondly would aguise
With gaudy garlands, of fresh flow'rets dight,
About her neck, or rings of rushes plight.
SPENSER.

Show me the green ground with daffodowndillies,
And cowslips, and kingcups, and loved lilies.
SPENSER.

All within with flow'rs was garnished,
That, when mild Zephyrus amongst them blew,
Did breathe out bounteous smells, and painted
colours shew.
SPENSER.

It feeds each living plant with liquid sap,
And fills with flow'rs fair Flora's painted lap.
SPENSER.

Where be the nosegays that she dight for thee?
The colour'd chaplets wrought with a chief,
The knottish rush-rings, and gilt rosemary?
SPENSER.

Eftsoons the nymphs, which now had flowers
their fill,
Run all in haste to see that silver brood.
SPENSER.

In secret shadow from the sunny ray,
On a sweet bed of lilies softly laid.
SPENSER.

He only fair, and what he fair hath made;
All other fair, like flow'rs, untimely fade.
SPENSER.

With store of vermeil roses
To deck the bridegroom's posies.
SPENSER.

Of every sort which in that meadow grew
They gather'd some; the violet pallid blue.
SPENSER.

A little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entrailed curiously,
In which they gather'd flowers.
SPENSER.

As through the flow'ring forest rash she fled,
In her rude hairs sweet flowers themselves did
lap,
And flourishing fresh leaves and blossoms did
enwrap.
SPENSER.

For fear the stones her tender foot should wrong,
The ground he strew'd with flowers all along,
And diaper'd like the discolour'd mead.
SPENSER.

See thou how fresh my flowers being spread,
Dyed in lilie white and crimson red,
With leaves engrain'd in lusty green.
SPENSER.

Lilies more white than snow
New fall'n from heav'n, with violets, mix'd, did
grow;
Whose scent so chafed the neighbour air, that
you
Would surely swear Arabic spices grew.
SIR J. SUCKLING.

So chymists boast they have a pow'r,
From the dead ashes of a flow'r
Some faint resemblance to produce,
But not the virtue. SWIFT.

Nor gradual bloom is wanting,
Nor hyacinths of purest virgin white,
Low bent and blushing inward; nor jonquilles
Of potent fragrance.
THOMSON.

Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
Plays o'er the field, and show'rs with sudden
hand
Exuberant spring. THOMSON.

No gradual bloom is wanting from the bud,
Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pinks,
Nor, shower'd from ev'ry bush, the damask rose.
THOMSON.

The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes.
THOMSON.

And while they break
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks
With secret pride the wonders of his hand.
THOMSON.

The little shape, by magic pow'r,
Grew less and less, contracted to a flow'r;
A flow'r, that first in this sweet garden smiled,
To virgins sacred, and the snowdrop styled.
TICKELL.

So some weak shoot which else would poorly rise,
Jove's tree adopts, and lifts into the skies;
Through the new pupil fost'ring juices flow,
Thrust forth the gems, and give the flowers to blow.
TICKELL.

This night shall see the gaudy wreath decline,
The roses wither, and the lilies pine.
TICKELL.

Sees not my love how time resumes
The glory which he lent these flow'rs?
Though none should taste of their perfumes,
Yet must they live but some few hours:
Time what we forbear devours.
WALLER.

Fade, flowers, fade; nature will have it so;
'Tis but what we must in our autumn do.
WALLER.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
WORDSWORTH.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye:
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.
WORDSWORTH: *Lucy.*

You violets, that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known;
What are you when the rose is blown?
WOTTON.

We smile at florists, we despise their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy.
YOUNG.

FOLLY.

Whose follies, blazed about, to all are known,
And are a secret to himself alone.
GRANVILLE.

Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom folly pleases, or whose follies please.
POPE.

Pleads, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your taste of follies with our scorn of fools.
POPE.

Others the siren sisters compass round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
POPE.

Nor think to-night of thy ill-nature,
But of thy follies, idle creature.
PRIOR.

Too many giddy foolish hours are gone,
And in fantastic measures danced away.
ROWE.

Thus in a sea of folly toss'd,
My choicest hours of life are lost.
SWIFT.

Their passions move in lower spheres,
Where'er caprice or folly steers.
SWIFT.

FOOLS.

Of fools the world has such a store,
That he who would not see an ass,
Must bide at home, and bolt his door,
And break his looking-glass.
BOILEAU.

A fool must now and then be right by chance.
COWPER.

Fools ambitiously contend
For wit and pow'r; their last endeavours bend
T' outshine each other.
DRYDEN.

A fool might once himself alone expose;
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
POPE.

No creature smarts so little as a fool.
POPE: *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.*

For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
POPE.

When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative.
SHAKSPEARE.

This your all-licensed fool
Doth hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not to be endured riots.
SHAKSPEARE.

This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.
SHAKSPEARE.

What nature has denied, fools will pursue;
As apes are ever walking upon two.
YOUNG.

Yet proud of parts, with prudence some dispense,
And play the fool because they're men of sense.
YOUNG: *Epistle to Pope.*

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool in fashion, but a fool that's out;
His passion for absurdity's so strong
He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.
Though wrong the mode, comply: more sense is shown
In wearing others' follies than our own,
YOUNG.

Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.
YOUNG: *Love of Fame.*

'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die!
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

FOPS.

He had that grace, so rare in every clime,
Of being, without alloy of fop or beau,
A finish'd gentleman, from top to toe.
BYRON.

The solemn fop; significant and budge;
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge;
He says but little, and that little said
Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.
COWPER.

Besides, thou art a beau: What's that, my child?
A fop well drest, extravagant, and wild:
She that cries herbs has less impertinence,
And in her calling more of common sense.
DRYDEN.

His various modes from various fathers follow;
One taught the toss, and one the new French wallow;
His sword-knot this, his cravat that design'd.
DRYDEN.

Nature made ev'ry fop to plague his brother,
Just as one beauty mortifies another.
POPE.

Sir Plume (of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane),
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case.
POPE: *Rape of the Lock.*

Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved beaux?
POPE.

No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd;
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-yard.
POPE.

You laugh, half beau, half sloven, if I stand;
My wig half powder, and all snuff my band.
POPE.

Some positive persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last.
POPE.

Their methods various, but alike their aim;
The sloven and the fopling are the same.
YOUNG.

FOREKNOWLEDGE.

Calchas, the sacred seer, who had in view
Things present and the past, and things to come foreknew.
DRYDEN.

Who would the miseries of man foreknow!
Not knowing, we but share our part of woe.
DRYDEN.

If I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no less proved certain unforeknown.
MILTON.

FOREORDINATION.

Fate foredoom'd, and all things tend
By course of time to their appointed end.
DRYDEN.

The willing metal will obey thy hand,
Following with ease: if favour'd by thy fate,
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state.
DRYDEN.

Through various hazards and events we move
To Latium, and the realms foredoom'd by Jove.
DRYDEN.

And whatso heavens in their secret doom
Ordained have, how can frail fleshy wight
Forecast, but it must needs to issue come?
SPENSER.

FORESTS.

Black with surrounding forests then it stood,
That hung above, and darken'd all the flood.
ADDISON.

Full in the centre of the sacred wood
An arm ariseth of the Stygian flood.
ADDISON.

View the wide earth adorn'd with hills and woods,
Rich in her herbs, and fertile by her floods.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Then would be seen a farmer that would sell
Bargains of woods, which he did lately fell.
CHAUCER.

A new-born wood of various lines there grows,
And all the flourishing letters stand in rows.
COWLEY.

While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood.
SIR JOHN DENHAM.

The plain the forests doth disdain:
The forests rail upon the plain.
DRAYTON.

There stood a forest on the mountain's brow,
Which overlook'd the shaded plains below;
No sounding axe presumed these trees to bite,
Coeval with the world; a venerable sight.
DRYDEN.

O may thy pow'r, propitious still to me,
Conduct my steps to find the fatal tree,
In this deep forest.
DRYDEN.

The waving harvest bends beneath his blast,
The forest shakes, the groves their honours cast.
DRYDEN.

Now nearer to the Stygian lake they draw,
Whom from the shore the surly boatman saw,
Observed their passage through the shady wood,
And marked their approaches to the flood.
DRYDEN.

A venerable wood,
Where rites divine were paid, whose holy hair
Was kept and cut with superstitious care.
DRYDEN.

Soft whispers run along the leafy woods,
And mountains whistle to the murm'ring floods.
DRYDEN.

Ah, cruel creature, whom dost thou despise?
The gods, to live in woods, have left the skies.
DRYDEN.

He hears the crackling sounds of coral woods,
And sees the secret source of subterranean floods.
DRYDEN.

The birds obscene to forests wing'd their flight
DRYDEN.

For them the Idumæan balm did sweat,
And in hot Ceilon spicy forests grew.
DRYDEN.

Straight as a line, in beauteous order stood
Of oaks unshorn a venerable wood;
Fresh was the grass beneath, and ev'ry tree
At distance planted, in a due degree,
Their branching arms in air, with equal space,
Stretch'd to their neighbours with a long embrace.
DRYDEN.

Then toils for beasts, and lime for birds were found,
And deep-mouth'd dogs did forest walks surround.
DRYDEN.

The grottoes cool, with shady poplars crown'd,
And creeping vines on arbours weaved around.
DRYDEN.

Deep into some thick covert would I run,
Impenetrable to the stars or sun.
DRYDEN.

Black was the forest, thick with beech it stood,
Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn;
Few paths of human feet or tracks of beasts were worn.
DRYDEN.

Hills, dales, and forests far behind remain,
While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd train.
GAY.

Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bow'rs,
Where flows the murm'ring brook, inviting dreams,
Where bordering hazel overhangs the streams.
GAY.

All things decay with time; the forest sees
The growth and downfall of her aged trees:
That timber tall, which threescore lustres stood
The proud dictator of the state-like wood—
I mean the sov'reign of all plants, the oak—
Droops, dies, and falls without the cleaver's stroke.
HERRICK.

I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle or bushy dell of this wild wood;
And every busky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood.
MILTON.

Where the rude ax, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or frown them from their hallow'd haunt.
MILTON.

He led me up
A woody mountain, whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide, enclosed.
MILTON.

I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide.
MILTON.

Forbidding ev'ry bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.
MILTON.

Their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger.
MILTON.

A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatre.
MILTON.

Fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods; and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,
Disporting.
MILTON.

With high woods the hills were crown'd;
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain side
With borders 'long the rivers.
MILTON.

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High overarch'd imbower.
MILTON.

Thy forests, Windsor! and thy green retreats
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
POPE.

See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance.
POPE.

From whence high Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Brown with o'erarching shades and pendent woods.
POPE.

Amid an isle around whose rocky shore
The forests murmur, and the surges roar,
A goddess guards in her enchanted dome.
POPE.

But he deep-musing o'er the mountain stray'd,
Through many thickets of the woodland shade.
POPE.

My humble muse in unambitious strains
Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains.
POPE.

The wood,
Whose shady horrors on a rising brow
Waved high, and frown'd upon the stream below.
POPE.

For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
POPE.

Up starts a palace; lo! th' obedient base
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace.
POPE.

O deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains and the green retreats.
POPE.

Thick as autumnal leaves, or driving sand,
The moving squadrons blacken all the strand.
POPE.

In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green.
POPE.

Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies, grow:
Let his plantation stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town.
POPE.

Forests grew
Upon the barren hollows, high o'ershading
The haunts of savage beasts.
PRIOR.

Who set the twigs, shall he remember
That is in haste to sell the timber?
And what shall of thy woods remain,
Except the box that threw the main?
PRIOR.

The frequent errors of the pathless wood,
The giddy precipice, and the dang'rous flood.
PRIOR.

Pacing through the forest,
Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.
SHAKSPEARE.

Of all these bounds,
With shadowy forests and with champaigns rich'd,
We make thee lady.
SHAKSPEARE.

Tow'rds him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood.
SHAKSPEARE.

This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
SHAKSPEARE.

Whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time.
SHAKSPEARE.

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? are not these woods
More free from peril than the court?
SHAKSPEARE.

The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checker'd shadow on the ground.
SHAKSPEARE.

Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
SHAKSPEARE.

As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam; and anon methought
The wood began to move.
SHAKSPEARE.

It irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored.
SHAKSPEARE.

I teach the woods and waters to lament
Your doleful dreariment.
SPENSER: *Epithalamium.*

As fair Diana, in fresh summer's day,
Beholds her nymphs enranged in shady wood.
SPENSER: *Fairie Queene.*

Majestic woods of ev'ry vigorous green,
Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills,
Or to the far horizon wide diffused,
A boundless deep immensity of shade.
THOMSON.

Through forests huge, and long unravell'd heaths,
With desolation brown, he wanders waste.
THOMSON.

Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
THOMSON.

Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain.
THOMSON.

Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing wood.
THOMSON.

Her forests huge,
Incult, robust, and tall, by nature's hand
Planted of old.
THOMSON.

Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum
To him who muses through the woods at noon.
THOMSON.

Strip from the branching Alps their piny load,
The huge encumbrance of horrific woods.
THOMSON.

FORGETFULNESS.

But when a thousand rolling years are past,—
So long their punishments and penance last,—
Whole droves of minds are by the driving god
Compell'd to drink the deep Lethean flood,
In large forgetful draughts to steep the cares
Of their past labours and their irksome years.
DRYDEN.

Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
His wat'ry labyrinth, which whoso drinks
Forgets both joy and grief.
MILTON.

Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot.
POPE.

Unequal task! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touch'd, so pierced, so lost as mine!
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate,
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain—do all things but forget!
POPE: *Eloisa.*

Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
POPE: *Eloisa.*

When I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard.
SHAKSPEARE.

That is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember; to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.
SHAKSPEARE.

FORGIVENESS.

Gently I took that which ungently came,
And without scorn forgave: do thou the same.
A wrong done to thee think a cat's-eye spark
Thou wouldst not see were not thine own heart dark.
COLERIDGE.

Forgiveness to the injured does belong;
But they ne'er pardon, who commit the wrong.
DRYDEN.

Pity and he are one;
So merciful a king did never live,
Loth to revenge, and easy to forgive.
DRYDEN.

But those I can accuse, I can forgive:
By my disdainful silence let them live.
DRYDEN.

Some grave their wrongs on marble; he, more just,
Stoop'd down serene, and wrote them on the dust:
Trod under foot, the sport of every wind,
Swept from the earth, and blotted from his mind;
There, secret in the grave, he bade them lie,
And grieved they could not 'scape th' Almighty's eye.
DR. S. MADDEN.

Wisest and best of men full oft beguiled,
With goodness principled, not to reject
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miserable days.
MILTON.

Good nature and good sense must ever join:
To err is human; to forgive, divine.
POPE.

Slowly provoked, she easily forgives.
PRIOR.

If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.
SHAKSPEARE.

'Tis easier for the generous to forgive
Than for offence to ask it.
THOMSON: *Edward and Eleonora.*

FORTITUDE.

True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides:
All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.
ADDISON.

With what strength, what steadiness of mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings!
ADDISON.

Let fortune empty her whole quiver on me,
I have a soul that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.
DRYDEN.

I, not by wants, or fears, or age opprest,
Stem the wild torrent with a dauntless breast.
DRYDEN.

My mind on its own centre stands unmoved,
And stable as the fabric of the world.
DRYDEN.

Some aged man who lives this act to see,
And who in former times remember'd me,
May say, The son, in fortitude and fame,
Outgoes the mark, and drowns his father's name.
DRYDEN.

The captive cannibal, opprest with chains,
Yet braves his foes, reviles, provokes, disdains;
Of nature fierce, untamable, and proud,
He bids defiance to the gaping crowd,
And spent at last, and speechless as he lies,
With fiery glances mocks their rage, and dies.
GRANVILLE.

There is strength
Deep-bedded in our hearts, of which we reck
But little till the shafts of heaven have pierced
Its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent
Before her gems are found?
MRS. HEMANS.

Against allurement, custom, and a world
Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,
Or violence.
MILTON.

Though plunged in ills, and exercised in care,
Yet never let the noble mind despair;
When prest by dangers, and beset with foes,
The gods their timely succour interpose,
And when our virtue sinks, o'erwhelm'd with grief,
By unforeseen expedients bring relief.
AMBROSE PHILIPS.

A soul supreme in each hard instance tried,
Above all pain, all anger, and all pride,
The rage of pow'r, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.
POPE.

You were used
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear.
SHAKSPEARE.

Are these things, then, necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities;
And that same word even now cries out on us.
SHAKSPEARE.

Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it,
Seeming to bear it lightly.
SHAKSPEARE.

Indifference, clad in wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies;
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt?
SWIFT.

FORTUNE.

Fair fortune next, with looks serene and kind,
Receives 'em, in her ancient fane enshrined.
ADDISON.

I am now in fortune's power:
He that is down can fall no lower.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

When fortune sends a stormy wind,
Then show a brave and present mind;
And when with too indulgent gales
She swells too much, then furl thy sails.
CREECH.

He lends him vain Goliath's sacred sword,
The fittest help just fortune could afford.
COWLEY.

Extremes of fortune are true wisdom's test,
And he's of men most wise who bears them best.
CUMBERLAND: *Philemon.*

They had th' especial engines been, to rear
His fortunes up into the state they were.
DANIEL.

The highest hill is the most slipp'ry place,
And fortune mocks us with a smiling face.
SIR J. DENHAM.

O fortune! thou art not worth my least exclaim,
And plague enough thou hast in thy own name:
Do thy great worst, my friends and I have arms,
Though not against thy strokes, against thy harms.
DONNE.

O how feeble is man's power,
That, if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall! DONNE.

Fortune, that, with malicious joy,
Doth man her slave oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleased to bless. DRYDEN.

O mortals! blind in fate, who never know
To bear high fortune, or endure the low.
DRYDEN.

I'll strike my fortune with him at a heat,
And give him not the leisure to forget.
DRYDEN.

He sigh'd; and could not but their fate deplore:
So wretched now, so fortunate before.
DRYDEN.

With better grace an ancient chief may yield
The long-contended honours of the field,
Than venture all his fortune at a cast,
And fight, like Hannibal, to lose at last.
DRYDEN.

Fortune's unjust; she ruins oft the brave,
And him who should be victor, makes the slave.
DRYDEN.

Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd it,
And purpled greatness met my ripen'd years.
DRYDEN.

You have already wearied fortune so,
She cannot farther be your friend or foe,
But sits all breathless, and admires to feel
A fate so weighty that it stops her wheel.
DRYDEN.

I would not take the gift,
Which, like a toy dropt from the hands of fortune,
Lay for the next chance comer.
DRYDEN.

Fate's dark recesses we can never find;
But fortune at some hours to all is kind;
The lucky have whole days which still they choose,
The unlucky have but hours, and those they lose.
DRYDEN.

Fortune confounds the wise,
And, when they least expect it, turns the dice.
DRYDEN.

But thou, secure of soul, unbent with woes,
The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppose.
DRYDEN.

Enjoy the present smiling hour,
And put it out of fortune's pow'r.
DRYDEN.

Some secret charm did all her acts attend,
And what his fortune wanted, hers could mend.
DRYDEN.

Thine is th' adventure, thine the victory;
Well has thy fortune turn'd the die for thee.
DRYDEN.

He little dream'd how nigh he was to care,
Till treach'rous fortune caught him in the snare.
DRYDEN.

The weak low spirit fortune makes her slave;
But she's a drudge when hector'd by the brave.
DRYDEN.

I go with love and fortune, two blind guides,
To lead my way; half loth and half consenting.
DRYDEN.

But fortune there extenuates the crime:
What's vice in me is only mirth in him.
DRYDEN.

While fortune favour'd, while his arms support
The cause, and ruled the counsels of the court,
I made some figure there; nor was my name
Obscure, nor I without my share of fame.
DRYDEN.

His birth, perhaps, some paltry village hides,
And sets his cradle out of fortune's way.
DRYDEN.

But tell me, Tityrus, what heav'nly pow'r
Preserved your fortunes in that fatal hour?
DRYDEN.

If fortune take not off this boy betimes,
He'll make mad work and elbow out his neighbours.
DRYDEN.

The middle sort, who have not much to spare,
To chiromancers' cheaper art repair,
Who clap the pretty palm, to make the lines more fair.
DRYDEN.

Let fortune empty her whole quiver on me,
I have a soul that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.
Fate was not mine: nor am I Fate's:
Souls know no conquerors.
DRYDEN.

In this still labyrinth around her lie
Spells, philters, globes, and spheres of palmistry;
A sigil in his hand the gypsy bears,
In th' other a prophetic sieve and shears.
GARTH.

I, near yon stile, three sallow gypsies met;
Upon my hand they cast a poring look,
Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook.
GAY.

Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay,
And those who prize the trifling things
More trifling still than they.
GOLDSMITH.

Dame Nature gave him comeliness and health,
And fortune, for a passport, gave him wealth.
WALTER HARTE.

Gad not abroad at ev'ry guest and call
Of an untrained hope or passion;
To court each place or fortune that doth fall
Is wantonness in contemplation.
GEORGE HERBERT.

All human business fortune doth command
Without all order; and with her blind hand
She, blind, bestows blind gifts, that still have nurst
They see not who, nor how, but still the worst.
BEN JONSON.

How fortune plies her sports, when she begins
To practise them! pursues, continues, adds,
Confounds, with varying her empassion'd moods!
BEN JONSON: *Sejanus.*

Love made my emergent fortune once more look
Above the main, which now shall hit the stars.
BEN JONSON.

Let not one look of fortune cast you down;
She were not fortune if she did not frown:
Such as do braveliest bear her scorns awhile
Are those on whom at last she most will smile.
LORD ORRERY.

Avoid both courts and camps,
Where dilatory fortune plays the jilt
With the brave, noble, honest, gallant man,
To throw herself away on fools.
OTWAY.

Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And who stands safest? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity?
Or, blest with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?
POPE.

Behold! if fortune or a mistress frowns,
Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns.
POPE.

Fortune not much of humbling me can boast;
Though double-tax'd, how little have I lost!
POPE.

Thus her blind sister, fickle fortune, reigns,
And undiscerning scatters crowns and chains.
POPE.

Nor happiness can I, nor misery feel,
From any turn of her fantastic wheel.
PRIOR.

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
From its decline determined to recede.
PRIOR.

But he whose word and fortunes disagree,
Absurd, unpitied, grows a public jest.
ROSCOMMON.

Now rising fortune elevates his mind,
He shines unclouded, and adorns mankind.
SAVAGE.

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food—
Such are the poor in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach—such the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
SHAKSPEARE.

A most poor man made tame to fortune's blows,
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity.
SHAKSPEARE.

Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours.
SHAKSPEARE.

We're not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst:
For thee, oppressed king, I am cast down:
Myself could else outfrown false fortune's frown.
SHAKSPEARE.

Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.
SHAKSPEARE.

In the wind and tempest of fortune's frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away.
SHAKSPEARE.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.
SHAKSPEARE.

It is fortune's use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty.
SHAKSPEARE.

Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
SHAKSPEARE.

I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
SHAKSPEARE.

Well, I know not
What counts hard fortune casts upon my face.
SHAKSPEARE.

Wisdom and fortune combating together:
If that the fortune dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it.
SHAKSPEARE.

This accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never claspt, but bred a dog.
SHAKSPEARE.

Blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please.

SHAKSPEARE.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

SHAKSPEARE.

In losing fortune, many a lucky elf
Has found himself;
As all our moral bitters are design'd
To brace the mind,
And renovate its healthy tone, the wise
Their sorest trials hail as blessings in disguise.

HORACE SMITH.

Fortune, the foe of famous chevisance,
Seldom, says Guyon, yields to virtue aid.

SPENSER.

And fie on fortune, mine avowed foe,
Whose wrathful wreaks themselves do now allay.

SPENSER.

Forever, fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part?

THOMSON.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends,
And fortune smiled, deceitful, on her birth.

THOMSON.

Yet, as immortal, in our uphill chase
We press coy fortune with unslacken'd pace.

YOUNG.

FOUNTAINS.

A fountain in a darksome wood,
Nor stain'd with falling leaves nor rising mud.

ADDISON.

Her fields he clothed, and cheer'd her blasted face
With running fountains, and with springing grass.

ADDISON.

Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise
Into a gulf shot under ground, till part
Rose up a fountain by the tree of life.

MILTON.

Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd,
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure,
With touch ethereal of heav'n's fiery rod,
I drank.

MILTON.

Under a tuft of shade, that on a green
Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain's side,
They sat them down.

MILTON.

High at his head, from out the cavern'd rock,
In living rills, a gushing fountain broke.

POPE.

With here a fountain never to be play'd,
And there a summer-house that knows no shade.

POPE.

Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect crown'd;
This through the gardens leads its streams around.

POPE.

The golden ewer a maid obsequious brings,
Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs.

POPE.

The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades
Delight no more.

POPE.

The weary traveller wandering that way
Therein did often quench his thirsty heat.

SPENSER.

FREEDOM.

But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?

ADDISON.

We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth.

ADDISON.

Let freedom never perish in your hands,
But piously transmit it to your children.

ADDISON.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?

BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

For Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
BYRON: *Giaour.*

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He's dead alone who lacks her light!
CAMPBELL.

Hope for a season bade the world Farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd as Kosciusko fell.
CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope.*

Where honour or where conscience does not bind,
No other tie shall shackle me;
Slave to myself I will not be;
Nor shall my future actions be confined
By my own present mind.
COWLEY.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside.
COWPER.

No! Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.
COWPER: *Table-Talk.*

O freedom! first delight of human kind!
Not that which bondmen from their masters find,
The privilege of doles; nor yet t' inscribe
Their names in this or t'other Roman tribe:
That false enfranchisement with ease is found;
Slaves are made citizens by turning round.
DRYDEN.

Restraining others, yet himself not free;
Made impotent by pow'r, debased by dignity.
DRYDEN.

For freedom still maintain'd alive,
Freedom, an English subject's sole prerogative,
Accept our pious praise.
DRYDEN.

O last and best of Scots! who didst maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign.
DRYDEN.

Wish'd freedom I presage you soon will find,
If heav'n be just, and if to virtue kind.
DRYDEN.

Freedom was first bestow'd on human race,
And prescience only held the second place.
DRYDEN.

Trade which, like blood, should circularly flow,
Stopp'd in their channels, found its freedom lost.
DRYDEN.

Freedom and zeal have choused you o'er and o'er;
Pray give us leave to bubble you once more.
DRYDEN.

Till then, a helpless, hopeless, homely swain,
I sought not freedom, nor aspired to gain.
DRYDEN.

Whose grievance is satiety of ease,
Freedom their pain, and plenty their disease.
WALTER HARTE.

In the long vista of the years to roll,
Let me not see my country's honour fade;
Oh! let me see our land retain its soul!
Her pride in Freedom, and not Freedom's shade.
KEATS.

Nations grown corrupt
Love bondage more than liberty;
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty.
MILTON.

Freedom who loves, must first be wise and good;
But from that mark how far they rove we see,
For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood.
MILTON.

Who can in reason then or right assume
Monarchy over such as live by right
His equals, if in pow'r or splendour less,
In freedom equal?
MILTON.

Better to dwell in Freedom's hall,
With a cold damp floor and mouldering wall,
Than bow the head and bend the knee
In the proudest palace of slaverie.
MOORE.

Oh, stretch thy reign, fair peace! from shore to shore,
Till conquest cease, and slav'ry be no more;
Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits and woo their sable loves.
POPE.

Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?
—To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility.
SHAKSPEARE.

But farewell, king, sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.
SHAKSPEARE.

What art thou, Freedom? Oh! could slaves
Answer from their living graves
This demand, tyrants would flee
Like a dream's dim imagery,

SHELLEY.

What indignation in her mind
Against enslavers of mankind!

SWIFT.

Oh, give, great God, to freedom's waves to ride
Sublime o'er Conquest, Avarice, and Pride;
To sweep where Pleasure decks her guilty bowers,
And dark Oppression builds her thick-ribb'd towers.

WORDSWORTH.

Slaves who once conceive the glowing thought
Of freedom, in that hope itself possess
All that the contest calls for;—spirit, strength,
The scorn of danger, and united hearts,
The surest presage of the good they seek.

WORDSWORTH.

FREE WILL.

Faultless thou dropt from his unerring skill,
With the base power to sin, since free of will;
Yet charge not with thy guilt his bounteous love;
For who has power to walk, has power to rove.

ARBUTHNOT.

Our souls at least are free, and 'tis in vain
We would against them make the flesh obey:
The spirit in the end will have its way.

BYRON.

Grace leads the right way: if you choose the wrong,
Take it, and perish, but restrain your tongue;
Charge not, with light sufficient, and left free,
Your wilful suicide on God's decree.

COWPER.

If love be compell'd, and cannot choose,
How can it grateful or thankworthy prove?

SIR J. DAVIES.

Heav'n made us agents, free to good or ill;
And forced it not, though he foresaw the will:
Freedom was first bestow'd on human race,
And prescience only held the second place.

DRYDEN.

Made for his use, yet he has form'd us so,
We, unconstrain'd, what he commands us, do.

DRYDEN.

O pass not, Lord! an absolute decree,
Or bind thy sentence unconditional;
But in thy sentence our remorse foresee,
And in that foresight this thy doom recall.

DRYDEN.

Th' Eternal when he did the world create
All other agents did necessitate;
So what he order'd they by nature do;
Thus light things mount, and heavy downward go:
Man only boasts an arbitrary state.

DRYDEN.

Tell me, which part it does necessitate?
I'll choose the other: there I'll link th' effect;
A chain, which fools to catch themselves project.

DRYDEN.

Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.

MILTON.

God made thee perfect, not immutable,
And good he made thee, but to persevere
He left it in thy pow'r; ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not overruled by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity.

MILTON.

Nor knew I not
To be with will and deed created free.

MILTON.

Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve.

MILTON.

Who, in all things wise and just,
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind
Of man, with strength entire and free will arm'd.

MILTON.

By original lapse, true liberty
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells,
Twined, and from her hath no dividual being.

MILTON.

Take heed lest passion sway
Thy judgment to do aught which else free will
Would not admit.

MILTON.

Stand fast! to stand or fall,
Free in thine own arbitrament it stands:
Perfect within, no outward aid require,
And all temptation to transgress repel.

MILTON.

Man seduced,
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
Against his Maker: no decree of mine
Concurring to necessitate his fall.
MILTON.

Man with strength and free will arm'd
Complete, to have discover'd and repulsed
Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.
MILTON.

Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell:
Not free, what proof could they have given sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,
Where only what they needs must do, appear'd,
Not what they would?
MILTON.

I else must change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree,
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom; they themselves ordain'd their fall.
MILTON.

Perverse mankind! whose wills, created free,
Charge all their woes on absolute decree;
All to the dooming gods their guilt translate,
And follies are miscall'd the crimes of fate.
POPE.

He, binding nature fast in fate,
Left conscience free, and will. POPE.

Man, though limited
By fate, may vainly think his actions free,
While all he does was, at his hour of birth,
Or by his gods, or potent stars, ordain'd.
ROWE.

FRIENDSHIP.

Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn.
ADDISON.

Plead it to her
With all the strength and heat of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.
ADDISON.

Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,
And easily taught me by her secret force
To love thy person ere I knew thy merit;
Till what was instinct grew up into friendship.
ADDISON.

The friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure.
ADDISON.

Friendship is not a plant of hasty growth;
Though planted in esteem's deep-fixed soil,
The gradual culture of kind intercourse
Must bring it to perfection.
JOANNA BAILLIE.

Pride may cool what passion heated,
Time will tame the wayward will;
But the heart in friendship cheated
Throbs with woe's more maddening thrill.
BYRON.

Give me the avow'd, the erect, the manly foe;
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the Candid Friend.
CANNING: *New Morality.*

If she repent, and would make me amends,
Bid her but send me hers, and we are friends.
CAREW.

Friendship is the cement of two minds,
As of one man the soul and body is;
Of which one cannot sever but the other
Suffers a needful separation.
GEORGE CHAPMAN: *Revenge.*

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures,—love and light
And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day or night,—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.
COLERIDGE: *Reproof.*

He loved my worthless rhymes; and, like a friend,
Would always find out something to commend.
COWLEY.

Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number but the choice of friends.
COWLEY.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumping on your back
His sense of your great merit,
Is such a friend that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it.
COWPER: *On Friendship.*

Well-chosen friendship, the most noble
Of virtues, all our joys makes double,
And into halves divides our trouble.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Have we not plighted each our holy oath
That one should be the common good of both;
One soul should both inspire, and neither prove
His fellow's hindrance in pursuit of love?
DRYDEN.

Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed. DRYDEN.

The wretched have no friends. DRYDEN

Heroic virtue did his actions guide,
And he the substance, not th' appearance chose:
To rescue one such friend he took more pride
Than to destroy whole thousands of such foes.
DRYDEN.

I would bring balm, and pour it in your wound,
Cure your distemper'd mind, and heál your fortunes.
DRYDEN.

What fate a wretched fugitive attends:
Scorn'd by my foes, abandon'd by my friends.
DRYDEN.

Ye moon and stars, bear witness to the truth:
His only crime, if friendship can offend,
Is too much love to his unhappy friend.
DRYDEN.

'Tis thine to ruin realms, o'erturn a state;
Betwixt the dearest friends to raise debate.
DRYDEN.

It upbraids you,
To let your father's friend, for three long months,
Thus dance attendance for a word of audience.
DRYDEN.

The fair blessing we vouchsafe to send;
Nor can we spare you long, though often we may lend.
DRYDEN.

They dare not give, and e'en refuse to lend,
To their poor kindred, or a wanting friend.
DRYDEN.

My sons, let your unseemly discord cease;
If not in friendship, live at least in peace.
DRYDEN.

Let them who truly would appear my friends
Employ their swords, like mine, for noble ends.
DRYDEN.

Wonder not to see this soul extend
The bounds, and seek some other self, a friend.
DRYDEN.

Hast thou been never base? Did love ne'er bend
Thy frailer virtue to betray thy friend?
Flatter me, make thy court, and say it did:
Kings in a crowd would have their vices hid.
DRYDEN.

Command the assistance of a faithful friend,
But feeble are the succours I can send.
DRYDEN.

You love me for no other end
But to become my confidant and friend:
As such, I keep no secret from your sight.
DRYDEN.

Thanks are half lost when good turns are delay'd.
FAIRFAX.

He who, malignant, tears an absent friend,
Or, when attack'd by others, don't defend,
Who friendship's secrets knows not to conceal—
That man is vile.
FRANCIS.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child whom many fathers share
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendship: who depend
On many rarely find a friend. GAY.

Love is a sudden blaze which soon decays,
Friendship is like the sun's eternal rays;
Not daily benefits exhaust the flame:
It still is giving, and still burns the same.
GAY: *Dione.*

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep!
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep!
GOLDSMITH: *Hermit.*

At this one stroke the man look'd dead in law;
His flatterers scamper, and his friends withdraw.
WALTER HARTE.

True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth and choice: nor would I have
Virtue a popular regard pursue:
Let them be good that love, although but few.
BEN JONSON: *Cynthia's Revels.*

O summer friendship,
Whose flattering leaves, that shadow'd us in
Our prosperity, with the least gust drop off
In th' autumn of adversity!
MASSINGER: *Maid of Honour.*

For I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
Bear in their superscription (of the most
I would be understood): in prosperous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,
Not to be found, though sought.
MILTON.

Friend after friend departs!
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That hath not here its end.
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The friends who in our sunshine live
When winter comes are flown;
And he who has but tears to give
Must weep those tears alone.
MOORE.

For time will come, with all its blights,
The ruin'd hope—the friend unkind.
MOORE.

Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea
When heaven was all tranquillity.
MOORE: *Lalla Rookh.*

Friendship above all ties does bind the heart;
And faith in friendship is the noblest part.
LORD ORRERY: *Henry V.*

You would not wish to count this man a foe!
In friendship, and in hatred, obstinate.
JOHN PHILIPS.

Friendship's an abstract of love's noble flame,
'Tis love refined, and purged from all its dross;
The next to angels' love, if not the same;
As strong as passion is, though not so gross:
It antedates a glad eternity,
And is a heaven in epitome.
KATHERINE PHILIPS.

Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend;
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink.
POPE.

Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend.
POPE.

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows.
POPE.

Ev'n thought meets thought ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
POPE.

Come then, my friend, my genius, come along:
Thou master of the poet and the song!
POPE.

But ancient friends, though poor or out of pay,
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
POPE.

Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.
POPE.

Each finding, like a friend,
Something to blame, and something to commend.
POPE.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear;
A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear.
POPE.

When int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,
When all th' obliged desert, and all the vain,
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.
POPE.

Lend me thy aid, I now conjure thee! lend,
By the soft tie and sacred name of friend.
POPE.

To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forsaken, friendless, will ye fly?
POPE.

Like friendly colours found our hearts unite,
And each from each contract new strength and light.
POPE.

If in the melancholy shades below
The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
Yet mine shall sacred last; mine undecay'd
Burn on through life, and animate my shade.
POPE.

I, in fact, a real interest have,
Which to my own advantage I would save,
And with the usual courtier's trick intend
To serve myself, forgetful of my friend.
PRIOR.

To my dear equal in my native land,
My plighted vow I gave: I his received:
Each swore with truth, with pleasure each believed:
The mutual contract was to heav'n convey'd.
PRIOR.

May he not craftily infer
The rules of friendship too severe,
Which chain him to a hated trust,
Which make him wretched to be just?
PRIOR.

Some limbs again, in bulk or stature
Unlike, and not akin by nature,
In concert act, like modern friends,
Because one serves the other's ends.
PRIOR.

To tell thy mis'ries will no comfort breed;
Men help thee most that think thou hast no need:
But if the world once thy misfortunes know,
Thou soon shalt lose a friend and find a foe.
THOMAS RANDOLPH.

A friend is gold: if true, he'll never leave thee:
Yet both, without a touchstone, may deceive thee.
THOMAS RANDOLPH.

True friends appear less moved than counterfeit.
ROSCOMMON.

Even he,
Lamenting that there had been cause of enmity,
Will often wish fate had ordain'd you friends.
ROWE.

Who knows the joys of friendship?
The trust, security, and mutual tenderness,
The double joys, where each is glad for both?
Friendship our only wealth, our last retreat and strength,
Secure against ill fortune and the world.
ROWE.

Is this the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us?
SHAKSPEARE.

Is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood, innocence?
SHAKSPEARE.

We still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And whereso'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.
SHAKSPEARE.

We created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorp'rate.
SHAKSPEARE.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
SHAKSPEARE.

God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes.
SHAKSPEARE.

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack
To think I shall lack friends?
SHAKSPEARE.

So fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep,
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends.
SHAKSPEARE.

Who alone suffers, suffers most i' th' mind;
But then the mind much suff'rance does o'erskip
When grief hath mates and bearing fellowship.
SHAKSPEARE.

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friend; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
SHAKSPEARE.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel:
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledged comrade.
SHAKSPEARE.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
SHAKSPEARE.

Has friendship such a faint and milky heart
It turns in less than two nights?
SHAKSPEARE.

I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.
SHAKSPEARE.

It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
SHAKSPEARE.

Noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to me, only dying;
Go with me, like good angels, to my end.
SHAKSPEARE.

Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let ev'ry eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
SHAKSPEARE.

My love and fear glew'd many friends to thee;
And now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt.
SHAKSPEARE.

Who'd be so mock'd with glory, as to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
SHAKSPEARE.

Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to sink ye.
SHAKSPEARE.

Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.
SHAKSPEARE.

Seeing the hurt stag alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends,
'Tis right, quoth he; thus misery doth part
The flux of company.
SHAKSPEARE.

When I have most need to employ a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile
Be he to me—this do I beg of heav'n!—
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.
SHAKSPEARE.

That, sir, which serves for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
SHAKSPEARE.

Who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
SHAKSPEARE.

The private wound is deepest. O time most curst!
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!
SHAKSPEARE.

The great man down, you mark, his fav'rite flies;
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies.
SHAKSPEARE.

What the declined is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer.
SHAKSPEARE.

As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and this poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.
SHAKSPEARE.

To wail friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.
SHAKSPEARE.

Oh world! thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise,
Are still together; who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity.
SHAKSPEARE.

His friendship was exactly timed:
He shot before your foes were primed.
SWIFT.

His friendships, still to few confined,
Were always of the meddling kind.
SWIFT.

Perform'd what friendship, justice, truth, require,
What could he more but decently retire?
SWIFT.

That gen'rous boldness to defend
An innocent or absent friend.
SWIFT.

Some dire misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
SWIFT.

Is there, kind heaven! no constancy in man?
No steadfast truth, no gen'rous fix'd affection,
That can bear up against a selfish world?
No, there is none.
THOMSON: *Tancred and Sigismunda.*

Friendship's an empty name, made to deceive
Those whose good nature tempts them to believe:
There's no such thing on earth; the best that we
Can hope for here is faint neutrality.
SIR SAMUEL TUKE: *Adventures.*

O! what a happiness is it to find
A friend of our own blood, a brother kind!
WALLER.

Friendship has a power
To soothe affliction in her darkest hour.
H. KIRKE WHITE.

Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the ling'ring dewdrop from the sun.
WORDSWORTH.

They drop apace; by nature some decay;
And some the blasts of fortune sweep away;
Till, naked quite of happiness, aloud
We call for death, and shelter in a shroud.
YOUNG.

Heaven gives us friends to bless the present scene;
Resumes them, to prepare us for the next.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

Hope not to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee;
All like the purchase, few the price will pay;
And this makes friends such miracles below.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

First on thy friend deliberate with thyself;
Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix;—
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

FRUIT.

No spring, nor summer, on the mountain seen,
Smiles with gay fruits or with delightful green.
ADDISON.

The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange and the swelling grain.
ADDISON.

Instead of golden fruits,
By genial show'rs and solar heat supplied,
Unsufferable winter hath defaced
Earth's blooming charms, and made a barren waste.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

The fragrant fruit from bending branches shake,
And with the crystal stream their thirst at pleasure slake.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

The fair pomegranate might adorn the pine,
The grape the bramble, and the sloe the vine.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

The fruits perish on the ground,
Or soon decay, by snows immod'rate chill'd,
By winds are blasted, or by lightning kill'd.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

The kernel of a grape, the fig's small grain,
Can clothe a mountain, and o'ershade a plain.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Lest thy redundant juice
Should fading leaves, instead of fruits, produce,
The pruner's hand with letting blood must quench
Thy heat, and thy exub'rant parts retrench.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Myself will search our planted grounds at home
For downy peaches and the glossy plum.
DRYDEN.

Let Araby extol her happy coast,
Her cinnamon and sweet amomum boast.
DRYDEN.

Now let me graff my pears and prune the vine.
DRYDEN.

On a neighb'ring tree descending light,
Like a large cluster of black grapes they show,
And make a large dependence from the bough.
DRYDEN.

Creeping 'twixt 'em all, the mantling vine
Does round their trunks her purple clusters twine.
DRYDEN.

Let thy vines in intervals be set;
Indulge their width, and add a roomy space,
That their extremest lines may scarce embrace.
DRYDEN.

He feeds on fruits, which of their own accord
The willing grounds and laden trees afford.
DRYDEN.

Sharp-tasted citrons Median climes produce:
Bitter the rind, but gen'rous is the juice.
DRYDEN.

And since that plenteous autumn now is past,
Whose grapes and peaches have indulged your taste,
Take in good part, from our poor poet's board,
Such rivell'd fruits as winter can afford.
DRYDEN.

Those rich perfumes which from the happy shore
The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,
Whose guilty sweetness first the world betray'd.
DRYDEN.

Content with food which nature freely bred,
On wildings and on strawberries they fed;
Cornels and bramble-berries gave the rest,
And falling acorns furnish'd out a feast.
DRYDEN.

Thus apple-trees, whose trunks are strong to bear
Their spreading boughs, exert themselves in air.
DRYDEN.

He seized the shining bough with griping hold,
And rent away with ease the ling'ring gold.
DRYDEN.

Ten wildings have I gather'd for my dear:
How ruddy, like your lips, their streaks appear!
DRYDEN.

Sweet grapes degen'rate there, and fruits, declined
From their first flav'rous taste, renounce their kind.
DRYDEN.

'Tis usual now an inmate graff to see
With insolence invade a foreign tree.
DRYDEN.

He knew
For fruit the grafted pear-tree to dispose,
And tame to plums the sourness of the sloes.
DRYDEN.

The mother plant admires the leaves unknown
Of alien trees and apples not her own.
DRYDEN.

Walnuts the fruit'rer's hand in autumn stain,
Blue plums and juicy pears augment his gain.
GAY.

Melons on beds of ice are taught to bear,
And, strangers to the sun, yet ripen here.
GRANVILLE.

Let your various creams encircled be
With swelling fruit, just ravish'd from the tree.
DR. WM. KING: *Art of Cookery.*

Nor must all shoots of pears alike be set,
Crustumian, Syrian pears, and wardens great.
MAY.

Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
Their branches hung with copious fruit.
MILTON.

Small store will serve, where store
All seasons, ripe for use, hangs on the stalk.
MILTON.

Thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropp'd falls to the ground.
MILTON.

Fruit, like that
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
Used by the tempter.
MILTON.

Each tree,
Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to th' eye
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat.
MILTON.

In her hand she held
A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smiled,
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffused.
MILTON.

Greedily they pluck'd
The fruitage, fair to sight, like that which grew
Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flamed.
MILTON.

The force of that fallacious fruit,
That with exhilarating vapour bland
About their spirits had play'd, and inmost pow'rs
Made err, was now exhaled.
MILTON.

Fruits of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand.
MILTON.

Michael from Adam's eyes the film removed,
Which that false fruit, that promised clearer sight,
Had bred.

MILTON.

Fruits of palm-tree, pleasantest to thirst
And hunger both.

MILTON.

Best of fruits, whose taste gave elocution.

MILTON.

Higher than that wall, a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms, and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appeared with enamell'd colours mixed.

MILTON.

Where any row
Of fruit trees, over-woody, reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs.

MILTON.

Roving the field, I chanced
A goodly tree far distant to behold,
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours.

MILTON.

Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Scatter your leaves before the mellowing year.

MILTON.

Where full-ear'd sheaves of rye
Grow wavy on the tilth, that soil select
For apples.

JOHN PHILIPS.

Ceres, in her prime,
Seems fertile, and with ruddiest freight bedeck'd.

JOHN PHILIPS.

Nor is it hard to beautify each month
With files of party-colour'd fruits.

JOHN PHILIPS.

Disburthen thou thy sapless wood
Of its rich progeny; the turgid fruit
Abounds with mellow liquor.

JOHN PHILIPS.

Her private orchards walled on ev'ry side,
To lawless sylvans all access denied.

POPE.

Tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful mould;
The redd'ning apple ripens here to gold.

POPE.

To him your orchard's early fruits are due,
A pleasing off'ring when 'tis made by you.

POPE.

Not the fair fruit that on yon branches glows,
With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows,
Can move the god.

POPE.

His pruning-hook corrects the vines,
And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.

POPE.

To happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
Where slumber abbots purple as their wines.

POPE.

Depending vines the shelving cavern screen,
With purple clusters blushing through the green.

POPE.

Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine.

POPE.

Full on its crown a fig's green branches rise,
And shoot, a leafy forest, to the skies.

POPE.

There grew a goodly tree him fair beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy red,
As they in pure vermilion had been dyed,
Whereof great virtues over all were read.

SPENSER.

For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

SIR J. SUCKLING.

Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves,
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend.

THOMSON.

Unnumber'd fruits
A friendly juice to cool thirst's rage contain.

THOMSON.

The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects.

THOMSON.

Nor, on its slender twigs
Low bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd.

THOMSON.

Or lead me through the maze
Embowering endless of the Indian fig.

THOMSON.

The juicy pear
Lies in a soft profusion scatter'd round.

THOMSON.

Unripe fruit, whose verdant stalks do cleave
Close to the tree, which grieves no less to leave
The smiling pendent which adorns her so,
And until autumn on the bough should grow.
WALLER.

The tardy plants in our cold orchards placed
Reserve their fruit for the next age's taste.
WALLER.

With candied plantains and the juicy pine,
On choicest melons and sweet grapes they dine.
WALLER.

Figs there unplanted through the fields do grow,
Such as fierce Cato did the Romans show.
WALLER.

He ripens spices, fruit, and precious gum,
Which from remotest regions hither come.
WALLER.

Bermudas wall'd with rocks, who does not know
That happy island, where huge lemons grow;
Where shining pearl, coral, and many a pound,
On the rich shore, of ambergris is found?
WALLER.

FUNERALS.

I'll follow thee in fun'ral flames; when dead,
My ghost shall thee attend at board and bed.
SIR J. DENHAM.

His body shall be royally interr'd,
And the last funeral pomps adorn his hearse.
DRYDEN.

Your body I sought, and, had I found,
Design'd for burial in your native ground.
DRYDEN.

A tomb and fun'ral honours I decreed:
The place your armour and your name retains.
DRYDEN.

Thy hand o'er towns the fun'ral torch displays,
And forms a thousand ills ten thousand ways.
DRYDEN.

He slew Aetion, but despoil'd him not;
Nor in his hate the funeral rites forgot.
DRYDEN.

Your piety has paid
All needful rites, to rest my wand'ring shade.
DRYDEN.

He chose a thousand horse, the flow'r of all
His warlike troops, to wait the funeral.
DRYDEN.

Come, shepherds, come and strew with leaves the plain;
Such funeral rites your Daphnis did ordain.
DRYDEN.

The fun'ral pomp which to your kings you pay
Is all I want, and all you take away.
DRYDEN.

They to the master-street the corps convey'd;
The houses to their tops with black were spread,
And e'en the pavements were with mourning hid.
DRYDEN.

The neighbours
Follow'd with wistful looks the damsel bier,
Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore.
GAY.

Why is the hearse with scutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd?
No: the dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only serves to prove the living vain.
GAY: *Trivia.*

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.
KEBLE: *Burial of the Dead.*

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock
That was the casket of heav'n's richest store.
MILTON.

Here be tears of perfect moan,
Wept for thee in Helicon;
And some flowers, and some bays,
For thy hearse, to strew the ways.
MILTON.

Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, the pageant of a day;
So perish all whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.
POPE.

The long fun'rals blacken all the way.
POPE.

Call round her tomb each object of desire;
Bid her by all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife.
POPE.

But if his soul hath wing'd the destined flight,
Inhabitant of deep disastrous night,
Homeward with pious speed repass the main,
To the pale shade funereal rites ordain.
POPE.

The mournful fair,
Oft as the rolling years return,
With fragrant wreaths and flowing hair,
Shall visit her distinguish'd urn.

PRIOR.

No widow at his funeral shall weep.

SANDYS.

All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

SHAKSPEARE.

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

SHAKSPEARE.

On your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs.

SHAKSPEARE.

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a requiem, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

SHAKSPEARE.

They bore him barefaced on the bier,
And on his grave rain'd many a tear.

SHAKSPEARE.

Let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead.

SHAKSPEARE.

The sun of all the world is dim and dark;
O heavy hearse!
Break we our pipes that shrill'd as loud as lark,
O careful verse!

SPENSER.

Those with whom I now converse
Without a tear will tend my hearse.

SWIFT.

What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire,
The pealing organ, and the passing choir,
And the last words that "dust to dust" convey'd!

TICKELL.

If you have kindness left, there see me laid;
To bury decently the injured maid,
Is all the favour.

WALLER.

Shall funeral eloquence her colours spread,
And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?

YOUNG.

FUTURITY.

Mine after-life! what is mine after-life?
My day is closed! the gloom of night is come!
A hopeless darkness settles o'er my fate.

JOANNA BAILLIE: *Basil.*

Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live?

BEATTIE: *Minstrel.*

What deem'd they of the future or the past?
The present, like a tyrant, held them fast.

BYRON: *Island.*

When fates among the stars do grow,
Thou into the close nests of time dost peep,
And there, with piercing eye,
Through the firm shell and the thick white, dost spy,
Years to come, a forming lie.

COWLEY.

The undistinguish'd seeds of good and ill
Heav'n in his bosom from our knowledge hides.

DRYDEN.

Too curious man! why dost thou seek to know
Events, which, good or ill, foreknown, are woe?
Th' all-seeing power that made thee mortal, gave
Thee every thing a mortal state should have.

DRYDEN.

Foreknowledge only is enjoy'd by heaven;
And, for his peace of mind, to man forbidden:
Wretched were life if he foreknew his doom;
Even joys foreseen give pleasing hope no room,
And griefs assured are felt before they come.

DRYDEN.

In fortune's empire blindly thus we go,
We wander after pathless destiny,
Whose dark resorts since prudence cannot know,
In vain it would provide for what shall be.

DRYDEN.

Sure there is none but fears a future state;
And when the most obdurate swear they do not,
Their trembling hearts belie their boastful tongues.

DRYDEN.

Old prophecies foretell our fall at hand,
When bearded men in floating castles land.
DRYDEN.

Calchas, the sacred seer, who had in view
Things present and the past, and things to come foreknew:
Supreme of augurs. DRYDEN.

Our reason prompts us to a future state,
The last appeal from fortune and from fate,
When God's all-righteous ways will be declared.
DRYDEN.

O visions ill foreseen! Better had I
Lived ignorant of future! so had borne
My part of evil only.
MILTON.

Peace, brother! be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils.
MILTON.

Let no man seek what may befall:
Evil he may be sure. MILTON.

Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
POPE.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate;
All but the page prescribed, their present state.
POPE.

The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
POPE.

Vex'd with the present moment's heavy gloom,
Why seek we brightness from the years to come?
Disturb'd and broken like a sick man's sleep,
Our troubled thoughts to distant prospects leap,
Desirous still what flies us to o'ertake:
For hope is but the dream of those that wake.
PRIOR: *Solomon.*

I still shall wait
Some new hereafter, and a future state.
PRIOR.

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath:
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
SHAKSPEARE.

There is a history in all men's lives,
Fig'ring the nature of the times deceased,
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie entreasured.
SHAKSPEARE.

Oh, happy you, who, blest with present bliss,
See not with fatal prescience future tears,
Nor the dear moment of enjoyment miss
Through gloomy discontent, or sullen fears
Foreboding many a storm for coming years,
MRS. TIGHE: *Psyche.*

Those comforts that shall never cease,
Future in hope, but present in belief.
WOTTON.

GAMBLING.

So might the heir, whose father hath, in play,
Wasted a thousand pounds of ancient rent,
By painful earning of one groat a day,
Hope to restore the patrimony spent.
SIR J. DAVIES.

What more than madness reigns,
When one short sitting many hundreds drains,
And not enough is left him to supply
Board-wages, or a footman's livery?
DRYDEN.

Bets at the first were fool-traps, where the wise
Like spiders lay in ambush for the flies.
DRYDEN.

But then my study was to cog the dice,
And dext'rously to throw the lucky sice:
To shun ames ace, that swept my stakes away,
And watch the box, for fear they should convey
False bones, and put upon me in the play.
DRYDEN.

This game, these carousals, Ascanius taught,
And building Alba to the Latins brought.
DRYDEN.

They say this town is full of cozenage,
As nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like libertines of sin.
SHAKSPEARE.

How can the muse her aid impart,
Unskill'd in all the terms of art?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the shuffle, and the cut?

SWIFT.

GARDENS.

The garden was inclosed within the square
Where young Emilia took the morning air.

DRYDEN.

Well must the ground be digg'd, and better dress'd,
New soil to make, and meliorate the rest.

DRYDEN.

Then let the learned gard'ner mark with care
The kinds of stocks, and what those kinds will bear.

DRYDEN.

She stript the stalks of all their leaves; the best
She cull'd, and them with handy care she drest.

DRYDEN.

For thee, large bunches load the bending vine,
And the last blessings of the year are thine.

DRYDEN.

My garden takes up half my daily care,
And my field asks the minutes I can spare.

WALTER HARTE.

At first, in Rome's poor age,
When both her kings and consuls held the plough,
Or garden'd well.

BEN JONSON.

Adam! well may we labour still to dress
This garden; still to tend plant, herb, and flow'r.

MILTON.

We lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh and what the balmy reed.

MILTON.

Let us divide our labours: thou, where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs; whether to wind
The woodbine round this arbour, or direct
The clasping ivy where to climb.

MILTON.

They, looking back, all th' eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms.

MILTON.

She went forth among her fruits and flow'rs,
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom
Her nursery: they at her coming sprung,
And touch'd by her fair tendance gladlier grew.

MILTON.

The rapid current, which, through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst updrawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden.

MILTON.

Plant it round with shade
Of laurel, evergreens, and branching plane.

MILTON.

Early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tassel'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout.

MILTON.

When swelling buds their od'rous foliage shed,
And gently harden into fruit, the wise
Spare not the little offsprings, if they grow
Redundant.

JOHN PHILIPS.

His gardens next your admiration call;
On every side you look, behold the wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other;
The suffering eye inverted nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain never to be play'd,
And there a summer-house that knows no shade.

POPE.

A wild where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot,
Or garden tempting with forbidden fruit.

POPE.

The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those alleys they were made to shade.

POPE.

A gushing fountain broke
Around it, and above, forever green,
The bushing alders form'd a shady scene.

POPE.

The hook she bore
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.

POPE.

A waving glow his bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day.
POPE.

Happy you!
Whose charms as far all other nymphs' outshine
As others' gardens are excell'd by thine.
POPE.

Is't not enough to break into my garden,
Climbing my walls, in spite of me the owner?
SHAKSPEARE.

I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.
SHAKSPEARE.

I am arrived from fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy.
SHAKSPEARE.

Nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
Which one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.
SHAKSPEARE.

The garden of Proserpine this hight,
And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
With a thick arbour goodly overdight,
In which she often used from open heat
Herself to shroud, and pleasures to entreat.
SPENSER.

Seest not thilk hawthorn stud,
How bragly it begins to bud,
And utter his tender head?
Flora now calleth forth each flow'r,
And bids him make ready Maia's bow'r.
SPENSER.

Over him, art striving to compare
With nature, did an arbour green dispread,
Framed of wanton ivy, flowing fair,
Through which the fragrant eglantine did spread,
His pricking arms entrail'd with roses red.
SPENSER.

Then he arriving, round about doth fly
From bed to bed, from one to other border;
And takes survey, with curious busy eye,
Of ev'ry flower and herb there set in order.
SPENSER.

The gentle shepherd sat beside a spring,
All in the shadow of a bushy brier.
SPENSER.

At once, array'd
In all the colours of the flushing year,
The garden glows.
THOMSON.

The finish'd garden to the view
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
THOMSON.

Embroider'd so with flowers it had stood,
That it became a garden of a wood.
WALLER.

All with a border of rich fruit trees crown'd,
Whose loaded branches hide the lofty mound:
Such various ways the spacious alleys lead,
My doubtful muse knows not what path to tread.
WALLER.

GENIUS.

Time, place, and action may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
DRYDEN.

A happy genius is the gift of nature.
DRYDEN.

And the tame demon that should guard my throne
Shrinks at a genius greater than his own.
DRYDEN.

To your glad genius sacrifice this day;
Let common meats respectfully give way.
DRYDEN.

One science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Like kings, we lose the conquests gain'd before
By vain ambition still to make them more.
POPE: *Essay on Criticism.*

There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him,
My genius is rebuked; as it is said
Antony's was by Cæsar.
SHAKSPEARE.

The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council.
SHAKSPEARE.

GENTLEMAN.

You say a long-descended race
Makes gentlemen, and that your high degree
Is much disparaged to be match'd with me.
DRYDEN.

I am a gentleman.
I'll be sworn thou art!
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, action, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon.
SHAKSPEARE.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding.
SHAKSPEARE.

I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins; I was a gentleman.
SHAKSPEARE.

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
The spacious world cannot again afford.
SHAKSPEARE.

GENTLENESS.

Your brave and haughty scorn of all
Was stately and monarchical;
All gentleness with that esteem'd
A dull and slavish virtue seem'd.
COWLEY.

The gentlest heart on earth is proved unkind.
FAIRFAX.

Sweet speaking oft a currish heart reclaims.
SIDNEY.

The gentleness of all the gods go with thee.
SHAKSPEARE.

GLORY.

And glory long has made the sages smile;
'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion, wind—
Depending more upon the historian's style
Than on the name a person leaves behind.
BYRON.

My glories are past danger; they're full-blown:
Things that are blasted are but in the bud.
SIR J. DENHAM.

If glory was a bait that angels swallow'd,
How then should souls allied to sense resist it?
DRYDEN: *Aurengzebe.*

Glory, like the dazzling eagle, stood
Perch'd on my bever in the Granic flood;
When fortune's self my standard trembling bore,
And the pale fates stood frighted on the shore.
LEE.

All our glory extinct, and happy state,
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
MILTON.

For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praise, if always praise unmixt?
MILTON.

Glory, like time, progression does require;
When it does cease t' advance, it does expire.
LORD ORRERY.

Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflamed with glory's charms.
POPE.

O greatly bless'd with ev'ry blooming grace!
With equal steps the paths of glory trace.
POPE.

Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink.
POPE.

He safe return'd, the race of glory past,
New to his friends' embrace, had breathed his last.
POPE.

Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
A breath revives him, and a breath o'erthrows.
POPE.

Vanquish again; though she be gone
Whose garland crown'd the victor's hair,
And reign, though she had left the throne,
Who made thy glory worth thy care.
PRIOR.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
SHAKSPEARE.

Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men:
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
SHAKSPEARE.

I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me.
SHAKSPEARE.

Unworthy wretch, quoth he, of so great grace,
How dare I think such glory to attain?
Those that have it attain'd were in like case,
Quoth he, as wretched, and lived in like pain.
SPENSER.

Shames not to be with guiltless blood defiled;
She taketh glory in her cruelness.
SPENSER.

Yet the stout fairy, 'mongst the middest crowd,
Thought all their glory vain in knightly view,
And that great princess too, exceeding proud,
That to strange knight no better countenance allow'd.
SPENSER.

Real glory
Springs from the quiet conquest of ourselves;
And without that the conqueror is nought
But the first slave.
THOMSON: *Sophonisba.*

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But, look'd too near, have neither heat nor light,
WEBSTER: *Duchess of Malfy.*

To glory some advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and pilferers of fame.
YOUNG.

GOD.

Since the world's wide frame does not include
A cause with such capacities endued,
Some other cause o'er nature must preside.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Reach th' Almighty's sacred throne,
And make his causeless pow'r the cause of all things known.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

But, O! thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art, of all thy gifts, Thyself the crown!
Give what Thou canst, without Thee we are poor,
And with Thee rich, take what thou wilt away.
COWPER.

To that great spring which doth great kingdoms move,
The sacred spring whence right and honour streams;
Distilling virtue, shedding peace and love
In every place, as Cynthia sheds her beams.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Of himself is none;
But that eternal Infinite, and one,
Who never did begin, who ne'er can end,
On him all beings, as their source, depend.
DRYDEN.

Where'er thou art, He is; th' eternal Mind
Acts through all places; is to none confined;
Fills ocean, earth, and air, and all above,
And through the universal mass does move.
DRYDEN.

I move, I see, I speak, discourse, and know;
Though now I am, I was not always so:
Then that from which I was must be before,
Whom, as my spring of being, I adore.
DRYDEN.

Thy throne is darkness, in th' abyss of light;
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe Thee thus conceal'd,
And search no farther than Thyself reveal'd.
DRYDEN.

While these limbs the vital spirit feeds,
While day to night, and night to day, succeeds,
Burnt-off'rings morn and evening shall be Thine,
And fires eternal in Thy temples shine.
DRYDEN.

From Thee, great God, we spring, to Thee we tend,
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.
DR. S. JOHNSON: *Rambler.*

To th' infinitely Good we owe
Immortal thanks; and His admonishment
Receive, with solemn purpose to observe
Immutably His sovereign will, the end
Of what we are.
MILTON.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All heaven, and in the blessed spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable infused.
MILTON.

God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might,
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,—
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men.
MILTON.

All these with ceaseless praise his works behold,
Both day and night.
MILTON.

God, to remove his ways from human sense,
Placed heav'n from earth so far.
MILTON.

Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King
Only omniscient, hath suppress'd in night.
MILTON.

To attain
The height and depth of thy eternal ways,
All human thoughts come short, supreme of things.
MILTON.

God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men,
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace.
MILTON.

In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its ends produce,
Yet serves to second too some other use.
POPE.

Nor God alone in the still calm we find;
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.
POPE.

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,—
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.
POPE.

Thou sov'reign pow'r, whose secret will controls
The inward bent and motion of our souls!
Why hast thou placed such infinite degrees
Between the cause and cure of my disease?
PRIOR.

No muffling clouds, nor shades infernal, can
From his inquiry hide offending man.
SANDYS.

The silent vaults of death, unknown to light,
And hell itself, lie naked to his sight.
SANDYS.

If any strength we have, it is to ill;
But all the good is God's, both power and eke will.
SPENSER.

Great God of might, that reigneth in the mind,
And all the body to thy hest dost frame;
Victor of gods, subduer of mankind,
That dost the lion and fell tiger tame,
Who can express the glory of thy might?
SPENSER.

GOLD.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor.
BURNS.

The plague of gold strikes far and near,—
And deep and strong it enters;
Our thoughts grow blank, our words grow strange,
We cheer the pale gold-diggers,—
Each soul is worth so much on 'change,
And mark'd, like sheep, with figures.
MRS. BROWNING.

Thou more than stone of the philosopher!
Thou touchstone of Philosophy herself!
Thou bright eye of the Mine! thou loadstar
Of the Soul! thou true magnetic Pole, to which
All hearts point duly north, like trembling needles!
BYRON.

Gray-headed infant, and in vain grown old!
Art thou to learn that in another's gold
Lie charms resistless? that all laugh to find
Unthinking plainness so o'erspread thy mind.
CREECH.

Gold is the strength, the sinews of the world;
The health, the soul, the beauty most divine;
A mask of gold hides all deformities;
Gold is heaven's physic, life's restorative.
DECKER.

Now cursed steel, and more accursed gold,
Gave mischief birth, and made that mischief bold;
And double death did wretched man invade,
By steel assaulted, and by gold betray'd.
DRYDEN.

His countenance did imprint an awe,
And naturally all souls to his did bow;
As wands of divination downward draw,
And point to beds where sov'reign gold doth grow.
DRYDEN.

'Tis gold so pure
It cannot bear the stamp without alloy.
DRYDEN.

Why wouldst thou go, with one consent they cry,
When thou hast gold enough, and Emily?
DRYDEN.

Because its blessings are abused,
Must gold be censured, cursed, accused?
Even virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade.
GAY.

To purchase heaven has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No! all that's worth a wish—a thought—
Fair virtue gives, unbribed, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind:
Let nobler views engage thy mind.
DR. S. JOHNSON.

For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws;
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys;
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.
DR. S. JOHNSON.

The earth hath lost
Most of her ribs, as entrails; being now
Wounded no less for marble than for gold.
BEN JONSON.

Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.
MILTON.

Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
POPE.

Useful, we grant; it serves what life requires,
But dreadful, too, the dark assassin hires.
POPE.

The starving chymist in his golden views
Supremely blest.
POPE.

For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,
Prevent the greedy, and outbid the bold.
POPE.

Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
POPE.

Trade it may help, society extend,
But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend;
It raises armies in a nation's aid,
But bribes a senate, and a land's betray'd.
POPE.

Troy flamed in burnish'd gold; and o'er the throne,
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden ciphers shone.
POPE.

The train prepare a cruise of curious mould,
A cruise of fragrance, form'd of burnish'd gold.
POPE.

Bless'd paper credit!
Gold, imp'd with this, can compass hardest things,
Can pocket states, or fetch or carry kings.
POPE.

How quickly nature
Falls into revolt, when gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish, over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thought, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engross'd and piled up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises.
SHAKSPEARE.

There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murther in this loathsome world
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
SHAKSPEARE.

Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt into a close exploit of death?
SHAKSPEARE.

Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
SHAKSPEARE.

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
Can we dig peace, or wisdom, from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer: for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness.
YOUNG.

GOOD.

What's good doth open to th' inquirers stand,
And itself offers to th' accepting hand.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue.
DRYDEN.

Though sparing of his grace, to mischief bent,
He seldom does a good with good intent.
DRYDEN.

Nor holds this earth a more deserving knight
For virtue, valour, and for noble blood,
Truth, honour, all that is comprised in good.
DRYDEN.

Happy were men if they but understood
There is no safety but in doing good.
JOHN FOUNTAIN.

The sweetest cordial we receive at last,
Is conscience of our virtuous actions past.
GOFFE.

And learn the luxury of doing good.
GOLDSMITH: *Traveller*.

No further intercourse with Heav'n had he,
But left good works to men of low degree.
WALTER HARTE.

Goodness is beauty in its best estate.
MARLOWE.

Good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows;
The author not impair'd, but honour'd more.
MILTON.

Little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.
MILTON.

My heart
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
MILTON.

So shall the world go on,
To good malignant, to bad men benign,
Under her own weight groaning.
MILTON.

Worthiest by being good,
Far more than great or high.
MILTON.

O goodness! that shall evil turn to good.
MILTON.

Wisest and best men full oft beguiled—
With goodness principled not to reject
The penitent, but ever to forgive—
Are drawn to wear out miserable days.
MILTON.

For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd
Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good.
MILTON.

Th' eternal art educes good from ill;
Grafts on this passion our best principle.
POPE.

All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.
POPE.

Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age.
POPE.

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
POPE.

Can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings his flight,
Pour round his path a stream of living light,
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest
Where virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest.
S. ROGERS.

But I remember now
I'm in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime
Accounted dangerous folly.
SHAKSPEARE.

That light you see is burning in my hall;
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
SHAKSPEARE.

One good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
SHAKSPEARE.

We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.
SHAKSPEARE.

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give.
SHAKSPEARE.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.
SHAKSPEARE.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
TENNYSON.

Some there are
By their good deeds exalted, lofty minds,
And meditative authors of delight
And happiness, which to the end of time
Will live and spread and flourish.
WORDSWORTH.

Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed:
Who does the best his circumstance allows
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

GOOD HUMOUR.

Tempt not his heavy hand;
But one submissive word which you let fall
Will make him in good humour with us all.
DRYDEN.

Calmness is great advantage: he that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire,
Mark all his wand'rings, and enjoy his frets;
As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.
HERBERT.

What then remains but well our power to use,
And keep good humour still, whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear, good humour can prevail
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
POPE: *Rape of the Lock.*

Good humour only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past.
POPE.

Oh! bless'd with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day.
POPE.

But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd since locks will turn to gray,
What then remains but well our pow'r to use,
And keep good humour still, whate'er we lose?
POPE.

He keeps his temper'd mind, serene and pure,
And ev'ry passion aptly harmonized,
Amid a jarring world.
THOMSON.

GOVERNMENT.

In a commonwealth or realm
The government is call'd the helm;
With which, like vessels under sail,
They're turn'd and winded by the tail.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

The quacks of government, who sat
At th' unregarded helm of state,
Consider'd timely how t' withdraw,
And save their windpipes from the law.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

'Tis no less
To govern justly, make your empire flourish
With wholesome laws, in riches, peace, and plenty,
Than by the expense of wealth and blood to make
New acquisitions. SIR J. DENHAM.

While he survives, in concord and content
The commons live, by no division rent;
But the great monarch's death dissolves the government.
DRYDEN.

In change of government
The rabble rule their great oppressors' fate,
Do sov'reign justice, and revenge the state.
DRYDEN.

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought she should have been content
To manage well that mighty government.
DRYDEN.

For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,
That those who think must govern those who toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
GOLDSMITH: *Traveller.*

In ev'ry government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find.
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
DR. S. JOHNSON:
in Goldsmith's Traveller.

Men divinely taught, and better teaching
The solid rules of civil government,
In their majestic, unaffected style,
Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.
MILTON.

He that resists the power of Ptolemy
Resists the pow'r of heav'n; for pow'r from heav'n
Derives, and monarchs rule by gods appointed.
PRIOR.

For government
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close.
SHAKSPEARE.

Take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain.
SHAKSPEARE.

A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.
SHAKSPEARE.

All happy peace and goodly government
Is settled there in sure establishment.
SPENSER.

Safety and equal government are things
Which subjects make as happy as their kings.
WALLER.

Those governments which curb not evils, cause;
And a rich knave's a libel on our laws.
YOUNG.

GRACE.

Though various features did the sisters grace,
A sister's likeness was in every face.
ADDISON.

Jove cannot fear; they tell me to my face,
That I of all the gods am least in grace.
DRYDEN.

The mother's and her eldest daughter's grace,
It seems, had bribed him to prolong their space.
DRYDEN.

And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures?
MILTON.

This my long-suffering and my day of grace,
Those who neglect and scorn shall never taste.
MILTON.

Speaking or mute, all comeliness and grace
Attend thee, and each word, each motion, form.
MILTON.

Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
In ev'ry gesture dignity and love!
MILTON.

Telemachus his bloomy face
Glowing celestial sweet, with godlike grace.
POPE.

More than mortal grace
Speaks the descendant of ethereal race.
POPE.

Blest peer! his great forefather's ev'ry grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his face.
POPE.

How Van wants grace that never wanted wit.
POPE.

O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
SHAKSPEARE.

Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold or careless of his will.
SHAKSPEARE.

Though all things foul would bear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.
SHAKSPEARE.

In his own grace he doth exalt himself
More than in your advancement.
SHAKSPEARE.

Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
When he for grace is kneel'd to.
SHAKSPEARE.

Great grace that old man to him given had,
For God he often saw, from heaven hight,
All were earthly eyen both blunt and bad.
SPENSER.

Lo! two most lovely virgins came in place,
With countenance demure, and modest grace.
SPENSER.

GRACEFUL.

Turnus, for high descent and graceful mien,
Was first, and favour'd by the Latian queen.
DRYDEN.

Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began.
POPE.

Through nature and through art she ranged,
And gracefully her subject changed.
SWIFT.

Graceful to sight, and elegant to thought,
The great are vanquish'd, and the wise are taught.

YOUNG.

GRACES.

All those graces
The common fate of mortal charms may find;
Content our short-lived praises to engage,
The joy and wonder of a single age.

ADDISON.

To some kind of men,
Their graces serve them but as enemies.

SHAKSPEARE.

The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them.

SHAKSPEARE.

Mark when she smiles with amiable cheer,
And tell me whereto can ye liken it?
When on each eyelid sweetly do appear
An hundred graces as in shade to sit.

SPENSER.

GRATITUDE.

Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat
Can move or warp, and gratitude for small
And trivial favours, lasting as the life
And glist'ning even in the dying eye.

COWPER: *Task.*

Years of service past
From grateful souls exact reward at last.

DRYDEN.

Is no return due from a grateful breast?
I grow impatient, till I find some way,
Great offices with greater to repay.

DRYDEN.

If you have lived, take thankfully the past;
Make, as you can, the sweet remembrance last.

DRYDEN.

Tell me, my friend, from whence hadst thou the skill
So nicely to distinguish good from ill?
And what thou art to follow, what to fly,
This to condemn, and that to ratify?

DRYDEN.

You seem not high enough your joys to rate;
You stand indebted a vast sum to fate,
And should large thanks for the great blessing pay.

DRYDEN.

The blue-eyed German shall the Tigris drink,
Ere I, forsaking gratitude and truth,
Forget the figure of that godlike youth.

DRYDEN.

Nor our admission shall your realm disgrace,
Nor length of time our gratitude efface.

DRYDEN.

Suspicious thoughts his pensive mind employ,
A sullen gratitude, and clouded joy.

WALTER HARTE.

When gratitude o'erflows the swelling heart,
And breathes in free and uncorrupted praise
For benefits received: propitious heaven
Takes such acknowledgment as fragrant incense,
And doubles all its blessings.

LILLO: *Elmerick.*

He that hath nature in him must be grateful;
'Tis the Creator's primary great law
That links the chain of beings to each other.

MADDEN: *Themistocles.*

The debt immense of endless gratitude.

MILTON.

I understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged.

MILTON.

Could he less expect
Than glory and benediction, that is, thanks?

MILTON.

Fountain of mercy! whose pervading eye
Can look within and read what passes there,
Accept my thoughts for thanks; I have no words:
My soul, o'erfraught with gratitude, rejects
The aid of language: Lord!—behold my heart.

HANNAH MORE: *Moses.*

Indeed you thank'd me: but a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul, for from that hour she loved me.

OTWAY.

One grateful woman to thy fame supplied
What a whole thankless land to his denied.

POPE.

Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame;
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name;
After a life of generous toil endured,
Closed their long glories with a sigh, to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind.
POPE.

What can I pay thee for this noble usage
But grateful praise! so heav'n itself is paid.
ROWE: *Tamerlane.*

We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love.
SHAKSPEARE.

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.
WORDSWORTH.

GRAVES.

Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royal'st seed
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died of sin:
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings.
BEAUMONT:
On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey.

He suffer'd their protractive arts,
And strove by mildness to reduce their hearts.
DRYDEN.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
GRAY: *Elegy.*

Fond fool! six feet shall serve for all thy store;
And he that cares for most shall find no more.
BISHOP HALL: *Satires.*

Blest are they
That earth to earth intrust; for they may know
And tend the dwelling whence the slumberer's clay
Shall rise at last, and bid the young flowers bloom,
That waft a breath of hope around the tomb,
And kneel upon the dewy turf and pray!
MRS. HEMANS.

Household gifts that memory saves
But help to count the household graves.
T. K. HERVEY.

Oh! let not tears embalm my tomb,
None but the dews by twilight given!
Oh! let not sighs disturb the gloom,
None but the whispering winds of heaven.
MOORE.

Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.
POPE.

The grave, where ev'n the great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppress'd.
POPE.

Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust!
SIR W. RALEIGH.

GREATNESS.

Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn.
ADDISON: *Campaign.*

In care they live, and must for many care;
And such the best and greatest ever are.
LORD BROOKE.

The greatest chief
That ever peopled hell with heroes slain,
Or plunged a province or a realm in grief.
BYRON.

Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes, one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate—
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make men blush there was but one.
BYRON.

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
Their loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below.

Though far above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head.
BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

The slippery tops of human state,
The gilded pinnacles of fate.
COWLEY.

If e'er ambition should my fancy cheat
With any wish so mean, as to be great,
Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove
The humble blessings of the life I love.
COWLEY.

Blinded greatness ever in turmoil,
Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil.
DANIEL.

Though he in all the people's eyes seem'd great,
Yet greater he appear'd in his retreat.
SIR J. DENHAM.

While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat,
The common fate of all that's high or great.
SIR J. DENHAM.

These are they
Deserve their greatness and unenvied stand,
Since what they act transcends what they command.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Injurious strength would rapine still excuse
By off'ring terms the weaker must refuse.
DRYDEN.

The great are privileged alone
To punish all injustice but their own.
DRYDEN.

Thus, by degrees, he rose to Jove's imperial seat;
Thus difficulties prove a soul legitimately great.
DRYDEN.

When often urged, unwilling to be great,
Your country calls you from your loved retreat,
And sends to senates, charged with common care,
Which none more shuns, and none can better bear.
DRYDEN.

He observed th' illustrious throng,
Their names, their fates, their conduct, and their care
In peaceful senates and successful war.
DRYDEN.

All greatness is in virtue understood;
'Tis only necessary to be good.
DRYDEN.

His sweetness won a more regard
Unto his place, than all the boist'rous moods
That ignorant greatness practiseth.
BEN JONSON.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.
LONGFELLOW: *Psalm of Life.*

Great
Or bright infers not excellence: the earth,
Though, in comparison of heav'n, so small,
Nor glistering, may of solid good contain
More plenty than the sun, that barren shines.
MILTON.

Of all the great how few
Are just to heav'n, and to their promise true!
POPE.

He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still, flagitious, yet not great.
POPE.

Despise the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great.
POPE.

But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
POPE.

At home surrounded by a servile crowd,
Prompt to abuse, and in detraction loud;
Abroad begirt with men, and swords, and spears,
His very state acknowledging his fears.
PRIOR.

I will, alas! be wretched to be great,
And sigh in royalty, and grieve in state.
PRIOR.

Their purple majesty,
And all those outward shows which we call greatness,
Languish and droop, seem empty and forsaken,
And draw the wond'ring gazer's eye no more.
ROWE.

As if Misfortune made the throne her seat,
And none could be unhappy but the great.
ROWE: *Prologue to Fair Penitent.*

O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious guests
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies.

SHAKSPEARE.

O ceremony! show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else, but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery?

SHAKSPEARE.

O be sick, great Greatness!
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?

SHAKSPEARE.

O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subject to the breath of ev'ry fool, whose sense
No more can feel but his own wringing!
What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?

SHAKSPEARE.

But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great.

SHAKSPEARE.

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them;
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

SHAKSPEARE.

It is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accident, and bolts up change.

SHAKSPEARE.

He by my ruin thinks to make them great:
To make one great by other's loss, is bad excheat.

SPENSER.

And all that else this world's enclosure bare
Hath great or glorious in mortal eye,
Adorns the person of her majesty.

SPENSER.

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

HENRY TAYLOR.

'Tis not from whom, but where, we live;
The place does oft those graces give:
Great Julius, on the mountain bred,
A flock perhaps, or herd, had led;
He that the world subdued had been
But the best wrestler on the green.

WALLER.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a muse.

WALLER: *on Cromwell.*

High stations tumults, but not bliss create:
None think the great unhappy but the great.

YOUNG: *Love of Fame.*

GRIEF.

Now secretly with inward grief he pined;
Now warm resentments to his griefs he join'd.

ADDISON.

Wonder at my patience!
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted?

ADDISON.

By fits my swelling grief appears
In rising sighs and falling tears.

ADDISON.

Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts.

ADDISON.

Didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk thus coldly.

ADDISON.

For Titan, by the mighty loss dismay'd,
Among the heav'ns th' immortal fact display'd,
Lest the remembrance of his grief should fail.

ADDISON.

Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?

ADDISON.

Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear;
I sit me down and sigh.
O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I.

BURNS.

There is no darkness like the cloud of mind
On grief's vain eye—the blindest of the blind,
Which may not, dare not see, but turns aside
To blackest shade, nor will endure a guide.
BYRON: *Corsair.*

Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
BYRON: *Dream.*

Alas! the breast that inly bleeds
Has nought to fear from outward blow:
Who falls from all he knows of bliss
Cares little into what abyss.
BYRON: *Giaour.*

Those closing skies may still continue bright,
But who can help it if you'll make it night.
DRYDEN.

Alas! I have no words to tell my grief;
To vent my sorrow would be some relief;
Light sufferings give us leisure to complain;
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.
DRYDEN.

'Twas grief no more, or grief and rage were one
Within her soul: at last 'twas rage alone;
Which, burning upwards in succession, dries
The tears that stood considering in her eyes.
DRYDEN.

I'm stupefied with sorrow, past relief
Of tears; parch'd up and wither'd with my grief.
DRYDEN.

Like Niobe we marble grow,
And petrify with grief.
DRYDEN.

Since both cannot possess what both pursue,
I'm grieved, my friend, the chance should fall on you.
DRYDEN.

He cannot his unmaster'd grief sustain,
But yields to rage, to madness, and disdain.
DRYDEN.

The father bore it with undaunted soul,
Like one who durst his destiny control;
Yet with becoming grief he bore his part,
Resign'd his son, but not resign'd his heart.
DRYDEN.

The father's grief restrain'd his art;
He twice essay'd to cast his son in gold,
Twice from his hands he dropp'd the forming mould.
DRYDEN.

On a bank, beside a willow,
Heav'n her cov'ring, earth her pillow,
Sad Amynta sigh'd alone,
From the cheerless dawn of morning
Till the dews of night returning.
DRYDEN.

He finds no respite from his anxious grief,
Then seeks from his soliloquy relief.
GARTH.

'Tis long ere time can mitigate your grief;
To wisdom fly, she quickly brings relief.
GROTIUS.

We know
There oft is found an avarice in grief,
And the wan eye of sorrow loves to gaze
Upon its secret hoard of treasured woes
And pine in solitude.
MASON.

There is a calm when Grief o'erflows,
A refuge from the worst of woes;
It comes when Pleasure's dream is o'er,
And Hope, the charmer, charms no more.
'Tis where the heart is wrung till dry,
And not a tear bedews the eye;
'Tis where we see the vacant gaze,
While not a smile the lip betrays. MOORE.

What plague is greater than the grief of mind,—
The grief of mind that eats in every vein,
In every vein that leaves such clods behind,
Such clods behind as breed such bitter pain,
Such bitter pain that none shall ever find,
What plague is greater than the grief of mind?
EARL OF OXFORD.

Prest with heart-corroding grief and years,
To the gay court a rural shed prefers.
POPE.

I oft, in bitterness of soul, deplored
My absent daughter, and my dearer lord.
POPE.

My heavy eyes, you say, confess
A heart to love and grief inclined.
PRIOR.

Bred up in grief, can pleasure be our theme?
Our endless anguish does not nature claim?
Reason and sorrow are to us the same.
PRIOR.

Cease, man of woman born, to hope relief
From daily trouble, and continued grief.
PRIOR.

I have endured the rage of secret grief,
A malady that burns and rankles inward.
ROWE.

Then happy those, since each must drain
His share of pleasure, share of pain,—
Then happy those, beloved of Heaven,
To whom the mingled cup is given,
Whose lenient sorrows find relief,
Whose joys are chasten'd by their grief.
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Some grief shows much of love,
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
SHAKSPEARE.

To persevere
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness, unmanly grief.
SHAKSPEARE.

Cease to lament for that thou canst not help;
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
SHAKSPEARE.

The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.
SHAKSPEARE.

Then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.
SHAKSPEARE.

What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?
SHAKSPEARE.

Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.
SHAKSPEARE.

If thou engrossest all the grief as thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety.
SHAKSPEARE.

These external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortured soul.
SHAKSPEARE.

Conceit is still derived
From some forefather grief: mine is not so.
SHAKSPEARE.

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
SHAKSPEARE.

Know, then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge: repeal thee home again.
SHAKSPEARE.

You may my glory and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still I am king of those.
SHAKSPEARE.

Grief hath changed me,
And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,
Hath written strange defeatures in my face.
SHAKSPEARE.

The violence of either grief or joy,
Their own enactors with themselves destroy.
SHAKSPEARE.

Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmed with your grief,
A passion most unsuiting such a man.
SHAKSPEARE.

Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament,
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
SHAKSPEARE.

I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart.
SHAKSPEARE.

What's the newest grief?
Each minute teems a new one.
SHAKSPEARE.

O Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits.
SHAKSPEARE.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate, to have them press'd
With more of thine.
SHAKSPEARE.

Woe to poor man, each outward thing annoys him;
He heaps in inward grief, that most destroys him.
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

What torment's equal to the grief of mind
And pining anguish hid in gentle heart,
That inly feeds itself with thought unkind,
And nourishes its own consuming smart?
SPENSER.

She (sighing sore, as if her heart in twaine
Had riven been, and all her heart-strings brast)
With dreary drooping eyne look'd up, like one aghast.
SPENSER.

Quoth she, Great grief will not be told,
And can more easily be thought than said;
Right so, quoth he, but he that never would,
Could never; will to might gives greatest aid.
SPENSER.

What boots it to weep and to wayment,
When ill is chanced, but doth the ill increase,
And the weak mind with double woe torment?
SPENSER.

Such helpless harms it's better hidden keep,
Than rip up grief, where it may not avail.
SPENSER.

GROVES.

In groves we live, and lie on mossy beds,
By crystal streams that murmur through the meads.
DRYDEN.

Stretch'd at ease you sing your happy loves,
And Amaryllis fills the shady groves.
DRYDEN.

Betwixt two rows of rocks a sylvan scene
Appears above, and groves forever green.
DRYDEN.

With deeper brown the grove was overspread.
DRYDEN.

The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd.
DRYDEN.

With shadowy verdure flourish'd high,
A sudden youth the groves enjoy.
FENTON.

Groves whose rich trees wept od'rous gums and balm.
MILTON.

In shady bow'r
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept.
MILTON.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair;
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air.
POPE.

Her waving groves a checker'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude, the day.
POPE.

The senseless grove feels not your pious sorrows.
ROWE.

GUILT.

Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest; Cato knows neither of them:
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.
ADDISON.

And oh! that pang where more than madness lies!
The worm that will not sleep, and never dies;
Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night,
That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes the light;
That winds around and tears the quivering heart:
Ah, wherefore not consume it and depart?
BYRON.

Not all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honied words of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.
BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

Guilt is a timorous thing; ere perpetration,
Despair alone makes guilty men be bold.
COLERIDGE.

Sure if the guilt were theirs, they could not charge thee
With such a gallant boldness; if t'were thine,
Thou couldst not hear 't with such a silent scorn!
DENHAM.

Try to imprison the resistless wind;
So swift is guilt, so hard to be confined.
DRYDEN.

My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.
DRYDEN.

My guilt thy growing virtues did defame;
My blackness blotted thy unblemish'd name.
DRYDEN.

Ambitious Turnus in the press appears,
And aggravating crimes augment their fears.
DRYDEN.

Nor could his acts too close a vizard wear
To 'scape their eyes whom guilt had taught to fear.
DRYDEN.

What a state is guilt,
When ev'ry thing alarms it! like a sentinel
Who sleeps upon his watch, it wakes in dread,
Ev'n at a breath of wind.
HAVARD: *Scanderbeg.*

How guilt, once harbour'd in the conscious breast,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great!
DR. JOHNSON: *Irene.*

When men's intents are wicked, their guilt haunts them;
But when they're just, they're arm'd, and nothing daunts them.
MIDDLETON.

Guilt is the source of sorrow; 'tis the fiend—
The avenging fiend—that follows us behind
With whips and stings.
ROWE.

When at first from virtue's path we stray,
How shrinks the feeble heart with sad dismay!
More bold at length, by powerful habit led,
Careless and sered, the dreary wilds we tread;
Behold the gaping gulf of sin with scorn,
And, plunging deep, to endless death are borne.
JAMES SCOTT.

Guiltiness
Will speak though tongues were out of use.
SHAKSPEARE.

Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.
SHAKSPEARE.

Close pent-up guilts
Rive your concealing continents, and ask
These dreadful summoners grace.
SHAKSPEARE.

Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,
Confound the ign'rant.
SHAKSPEARE.

Make known,
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
That hath deprived me.
SHAKSPEARE.

All murders past do stand excused in this,—
And this so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.
SHAKSPEARE.

First got with guile, and then preserved with dread,
And after spent with pride and lavishness.
SPENSER.

That cunning architect of canker'd guile,
Whom princes' late displeasure left in bands,
For falsed letters, and suborned wile.
SPENSER.

And were there rightful cause of difference,
Yet were 't not better, fair it to accord,
Than with bloodguiltiness to heap offence,
And mortal vengeance join to crime abhorr'd?
SPENSER.

From the body of one guilty deed
A thousand ghostly fears and haunting thoughts proceed.
WORDSWORTH.

Let no man trust the first false step
Of guilt; it hangs upon a precipice
Whose steep descent in lost perdition ends.
YOUNG: *Busiris.*

Where, where, for shelter shall the guilty fly,
When consternation turns the good man pale?
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

HABIT.

If thou dost still retain
The same ill habits, the same follies too,
Still thou art bound to vice, and still a slave.
DRYDEN.

How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
SHAKSPEARE.

He walks;
And that self-chain about his neck
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.
SHAKSPEARE.

HAIR.

His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
In skinny films, and shape his oary feet.
ADDISON.

An infant Titan held she in her arms;
Yet sufferably bright, the eye might bear
The ungrown glories of his beamy hair.
ADDISON.

The nymph nor spun, nor dress'd with artful pride;
Her vest was gather'd up, her hair was tied.
ADDISON.

Behold the locks that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.
ADDISON.

With lightsome brow, and beaming eyes, and bright,
Long, glorious locks, which drop upon thy cheek,
Like gold-hued cloud-flakes on the rosy morn.
BAILEY: *Festus.*

Like a white brow through its o'ershadowing hair.
BAILEY: *Festus.*

Her hair was roll'd in many a curious fret,
Much like a rich and curious coronet;
Upon whose arches twenty Cupids lay,
And were or tied, or loath to put away.
WILLIAM BROWNE: *Pastorals.*

For the hair droops in clouds amber-colour'd till stirr'd
Into gold by the gesture that comes with a word.
MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth;
Her eyebrows' shape was like the aerial bow;
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth.
BYRON.

Down her white neck, long, floating auburn curls,
The least of which would set ten poets raving.
BYRON.

By those tresses unconfined,
Woo'd by every Ægean wind.
BYRON.

With a swimmer's stroke
Flinging the billows back from my drench'd hair.
BYRON.

Swift men of foot, whose broad-set backs their trailing hair did hide.
CHAPMAN.

A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.
COLLINS: *Passions.*

All clad in liveliest colours, fresh and fair
As the bright flowers that crown'd their brighter hair.
COWLEY.

Merab's long hair was glossy chestnut brown.
COWLEY.

And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.
COWPER: *Task.*

That wind
About their shady brows in wanton rings.
CRASHAW.

Her hair down-gushing in an armful flows,
And floods her ivory neck, and glitters as she goes.
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Hair! 'tis the robe which curious nature weaves
To hang upon the head, and does adorn
Our bodies; in the first hour we are born
God does bestow that garment: when we die,
That, like a soft and silken canopy,
Is still spread over us: In spite of death,
Our hair grows in the grave, and that alone
Looks fresh, when all our other beauty's gone.
DECKER: *Satiro-Mastix.*

For every hour that thou wilt spare me now,
I will allow,
Usurious god of love, twenty to thee,
When with my brown my gray hairs equal be.
DONNE.

Off with that wiery coronet, and show
The hairy diadem which on your head doth grow.
DONNE.

Powder thy radiant hair.
DONNE.

The sun's
Dishevel'd beams and scatter'd fires
Serve but for ladies' periwigs and tires
In lovers' sonnets.
DONNE.

The flies, by chance mesh'd in her hair,
By the bright radiance thrown
From her clear eyes, rich jewels were,
They so like diamonds shone.
DRAYTON.

And trick them up in knotted curls anew.
DRAYTON.

What time the groves were clad in green,
The fields all drest in flowers,
And that the sleek-hair'd nymphs were seen
To seek their summer bowers.
DRAYTON.

Her head was bare,
But for her native ornament of hair,
Which in a simple knot was tied above:
Sweet negligence! unheeded bait of love!
DRYDEN.

Her shining hair, uncomb'd, was loosely spread;
A crown of mastless oak adorn'd her head.
DRYDEN.

Emily dress'd herself in rich array;
Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair,
Adown her shoulders fell her length of hair.
DRYDEN.

Her well-turn'd neck he view'd,
And on her shoulders her dishevell'd hair.
DRYDEN.

Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
And spreads her locks before her as she flies.
DRYDEN.

A riband did the braided tresses bind;
The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the wind.
DRYDEN.

She hurries all her handmaids to the task;
Her head alone will twenty dressers ask.
DRYDEN.

Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd;
And in a golden caul the curls are bound.
DRYDEN.

For thee she feeds her hair,
And with the winding ivy wreathes her lance.
DRYDEN.

He shook the sacred honours of his head,
With terror trembled heav'n's subsiding hill,
And from his shaken curls ambrosial dews distil.
DRYDEN.

With odorous oil thy head and hair are sleek;
And then thou kemp'st the tuzzes on thy cheek:
Of these thy barbers take a costly care.
DRYDEN.

They comb, and then they order ev'ry hair.
DRYDEN.

Aghast, astonish'd, and struck dumb with fear,
I stood; like bristles rose my stiff'ning hair.
DRYDEN.

He roar'd, he beat his breast, he tore his hair.
DRYDEN.

Nor did my search of liberty begin
Till my black hairs were changed upon my chin.
DRYDEN.

Alike in feature both and garb appear,
With honest faces, though uncurled hair.
DRYDEN.

Mute, and amazed, my hair with horror stood;
Fear shrunk my senses, and congeal'd my blood.
DRYDEN.

He look'd a lion with a gloomy stare,
And o'er his eyebrows hung his matted hair.
DRYDEN.

Those grizzled locks, which nature did provide
In plenteous growth their asses' ears to hide.
DRYDEN.

But you, loud sirs, who through your curls look big,
Critics in plume and white vallancy wig.
DRYDEN.

Stood Theodore surprised in deadly fright,
With chatt'ring teeth, and bristling hair upright.
DRYDEN.

Thy locks uncomb'd like a rough wood appear.
DRYDEN.

This punishment pursues the unhappy maid,
And thus the purple hair is dearly paid.
DRYDEN.

The rugged hair began to fall away;
The sweetness of her eyes did only stay.
DRYDEN.

When the yellow hair in flame should fall,
The catching fire might burn the golden cawl.
DRYDEN.

Thy hair so bristles with unmanly fears,
As fields of corn that rise in bearded ears.
DRYDEN.

The Trojan chief appear'd in open sight,
August in visage, and serenely bright;
His mother goddess, with her hands divine,
Had form'd his curling locks, and made his temples shine.
DRYDEN.

Thou hast made my curdled blood run back,
My heart heave up, my hair to rise in bristles.
DRYDEN.

Instead of powder'd curls, let ivy twine
Around that head so full of "Caroline."
ON LORD ELDON: *Surtees's Stowell and Eldon*, 173.

A tinsel veil her amber locks did shroud,
That strove to cover what it could not hide.
FAIRFAX.

The gamesome winds among her tresses play,
And curleth up those growing riches short.
FAIRFAX.

You'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread,
Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head.
GAY.

Her tresses, loose behind,
Play on her neck, and wanton in the wind;
The rising blushes which her cheek o'erspread
Are opening roses in the lily's bed.
GAY: *Dione.*

Loose his beard and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air.
GRAY: *Bard.*

There's music in the forest leaves,
When summer winds are there,
And in the laugh of forest girls,
That braid their sunny hair.
HALLECK.

With dancing hair and laughing eyes,
That seem to mock me as it flies.
HALLECK.

The hairs on his head were silver-white,
And his blood was thin and cold.
HERVEY: *Devil's Progress.*

Where go the poet's lines?
Answer, ye evening tapers!
Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,
Speak from your folded papers!
O. W. HOLMES: *Poet's Lot.*

Give me a look, give me a face
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free!
BEN JONSON.

Thy beauty,—not a fault is there:
No queen of Grecian line
E'er braided more luxuriant hair
O'er forehead more divine.
L. E. LANDON.

Oh, richly fell the flaxen hair
Over the maiden's shoulders fair!
C. MACKAY.

His locks behind,
Illustrious on his shoulders, fledge with wings,
Lay waving round.
MILTON.

The river of bliss through midst of heaven
Rolls o'er Elysian flow'rs her amber stream;
With these, that never fade, the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks inwreathed with beams.
MILTON.

She, as a veil, down to her slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets waved,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied subjection.
MILTON.

Hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad.
MILTON.

Adam had wove
Of choicest flow'rs a garland to adorn
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown.
MILTON.

The more
His wonder was, to find unwaken'd Eve
With tresses discomposed.
MILTON.

She a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wiped them with her hair.
MILTON.

These redundant locks,
Robustious to no purpose, clust'ring down,
Vast monument of strength.
MILTON.

God, when he gave me strength, to show withal
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
MILTON.

This strength diffused
No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,
Than thine, while I preserved these locks unshorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.
MILTON.

Sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæræa's hair.
MILTON.

With ringlets quaint and wanton windings wove.
MILTON.

Listen where thou art sitting,
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair.
MILTON.

With flow'r inwoven, tresses torn,
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.
MILTON.

By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks.
MILTON.

Th' humble shrub
And bush, with frizzled hair implicit.
MILTON.

What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
MILTON.

There's not a look, a word of thine,
My soul hath e'er forgot;
Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,
Nor given thy locks one graceful twine,
Which I remember not.
MOORE.

And nymphs were there whose very eyes
Seem'd almost to exhale in sighs;
Whose every little ringlet thrill'd
As if with soul and passion fill'd!
MOORE.

So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head;
The skull that bred them, in a sepulchre.
OTWAY: *Venice Preserved.*

His golden locks time hath to silver turned;
O time too swift! O swiftness never ceasing!
GEORGE PEELE: *Polyhymnia.*

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair:
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.
POPE.

Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear.
POPE.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth, ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey:
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
POPE.

The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, forever, and forever.
POPE.

These, in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck.
POPE.

Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
New stratagems the radiant lock to gain.
POPE.

Ev'n then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretch'd Sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the Sylph in twain.
POPE.

What wonder then thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel?
POPE.

Not Cynthia, when her mantua's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.
POPE.

"Restore the lock!" she cries, and all around,
"Restore the lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
POPE.

Which never more shall join its parted hair,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew.
POPE.

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn the ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair hair can boast
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
POPE.

Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod;
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god.
POPE.

She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair.
POPE.

The fair-hair'd queen of love
Descends smooth-gliding from the courts above.
POPE.

No longer shall thy comely tresses break
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck,
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids, with various ribbon bound.
PRIOR.

What she demands, incessant I'll prepare;
I'll weave her garlands, and I'll plait her hair.
PRIOR.

Her hair,
Untied, and ignorant of artful aid,
Adown her shoulders loosely lay display'd.
PRIOR.

When for thy head the garland I prepare,
A second wreath shall bind Aminta's hair;
And when my choicest songs thy worth complain,
Alternate verse shall bless Aminta's name.
PRIOR.

The glowing garland from my hair I took;
Love in my heart, obedience in my look.
PRIOR.

Tuck back thy hair,
And I will pour into thy ear. PRIOR.

Wanting the scissors, with these hands I'll tear,
If that obstructs my flight, this load of hair.
PRIOR.

The flow'rs she wore along the day;
And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than growing in their native bed.
PRIOR.

The dappled pink and blushing rose
Deck my charming Chloe's hair.
PRIOR.

In our fantastic climes the fair
With cleanly powder dry their hair.
PRIOR.

Ere on thy chin the springing beard began
To spread a doubtful down, and promise man.
PRIOR.

Skin more fair,
More glorious head, and far more glorious hair.
RANDOLPH: *Praise of Women.*

With her hair flung back,
She listens to his song,—"The song she loved."
ROGERS.

The great in honour are not always wise,
Nor judgment under silver tresses lies.
SANDYS.

For deadly fear can time outgo,
And blanch at once the hair.
SIR W. SCOTT: *Marmion.*

Fall to thy prayers:
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
SHAKSPEARE.

Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to intrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs.
SHAKSPEARE.

Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote,
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs.
SHAKSPEARE.

Her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece.
SHAKSPEARE.

He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me.
SHAKSPEARE.

His hair is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.
SHAKSPEARE.

My fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't.
SHAKSPEARE.

Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son.
SHAKSPEARE.

Make false hair, and thatch
Your poor thin roofs with burthens of the dead.
SHAKSPEARE.

His hair is of a good colour,
An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.
SHAKSPEARE.

Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Did challenge pity of them.
SHAKSPEARE.

If in black my lady's brow be deck'd,
It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore she is born to make black fair.
SHAKSPEARE.

For who is he whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice drawn cavaliers to France?
SHAKSPEARE.

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.
SHAKSPEARE.

As sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair.
SHAKSPEARE.

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.
SHAKSPEARE.

Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair.
SHAKSPEARE.

There came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair.
SHAKSPEARE.

Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright.
SHAKSPEARE.

Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow;
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
SHAKSPEARE.

See what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls.
SHAKSPEARE.

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death.
SHAKSPEARE.

Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this.
SHAKSPEARE.

Never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
SHAKSPEARE.

Why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid image doth upfix my hair?
SHAKSPEARE.

My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
Ev'n as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution.
SHAKSPEARE.

Finding force now faint to be,
He thought gray hairs afforded subtilty.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

Her yellow golden hair
Was trimly woven, and in tresses wrought:
No other tire she on her head did wear,
But crowned with a garland of sweet rosier.
SPENSER.

Whether art it were, or heedless hap,
As through the flow'ring forest rash she fled,
In her rude hairs sweet flowers themselves did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaves and blossoms did enwrap.
SPENSER.

Drawn with the power of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tress.
SPENSER.

The dread knight's sword out of his sheath he drew,
With which he cut a lock of all their hair.
SPENSER.

His grizly locks, long growen and unbound,
Disorder'd hung about his shoulders round.
SPENSER.

Her golden locks for haste were loosely shed
About her ears.
SPENSER.

They might perceive his head
To be unarm'd, and curl'd, uncombed hairs
Upstarting stiff.
SPENSER.

Her yellow locks crisped like golden wire
About her shoulders weren loosely shed;
And when the wind amongst them did inspire,
They waved like a pennon wide dispred.
SPENSER.

Her golden locks she roundly did uptie
In braided trammels, that no looser hairs
Did out of order stray about her dainty ears.
SPENSER.

A list the cobblers' temples ties,
To keep the hair out of their eyes;
From whence 'tis plain the diadem,
That princes wear, derives from them.
SWIFT.

If Molly happens to be careless,
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
She gets a cold as sure as death.
SWIFT.

From her own head Megara takes
A periwig of twisted snakes.
SWIFT.

So soft his tresses, fill'd with trickling pearl,
You doubt his sex, and take him for a girl.
TATE.

With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.
TENNYSON: *The Princess.*

But rising up,
Robed in the long night of her deep hair.
TENNYSON: *The Princess.*

These hairs of age are messengers,
Which bid me fast, repent, and pray;
They be of death the harbingers
That do prepare and dress the way:
Wherefore I joy that you may see
Upon my head such hair to be.
LORD VAUX.

A thousand Cupids in those curls do sit,
Those curious nets thy slender fingers knit.
WALLER.

A silver line, that from the brow to the crown,
And in the middle, parts the braided hair,
Just serves to show how delicate a soil
The golden harvest grows in.
WORDSWORTH.

That kill the bloom before its time,
And blanch, without the owner's crime,
The most resplendent hair.
WORDSWORTH.

Her grizzled locks assume a smirking grace,
And art has levell'd her deep-furrow'd face.
YOUNG.

A nail uncut and head uncomb'd she loves;
And would draw on jack-boots as soon as gloves.
YOUNG.

HAPPINESS.

We shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore.
ADDISON.

From the sad years of life
We sometimes do short hours, yea, minutes, strike,
Keen, blissful, bright, never to be forgotten,
Which, through the dreary gloom of time o'erpast,
Shine like fair sunny spots on a wild waste.
JOANNA BAILLIE: *De Montfort.*

I see there is no man but may make his paradise,
And it is nothing but his love and dotage
Upon the world's foul joys, that keeps him out on't;
For he that lives retired in mind and spirit
Is still in paradise.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Nice Valour.*

Oh, then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last.
BLAIR: *Grave.*

There comes
Forever something between us and what
We deem our happiness.
BYRON: *Sardanapalus.*

So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,
And yet they glide, like happiness, away.
BYRON.

If we for happiness could leisure find,
And wand'ring time into a method bind,
We should not then the great man's favour need.
COWLEY.

A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day.
CRASHAW.

Thou
Ow'st all thy losses to the fates; but I,
Like wasteful prodigals, have cast away
My happiness.
SIR J. DENHAM.

'Tis with our souls
As with our eyes, that after a long darkness
Are dazzled at th' approach of sudden light;
When i' the midst of fears we are surprised
With unexpected happiness, the first
Degrees of joy are mere astonishment.
SIR J. DENHAM: *Sophy.*

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own:
He who secure within can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
DRYDEN.

Since we have lost
Freedom, wealth, honour, which we value most,
I wish they would our lives a period give;
They live too long who happiness outlive.
DRYDEN.

I have not quitted yet a victor's right;
I'll make you happy in your own despite.
DRYDEN.

The happy have whole days, and those they use;
Th' unhappy have but hours, and those they lose.
DRYDEN.

You have still your happiness in doubt,
Or else 'tis past, and you have dream'd it out.
DRYDEN.

We toss and turn about our feverish will,
When all our ease must come by lying still;
For all the happiness mankind can gain,
Is not in pleasure, but in rest from pain.
DRYDEN.

No happiness can be where is no rest;
Th' unknown, untalk'd-of man is only blest.
DRYDEN.

Nature stints our appetite,
And craves no more than undisturb'd delight;
Which minds, unmix'd with cares and fears, obtain;
A soul serene, a body void of pain.
DRYDEN.

Ignorant of happiness, and blind to ruin,
How oft are our petitions our undoing!
HARTE.

That happiness does still the longest thrive
Where joys and grief have turns alternative.
HERRICK.

I at first with two fair gifts
Created him endow'd; with happiness
And immortality; that fondly lost,
This other served but to eternize woe.
MILTON.

Thrice happy if they know
Their happiness, and persevere upright!
MILTON.

Meanwhile enjoy
Your fill, what happiness this happy state
Can comprehend, incapable of more.
MILTON.

Let us not then suspect our happy state,
As not secure to single or combined.
MILTON.

Bereaved of happiness, thou may'st partake
His punishment, eternal misery;
Which would be all his solace and revenge,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
MILTON.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart;
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought.
MOORE.

Let my soft minutes glide securely on,
Like subterraneous streams, unheard, unknown.
JOHN NORRIS.

O happiness: our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name;
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die.
POPE.

Form'd by some rule that guides but not constrains,
And finish'd more through happiness than pains.
POPE.

Grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.
POPE.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare;
For there's a happiness as well as care.
POPE.

Who that define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?
POPE.

Where grows? Where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere.
POPE.

Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust.
POPE.

Happiness, object of that waking dream
Which we call life, mistaking; fugitive theme
Of my pursuing verse, ideal shade,
Notional good, by fancy only made.
PRIOR.

We happiness pursue; we fly from pain;
Yet the pursuit, and yet the flight, is vain:
And while poor nature labours to be blest,
By day by pleasure, and by night with rest,
Some stronger power eludes our sickly will,
Dashing our rising hopes with certain ill,
And makes us, with reflective trouble, see
That all is destined which we fancy free.
PRIOR: *Solomon.*

Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed! for such die miserable.
SHAKSPEARE.

If I were now to die,
'Twere to be most happy; for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.
SHAKSPEARE.

My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.
SHAKSPEARE.

What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan, with interest
Of ten-times double gain of happiness.
SHAKSPEARE.

True happiness is not the growth of earth,
The soil is fruitless if you seek it there:
'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And never blooms but in celestial air.
R. B. SHERIDAN.

True happiness (if understood)
Consists alone in doing good.
SOMERVILE.

Fairer than fairest in his faining eye,
Whose sole aspect he counts felicity.
SPENSER.

Where all the bravery that eye may see,
And all the happiness that heart desire,
Is to be found.
SPENSER.

What thing so good which not some harm may bring?
E'en to be happy is a dangerous thing.
EARL OF STIRLING: *Darius.*

The sweetest bird builds near the ground,
The loveliest flower springs low;
And we must stoop for happiness
If we its worth would know.
SWAIN.

E'en not all these, in one rich lot combined,
Can make the happy man, without the mind;
Where judgment sits, clear-sighted, and surveys
The chain of reason with unerring gaze;
Where fancy lives, and to the brightening eyes
His fairest scenes and bolder figures rise;
Where social love exerts her soft command,
And plays the passions with a tender hand;
Whence every virtue flows, in rival strife,
And all the moral harmony of life.
THOMSON.

An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven!
THOMSON: *Spring.*

Happiness is a stranger to mankind,
And, like to a forced motion, it is ever
Strongest at the beginning; then languishing
With time, grows weary of our company.
SIR SAMUEL TUKE: *Adventures.*

Bright as the deathless gods, and happy, she
From all that may infringe delight is free.
WALLER.

No fears to beat away,—no strife to heal,—
The past unsigh'd for, and the future sure.
WORDSWORTH.

Can gold calm passion, or make reason thine?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness.
YOUNG.

No man is blest by accident or guess:
True wisdom is the price of happiness.
YOUNG.

There, blest with health, with business unperplext,
This life we relish, and ensure the next.
YOUNG.

How sad a sight is human happiness
To those whose thoughts can pierce beyond an hour!

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
All joys but joys that never can expire:
Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joy to death.

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

HARVEST.

Unlabour'd harvests shall the fields adorn,
And cluster'd grapes shall blush on ev'ry thorn.

DRYDEN.

In Lydia born,
Where plenteous harvests the fat fields adorn.

DRYDEN.

Yours be the harvest, 'tis the beggar's gain
To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.

DRYDEN.

Oft did the harvest to the sickle yield,
Their harrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field,
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

GRAY: *Elegy.*

There's merry laughter in the field,
And harmless jest and frolic rout;
And the last harvest wain goes by
With its rustling load so pleasantly
To the glad and clamorous harvest shout.

MARY HOWITT.

The hay is carried; and the Hours
Snatch, as they pass, the linden flowers;
And children leap to pluck a spray
Bent earthward, and then run away.

W. S. LANDOR.

The sappy boughs
Attire themselves with bloom, sweet rudiments
Of future harvest.

JOHN PHILIPS.

The soil untill'd a ready harvest yields;
With wheat and barley wave the golden fields.

POPE.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
And swell the future harvest of thy field.

POPE.

Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand.

POPE.

A thousand forms he wears:
And first a reaper from the field appears;
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.

POPE.

And when you crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have pass'd within that scented door
To gladden eyes that are no more.

T. B. READ.

From hungry reapers they their sheaves withhold.

SANDYS.

The harvest treasures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
And instant winter's utmost rage defied.

THOMSON: *Seasons.*

HEALTH.

Know, then, whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind supports the body too.
Hence the most vital movement mortals feel
Is hope: the balm and life-blood of the soul.

DR. JOHN ARMSTRONG:
Art of Preserving Health.

What health promotes, and gives unenvied peace,
Is all expenseless, and procured with ease.

SIR R. BLACKMORE.

There is no health: physicians say that we
At best enjoy but a neutrality.

DONNE.

My body is from all diseases free;
My temp'rate pulse does regularly beat.

DRYDEN.

You hoard not health for your own private use,
But on the public spend the rich produce.

DRYDEN.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.

POPE.

But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace; oh virtue! peace is all thine own.

POPE.

Cheerful health,
His duteous handmaid, through the air improved
With lavish hand diffuses scents ambrosial.
PRIOR.

To lose these years which worthier thoughts require,
To lose that health which should those thoughts inspire.
SAVAGE.

My lord leans wondrously to discontent;
His comfortable temper has forsook him;
He is much out of health.
SHAKSPEARE.

Nature does require
Her time of preservation, which perforce
I her frail son amongst my brethren mortal
Must give my attendance to.
SHAKSPEARE.

My state of health none care to learn;
My life is here no soul's concern.
SWIFT.

HEART.

These spirits of sense, in fantasy's high court,
Judge of the forms of objects, ill or well;
And so they sound a good or ill report
Down to the heart, where all affections dwell.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Weak soul! and blindly to destruction led:
She break her heart! she'll sooner break your head.
DRYDEN.

Should not all relations bear a part?
It were enough to break a single heart.
DRYDEN.

Now, heart,
Set ope thy sluices, send the vigorous blood
Through every active limb for my relief;
Then take thy rest within the quiet cell,
For thou shalt drum no more.
DRYDEN.

To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
The clearest head and the sincerest heart.
POPE.

Ah, friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought, to touch the heart, be thine.
POPE.

O cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest;
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
SHAKSPEARE.

All things but one you can restore:
The heart you get returns no more.
WALLER.

HEAVEN.

The ways of heaven are dark and intricate;
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors,
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search,
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.
ADDISON.

How has kind heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
ADDISON.

Happy when I, from this turmoil set free,
That peaceful and divine assembly see.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Thus while the mute creation downward bend
Their sight, and to their earthly mother tend,
Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary skies.
DRYDEN.

As if there were degrees in infinite,
And Heav'n itself had rather want perfection
Than punish to excess.
DRYDEN.

The god a clearer space for heav'n design'd;
Where fields of light and liquid ether flow,
Purged from the pond'rous dregs of earth below.
DRYDEN.

She shines above, we know, but in what place,
How near the throne, and heaven's imperial face,
By our weak optics is but vainly guess'd;
Distance and altitude conceal the rest.
DRYDEN.

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy;
Ear hath not heard its deep song of joy!
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!
MRS. HEMANS.

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
In one self place; but where we are is hell,
And where hell is, there must we ever be;
And, to be short, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven.
MARLOWE: *Faustus.*

They open to themselves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience tried.
MILTON.

Nor shall we need,
With dangerous expedition, to invade
Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
Or ambush from the deep.
MILTON.

O for that warning voice which he, who saw
Th' apocalypse, heard cry in heav'n aloud.
MILTON.

Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during gates,—harmonious sound!
On golden hinges moving.
MILTON.

Things to their thought
So unimaginable as hate in heaven.
MILTON.

Heaven and earth shall high extol
Thy praises with th' innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Encompass'd shall resound the ever-bless'd.
MILTON.

He form'd the powers of heav'n
Such as he pleased; and circumscribed their being!
MILTON.

Though heav'n be shut,
And heav'n's high arbitrator sits secure
In his own strength, this place may be exposed.
MILTON.

Each individual seeks a separate goal;
But heav'n's great view is one, and that the whole:
That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effects of ev'ry vice.
POPE.

From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee.
POPE.

Admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
POPE.

Things
Well-nigh equivalent, and neighb'ring value,
By lot are parted: but the value, high heav'n, thy share,
In equal balance laid with earth and hell,
Flings up the adverse scale, and shuns proportion.
PRIOR.

From that insatiable abyss
Where flames devour, and serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy seat of bliss.
ROSCOMMON.

Who hath not heard it spoken
How deep you were within the books of heav'n?
SHAKSPEARE.

Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.
I rest much bounden to you: fare you well!
SHAKSPEARE.

Banquo! thy soul's flight,
If it find heav'n, must find it out to-night.
SHAKSPEARE.

Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, Hold! hold!
SHAKSPEARE.

Heaven's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name.
SHAKSPEARE.

I would she were in heaven, so she could
Intreat some pow'r to change this currish Jew.
SHAKSPEARE.

There I'll rest, as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in elysium.
SHAKSPEARE.

What wonder,
Frail men, whose eyes seek heavenly things to see,
At sight thereof so much enravish'd be?
SPENSER.

For having yet, in his deducted spright,
Some sparks remaining of that heav'nly fire,
He is enlumined with that goodly light,
Unto like goodly semblance to aspire.
SPENSER.

That we up to your palaces may mount,
Of blessed saints for to increase the count.
SPENSER.

Mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
New to the dawning of celestial day.
THOMSON.

Thrice happy world, where gilded toys
No more disturb our thoughts, no more pollute our joys!
There light or shade succeed no more by turns,
There reigns th' eternal sun with an unclouded ray,
There all is calm as night, yet all immortal day,
And truth forever shines, and love forever burns.
ISAAC WATTS.

HEROES.

I sing of heroes and of kings,
In mighty numbers mighty things.
COWLEY.

We found the hero, for whose only sake
We sought the dark abodes, and cross'd the bitter lake.
DRYDEN.

Heroes of old, by rapine and by spoil,
In search of fame did all the world embroil;
Thus to their gods each then allied his name:
This sprang from Jove, and that from Titan came.
GRANVILLE.

For glory done
Of triumph, to be styled great conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods;
Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.
MILTON.

Not that which justly gives heroic name
To person or to poem.
MILTON.

Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows;
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose:
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that raised the hero sunk the man.
POPE.

Heroes in animated marble frown.
POPE.

Embattled nations strive in vain
The hero's glory to restrain:
Streams arm'd with rocks, and mountains red with fire,
In vain against his force conspire.
PRIOR.

How heroes rise, how patriots set,
Thy father's bloom and death may tell;
Excelling others, these were great:
Thou, greater still, must these excel.
PRIOR.

Heroes who overcome, or die,
Have their hearts hung extremely high;
The strings of which in battle's heat
Against their very corslets beat;
Keep time with their own trumpet's measure,
And yield them most excessive pleasure.
PRIOR.

Our heroes of the former days
Deserved and gain'd their never-fading bays.
ROSCOMMON.

Heroes and heroines of old
By honour only were enroll'd
Among their brethren of the skies;
To which, though late, shall Stella rise.
SWIFT.

HISTORY.

Some lazy ages, lost in sleep and ease,
No actions leave to busy chronicles:
Such whose superior felicity but makes
In story chasms, in epochas mistakes.
DRYDEN.

Justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays;
It is to history he trusts for praise.
POPE.

What histories of toils could I declare!
But still long-wearied nature wants repair.
POPE.

Time, by necessity compell'd, shall go
Through scenes of war, and epochas of woe.
PRIOR.

After my death, I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption.
SHAKSPEARE.

HOME.

We leave
Our home in youth—no matter to what end—
Study—or strife—or pleasure, or what not;
And coming back in few short years, we find
All as we left it outside: the old elms,
The house, the grass, gates, and latchet's self-same click:
But lift that latchet,—all is changed as doom.
BAILEY: *Festus.*

On thy calm joys with what delight I dream,
Thou dear green valley of my native stream!
Fancy o'er thee still waves th' enchanting wand.
BLOOMFIELD: *Broken Crutch.*

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth.
BYRON.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.
BYRON.

He enter'd in his house,—his home no more,
For without hearts there is no home,—and felt
The solitude of passing his own door
Without a welcome.
BYRON.

And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh, what were man?—a world without a sun.
BYRON.

I loathe that low vice, Curiosity;
But if there's anything in which I shine,
'Tis in arranging all my friends' affairs:
Not having, of my own, domestic cares.
BYRON.

Leans o'er its humble gate and thinks the while—
Oh that for me some home like this would smile!
Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form
Health in the breeze and shelter in the storm!
CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope.*

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world has nothing to bestow:
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.
COTTON.

Domestic happiness! thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the Fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpair'd and free,
Or, tasting, long enjoy thee; too infirm,
Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
Unmix'd with drops of bitter.
COWPER: *Task.*

This fond attachment to the well-known place
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway
We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day.
COWPER.

Our friends are as true, and our wives are as comely,
And our home is still home, be it ever so homely.
C. DIBDIN: *Songs.*

Home is the sacred refuge of our life,
Secured from all approaches but a wife:
If thence we fly, the cause admits no doubt,
None but an inmate foe could force us out.
DRYDEN.

Those who have homes, when home they do repair,
To a last lodging call their wand'ring friends.
DRYDEN.

Beholding thus, O happy as a queen!
We cry: but shift the gaudy, flatt'ring scene;
View her at home in her domestic light;
For thither she must come, at least at night.
GRANVILLE.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose.
GOLDSMITH: *Traveller.*

Why do I weep? to leave the vine
Whose clusters o'er me bend—
The myrtle—yet, oh, call it mine!
The flowers I loved to tend.
A thousand thoughts of all things dear
Like shadows o'er me sweep;
I leave my sunny childhood here:
Oh, therefore let me weep!
MRS. HEMANS.

Still to ourselves in ev'ry place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
DR. S. JOHNSON: *in Goldsmith's Traveller.*

Sustain'd by him with comforts, till we end
In dust, our final rest and native home.
MILTON.

It is for homely features to keep home;
They had their name thence.
MILTON.

Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
But such a sacred and homefelt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never felt till now.

MILTON.

The angry word suppress'd, the taunting thoughts;
Subduing and subdued the petty strife,
Which clouds the colour of domestic life;
The sober comfort, all the peace which springs
From the large aggregate of little things:
On these small cares of daughter, wife, or friend,
The almost sacred joys of home depend.

HANNAH MORE.

Give me my home, to quiet dear,
Where hours untold and peaceful move;
So fate ordain I sometimes there
May hear the voice of him I love.

MRS. OPIE.

Happy next him who to these shades retires,
Whom nature charms, and whom the muse inspires;
Whom humbler joys of homefelt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease.

POPE.

The god constrains the Greek to roam
A hopeless exile from his native home,
From death alone exempt.

POPE.

Fireside happiness, to hours of ease
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.

ROGERS: *Human Life.*

Clamours our privacies uneasy make;
Birds leave their nests disturb'd, and beasts their haunts forsake.

ROWE.

I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.

SHAKSPEARE.

Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.

THOMSON: *Seasons.*

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,
And ev'ry loved spot which my infancy knew.

S. WOODWORTH.

And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.

WORDSWORTH: *Guilt and Sorrow.*

Denied what ev'ry wretch obtains of fate,
An humble roof and an obscure retreat.

YALDEN.

Man's greatest strength is shown in standing still:
The first sure symptom of a mind in health
Is rest of heart and pleasure felt at home.

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides himself a home from which to run away.

YOUNG.

HONESTY.

An honest man may take a knave's advice;
But idiots only may be cozen'd twice.

DRYDEN.

Unforced with punishment, unawed by fear,
His words were simple, and his soul sincere.

DRYDEN.

The baits of gifts and money to despise,
And look on wealth with undesiring eyes:
When thou canst truly call these virtues thine,
Be wise, and free, by heav'n's consent and mine.

DRYDEN.

Each thought was visible that roll'd within,
As through a crystal case the figured hours are seen;
And heav'n did this transparent veil provide
Because she had no guilty thought to hide.

DRYDEN.

It looks as fate with nature's law would strive,
To show plain dealing once an age may thrive.

DRYDEN.

But let not all the gold which Tagus hides,
And pays the sea in tributary tides,
Be bribe sufficient to corrupt thy breast,
Or violate with dreams thy peaceful rest.

DRYDEN.

Tigers and wolves shall in the ocean breed,
The whale and dolphin fatten on the mead,
And ev'ry element exchange its kind,
When thrifty honesty in courts we find.

GRANVILLE.

Who is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true:
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.
HERBERT.

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
POPE.

To find an honest man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.
POPE.

What other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engaged?
That thus shall be, or we will fall for it.
SHAKSPEARE.

HONOUR.

Honour's a sacred tie,—the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue when it meets her,
And imitates her actions when she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.
ADDISON.

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.
ADDISON.

I know thy gen'rous temper:
Fling but the appearance of dishonour on it,
It straight takes fire.
ADDISON.

Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
ADDISON.

Honour is like that glassy bubble
That finds philosophers such trouble;
Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly,
And wits are crack'd to find out why.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Honour's a lease for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant; 'tis a chattle
Not to be forfeited in battle.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

It does not me a whit displease
That the rich all honours seize. COWLEY.

Since 'tis decreed, and to this period lead
A thousand ways, the noblest paths we'll tread;
And bravely on, till they or we, or all,
A common sacrifice to honour fall.
SIR J. DENHAM.

So much the thirst of honour fires the blood;
So many would be great, so few be good;
For who would virtue for herself regard,
Or wed without the portion of reward?
DRYDEN.

Wouldst thou to honour and preferments climb,
Be bold in mischief, dare some mighty crime,
Which dungeons, death, or banishment deserves;
For virtue is but dryly praised, and starves.
DRYDEN.

A lady's honour must be touch'd;
Which, nice as ermine, will not bear a soil.
DRYDEN.

Honour burns in me, not so fiercely bright,
But pale as fires when master'd by the light.
DRYDEN.

Lose not the honour you have early won,
But stand the blameless pattern of a son.
DRYDEN.

Ah, what concerns did both your souls divide!
Your honour gave us what your love denied.
DRYDEN.

He stands in daylight, and disdains to hide
An act to which by honour he is tied.
DRYDEN.

Be kindred and relation laid aside,
And honour's cause by laws of honour tried.
DRYDEN.

Nor canst, nor durst thou, traitor, on thy pain,
Appeach my honour, or thine own maintain.
DRYDEN.

Some honour of your own acquire;
Add to that stock, which justly we bestow,
Of those blest shades to whom you all things owe.
DRYDEN.

Knights in knightly deeds should persevere,
And still continue what at first they were;
Continue and proceed in honour's fair career.
DRYDEN.

These be the sheaves that honour's harvest bears;
The seed, thy valiant acts; the world the field.
FAIRFAX.

Great honours are great burthens; but on whom
They are cast with envy, he doth bear two loads:
His cares must still be double to his joys
In any dignity.
BEN JONSON: *Catiline.*

True dignity is never gain'd by place,
And never lost when honours are withdrawn.
MASSINGER.

Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
The public marks of honour and reward
Conferr'd upon me.
MILTON.

All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
And dignities and pow'rs, all but the highest.
MILTON.

Of honour void, of innocence, of faith, of purity,
Our wonted ornaments now soil'd and stain'd.
MILTON.

The trial hath endamaged thee no way;
Rather more honour left, and more esteem.
MILTON.

I doubt there's deep resentment in his mind,
For the late clight his honour suffer'd there.
OTWAY.

Honour and shame from no condition rise:
Act well your part: there all the honour lies.
POPE.

These are thy honours: not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust.
POPE.

Never on man did heav'nly favour shine
With rays so strong, distinguish'd and divine.
POPE.

Mentes, an ever-honour'd name of old;
High in Ulysses' social list enroll'd.
POPE.

Honour unchanged, a principle profess'd;
Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest.
POPE.

Statesman, yet friend to truth, in soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear.
POPE.

Much-suff'ring heroes next their honours claim;
Those of less noisy and less guilty fame,
Fair virtue's silent train.
POPE.

True to his charge, the band preserved her long
In honour's limits; such the pow'r of song.
POPE.

Both gallant brothers bled in honour's cause,
In Britain yet while honour gain'd applause.
POPE.

Fair occasion shows the springing gale,
And int'rest guides the helm, and honour swells
the sail.
PRIOR.

Let us revolve that roll with strictest eye,
Where, safe from time, distinguish'd actions
lie.
PRIOR.

Give me a staff of honour for mine age;
But not a sceptre to control the world.
SHAKSPEARE.

O that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not derived corruptly! that dear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer.
SHAKSPEARE.

I'll to the king,
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence.
SHAKSPEARE.

New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments; cleave not to their
mould
But with the aid of use.
SHAKSPEARE.

I lose no honour
In seeking to augment it; but still keep
My bosom franchised, and allegiance clear.
SHAKSPEARE.

Honours best thrive
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers.
SHAKSPEARE.

Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in 't it had: for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him some
way;
Or wrath or craft may get him.
SHAKSPEARE.

Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will that no exploit have done.
SHAKSPEARE.

He was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even.
SHAKSPEARE.

Nor shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour which thy master got.
SHAKSPEARE.

Methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon.
SHAKSPEARE.

If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not, which for your best ends
You call your policy: how is it less or worse,
But it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour as in war?
SHAKSPEARE.

Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on death indifferently.
SHAKSPEARE.

Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein.
SHAKSPEARE.

As the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
SHAKSPEARE.

He was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
SHAKSPEARE.

I am not covetous of gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
SHAKSPEARE.

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
When great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good.
SHAKSPEARE.

Love yourself; and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour.
SHAKSPEARE.

You are nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life.
SHAKSPEARE.

Who shall believe
But you misuse the reverence of your place?
SHAKSPEARE.

See that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud.
SHAKSPEARE.

If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself; better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless.
SHAKSPEARE.

Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.
SHAKSPEARE.

The good Andronicus
With honour and with fortune is return'd;
From whence he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.
SHAKSPEARE.

If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.
SHAKSPEARE.

After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
SHAKSPEARE.

The honour is overpaid
When he that did the act is commentator.
SHIRLEY.

Honour! thou spongy idol of man's mind,
Thou soak'st content away, thou hast confined
Ambitious man, and not his destiny,
Within the bounds of form and ceremony.
SIR P. SIDNEY: *Arcadia.*

Honour should be concern'd in honour's cause:
That is not to be cured by contraries,
As bodies are, whose health is often drawn
From rankest poisons.
SOUTHERN: *Oroonoko.*

So hast thou oft with guile thine honour blent;
But little may such guile thee now avail,
If wonted force and fortune do not much me fail.
SPENSER.

One that to bounty never cast his mind;
Ne thought of honour ever did assay
His baser breast.
SPENSER.

In points of honour to be tried,
Suppose the question not your own.
SWIFT.

He that depends upon another, must
Oblige his honour with a boundless trust.
WALLER.

HOPE.

When I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone; while hope and fear
With variety of pain distract me.
ADDISON.

Then do not strike him dead with a denial,
But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope.
ADDISON: *Cato.*

O Marcia, O my sister! still there's hope:
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
ADDISON: *Cato.*

Our greatest good, and what we can least spare,
Is hope: the last of all our evils, fear.
DR. JOHN ARMSTRONG:
Art of Preserving Health.

Far greater numbers have been lost by hopes,
Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,
And other ammunitions of despair,
Were ever able to despatch by fear.
BUTLER.

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life,
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray.
BYRON: *Bride of Abydos.*

White as a white sail on a dusky sea,
When half the horizon's clouded and half free,
Fluttering between the dun wave and the sky,
Is hope's last gleam in man's extremity.
BYRON: *Island.*

Auspicious hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe.
CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope.*

Congenial hope! thy passion-kindling power,
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour!
CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope.*

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of time,
Thy joyous youth began, but not to fade
When all thy sister planets had decay'd;
When wrapt in flames the clouds of ether glow,
And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.
CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope.*

Unfading hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust, return,
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh, then thy kingdom comes! immortal power!
CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope.*

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—oh! leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between.
CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope.*

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And clothes the mountain in its azure hue.
CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope.*

Without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smiles from plighted beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun.
CAMPBELL.

Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object cannot live.
COLERIDGE.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
COLLINS: *Passions.*

Hope! of all ills that men endure
The only cheap and universal cure!
Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's health!
Thou lover's victory, and thou beggar's wealth!
COWLEY.

Hope! fortune's cheating lottery,
Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be;
Fond archer, hope! who tak'st thy aim so far,
That still or short or wide thine arrows are!
COWLEY.

Hope! whose weak being ruin'd is
Alike if it succeed, and if it miss;
Whom good or ill does equally confound,
And both the horns of fate's dilemma wound.
COWLEY.

Dear hope! earth's dowry and heav'n's debt,
The entity of things that are not yet:
Subtlest, but surest being.
CRASHAW.

Fair hope! our earlier heav'n! by thee
Young time is taster to eternity.
CRASHAW.

Sweet hope! kind cheat! fair fallacy! by thee
We are not where or what we be;
But what and where we would be: thus art thou
Our absent present, and our future now.
CRASHAW.

And now her hope a weak physician seems,
For hope, the common comforter, prevails,
Like med'cines, slowly in extremes.
SIR W. DAVENANT: *Gondibert.*

Why should not hope
As much erect our thoughts as fear deject them?
SIR J. DENHAM.

He clips hope's wings, whose airy bliss
Much higher than fruition is.
SIR J. DENHAM.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play. DORSET.

Hope with a goodly prospect feeds the eye,
Shows from a rising ground possession nigh;
Shortens the distance, or o'erlooks it quite:
So easy 'tis to travel with the sight.
DRYDEN.

Hast thou beheld when from the goal they start,
The youthful charioteers with heaving heart
Rush to the race, and, panting, scarcely bear
Th' extremes of fev'rish hope and chilling fear.
DRYDEN.

She was his care, his hope, and his delight,
Most in his thought, and ever in his sight.
DRYDEN.

For as an eagre rides in triumph o'er the tide,
The tyrant passions, hope and fear,
Did in extremes appear,
And flash'd upon the soul with equal force.
DRYDEN.

Here hope began to dawn; resolved to try,
She fix'd on this her utmost remedy.
DRYDEN.

Your hopes without are vanish'd into smoke;
Your captains taken, and your armies broke.
DRYDEN.

What hopes you had in Diomede, lay down:
Our hopes must centre on ourselves alone.
DRYDEN.

Desire's the vast extent of human mind;
It mounts above, and leaves poor hope behind.
DRYDEN.

I now believed
The happy day approach'd, nor are my hopes deceived.
DRYDEN.

Success I hope, and fate I cannot fear;
Alive or dead I shall deserve a name;
Jove is impartial, and to both the same.
DRYDEN.

O hope! sweet flatterer! thy delusive touch
Sheds on afflicted minds the balm of comfort,—
Relieves the load of poverty,—sustains
The captive, bending with the weight of bonds,—
And smoothes the pillow of disease and pain.
GLOVER: *Boadicea.*

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way,
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.
GOLDSMITH: *The Captivity.*

Thus heavenly hope is all serene;
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.
HEBER.

He that sees a dark and shady grove
Stays not, but looks beyond it on the sky.
HERBERT.

And, as in sparkling majesty a star
Gilds the bright summit of some gloomy cloud,
Bright'ning the half-veil'd face of heaven afar,
So, when dark thoughts my boding spirit shroud,
Sweet Hope! celestial influence round me shed,
Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head!
KEATS.

Thine is a grief that wastes the heart,
Like mildew on a tulip's dyes—
When hope, deferr'd but to depart,
Loses its smiles, but keeps its sighs.
L. E. LANDON.

She bids me hope! and in that charming word
Has peace and comfort to my soul restored.
LORD LYTTELTON.

None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair:
But love can hope where reason would despair.
LORD LYTTELTON: *Epigram.*

Where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
That I incline to hope rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
MILTON.

Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest.
MILTON.

What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not what resolution from despair.
MILTON.

Hope never comes,
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges.
MILTON.

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear;
Farewell remorse! all good to me is lost.
Evil, be thou my good.
MILTON.

He can, I know, but doubt to think he will;
Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief.
MILTON.

He ended; and his words their drooping cheer
Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope revived.
MILTON.

And then, that hope, that fairy hope,
Oh! she awaked such happy dreams,
And gave my soul such tempting scope
For all its dearest, fondest schemes!
MOORE.

Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower
But 'twas the first to fade away.
MOORE: *Lalla Rookh.*

Hope's precious pearl in sorrow's cup
Unmelted at the bottom lay,
To shine again when, all drunk up,
The bitterness should pass away.
MOORE: *Loves of the Angels.*

Take heart, nor of the laws of fate complain;
Though now 'tis cloudy, 'twill clear up again.
JOHN NORRIS.

Though at times my spirit fails me,
And the bitter tear-drops fall,
Though my lot is hard and lonely,
Yet I hope—I hope through all.
MRS. NORTON.

In those blest days when life was new,
And hope was false, but love was true.
PEACOCK: *Newark Abbey.*

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be, blest:
The soul uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
POPE.

Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
Till, lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfined,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
POPE.

And hope and doubt alternate seize her soul.
POPE.

Cherish'd with hope, and fed with joy, it grows;
In cheerful buds their opening bloom disclose,
And round the happy soil diffusive odour flows.
PRIOR.

This only object of my real care,
Cut off from hope, abandon'd to despair,
In some few posting fatal hours is hurl'd
From wealth, from pow'r, from love, and from the world.
PRIOR.

Thus we act, and thus we are,
Or toss'd by hope, or sunk by care.
PRIOR.

Some stronger pow'r eludes our sickly will,
Dashes our rising hope with certain ill.
PRIOR.

For hope is but the dream of those that wake.
PRIOR.

With pity moved for others cast away
On rocks of hopes and fears.
ROSCOMMON.

Do not blast my springing hopes,
Which thy kind hand has planted in my soul.
ROWE.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.
SIR W. SCOTT: *Lady of the Lake.*

A cause on foot
Lives so on hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair
That frosts will bite them.
SHAKSPEARE.

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
SHAKSPEARE.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
SHAKSPEARE.

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
SHAKSPEARE.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.
SHAKSPEARE.

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope.
SHAKSPEARE.

This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him.
SHAKSPEARE.

It never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihood and forms of hope.
SHAKSPEARE.

To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thus is my summer worn away and wasted,
Thus is my harvest hasten'd all to rathe:
The ear, that budded fair, is burnt and blasted,
And all my hoped gain is turn'd to scathe.
SPENSER.

The mighty hopes that make us men.
TENNYSON: *In Memoriam.*

Hope, the glad ray, glanced from eternal good,
That life enlivens, and exalts its powers,
With views of fortune.
THOMSON: *Liberty.*

Well sung the Roman bard, All human things
Of dearest value hang on slender strings:
O see the then sole hope, and in design
Of heav'n our joy, supported by a line.
WALLER.

Hopes, what are they?—Beads of morning
Strung on slender blades of grass,
Or a spider's web adorning
In a strait and treacherous pass.
WORDSWORTH.

Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here;
Passions of prouder name befriend us less:
Joy has her tears; and transport has her death:
Hope, like a cordial, innocent though strong,
Man's heart at once inspirits and serenes,
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

HORROR.

A sudden horror chill
Ran through each nerve, and thrill'd in ev'ry vein.
ADDISON.

How can I
Repress the horror of my thoughts, which fly
The sad remembrance?
SIR J. DENHAM.

The cruel word her tender heart so thrill'd
That sudden cold did run through ev'ry vein,
And stormy horror all her senses fill'd
With dying fit, that down she fell for pain.
SPENSER.

HORSES.

Nor would you find it easy to compose
The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils flows
The scorching fire that in their entrails glows.
ADDISON.

From their full racks the gen'rous steeds retire,
Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.
ADDISON.

The fiery war-horse paws the ground,
And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound.
ADDISON.

He bids the nimble hours
Bring forth the steeds; the nimble hours obey:
From their full racks the gen'rous steeds retire.
ADDISON.

Champing his foam, and bounding o'er the plain,
Arch his high neck, and graceful spread his mane.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Lived in his saddle, loved the chase, the course,
And always, ere he mounted, kiss'd his horse.
COWPER: *Retirement.*

The sprightly horse
Moves to the music of his tinkling bells.
DODSLEY.

The fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpets, and the shout of war,
Pricks up his ears, and, trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promised fight.
DRYDEN.

A knight of swarthy face,
High on a coal-black steed, pursued the chase;
With flashing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd.
DRYDEN.

Venetians do not more uncouthly ride
Than did your lubber state mankind bestride.
DRYDEN.

Which durst, with horses' hoof that beat the ground,
And martial brass, belie the thunder's sound.
DRYDEN.

The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,
And, snorting, foam'd, and champ'd the golden bit.
DRYDEN.

O'er the Elean plains thy well-breathed horse
Impels the flying car, and wins the course.
DRYDEN.

The love of horses which they had alive,
And care of chariots, after death survive.
DRYDEN.

His white-maned steed, that bow'd beneath the yoke,
He cheer'd to courage with a gentle stroke;
Then urged his fiery chariot on the foe,
And rising shook his lance in act to throw.
DRYDEN.

The pamper'd colt will discipline disdain,
Impatient of the lash, and restiff of the rein.
DRYDEN.

He spurr'd his fiery steed
With goring rowels to provoke his speed.
DRYDEN.

Aventinus drives his chariot round;
Proud of his steeds, he smokes along the ground.
DRYDEN.

He with a graceful pride,
While his rider every hand survey'd,
Sprung loose, and flew into an escapade;
Not moving forward, yet with every bound
Pressing, and seeming still to quit his ground.
DRYDEN.

On his fiery steed betimes he rode,
That scarcely prints the turf on which he trod.
DRYDEN.

You use me like a courser spurr'd and rein'd:
If I fly out, my fierceness you command.
DRYDEN.

Their steeds around,
Free from the harness, graze the flow'ry ground.
DRYDEN.

So fierce they drove, their coursers were so fleet,
That the turf trembled underneath their feet.
DRYDEN.

Then to his absent guest the king decreed
A pair of coursers, born of heav'nly breed;
Who from their nostrils breathed ethereal fire,
Whom Circe stole from her celestial sire.
DRYDEN.

Three hundred horses, in high stables fed,
Stood ready, shining all, and smoothly dress'd.
DRYDEN.

A steed
Well mouth'd, well managed, which himself did dress;
His aid in war, his ornament in peace.
DRYDEN.

So four fierce coursers, starting to the race,
Scour through the plain, and lengthen ev'ry pace;
Nor reins, nor curbs, nor threat'ning cries they fear,
But force along the trembling charioteer.
DRYDEN.

The startling steed was seized with sudden fright,
And bounding, o'er the pommel cast the knight:
Forward he flew, and, pitching on his head,
He quiver'd with his feet and lay for dead.
DRYDEN.

At his command
The steeds caparison'd with purple stand,
And champ between their teeth the foaming gold.
DRYDEN.

The timely noise the sprightly courser hears,
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears.
GAY.

Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed.
MILTON.

The high-prancing steeds
Spurn their dismounted riders; they expire
Indignant, by unhostile wounds destroy'd.
JOHN PHILIPS.

The impatient courser pants in every vein,
And, pawing, seems to beat the distant plain;
Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd;
And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
POPE.

Ranged in a line the ready racers stand,
Start from the goal, and vanish o'er the strand:
Swift as on wings of wind upborn they fly,
And drifts of rising dust involve the sky.
POPE.

With hasty hand the ruling reins he drew,
He lash'd the coursers, and the coursers flew;
Beneath the bending yoke alike they held
Their equal pace, and smoked along the field.
POPE.

See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep;
Hang o'er their coursers' heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
POPE.

Then peers grew proud in horsemanship t' excel;
Newmarket's glory rose as Britain's fell.
POPE.

The bounding steed you pompously bestride
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
POPE.

Practise them now to curb the turning steed,
Mocking the foe; now to his rapid speed
To give the rein, and in the full career
To draw the certain sword, or send the pointed spear.
PRIOR.

Thy nags, the leanest things alive,
So very hard thou lov'st to drive,
I heard thy anxious coachman say,
It cost thee more in whips than hay.
PRIOR.

Long-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttocks, tender hide.
SHAKSPEARE.

With that he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his agile heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade,
Up to the rowel-head.
SHAKSPEARE.

That horse that thou so often hast bestrid;
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd.
SHAKSPEARE.

Contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.
SHAKSPEARE.

Those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits.
SHAKSPEARE.

Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with th' unbated fire
That he did pace them first?
SHAKSPEARE.

Every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself.
SHAKSPEARE.

Duncan's horses,
Beauteous and swift, the minions of the race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience.
SHAKSPEARE.

He proudly pricketh on his courser strong,
And Atin aye him pricks with spurs of shame and wrong.
SPENSER.

Then, foaming tar, their bridles they would champ,
And trampling the fine element would fiercely ramp.
SPENSER.

He with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.
THOMSON.

Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And vault from hunters to the managed steed.
YOUNG.

More than one steed must Delia's empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel;
And, as she guides it through th' admiring throng,
With what an air she smacks the silken thong!
YOUNG.

HOSPITALITY.

But the kind hosts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome and an open face;
In all they did, you might discern with ease
A willing mind, and a desire to please.
DRYDEN.

Then, leaving in the fields his grazing cows,
He sought himself some hospitable house:
Good Creton entertain'd his godlike guest.
DRYDEN.

The man their hearty welcome first express'd,
A common settle drew for either guest,
Inviting each his weary limbs to rest.
DRYDEN.

Receive the shipwreck'd on your friendly shore;
With hospitable rites relieve the poor.
DRYDEN.

You, if your goodness does not plead my cause,
May think I broke all hospitable laws.
DRYDEN.

This night, at least, with me forget your care;
Chestnuts, and curds, and cream, shall be your fare.
DRYDEN.

For harbour at a thousand doors they knock'd;
Not one of all the thousand but was lock'd.
DRYDEN.

So saying, with despatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
What choice to choose for delicacy best.
MILTON.

His hospitable gate,
Unbarr'd to all, invites a numerous train
Of daily guests; whose board with plenty crown'd
Revives the feast-rites old.
JOHN PHILIPS.

More pleased to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.
POPE.

By Jove the stranger and the poor are sent,
And what to those we give to Jove is lent.
POPE.

Instant he flew with hospitable haste,
And the new friend with courteous air embraced.
POPE.

True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest:
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
POPE.

Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the saved candle and unopening door.
POPE.

In plenty starving, tantalized in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate;
Treated, caress'd, and tired, I take my leave.
POPE.

He thought them folks that lost their way,
And ask'd them civilly to stay.
PRIOR.

And strangers with good cheer receive.
PRIOR.

Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.
SHAKSPEARE.

Ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.
SHAKSPEARE.

But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer you may have, but not with better heart.
SHAKSPEARE.

Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait.
SHAKSPEARE.

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged locks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.
SHAKSPEARE.

You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold
That is not often vouched, while 'tis making,
'Tis given with welcome.
SHAKSPEARE.

Therein he them full fair did entertain,
Not with such forged shows as fitter been
For courting fools, that courtesies would faine,
But with entire affection and appearance plain.
SPENSER.

She to her guests doth bounteous banquet dight,
Attemper'd goodly well for health and for delight.
SPENSER.

My master is of a churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heav'n
By doing deeds of hospitality.
SWIFT.

HUMILITY.

In life's cool vale let my low scene be laid;
Cover me, gods, with Tempe's thickest shade.
COWLEY.

When, through tasteless flat humility,
In dough-baked men some harmlessness we see,
'Tis but his phlegm that's virtuous, and not he.
DONNE.

As high turrets for their airy steep
Require foundations in proportion deep;
And lofty cedars as far upwards shoot
As to the nether heavens they drive the root;
So low did her secure foundation lie:
She was not humble, but humility.
DRYDEN.

Thus the sire of gods and men below:
What I have hidden, hope thou not to know.
DRYDEN.

The great controller of our fate
Deign'd to be man, and lived in low estate.
DRYDEN.

A grain of glory mixt with humbleness
Cures both a fever and lethargicness.
HERBERT.

Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.
MOORE: *Loves of the Angels.*

Humility is eldest-born of virtue,
And claims the birthright at the throne of heav'n.
MURPHY: *Zobeide.*

I was not born for courts or great affairs:
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers.
POPE.

Forever in this humble cell
Let thee and I together dwell.
PRIOR.

HUMOUR.

You humour me when I am sick;
Why not when I am splenetic?
POPE.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, he cracks his jokes.
POPE.

Though wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.
POPE.

Examine how your humour is inclined,
And which the ruling passion of your mind.
ROSCOMMON.

The priest was pretty well in case,
And show'd some humour in his face;
Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
A perfect stranger to the spleen. SWIFT.

HUNTING.

By chase our long-lived fathers earn'd their food;
Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood:
But we, their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
DRYDEN.

I had a glimpse of him; but he shot by me
Like a young hound upon a burning scent.
DRYDEN.

Let the keen hunter from the chase refrain,
Nor render all the ploughman's labour vain,
When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.
GAY.

Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the thickest woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
POPE.

Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield.
POPE.

Room for my lord! three jockeys in his train;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair;
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
POPE.

When from the cave thou risest with the day
To beat the woods, and rouse the bounding prey.
PRIOR.

The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray;
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green;
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay.
SHAKSPEARE.

The babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns;
As if a double hunt were heard at once.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thick around
Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun
And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
Worse than the season desolate the fields.
THOMSON.

HUSBANDS.

What are husbands? read the new world's wonders,
Such husbands as this monstrous world produces,
And you will scarcely find such deformities.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Rule a Wife.*

You, if an humble husband may request,
Provide and order all things for the best.
DRYDEN.

The lover in the husband may be lost.
LORD LYTTELTON: *Advice to a Lady.*

Husbands are like lots in
The lottery: you may draw forty blanks
Before you find one that has any prize
In him.
MARSTON.

Thy husband commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience.
Too little payment for so great a debt.
SHAKSPEARE.

I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness; for it is my office.
SHAKSPEARE.

A wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband.
SHAKSPEARE.

That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
SHAKSPEARE.

HYPOCRISY.

Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
A worn-out trick: wouldst thou be thought in earnest,
Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury.
ADDISON.

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart.
ADDISON: *Cato.*

Every man in this age has not a soul
Of crystal, for all men to read their actions
Through: men's hearts and faces are so far asunder
That they hold no intelligence.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Philaster.*

They varnish all their errors, and secure
The ills they act, and all the world endure.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Next stood hypocrisy, with holy leer,
Soft smiling and demurely looking down;
But hid the dagger underneath the gown.
DRYDEN.

If still thou dost retain
The same ill habits, the same follies too,
Gloss'd over only with a saintlike show,
Still thou art bound to vice.
DRYDEN.

Bartering his venal wit for sums of gold,
He cast himself into the saint-like mould;
Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd, while godliness was gain:
The loudest bagpipe of the squeaking train.
DRYDEN.

Fair hypocrite, you seek to cheat in vain;
Your silence argues you seek time to reign.
DRYDEN.

Give me good fame, ye pow'rs, and make me just:
Thus much the rogue to public ears will trust:
In private then: When wilt thou, mighty Jove,
My wealthy uncle from this world remove?
DRYDEN.

That thou may'st the better bring about
Thy wishes, thou art wickedly devout.

DRYDEN.

I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well-placed words of glossy courtesy,
Baited with reason not unplausible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares.

MILTON: *Comus.*

Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through heav'n and earth.

MILTON: *Paradise Lost.*

To just contempt ye vain pretenders fall,
The people's fable, and the scorn of all.

POPE.

Thou hast prevaricated with thy friend,
By under-hand contrivances undone me.

ROWE: *Lady Jane Grey.*

When my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at.

SHAKSPEARE.

Oh, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!

SHAKSPEARE.

Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

SHAKSPEARE.

Not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's look, but hath a heart that is
Glad of the thing they scowl at.

SHAKSPEARE.

Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!

SHAKSPEARE.

O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

SHAKSPEARE.

Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides:
Who covers faults, at last with shame derides.

SHAKSPEARE.

The world's all title-page; there's no contents;
The world's all face: the man who shows his heart
Is hooted for his nudities and scorn'd.

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

IDLENESS.

Absence of occupation is not rest;
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.

COWPER: *Retirement.*

An idler is a watch that wants both hands;
As useless if it goes as if it stands.

COWPER: *Retirement.*

How various his employments whom the world
Calls idle; and who justly, in return,
Esteems the busy world an idler too!

COWPER: *Task.*

There, too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.

POPE.

No longer live the cankers of my court;
All to your several states with speed resort;
Waste in wild riot what your land allows,
There ply the early feast and late carouse.

POPE.

A lazy, lolling sort,
Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
Of ever-listless loit'rers, that attend
No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend.

POPE.

What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To rust in us unused.

SHAKSPEARE.

And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days.
SHAKSPEARE.

And loathful idleness he doth detest,
The canker-worm of every gentle breast.
SPENSER.

An empty form
Is the weak virtue that amid the shade
Lamenting lies, with future schemes amused;
While wickedness and folly, kindred powers,
Confound the world.
THOMSON.

IGNORANCE.

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
As blind men use to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.
BUTLER.

The greatest and most cruel foes we have,
Are those whom you would ignorantly save.
DRYDEN.

By ignorance is pride increased;
Those most assume who know the least:
Their own self-balance gives them weight,
But every other finds them light.
GAY: *Fables.*

Yet ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies,
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more: where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.
GRAY: *Eton College.*

Fools grant whate'er ambition craves,
And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
POPE.

If we see right, we see our woes;
Then what avails it to have eyes?
From ignorance our comfort flows:
The only wretched are the wise!
PRIOR.

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heav'n.
SHAKSPEARE.

IMAGINATION.

Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills and fancied tortures?
ADDISON.

I have fed
Perhaps too much upon the lotos-fruits
Imagination yields,—fruits that unfit
The palate for the more substantial food
Of our own land,—reality.
L. E. LANDON.

O whither shall I run, or which way fly
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold!
For dire imagination still pursues me.
MILTON.

Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore
And image charms he must behold no more.
POPE: *Eloisa.*

Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.
POPE.

Do what he will, he cannot realize
Half he conceives—the glorious vision flies;
Go where he may, he cannot hope to find
The truth, the beauty pictured in his mind.
ROGERS: *Human Life.*

Imagination,
With what's unreal thou co-active art,
And fellow'st nothing.
SHAKSPEARE.

This is the very coinage of your brain;
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.
SHAKSPEARE.

Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
SHAKSPEARE.

Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
SHAKSPEARE.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact.
SHAKSPEARE.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
SHAKSPEARE.

IMMORTALITY.

It must be so: Plato, thou reasonest well:
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on itself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heav'n itself that points out a hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

ADDISON: *Cato.*

Immortality o'ersweeps
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears—and peals
Like the eternal thunders of the deep
Into my ears this truth—Thou liv'st forever!

BYRON.

Cold in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,
But that which warm'd it once shall never die.

CAMPBELL.

Doubtless all souls have a surviving thought;
Therefore of death we think with quiet mind;
But if we think of being turn'd to nought,
A trembling horror in our souls we find.

SIR J. DAVIES.

Hence springs that universal strong desire
Which all men have of immortality:
Not some few spirits unto this thought aspire,
But all men's minds in this united be.

SIR J. DAVIES.

All these true notes of immortality
In our heart's table we shall written find.

SIR J. DAVIES.

If then all souls, both good and bad, do teach,
With gen'ral voice, that souls can never die,
'Tis not man's flatt'ring gloss, but nature's speech,
Which, like God's oracles, can never lie.

SIR J. DAVIES.

Could the declining of this fate, O friend,
Our date to immortality extend?

SIR J. DENHAM.

The spirit of man,
Which God inspired, cannot together perish
With this corporeal clod.

MILTON.

Your very fear of death shall make ye try
To catch the shade of immortality,
Wishing on earth to linger, and to save
Part of its prey from the devouring grave.

PRIOR.

When that which we immortal thought,
We saw so near destruction brought,
We felt what you did then endure,
And tremble yet, as not secure.

WALLER.

'Tis immortality—'tis that alone,
Amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill;
That only, and that amply, this performs.

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

INGRATITUDE.

Not t' have written, then, seems little less
Than worst of civil vices, thanklessness.

DONNE.

Deserted in his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed.

DRYDEN.

I have been base;
Base ev'n to him from whom I did receive
All that a son could to a father give:
Behold me punish'd in the self-same kind;
Th' ungrateful does a more ungrateful find.

DRYDEN.

But why, alas! do mortal men complain?
God gives us what he knows our wants require,
And better things than those which we desire!

DRYDEN.

I'll cut up, as plows
Do barren lands, and strike together flints
And clods, th' ungrateful senate and the people.

BEN JONSON.

On adamant our wrongs we all engrave,
But write our benefits upon the wave.

DR. WM. KING: *Art of Love.*

For vicious natures, when they once begin
To take distaste, and purpose no requital,
The greater debt they owe, the more they hate.

THOMAS MAY: *Agrippina.*

Who for so many benefits received
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,
And so of all true good himself despoil'd.

MILTON.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

SHAKSPEARE.

A sov'reign shame so bows him; his unkindness,
That stript her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters.
SHAKSPEARE.

All the stored vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness.
SHAKSPEARE.

That she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.
SHAKSPEARE.

She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her maternal sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.
SHAKSPEARE.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend:
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster.
SHAKSPEARE.

In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingness to pay a debt,
Which, with a bounteous hand, was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with Heaven.
SHAKSPEARE.

I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' th' air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.
SHAKSPEARE.

See the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!
SHAKSPEARE.

Nor can imagination guess
How that ungrateful charming maid
My purest passion has betray'd.
SWIFT.

All should unite to punish the ungrateful:
Ingratitude is treason to mankind.
THOMSON: *Coriolanus.*

He that's ungrateful has no guilt but one;
All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.
YOUNG: *Busiris.*

INNOCENCE.

What men could do,
Is done already: heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.
ADDISON.

With all the assurance innocence can bring,
Fearless without, because secure within,
Arm'd with my courage, unconcern'd I see
This pomp; a shame to you, a pride to me.
DRYDEN.

Where seek retreat, now innocence is fled?
Safe in that guard, I durst even hell defy;
Without it, tremble now when heav'n is nigh.
DRYDEN.

Your power you never use, but for defence,
To guard your own or others' innocence.
DRYDEN.

Against the head which innocence secures
Insidious malice aims her darts in vain,
Turn'd backwards by the pow'rful breath of heav'n.
DR. JOHNSON: *Irene.*

He waits, with hellish rancour imminent,
To intercept thy way, or send thee back
Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss.
MILTON.

Her graceful innocence, her ev'ry air
Of gesture, or least action, overawed
His malice.
MILTON.

True conscious honour is to feel no sin:
He's arm'd without that's innocent within:
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass.
POPE.

Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Cheerful he play'd.
POPE.

Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me blush
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
SHAKSPEARE.

Innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.
SHAKSPEARE.

It will help me nothing
To plead my innocence, for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit'st part black.
SHAKSPEARE.

There is no courage but in innocence,
No constancy but in an honest cause.
SOUTHERN: *Fate of Capua.*

Happy the innocent whose equal thoughts
Are free from anguish as they are from faults.
WALLER.

O that I had my innocence again!
My untouch'd honour! But I wish in vain.
The fleece that has been by the dyer stain'd
Never again its native whiteness gain'd.
WALLER.

INSANITY.

With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on itself, and is destroy'd by thought;
Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her powers, and leaves a blank behind.
CHURCHILL.

If a phrenzy do possess the brain,
It so disturbs and blots the form of things,
As fantasy proves altogether vain,
And to the wit no true relation brings.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad;
Both are the reasonable soul run mad.
DRYDEN.

Full of museful mopings, which presage
The loss of reason, and conclude in rage.
DRYDEN.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.
DRYDEN: *Absalom and Achitophel.*

There is a pleasure in being mad
Which none but madmen know.
DRYDEN: *Spanish Friar.*

In reason's absence fancy wakes,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
MILTON.

The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.
SHAKSPEARE.

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason;
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and harsh;
That unmatch'd form, and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy. SHAKSPEARE.

How pregnant, sometimes, his replies are!
A happiness that often madness hits on,
Which sanity and reason could not be
So prosp'rously deliver'd of.
SHAKSPEARE.

Ecstasy!
My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,
And make as healthful music. It is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from.
SHAKSPEARE.

I am not mad;—I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself;
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
SHAKSPEARE.

The reason that I gather he is mad,
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own door being shut against his entrance.
SHAKSPEARE.

Fetter strong madness in a silken thread;
Charm ache with air, and agony with words.
SHAKSPEARE.

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains;
Such shaping fantasies that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
SHAKSPEARE.

Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.
SHAKSPEARE.

Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?
SHAKSPEARE.

He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
To show by one satiric touch
No nation wanted it so much.
SWIFT.

INSTINCT.

Beasts can like, but not distinguish too,
Nor their own liking by reflection know.
DRYDEN.

Birds and beasts can fly their foe:
So chanticleer, who never saw a fox,
Yet shunn'd him as a sailor shuns the rocks.
DRYDEN.

In the nice bee what sense so subtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew?
POPE.

How bees forever, though a monarch reign,
Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
POPE.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood,
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand?
POPE.

How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier!
Forever sep'rate, yet forever near.
POPE.

See then the acting and comparing powers,
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.
POPE.

Jove's ethereal lays, resistless fire,
The chapter's soul and raptured song inspire;
Instinct divine! nor blame severe his choice,
Warbling the Grecian woes with harp and voice.
POPE.

Then vainly the philosopher avers
That reason guides our deed, and instinct theirs:
Nor can we justly diff'rent causes frame,
When the effects entirely are the same.
PRIOR.

Who taught the bee with winds and rains to strive,
To bring her burden to the certain hive;
And through the liquid fields again to pass,
Duteous, and heark'ning to the sounding brass?
PRIOR.

Tell me why the ant
Midst summer's plenty thinks of winter's want;
By constant journeys careful to prepare
Her stores, and bringing home the corny ear.
PRIOR.

Hence, when anatomists discourse
How like brute organs are to ours,
They grant, if higher powers think fit,
A bear might soon be made a wit,
And that, for anything in nature,
Pigs might squeak love-odes, dogs bark satire.
PRIOR.

By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as by proof we see
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.
SHAKSPEARE.

Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd horse will oft debate
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate.
SWIFT.

INTEMPERANCE.

What dext'rous thousands just within the goal
Of wild debauch direct their nightly course.
DR. JOHN ARMSTRONG:
Art of Preserving Health.

Know whate'er
Beyond its natural fervour hurries on
The sanguine tide; whether the frequent bowl,
High-season'd fare, or exercise to toil
Protracted, spurs to its last stage tired life,
And sows the temples with untimely snow.
DR. JOHN ARMSTRONG:
Art of Preserving Health.

An anxious stomach well
May be endured; so may the throbbing head:
But such a dim delirium, such a dream
Involves you, such a dastardly despair
Unmans your soul, as maddening Pentheus felt
When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes ascend.
DR. JOHN ARMSTRONG:
Art of Preserving Health.

Man with raging drink inflamed
Is far more savage and untamed;
Supplies his loss of wit and sense
With barb'rousness and insolence.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Ten thousand casks,
Forever dribbling out their base contents,
Touch'd by the Midas finger of the state,
Bleed gold for ministers to sport with.
Drink and be mad, then. 'Tis your country bids.
COWPER: *Task.*

Wine is like anger; for it makes us strong,
Blind and impatient, and it leads us wrong:
The strength is quickly lost, we feel the error long.
CRABBE.

Some man's wit
Found th' art of cookery to delight his sense:
More bodies are consumed and kill'd with it
Than with the sword, famine, or pestilence.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Intemp'rate youth, by sad experience found,
Ends in an age imperfect and unsound.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Nor need we tell what anxious cares attend
The turbulent mirth of wine, nor all the kinds
Of maladies that lead to death's grim cave,
Wrought by intemperance.
DRYDEN.

To full bowls each other they provoke:
At length, with weariness and wine oppress'd,
They rise from table, and withdraw to rest.
DRYDEN.

Far be from hence the glutton parasite,
Singing his drunken catches all the night.
DRYDEN.

He that is drunken
Is outlaw'd by himself; all kind of ill
Did with his liquor slide into his veins.
GEORGE HERBERT.

Shall I, to please another wine-sprung mind,
Lose all mine own? God hath given me a measure
Short of his can and body: must I find
A pain in that wherein he finds a pleasure?
GEORGE HERBERT.

Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps in brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs him for a jest.
DR. S. JOHNSON: *London.*

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine.
MILTON.

Desire of wine
Thou couldst repress, nor did the dancing ruby
Sparkling, outpour'd, the flavour, or the smell,
Or taste, that cheers the hearts of gods and men,
Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.
MILTON.

O madness, to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health;
When God, with these forbidden, made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.
MILTON: *Samson Agonistes.*

By hunger, that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not moved;
Thy temperance invincible besides.
MILTON.

The pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Character'd in the face.
MILTON.

Now,
As with new wine intoxicated both,
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings
Wherewith to scorn the earth.
MILTON.

Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
By fire, flood, famine, by intemp'rance more
In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
Diseases dire; of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear.
MILTON.

From the clear milky juice allaying
Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envied them the grape
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.
MILTON.

Thou sparkling bowl! thou sparkling bowl!
Though lips of bards thy brim may press,
And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,
And song and dance thy power confess,—
I will not touch thee! for there clings
A scorpion to thy side, that stings.
JOHN PIERPONT.

Rash Elpenor, in an evil hour,
Dried an immeasurable bowl, and thought
T' exhale his surfeit by irriguous sleep,
Imprudent: him death's iron sleep opprest.
JOHN PHILIPS.

Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from sound philosophy aside;
Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
POPE.

Or wafting ginger round the streets to go,
And visit ale-house where ye first did grow.
POPE.

Thee shall each ale-house, thee each gill-house mourn,
And answering gin-shops sourer sighs return.
POPE.

This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
And hurls the thunder of our laws on gin.
POPE.

In the flowers that wreathe the sparkling bowl,
Fell adders hiss, and pois'nous serpents roll.
PRIOR.

Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor sees
That melancholy sloth, severe disease,
Memory confused, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbinger, lie latent in the draught.
PRIOR.

Frequent debauch to habitude prevails;
Patience of toil and love of virtue fails.
PRIOR.

Fly drunkenness, whose vile incontinence
Takes both away the reason and the sense:
Till with Circæan cups thy mind possest
Leaves to be man, and wholly turns a beast.
THOMAS RANDOLPH.

Though I am old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.
SHAKSPEARE.

Oh that men should put an enemy in
Their mouths to steal away their brains! that we
Should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause,
Transform ourselves into beasts.
SHAKSPEARE.

It was excess of wine that set him on,
And, on his more advice, we pardon him.
SHAKSPEARE.

Every inordinate cup
Is unbless'd, and th' ingredient is a devil.
Oh thou invisible spirit of wine,
If thou hast no name to be known by, let
Us call thee devil!
SHAKSPEARE.

And now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet?
SHAKSPEARE.

Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny: it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne
And fall of many kings.
SHAKSPEARE.

Through wise handling and fair governance
I him recured to a better will,
Purged from drugs of foul intemperance.
SPENSER.

Then a hand shall pass before thee,
Pointing to his drunken sleep,
To thy widow'd marriage-pillows,
To the tears that thou shalt weep.
TENNYSON.

Their feeble tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite dissolved. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the sun wading through the misty sky.
THOMSON.

A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.
TOURNEUR: *Revenger's Tragedy.*

INVENTION.

Reason, remembrance, wit, inventive art,
No nature, but immortal, can impart.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Mine is th' invention of the charming lyre:
Sweet notes and heav'nly numbers I inspire.
DRYDEN.

By improving what was writ before,
Invention labours less, but judgment more.
ROSCOMMON.

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
SHAKSPEARE.

Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head and bite your nails.
SWIFT.

JEALOUSY.

When hard words, jealousies, and fears
Set folks together by the ears.

BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Yet he was jealous, though he did not show it:
For jealousy dislikes the world to know it.

BYRON.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy distressful state:
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted love, now raving call'd on hate.

COLLINS: *Passions.*

A hateful prattling tongue,
That blows up jealousies and heightens fears,
By muttering pois'nous whispers in men's ears.

CREECH.

All jealousy
Must still be strangled in its birth; or time
Will soon conspire to make it strong enough
To overcome the truth.

SIR W. DAVENANT: *Cruel Brother.*

Some morosities
We must expect, since jealousy belongs
To age, of scorn, and tender sense of wrongs.

SIR J. DENHAM.

The rage of jealousy then fired his soul,
And his face kindled like a burning coal;
Now cold despair succeeding in her stead
To livid paleness turns the glowing red.

DRYDEN.

Howe'er unjust your jealousy appear,
It does my pity, not my anger move:
I'll fond it as the froward child of love.

DRYDEN.

Suspicious and fantastical surmise,
And jealousy suffused, with jaundice in her eyes,
Discolouring all she view'd.

DRYDEN.

She wreaks her anger on her rival's head,
With furies frights her from her native home,
And drives her, gadding, round the world to roam.

DRYDEN.

Like early lovers, whose unpractised hearts
Were long the May-game of malicious arts,
When once they find their jealousies were vain,
With double heat renew their fires again.

DRYDEN.

She drops a doubtful word that pains his mind,
And leaves a rankling jealousy behind.

DRYDEN.

With groundless fear he thus his soul deceives,
What phrenzy dictates, jealousy believes.

GAY: *Dione.*

When this disease of jealousy can find
A way to seize upon a crazy mind,
Most things, instead of help, or giving ease,
The humour feed, and turn to the disease.

SIR R. HOWARD: *Vestal Virgin.*

In gentle love the sweetest joys we find:
Yet even those joys dire jealousy molests,
And blackens each fair image in our breasts.

LORD LYTTELTON.

Can't I another's face commend,
And to her virtues be a friend,
But instantly your forehead lowers,
As if her merit lessen'd yours?

EDWARD MOORE: *Fables.*

Shall jealousy a pow'r o'er judgment gain,
Though it does only in the fancy reign?
With knowledge thou art inconsistent still:
The mind's foul monster, whom fair truth does kill.

LORD ORRERY: *Henry V.*

From jealousy's tormenting strife
Forever be thy bosom freed.

PRIOR.

Thou, happy creature, art secure
From all the torments we endure;
Despair, ambition, jealousy,
Lost friends, nor love, disquiets thee.

ROSCOMMON.

The bitterness and stings of taunting jealousy,
Vexatious days, and jarring joyless nights,
Have driv'n him forth.

ROWE.

Oh jealousy! thou bane of pleasing friendship,
Thou worst invader of our tender bosoms,
How does thy poison rancour all our softness,
And turn our gentle natures into bitterness!

ROWE.

If you are wise, and prize your peace of mind,
Believe me true, nor listen to your jealousy:
Let not that devil which undoes your sex,
That cursed curiosity, seduce you
To hunt for needless secrets, which, neglected,
Shall never hurt your quiet, but, once known,
Shall sit upon your heart, pinch it with pain,
And banish sweet sleep forever from you.

ROWE.

Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.

SHAKSPEARE.

If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

SHAKSPEARE.

Jealous souls will not be answer'd so:
They are not ever jealous for a cause,
But jealous for they're jealous.

SHAKSPEARE.

Doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shudd'ring fear, and green-eyed jealousy.

SHAKSPEARE.

And but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill-thinking.

SHAKSPEARE.

Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame;
These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

SHAKSPEARE.

It is my nature's plague
To spy into abuse; and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not.

SHAKSPEARE.

Foul jealousy! that turnest love divine
To joyless dread, and mak'st the loving heart
With hateful thoughts to languish and to pine
And feed itself with self-consuming smart:
Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art.

SPENSER.

Wrath is a fire, and jealousy a weed;
The sparks soon quench, the springing weed outweed.

SPENSER.

As the earth may sometimes shake,
For winds shut up will cause a quake;
So often jealousy and fear,
Stol'n to mine heart, cause tremblings there.

SIR J. SUCKLING.

This, this has thrown a serpent to my heart,
While it o'erflow'd with tenderness, with joy,
With all the sweetness of exulting love;
Now nought but gall is there, and burning poison.

THOMSON.

But through the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise.

THOMSON.

O jealousy, each other passion's calm
To thee, thou conflagration of the soul!
Thou king of torments! thou grand counterpoise
For all the transports beauty can inspire.

YOUNG: *Revenge.*

JESTING.

This jest was first of th' other house's making,
And five times tried, has never fail'd of taking.

DRYDEN.

Of all the griefs that harass the distrest,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.

DR. S. JOHNSON: *London.*

The well-fraught bowl
Circles incessant; whilst the humble cell
With quavering laugh and rural jests resounds.

JOHN PHILIPS.

Perhaps the jest that charm'd the sprightly crowd,
And made the jovial table laugh so loud,
To some false notion owed its poor pretence.

PRIOR.

Close observe him for the sake of mockery,
Close, in the name of jesting, lie you there.

SHAKSPEARE.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.

SHAKSPEARE.

He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye.

SHAKSPEARE.

JEWELS.

The bright sun compacts the precious stone,
Imparting radiant lustre like his own;
He tinctures rubies with their rosy hue,
And on the sapphire spreads a heavenly blue.

SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Stones of small worth may lie unseen by day;
But night itself does the rich gem betray.
COWLEY.

He furnishes her closet first, and fills
The crowded shelves with rarities of shells;
Adds orient pearls, which from the conchs he drew,
And all the sparkling stones of various hue.
DRYDEN.

Rich crowns were on their royal scutcheons placed,
With sapphires, diamonds, and with rubies graced.
DRYDEN.

Their long descending train,
With rubies edged and sapphires, swept the plain.
DRYDEN.

The chiefs about their necks the scutcheons wore,
With orient pearls and jewels powder'd o'er.
DRYDEN.

He from the glittering staff unfurl'd
Th' imperial ensign, streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies.
MILTON.

If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear:
If stone, carbuncle most, or chrysolite.
MILTON.

Though the same sun, with all-diffusive rays,
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
And always set the gem above the flow'r.
POPE.

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away;
He pledged it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.
POPE.

For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow.
POPE.

Shall this prize,
Soon heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand forever blaze?
POPE.

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
POPE.

Can blazing carbuncles with her compare?
The topaz sent from scorched Meroë?
Or pearls presented by the Indian sea?
SANDYS.

I thought I saw
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels.
SHAKSPEARE.

'Tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form; their value's great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage.
SHAKSPEARE.

I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.
SHAKSPEARE.

In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white:
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery.
SHAKSPEARE.

I see how thy eye would emulate the diamond.
SHAKSPEARE.

Such another world,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for.
SHAKSPEARE.

She saw Duessa sunny bright,
Adorn'd with gold and jewels shining clear.
SPENSER.

On her head she wore a tire of gold,
Adorn'd with gems and ouches. SPENSER.

Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy rise,
Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays.
THOMSON.

With light's own smile the yellow topaz burns.
THOMSON.

Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green emerald shows.
THOMSON.

Like jewels to advantage set,
Her beauty by the shade does get.
WALLER.

You, her priest, declare
What off'rings may propitiate the fair:
Rich orient pearls, bright stones that ne'er decay,
Or polish'd lines which longer last than they.
WALLER.

JOY.

Still there's something
That checks my joys:—nor can I yet distinguish
Which is an apparition, this or that.
SIR J. DENHAM: *The Sophy.*

Joy is such a foreigner,
So mere a stranger to my thoughts, I know
Not how to entertain him.
SIR J. DENHAM.

All pain and joy is in their way;
The things we fear bring less annoy
Than fear, and hope brings greater joy;
But in themselves they cannot stay.
DONNE.

You come in such a time
As if propitious fortune took a care
To swell my tide of joys to their full height.
DRYDEN.

What then remains, but, after past annoy,
To take the good vicissitude of joy?
DRYDEN.

That's my joy
Not to have seen before; for nature now
Comes all at once, confounding my delight.
DRYDEN.

Then on to-morrow's dawn your care employ
To search the land, but give this day to joy.
DRYDEN.

Can you be so hard-hearted to destroy
My ripening hopes, that are so near to joy?
DRYDEN.

Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate, are mine.
DRYDEN.

We show our present, joking, giggling race
True joy consists in gravity and grace.
GARRICK.

These spiritual joys are dogg'd by no sad sequels.
GLANVILLE.

Haste thee, my nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek
And love to live in dimple sleek.
MILTON.

O fleeting joys
Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!
MILTON.

Wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.
MILTON.

All these and more came flocking, but with looks
Downcast and damp: yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure some glimpse of joy.
MILTON.

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy.
POPE.

The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,
Without satiety, though e'er so blest,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd.
POPE.

There youths and nymphs, in consort gay,
Shall hail the rising, close the parting day;
With me, alas! with me those joys are o'er,
For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
POPE.

Ere the foundations of this earth were laid,
It was, opponent to our search, ordain'd
That joy still sought should never be attain'd.
PRIOR.

Thy constant quiet fills my peaceful breast
With unmix'd joy, uninterrupted rest.
ROSCOMMON.

Let her, like me, of ev'ry joy forlorn,
Devote the hour when such a wretch was born;
Like me, to deserts and to darkness run.
ROWE.

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.
SHAKSPEARE.

Her merry fit she freshly 'gan to rear,
And did of joy and jollity devise,
Herself to cherish and her guest to cheer.
SPENSER.

Oh! how impatience gains upon the soul
When the long-promised hour of joy draws near!
How slow the tardy moments seem to roll!
What spectres rise of inconsistent fear!
MRS. TIGHE: *Psyche.*

Rash man, forbear! but for some unbelief,
My joy had been as fatal as my grief.
WALLER.

To thee alone be praise,
From whom our joy descends,
Thou cheerer of our days.
WOTTON.

How exquisite is pleasure after pain!
Why throbs my heart so turbulently strong,
Pain'd at thy presence, this redundant joy,—
Like a poor miser, beggar'd by his store?
YOUNG.

JUDGES.

Were I a drowsy judge, whose dismal note
Disgorgeth halters, as a juggler's throat
Doth ribands.
CLEAVELAND.

Our judges, like our laws, were rude and plain.
COWLEY.

The solemn fop, significant and budge,
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge.
COWPER: *Conversation.*

To follow foolish precedents, and wink
With both our eyes, is easier than to think.
COWPER: *Tirocinium.*

When pronouncing sentence, seem not glad:
Such spectacles, though they are just, are sad.
SIR J. DENHAM.

When a man's life is in debate,
The judge can ne'er too long deliberate.
DRYDEN.

They're pleased to hear their thick-skull'd judges cry,
"Well moved!" "Oh, finely said!"
DRYDEN.

Those whom form of laws
Condemn'd to die, when traitors judged their cause,
Nor want they lots, nor judges to review
The wrongful sentence, and award anew.
DRYDEN.

Awful Rhadamanthus rules the state;
He hears and judges each committed crime,
Inquires into the manner, place, and time.
DRYDEN.

O Tyburn, couldst thou reason and dispute,
Couldst thou but judge as well as execute,
How often wouldst thou change the felon's doom,
And truss some stern chief justice in his room!
DRYDEN.

Arise, true judges, in your own defence,
Control those foplings, and declare for sense;
For, should the fools prevail, they'll stop not there,
But make their next descent upon the fair.
DRYDEN.

Some on the bench the knotty laws untie.
DRYDEN.

The women—who would rather wrest the laws
Than let a sister plaintiff lose the cause,
As judges on the bench more gracious are
And more attent to brothers of the bar—
Cried, one and all, the suppliant should have right,
And to the grandame hag adjudged the knight.
DRYDEN.

He softens the hard rigour of the laws,
Blunts their keen edge, and grinds their harpy claws.
GARTH.

The gods
Grow angry with your patience: 'tis their care,
And must be yours, that guilty men escape not:
As crimes do grow, justice should rouse itself.
BEN JONSON: *Catiline.*

You'd mollify a judge, would cram a squire;
Or else some smiles from court you may desire.
DR. WM. KING.

For in a government
Th' offence is greater in the instrument
That hath the power to punish; and in laws
The author's trespass makes the foulest cause.
NABBES.

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine.
POPE.

The judge, to dance, his brother serjeant call;
The senator at cricket urge the ball.
POPE.

Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
POPE.

Causes unjudged disgrace the loaded file,
And sleeping laws the king's neglect revile.
PRIOR.

While the fierce monk does at his trial stand,
He chews revenge, abjuring his offence;
Guile in his tongue, and murder in his hand,
He stabs his judge to prove his innocence.
PRIOR.

The judge corrupt, the long-depending cause,
And doubtful issue of misconstrued laws.
PRIOR.

They in the scorner's or the judge's seat
Dare to condemn the virtue which they hate.
PRIOR.

Her very judges wrung their hands for pity;
Their old hearts melted in them as she spoke,
And tears ran down upon their silver beards.
ROWE: *Lady Jane Grey.*

The supernal Judge that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority
To look into the blots and stains of right.
SHAKSPEARE.

And then the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances:
And so he plays his part.
SHAKSPEARE.

The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivers o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.
SHAKSPEARE.

A man busied about decrees,
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ransoming him or pitying, threatening the other.
SHAKSPEARE.

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves.
SHAKSPEARE.

I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment.
SHAKSPEARE.

You are a worthy judge;
You know the law: your exposition
Hath been most sound.
SHAKSPEARE.

They choose their magistrate!
And such a one as he, who puts his shall,
His popular shall, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece.
SHAKSPEARE.

You are mine enemy; I make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge.
SHAKSPEARE.

If little faults, proceeding, or distemper
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch
our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and
digested,
Appear before us?
SHAKSPEARE.

I have seen,
When after execution judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.
SHAKSPEARE.

The god of wit, to show his grudge,
Clapt ass's ears upon the judge.
SWIFT.

There was on both sides much to say:
He'd hear the cause another day.
And so he did; and then a third
He heard it: there he kept his word;
But with rejoinders or replies,
Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and essoign,
The parties ne'er could issue join:
For sixteen years the cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun.
SWIFT: *Cadenus and Vanessa.*

It well becomes that judge to nod at crimes
That does commit greater himself, and lives.
TOURNEUR: *Revenger's Tragedy.*

Nor envies when a gypsy you commit,
And shake the clumsy bench with country wit;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the jest you made.
YOUNG: *Love of Fame.*

JUDGMENT.

Men's judgments sway on that side fortune leans.
GEORGE CHAPMAN: *Widow's Tears.*

So strong a wit did Nature to him frame
As all things but his judgment overcame;
His judgment like the heavenly moon did show,
Tempering that mighty sea below.
COWLEY.

If judgment could in solemn dulness lie,
Which weaker rulers wear for gravity,
Then those must needs transcendent judgments
have
That would instruct wise natures to be grave.
SIR W. DAVENANT.

When we judge, our minds we mirrors make,
And as those glasses which material be
Forms of material things do only take,
For thoughts or minds in them we cannot see.
SIR J. DAVIES.

His severe judgment giving law,
His modest fancy kept in awe.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Let none direct thee what to do or say,
Till thee thy judgment of the matter sway;
Let not the pleasing many thee delight;
First judge, if those whom thou dost please, judge right.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Their difference to measure, and to reach,
Reason well rectified must nature teach;
And these high scrutinies are subjects fit
For man's all-searching and inquiring wit.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Know'st with an equal hand to hold the scale,
See'st where the reasons pinch, and where they fail,
And where exceptions o'er the general rule prevail.
DRYDEN.

For favours cheap and common who would strive?
Yet scatter'd here and there I some behold
Who can discern the tinsel from the gold.
DRYDEN.

In short, so swift your judgments turn and wind,
You cast our fleetest wits a mile behind.
DRYDEN.

The nicest eye could no distinction make
Where lay the advantage, or what side to take.
DRYDEN.

In things which most concern,
Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.
MILTON.

Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
To laugh were want of goodness and of grace;
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.
POPE.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches: none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
POPE.

If we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind.
POPE.

No longer now does my neglected mind
Its wonted stores and old ideas find:
Fix'd judgment there no longer does abide,
To taste the true, or set the false aside.
PRIOR.

Against experience he believes,
He argues against demonstration,
Pleased when his reason he deceives,
And sets his judgment by his passion.
PRIOR.

I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike.
SHAKSPEARE.

Your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it.
SHAKSPEARE.

Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join,
In censure of his seeming.
SHAKSPEARE.

You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me.
SHAKSPEARE.

Reserve thy state; with better judgment check
This hideous rashness.
SHAKSPEARE.

Blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please.
SHAKSPEARE.

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe.
SHAKSPEARE.

How little do they see what is, who frame
Their hasty judgment upon that which seems!
SOUTHEY.

Ev'n not all these, in one rich lot combined,
Can make the happy man, without the mind,
Where judgment sits clear-sighted, and surveys
The chain of reason with unerring gaze.
THOMSON.

JUST.

The man resolved, and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
Can the rude rabble's influence despise.
ADDISON.

Be just in all thy actions, and if join'd
With those that are not, never change thy mind;
If aught obstruct thy course, yet stand not still,
But wind about till thou hast topp'd the hill.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Be just in all you say, and all you do,
Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be
A peer of the first magnitude to me.
DRYDEN.

Take it, while yet 'tis praise, before my rage,
Unsafely just, break loose on this bad age.
DRYDEN.

When men's intents are wicked, their guilt
haunts them;
But when they're just they're arm'd, and no-
thing daunts them.
MIDDLETON.

This is true glory, and renown, when God,
Looking on the earth, with approbation marks
The just man, and divulges him through heav'n
To all his angels, who with true applause
Recount his praises.
MILTON.

God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men
Delighted.
MILTON.

The just shall dwell,
And, after all their tribulations long,
See golden days fruitful of golden deeds.
MILTON.

Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent
To worship God aright, and know his works.
MILTON.

Since living virtue is with envy cursed,
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact, intrinsic worth.
POPE.

Just of thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might
hear.
POPE.

Take physic, Pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.
SHAKSPEARE.

We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it.
SHAKSPEARE.

The man that's resolute and just,
Firm to his principles and trust,
Nor hopes nor fears can blind.
WALSH.

JUSTICE.

The base degenerate age requires
Severity and justice in its rigour;
This awes an impious bold offending world.
ADDISON.

Justice is their virtue: that alone
Makes them sit sure, and glorifies the throne.
DANIEL.

Justice, when equal scales she holds, is blind:
Nor cruelty nor mercy change her mind:
When some escape for that which others die,
Mercy to those, to these is cruelty.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Justice, that sits and frowns where public laws
Exclude soft mercy from a private cause,
In your tribunal most herself does please;
There only smiles, because she lives at ease.
DRYDEN.

Justice to merit does weak aid afford:
She quits the balance, and resigns the sword.
DRYDEN.

My secret wishes would my choice decide;
But open justice bends to neither side.
DRYDEN.

Justice must punish the rebellious deed;
Yet punish so, as pity shall exceed.
DRYDEN.

If justice will take all, and nothing give,
Justice, methinks, is not distributive.
DRYDEN

One rising, eminent
In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,
Of justice, of religion, truth, and peace,
And judgment from above.
MILTON.

So near approach we their celestial kind
By justice, truth, and probity of mind.
POPE.

Impartial justice holds her equal scales,
Till stronger virtue does the weight incline;
If over thee thy glorious foe prevails,
He now defends the cause that once was thine.
PRIOR.

Yet shall the axe of justice hew him down,
And level with the root his lofty crown.
SANDYS.

Isabella.—Yet show some pity!
Angelo.—I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. SHAKSPEARE.

Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.
SHAKSPEARE.

Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend.
SHAKSPEARE.

All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cups of their deserving.
SHAKSPEARE.

The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supply with worthy men.
SHAKSPEARE.

Poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.
SHAKSPEARE.

Her suit is now to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny.
SHAKSPEARE.

Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exiled your highness' land.
SHAKSPEARE.

Force would be right; or rather, right and wrong,
Between whose endless jar justice presides,
Would lose their names, and so would justice too.
SHAKSPEARE.

Even-handed justice
Returns th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips.
SHAKSPEARE.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd who hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
SHAKSPEARE.

Where justice grows, there grows the greater grace,
The which doth quench the brand of hellish smart.
SPENSER.

Nor would, for gold or fee,
Be won their rightful causes down to tread.
SPENSER.

If but one virtue did adorn a king,
It would be justice; many great defects
Are veil'd thereby: whereas each virtuous thing
In one who is not just, the world suspects.
EARL OF STIRLING: *Darius.*

Of mortal justice if thou scorn the rod,
Believe and tremble: thou art judged of God.
SWETNAM.

Justice, like lightning, ever should appear
To few men's ruin, but to all men's fear.
SWETNAM: *Woman-Hater.*

Of all virtues justice is the best;
Valour without it is a common pest.
WALLER.

KINDNESS.

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.
BYRON.

To rest the weary, and to soothe the sad,
Doth lesson happier men, and shames at least
the bad.
BYRON.

'Tis the first sanction nature gave to man,
Each other to assist in what they can.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Kindness by secret sympathy is tied;
For noble souls in nature are allied.
DRYDEN.

You have yourself your kindness overpaid:
He ceases to oblige who can upbraid.
DRYDEN.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can save or serve, but all may please;
Oh! let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence
A small unkindness is a great offence.
Large bounties to restore we wish in vain,
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
HANNAH MORE.

In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous, evil,
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.
POPE.

Kindness has resistless charms;
All things else but weakly move;
Fiercest anger it disarms,
And clips the wings of flying love.
EARL OF ROCHESTER.

Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness.
SHAKSPEARE.

KINGS.

Why dost thou cast out such ungenerous terms
Against the lords and sovereigns of the world?
ADDISON.

From the monarch's virtue subjects take
Th' ingredient which does public virtue make:
At his bright beam they all their tapers light,
And by his dial set their motion right.
SIR W. DAVENANT: *To the King.*

Kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
First made their subjects by oppression bold;
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
SIR J. DENHAM.

On the cold earth lies th' unregarded king,
A headless carcass, and a nameless thing.
SIR J. DENHAM.

He, looking down
With scorn or pity on the slippery state
Of kings, will tread upon the neck of fate.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Men do not stand
In so ill case that God hath with his hand
Sign'd kings blank charters to kill whom they
hate,
Nor are they vicars, but hangmen to fate.
DONNE.

'Tis true from force the noblest title springs:
I therefore hold from that which first made kings.
DRYDEN.

Doom, as they please, my empire not to stand,
I'll grasp my sceptre with my dying hand.
DRYDEN.

You that are a sov'reign prince, allay
Imperial pow'r with your paternal sway.
DRYDEN.

His awful presence did the crowd surprise,
Nor durst the rash spectator meet his eyes;
Eyes that confess'd him born for kingly sway,
So fierce they flash'd intolerable day.
DRYDEN.

He who late a sceptre did command
Now grasps a floating fragment in his hand.
DRYDEN.

But peaceful kings, o'er martial people set,
Each other's poise and counterbalance are.
DRYDEN.

My crown is absolute, and holds of none:
I cannot in a base subjection live;
Nor suffer you to take, though I would give.
DRYDEN: *Indian Emperor.*

Kings' titles commonly begin by force,
Which time wears off, and mellows into right;
And power which in one age is tyranny
Is ripen'd in the next to true succession.
DRYDEN: *Spanish Friar.*

You shall be still plain Torrismond with me,
Th' abettor, partner (if you like the name),
The husband of a tyrant,—but no king,
Till you deserve that title by your justice.
DRYDEN: *Spanish Friar.*

Nor shall the sacred character of king
Be urged, to shield me from thy bold appeal:
If I have injured thee, that makes us equal.
DRYDEN.

Where was then
The power that guards the sacred lives of kings?
Why slept the lightnings and the thunderbolts,
Or bent their idle rage on fields and trees,
When vengeance call'd 'em here?
DRYDEN.

Luxurious kings are to their people lost;
They live, like drones, upon the public cost.
DRYDEN.

When kings grow stubborn, slothful, or unwise,
Each private man for public good should rise.
DRYDEN.

He had been base had he released his right:
For such an empire none but kings should fight.
DRYDEN.

Empire! thou poor and despicable thing,
When such as these make or unmake a king.
DRYDEN.

'Twixt kings and tyrants there's this diff'rence known,—
Kings seek their subjects' good, tyrants their own.
HERRICK.

Princes that would their people should do well,
Must at themselves begin, as at the head;
For men by their example pattern out
Their imitations, and regard of laws:
A virtuous court a world to virtue draws.
BEN JONSON: *Cynthia's Revels.*

A crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns;
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,
To him who wears the regal diadem.
MILTON.

In himself was all his state;
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On princes; when their rich retinue long,
Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold,
Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape.
MILTON.

A crown! what is it?
Is it to bear the miseries of a people!
To hear their murmurs, feel their discontents,
And sink beneath a load of splendid care?
HANNAH MORE: *Daniel.*

Thus states were form'd, the name of king unknown,
Till common interest placed the sway in one:
'Twas virtue only, or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms;
The same which in a sire the son obey'd
A prince the father of a people made.
POPE.

When love was all an easy monarch's care,
Jilts ruled the state, and statesmen farces writ.
POPE.

Behold four kings, in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard.
POPE.

Not youthful kings in battle seized alive
E'er felt such grief, such terror, and despair.
POPE.

Admire we, then,
Or popularity, or stars, or strings,
The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings?
POPE.

They gave and she transferr'd the curst advice,
That monarchs should their inward soul disguise,
Dissemble and command, be false and wise;
By ignominious arts, for servile ends,
Should compliment their foes, and shun their friends.
PRIOR.

A mighty king I am, an earthly god;
I raise or sink, imprison or set free;
And life or death depends on my decree.
PRIOR.

What is a king? A man condemn'd to bear
The public burthen of the nation's care;
Now crown'd some angry faction to appease,
Now falls a victim to the people's ease.
PRIOR.

Unbounded power and height of greatness give
To kings that lustre which we think divine;
The wise, who know 'em, know they are but men;
Nay, sometimes weak ones too. The crowd, indeed,
Who kneel before the image, not the god,
Worship the deity their hands have made.
ROWE: *Ambitious Stepmother.*

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And for unfelt imaginations
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that between their title and low name
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.
SHAKSPEARE.

The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,
Bounty, persev'rance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them.
SHAKSPEARE.

There's such divinity doth hedge a king
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.
SHAKSPEARE.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell and grow as terrible as storms.
SHAKSPEARE.

The king's name is a tow'r of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
SHAKSPEARE.

Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleepest:
Is not the king's name forty thousand names?
SHAKSPEARE.

Shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crown'd, and planted many years,
Be judged by subject and inferior breath?
SHAKSPEARE.

Within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court; and there the antick sits,
Scoffing his state.
SHAKSPEARE.

When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person,
Ev'n by those men that most have done us wrong.
SHAKSPEARE.

A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Unless a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters.
SHAKSPEARE.

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was once a king, and now is clay?
SHAKSPEARE.

Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state;
And (Heav'n consigning to my good intents)
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,
Heav'n shorten Harry's happy life one day.
SHAKSPEARE.

What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect
That private men enjoy?
And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
SHAKSPEARE.

He makes for England, here to claim the crown.
Is the chair empty? Is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead?
SHAKSPEARE.

Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
SHAKSPEARE.

Let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossess'd,
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping kill'd:
All murder'd.
SHAKSPEARE.

They rise with fear, and lie with danger down:
Huge are the cares that wait upon the crown.
EARL OF STIRLING: *Darius.*

A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the sovereign pow'r,
Like other baubles of the Tow'r.
SWIFT.

The man whom heav'n appoints
To govern others, should himself first learn
To bend his passions to the sway of reason.
THOMSON: *Tancred and Sigismunda.*

Such kings
Favour the innocent, repress the bold,
And, while they flourish, make an age of gold.
WALLER.

KNAVES.

A knave's a knave to me in ev'ry state;
Alike my scorn if he succeed or fail;
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail.
POPE.

Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world in credit to his grave.
POPE.

KNOWLEDGE.

Man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth
More welcome touch his understanding's eye
Than all the blandishments of sound his ear,
Than all of taste his tongue.

AKENSIDE.

The mind of man is this world's true dimension;
And knowledge is the measure of the mind:
And as the mind in her vast comprehension
Contains more worlds than all the world can find,
So knowledge doth itself far more extend
Than all the minds of man can comprehend.

LORD BROOKE.

Knowledge is not happiness, and science
But an exchange of ignorance for that
Which is another kind of ignorance.

BYRON: *Manfred.*

Sorrow is knowledge: they who know the most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth:
The tree of knowledge is not that of life.

BYRON: *Manfred.*

He did the utmost bounds of knowledge find,
Yet found them not so large as was his mind.

COWLEY.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have ofttimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

COWPER.

Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

COWPER.

Here in this world they do much knowledge read,
And are the casements which admit most light.

SIR J. DAVIES.

First in man's mind we find an appetite
To learn and know the truth of everything;
Which is connatural, and born with it.

SIR J. DAVIES.

Through seas of knowledge we our course advance,
Discov'ring still new worlds of ignorance
And these discov'ries make us all confess
That sublunary science is but guess.

SIR J. DENHAM.

Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far to make us wish for ignorance?
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than, led by a false guide, to err by day?

SIR J. DENHAM.

The tree of knowledge, blasted by disputes,
Produces sapless leaves instead of fruits.

SIR J. DENHAM.

Though the offending part felt mortal pain,
Th' immortal part its knowledge did retain.

SIR J. DENHAM.

If our lives' motions theirs must imitate,
Our knowledge like our blood must circulate.

SIR J. DENHAM.

Till through those clouds the sun of knowledge brake,
And Europe from her lethargy did wake.

SIR J. DENHAM.

Search not to find what lies too deeply hid;
Nor to know things whose knowledge is forbid.

SIR J. DENHAM.

Who in deep mines for hidden knowledge toils,
Like guns o'ercharged, breaks, misses, or recoils.

SIR J. DENHAM.

You are good, but from a nobler cause;
From your own knowledge, not from nature's laws.

DRYDEN.

Of all your knowledge this vain fruit you have;
To walk with eyes broad open to the grave.

DRYDEN.

Knowledge of all avails the human kind;
For all beyond the grave are joys of mind.

HOGG.

Mother of science, now I feel thy power
Within me clear, not only to discern
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.

MILTON.

Gently instructed I shall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge what this vessel can contain.

MILTON.

The wish to know—the endless thirst,
Which even by quenching is awaked,
And which becomes or bless'd or cursed,
As is the fount whereat 'tis slaked.

MOORE: *Loves of the Angels.*

Life's stream hurries all too fast;
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.

POPE.

Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd;
What though no credit doubting wits may give,
The fair and innocent shall still believe.

POPE.

Remember that the cursed desire to know,
Offspring of Adam! was thy source of woe:
Why wilt thou, then, renew the vain pursuit,
And rashly catch at the forbidden fruit?
With empty labour and eluded strife,
Seeking by knowledge to attain to life.

PRIOR.

Knowledge, when wisdom is too weak to guide her,
Is like a headstrong horse that throws the rider.

QUARLES.

Knowledge descries alone, wisdom applies;
That makes some fools, this maketh none but wise.

In my afflictions, knowledge apprehends
Who is the author, what the cause and ends:
It finds that patience is my sad relief,
And that the hand that caused can cure my grief.

QUARLES.

By knowledge we do learn ourselves to know,
And what to man and what to God we owe.

SPENSER.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam.*

O fertile head, which ev'ry year
Could such a crop of wonders bear!
Which, might it never have been cast,
Each year's growth added to the last,
The lofty branches had supplied
The earth's bold sons prodigious pride.

WALLER.

LABOUR.

From labour health, from health contentment spring;
Contentment opes the source of every joy.

BEATTIE: *Minstrel.*

Come, my fair love! our morning's task we lose:
Some labour e'en the easiest life would choose:
Ours is not great; the dangling boughs to crop,
Whose too luxuriant growth our alleys stop.

DRYDEN.

With lifted arms they order every blow,
And chime their sounding hammers in a row;
With labour'd anvils Ætna groans below.

DRYDEN.

If little labour, little are our gains:
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.

HERRICK.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.

The field
To labour calls us, now with sweat imposed,
Though after sleepless night.

MILTON.

God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men,
Successive.

MILTON.

Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.

MILTON.

Not so strictly hath our Lord imposed
Labour, as to debar us when we need
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
Food of the mind.

MILTON.

Great things of small
One can create, and, in what place soe'er,
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain,
Through labour and endurance.

MILTON.

Yet hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed,
Health to himself, and to his infants bread,
The lab'rer bears.

POPE.

Anxious pains we all the day,
In search of what we like, employ;
Scorning at night the worthless prey,
We find the labour gave the joy.

PRIOR.

If all the world were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come.

SHAKSPEARE.

Service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope.

SHAKSPEARE.

The sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour,
Most busiless when I do it.

SHAKSPEARE.

Now all labour
Mars what it does, yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength.

SHAKSPEARE.

He cannot long hold out these pangs,
Th' incessant care and labour of his mind.

SHAKSPEARE.

But after labours long, and sad delay,
Bring them to joyous rest, and endless bliss.

SPENSER.

Our ardent labours for the toys we seek
Join night to day, and Sunday to the week.

YOUNG.

LANDSCAPES.

But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song:
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream.

ADDISON.

Where silver lakes, with verdant shadows crown'd,
Disperse a grateful chillness all around.

ADDISON.

See the sweet brooks in silver mazes creep,
Enrich the meadows, and supply the deep.

SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Low at his foot a spacious plain is placed,
Between the mountain and the stream embraced;
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives.

SIR J. DENHAM.

A sylvan scene, which, rising by degrees,
Leads up the eye below, nor gluts the sight
With one full prospect, but invites by many
To view at last the whole.

DRYDEN.

Please that sylvan scene to take
Where whistling winds uncertain shadows make;
Or will you to the cooler cave succeed,
Whose mouth the curling vines have overspread?

DRYDEN.

In the midst of this fair valley stood
A native theatre, which, rising slow,
By just degrees o'erlook'd the ground below.

DRYDEN.

Now the dew with spangles deck'd the ground,
A sweeter spot of earth was never found.

DRYDEN.

Let purling streams be in her fancy seen,
And flow'ry meads, and vales of cheerful green.

DRYDEN.

The carpet ground shall be with leaves o'erspread,
And boughs shall weave a covering for your head.

DRYDEN.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?

DYER: *Grongar Hill.*

Murm'ring waters fall
Down the slope hills dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.

MILTON.

About me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams.

MILTON.

A mountain, at whose verdant feet
A spacious plain, outstretch'd in circuit wide,
Lay pleasant.

MILTON.

The quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For want of tread, are undistinguishable.

MILTON.

O'er the smooth enamell'd green,
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me as I sing.
MILTON.

Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales:
Thrice happy isles!
MILTON.

There, interspersed in lawns and op'ning glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
POPE.

Here, arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd virgins traced the dewy lawn.
POPE.

Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spreads the flow'ry lawn.
POPE.

Make Windsor's hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies.
POPE.

Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again.
POPE.

Here, in full light, the russet plains extend;
There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
POPE.

And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubb'd down.
SHAKSPEARE.

There fall those sapphire-colour'd brooks,
Which, conduit-like, with curious crooks,
Sweet islands make in that sweet land.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

On each hand the gushing waters play,
And down the rough cascade white dashing fall,
Or gleam in lengthen'd vistas through the trees.
THOMSON.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem.
THOMSON.

LAUGHTER.

Sometimes a violent laughter screw'd his face,
And sometimes ready tears dropp'd down apace.
COWLEY.

Soft elocution doth thy style renown,
Gentle or sharp, according to thy choice,
To laugh at follies, or to lash at vice.
DRYDEN.

And while it lasts, let buffoonery succeed,
To make us laugh; for never was more need.
DRYDEN.

Laugh not too much; the witty man laughs
least:
For wit is news only to ignorance:
Less at thine own things laugh; lest in the jest
Thy person share, and the conceit advance.
GEORGE HERBERT.

Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides;
Come and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe.
MILTON.

At all I laugh, he laughs no doubt;
The only difference is, I dare laugh out.
POPE.

Laugh at your friends; and if your friends are
sore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
POPE.

To laugh were want of goodness and of grace;
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.
POPE.

Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are
coarse,
And loves you best of all things but his horse.
POPE.

Madness, we fancy, gave an ill-timed birth
To grinning laughter and to frantic mirth.
PRIOR.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught.
SHELLEY.

Folly painting humour, grave himself,
Calls laughter forth.
THOMSON.

LAW.

Shall poesy, like law, turn wrong to right,
And dedications wash an Æthiop white?

See they suffer death;
But in their deaths remember they are men:
Strain not the laws to make their torture grievous.
ADDISON.

Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The gen'rous plan of power deliver'd down
From age to age to your renown'd forefathers.
ADDISON.

Could any but a knowing prudent cause
Begin such motions, and assign such laws?
If the great Mind had form'd a different frame,
Might not your wanton wit the system blame?
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

A conscious, wise, reflecting cause,
Which freely moves, and acts by reason's laws,
That can deliberate means elect, and find
Their due connection with the end design'd.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Nature's law, and unrepeal'd command,
That gives to lighter things the greatest height.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Laws do not put the least restraint
Upon our freedom, but maintain 't;
Or if it does, 'tis for our good,
To give us freer latitude;
For wholesome laws preserve us free
By stinting of our liberty.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

He that with injury is grieved,
And goes to law to be relieved,
Is sillier than a sottish chouse,
Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,
Applies himself to cunning men
To help him to his goods again.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Witnesses, like watches, go
Just as they're set, too fast or slow;
And, where in conscience they're strait-laced,
'Tis ten to one that side is cast.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Until with subtle cobweb cheats,
They're catch'd in knotted law, like nets;
In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they stir, the more they're tangled.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Why should not conscience have vacation,
As well as other courts o' th' nation?
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint appearance and return?
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

What's justice to a man, or laws,
That never comes within their claws?
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Oaths were not purposed more than law
To keep the good and just in awe,
But to confine the bad and sinful,
Like moral cattle in a pinfold.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

This forced the stubborn'st, for the cause,
To cross the cudgels to the laws,
That what by breaking them 't had gain'd
By their support might be maintain'd.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

And when th' are hamper'd by the laws,
Release the lab'rers for the cause.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

The law, that settles all you do,
And marries where you did but woo,
And if it judge upon your side,
Will soon extend her for your bride,
And put her person, goods, or lands,
Or which you like best, int' your hands.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

No choice was left his feelings or his pride,
Save death or Doctors' Commons—so he died.
BYRON.

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, the rest on nature fix.
Quoted in Latin by SIR E. COKE.

God gave him reverence of laws,
Yet stirring blood in freedom's cause,—
A spirit to the rocks akin,
The eye of the hawk, and the fire therein.
COLERIDGE.

Where honour or where conscience does not bind,
No other law shall shackle me;
Slave to myself I will not be,
Nor shall my future actions be confined
By my own present mind.
COWLEY.

French laws forbid the female reign,
Yet love does them to slavery draw.
COWLEY.

To give religion her unbridled scope,
Nor judge by statute a believer's hope.
COWPER: *Table-Talk.*

Thus look'd he proudly on the vulgar crew,
Whom statutes govern, and whom fears subdue.
CRABBE.

Laws support those crimes they check'd before,
And executions now affright no more.
CREECH.

The fix'd, unalterable laws,
Settling the same effect on the same cause.
CREECH.

The Norman conquering all by might,
Mixing our customs, and the form of right,
With foreign constitutions he had brought.
DANIEL.

One says, he never should endure the sight
Of that forsworn, that wrongs both lands and laws.
DANIEL.

The laws are sinfully contrived. Justice
Should weigh the present crime, not future
Inference on deeds.
SIR W. DAVENANT: *Just Italian.*

If then a man, on light conditions, gain
A great estate to him and his, forever,
If wilfully he forfeit it again,
Who doth bemoan his heir, or blame the giver?
SIR J. DAVIES.

When she from sundry arts one skill doth draw;
Gath'ring from divers fights one act of war;
From many causes like, one rule of law:
These her collections, not the senses are.
SIR J. DAVIES.

As chymists gold from brass by fire would draw,
Pretexts are into treason forged by law.
SIR J. DENHAM.

He that dares to die
May laugh at the grim face of law, and scorn
The cruel wrinkle of a tyrant brow.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Then withdraw
From Cambridge, thy old nurse; and, as the rest,
Here toughly chew and sturdily digest
Th' immense vast volumes of our common law.
DONNE.

Not pedant's motley tongue, soldier's bombast,
Mountebank's drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this.
DONNE.

Wise legislators never yet could draw
A fox within the reach of common law:
For posture, dress, grimace, and affectation,
Though foes to sense, are harmless to the nation.
Our last redress is dint of verse to try,
And satire is our court of chancery.
DRYDEN.

With your cost you terminate the cause,
And save th' expense of long litigious laws,
Where suits are traversed, and so little won
That he who conquers is but last undone.
DRYDEN.

If men forswear the deeds and bonds they draw,
Though sign'd with all formality of law,
And though the signing and the seal proclaim
The barefaced perjury, and fix the shame.
DRYDEN.

Behold the law
And rule of beings in your Maker's mind;
And thence, like limbecs, rich ideas draw,
To fit the levell'd use of human kind.
DRYDEN.

To kill man-killers man has lawful pow'r,
But not th' extended license to devour.
DRYDEN.

To swear he saw three inches through a door,
As Asiatic evidences swore.
DRYDEN.

Since once the living villains dare emplead,
Arraign them in the persons of the dead.
DRYDEN.

Nor seek to know
Their process, or the forms of law below.
DRYDEN.

I beg your greatness not to give the law
In other realms; but beaten, to withdraw.
DRYDEN.

Then those, whom form of laws
Condemn'd to die, when traitors judged their cause.
DRYDEN.

Were he not by law withstood,
He'd manifest his own in human blood.
DRYDEN.

You should be hunted like a beast of prey;
By your own law I take your life away.
DRYDEN.

No law betwixt two sov'reigns can decide
But that of arms, where fortune is the judge,
Soldiers the lawyers, and the bar the field.
DRYDEN.

Needless was written law, where none opprest;
The law of man was written in his breast.
DRYDEN.

Unhappy man! to break the pious laws
Of nature, pleading in his children's cause!
DRYDEN.

At each assize and term we try
A thousand rascals of as deep a dye.
DRYDEN.

There then we met; both tried, and both were cast,
And this irrevocable sentence past.
DRYDEN.

A war ensues; the Cretans own their cause,
Stiff to defend their hospitable laws.
DRYDEN.

O queen! indulged by favour of the gods
To build a town, with statutes to restrain
The wild inhabitants beneath thy reign.
DRYDEN.

You promised once a progeny divine
Of Romans, rising from the Trojan line,
In after-times should hold the world in awe,
And to the land and ocean give the law.
DRYDEN.

These, if the laws did that exchange afford,
Would save their lapdog sooner than their lord.
DRYDEN.

To peaceful Rome new laws ordain;
Call'd from his mean abode a sceptre to sustain.
DRYDEN.

Salius then, exclaiming aloud,
Urges his cause may in the court be heard,
And pleads the prize is wrongfully conferr'd.
DRYDEN.

Shall freeborn men, in humble awe,
Submit to servile shame,
Who from consent and custom draw
The same right to be ruled by law,
Which kings pretend to reign?
DRYDEN.

The bees have common cities of their own,
And common sort; beneath one law they live,
And with one common stock their traffic drive.
DRYDEN.

No courts created yet, nor cause was heard;
But all was safe, for conscience was their guard.
DRYDEN.

Some at the bar with subtilty defend
The cause of an unlearned noble friend.
DRYDEN.

Curse on th' unpard'ning prince, whom tears can draw
To no remorse; who rules by lion's law.
DRYDEN.

Then they who brothers' better claim disown
Defraud their clients, and, to lucre sold,
Sit brooding on unprofitable gold.
DRYDEN.

Some laws ordain, and some attend the choice
Of holy senates, and elect by voice.
DRYDEN.

Was ever criminal forbid to plead?
Curb your ill-manner'd zeal.
DRYDEN.

What! since the prætor did my fetters loose,
And left me freely at my own dispose,
May I not live without control and awe,
Excepting still the letter of the law?
DRYDEN.

My flocks, my fields, my woods, my pastures take,
With settlement as good as law can make.
DRYDEN.

Our penal laws no sons of yours admit;
Our test excludes your tribe from benefit.
DRYDEN.

The jealous sects that dare not trust their cause
So far from their own will as to the laws,
You for their umpire and their synod take.
DRYDEN.

A spirit fit to start an empire,
And look the world to law. DRYDEN.

My cause is call'd, and that long-look'd-for day
Is still incumber'd with some new delay.
DRYDEN.

Ask not what pains, nor further seek to know
Their process, or the forms of law below.
DRYDEN.

There's joy when to wild will you laws prescribe;
When you bid fortune carry back her bribe.
DRYDEN.

'Tis the procession of a funeral vow,
Which cruel laws to Indian wives allow.
DRYDEN.

'Tis law, though custom now diverts the course:
As nature's institute is yet in force,
Uncancell'd, though disused. DRYDEN.

At length the muses stand restored again,
While you dispense the laws and guide the state.
DRYDEN.

Pygmalion then the Tyrian sceptre sway'd,
One who contemn'd divine and human laws;
Then strife ensued.
DRYDEN.

Add long prescription of establish'd laws,
And pique of honour to maintain a cause,
And shame of change.
DRYDEN.

The man who laugh'd but once—to see an ass
Mumbling to make the gross-grain'd thistles pass,
Might laugh again—to see a jury chaw
The prickles of unpalatable law.
DRYDEN.

Our law, that did a boundless ocean seem,
Was coasted all and fathom'd all by him.
DRYDEN: *on Heneage Finch.*

Since laws were made for ev'ry degree,
To curb vice in others, as well as in me.
GAY: *Beggar's Opera.*

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.
GOLDSMITH: *Traveller.*

Such precedents are numberless; we draw
Our right from custom:—custom is a law.
GRANVILLE.

The princes differ and divide;
Some follow law, and some with beauty side.
GRANVILLE.

For our reward,
All our debts are paid; dangers of law,
Actions, decrees, judgments against us quitted.
BEN JONSON.

The good need fear no law;
It is his safety, and the bad man's awe.
BEN JONSON.

Or the saddle turn'd round, or the girths brake;
For low on the ground, woe for his sake,
The law is found.
BEN JONSON.

A single jail, in Alfred's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair justice then, without constraint adored,
Held high the steady scale, but sheathed the sword;
No spies were paid, no special juries known;
Blest age! but ah! how different from our own!
DR. JOHNSON: *London.*

And sovereign law,—that state's collected will,—
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
SIR WM. JONES.

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.
SIR WM. JONES.

What can innocence hope for,
When such as sit her judges are corrupted?
MASSINGER: *Maid of Honour.*

Whoso loves law dies either mad or poor.
MIDDLETON: *Phœnix.*

What rests but that the mortal sentence pass?
MILTON.

The third best absent is condemn'd,
Convict by flight, and rebel to all law;
Conviction to the serpent none belongs.
MILTON.

This also shall they gain by their delay
In the wide wilderness: there they shall found
Their government, and their great senate choose,
Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd.
MILTON.

This yet I apprehend not, why to those
Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth,
So many and so various laws are given;
So many laws argue so many sins!
MILTON.

God, from Sinai descending, will himself,
In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpet's sound,
Ordain them laws; part such as appertain
To civil justice; part, religious rites
Of sacrifice.
MILTON.

Nor can this be
But by fulfilling that which thou dost want,
Obedience to the law.
MILTON.

So violence
Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,
Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.
MILTON.

Laws which none shall find
Left them enroll'd; or what the spirit within
Shall on the heart engrave.
MILTON.

Laws can discover sin, but not remove.
MILTON.

But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
With that which you received on other terms.
MILTON.

If aught against my life
Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
Against the law of nature, law of nations.
MILTON.

Justice is lame, as well as blind, amongst us:
The laws, corrupted to their ends that make them,
Serve but for instruments of some new tyranny,
That every day starts up t' enslave us deeper.
OTWAY: *Venice Preserved.*

Once (says an author,—where, I need not say)
Two trav'llers found an oyster in their way:
Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong,
While, scale in hand, Dame Justice pass'd along.
Before her each with clamour plead the laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame Justice, weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, swallows it before their sight.
The cause of strife removed so rarely well,
There, take (says Justice), take ye each a shell;
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you:
'Twas a fat oyster: live in peace: adieu!
POPE: *from Boileau.*

But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despised,
And kept unconquer'd, and uncivilized;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defied the Romans, as of old.
POPE.

Yes, the last pen for freedom let me draw,
When truth stands trembling on the edge of law.
POPE.

Your plea is good; but still I say, Beware;
Laws are explain'd by men: so have a care.
POPE.

In such a cause the plaintiff will be hiss'd,
My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.
POPE.

Certain laws, by suff'rers thought unjust,
Denied all posts of profit or of trust.
POPE.

The laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor a perpetuity should stand;
Estates have wings, and hang in fortune's power.
POPE.

Your country, chief in arms, abroad defend;
At home, with morals, arts, and laws amend.
POPE.

What's property? you see it alter,
Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share,
Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir.
POPE.

No statute in his favour says
How free or frugal I shall pass my days;
I who at some times spend, at others spare;
Divided between carelessness and care.
POPE.

Speech submissively withdraws
From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause;
Then pompous silence reigns, and stills the noisy laws.
POPE.

All look up, with reverential awe,
At crimes that 'scape or triumph o'er the law.
POPE.

Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th' ethereal kind.
POPE.

Thus long-succeeding cities justly reign'd,
License repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd;
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew.
POPE.

Indentures, cov'nants, articles they draw,
Large as the fields themselves; and larger far
Than civil codes with all their glosses are.
POPE.

With equal justice and historic care,
Their laws, their toils, their arms, with his compare.
PRIOR.

Illustrious virtues, who by turns have rose,
With happy laws her empire to sustain,
And with full pow'r assert her ambient main.
PRIOR.

Justice submitted to what Abra pleased:
Her will alone could settle or revoke,
And law was fix'd by what she latest spoke.
PRIOR.

The goddess, studious of her Grecians' fate,
Sought them in laws and letters to excel,
In acting justly and in writing well.
PRIOR.

He died obedient to severest law:
Forbid to tread the promised land he saw.
PRIOR.

Witness for me, ye awful gods!
I took not arms till urged by self-defence,
The eldest law of nature.
ROWE.

The great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder; will you then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
SHAKSPEARE.

He hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of public power.
SHAKSPEARE.

This bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh.
SHAKSPEARE.

If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: answer, shall I have it?
SHAKSPEARE.

If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
SHAKSPEARE.

Till thou canst rail the seals from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
SHAKSPEARE.

There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.
SHAKSPEARE.

I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment.
SHAKSPEARE.

I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong.
SHAKSPEARE.

The law hath yet another hold on you.
SHAKSPEARE.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien
He seeks the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize on half his goods.
SHAKSPEARE.

The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it and take this.
SHAKSPEARE.

Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.
SHAKSPEARE.

When every case in law is right.
SHAKSPEARE.

According to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.
SHAKSPEARE.

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us? SHAKSPEARE.

Proceed by process,
Lest parties, as he is beloved, break out.
SHAKSPEARE.

Take heed, for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.
SHAKSPEARE.

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our pow'r
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control.
SHAKSPEARE.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form.
SHAKSPEARE.

Be you contented
To have a son set your decrees at naught,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench?
SHAKSPEARE.

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law.
SHAKSPEARE.

Now that God and friends
Have turn'd my captive state to liberty,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?
SHAKSPEARE.

For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
To death, or to a vow of single life.
SHAKSPEARE.

I have been a truant to the law
I never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the law unto my will.
SHAKSPEARE.

Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
SHAKSPEARE.

The law hath judged thee, Eleanor:
I cannot justify whom law condemns.
SHAKSPEARE.

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pang of despised love, the law's delay.
SHAKSPEARE.

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try.
SHAKSPEARE.

How innocent I was,
This noble jury and foul cause can witness.
SHAKSPEARE.

I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.
SHAKSPEARE.

Of my land,
Loyal and natural boy! I'll work the means
To make thee capable.
SHAKSPEARE.

His offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.
SHAKSPEARE.

There is a law in each well-order'd nation
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
SHAKSPEARE.

Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.
SHAKSPEARE.

We have strict statutes, and most biting laws
(The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds),
Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep,
Even like an overgrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey.
SHAKSPEARE.

So our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose.
SHAKSPEARE.

Pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
SHAKSPEARE.

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
SHAKSPEARE.

Those many had not dared to do that evil
If the first man that did th' edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed.
SHAKSPEARE.

The duke's unjust
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth
Whom here you come to accuse.
SHAKSPEARE.

It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stept into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into it.
SHAKSPEARE.

I am a subject,
And challenge law; attorneys are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To mine inheritance.
SHAKSPEARE.

He now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lay too heavy on the commonwealth.
SHAKSPEARE.

Stubbornly he did repugn the truth,
About a certain question in the law.
SHAKSPEARE.

When he had no power,
He was your enemy; still spake against
Your liberties and charters.
SHAKSPEARE.

Still you keep o' the windy side of the law.
SHAKSPEARE.

If I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies await, I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.
SHAKSPEARE.

I'll undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.
SHAKSPEARE.

The brain may devise laws
For the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er
A cold decree.
SHAKSPEARE.

Blood hath been shed
Ere human statute purged the general weal.
SHAKSPEARE.

Your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good.
SHAKSPEARE.

After this cold consid'rance sentence me.
SHAKSPEARE.

To her laws
We do deliver you.
SHAKSPEARE.

In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law.
SHAKSPEARE.

The bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.
SHAKSPEARE.

'Tis not ever
The justice and the truth o' th' question carries
The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you! such things have been done.
SHAKSPEARE.

I do not love
Much ceremony; suits in love should not,
Like suits in law, be rock'd from term to term.
SHIRLEY.

Had women been the makers of our laws,
The men should slave at cards from morn to night.
SWIFT.

If the heavenly folk should know
These pleadings in the court below.
SWIFT.

'Tis not the coarser tie of human law
That binds their peace.
THOMSON.

Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints, who taught and led the way to heaven.
TICKELL: *on the Death of Addison.*

No man e'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law.
TRUMBULL: *McFingal.*

Law-giving heroes, famed for taming brutes,
And raising cities with their charming lutes.
WALLER.

Having infringed the law, I waive my right
As king, and thus submit myself to fight.
WALLER.

To do thee honour I will shed their blood,
Which the just laws, if I were faultless, should.
WALLER.

When the law shows her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South-Sea treasures are not brought to light.
YOUNG.

Instructive satire; true to virtue's cause!
Thou shining supplement of public laws!
YOUNG.

LAWYERS.

Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes.
ADDISON.

With books and money placed for show,
Like nest-eggs, to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Others believe no voice t' an organ
So sweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown,
Until with subtle cobweb cheats
They're catch'd in knotted law, like nets:
In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they stir, the more they're tangled.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

I wait not at the lawyer's gates,
Nor shoulder-climbers down the stairs.
CAREW.

Now like a lawyer, when he land would get,
Or sell fee-simples in his master's name.
CHAUCER.

Now he exacts of all, wastes in delight,
Riots in pleasure, and neglects the law.
DANIEL.

Men such as choose
Law practice for mere gain.
DONNE.

Old clients, wearied out with fruitless care,
Dismiss their hopes of eating, and despair;
Though much against the grain, forced to retire,
Buy roots for supper, and provide a fire.
DRYDEN.

Learn what thou ow'st thy country and thy friend,
What's requisite to spare, and what to spend:
Learn this; and after, envy not the store
Of the greased advocate that grinds the poor.
DRYDEN.

With arts like these rich Matho, when he speaks,
Attracts all fees, and little lawyers breaks.
DRYDEN.

Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw
A beardless consul made against the law;
And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome.
DRYDEN.

The best he was,
And faithfullest expounder of the laws.
DRYDEN.

The purple garments raise the lawyer's fees;
High pomp and state are useful properties.
DRYDEN.

At bar abusive, on the bench unable,
Knave on the woolsack, fop at council-table.
DRYDEN.

The charge is prepared, the lawyers are met,
The judges all ranged; a terrible show!
GAY: *Beggar's Opera.*

Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey.
DR. S. JOHNSON: *London.*

Men of your large profession that could speak
To every cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they were hoarse again, yet all be law.
BEN JONSON.

Property, you see it alter;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share,
Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir,
Or, in pure equity (the case not clear),
The chancery takes your rents for twenty year.
POPE.

Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more;
Despairing quacks with curses left the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.
POPE: *Moral Essays.*

Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.
POPE.

What says my counsel, learned in the law?
POPE.

Fat fees from the defended Umbrian draws,
And only gains the wealthy client's cause.
POPE.

Graced as thou art, with all the power of words,
So known, so honour'd, at the house of lords:
Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh
(More silent far), where kings and poets lie;
Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde!
POPE.

Him you will find in letters and in laws
Not unexpert.
PRIOR.

Your dainty speakers have the curse
To plead bad causes down to worse.
PRIOR.

Some things admit of mediocrity:
A counsellor, or pleader at the bar,
May want Messala's pow'rful eloquence,
Or be less read than deep Casselius;
Yet this indiff'rent lawyer is esteem'd.
ROSCOMMON.

The busy, subtile serpents of the law
Did first my mind from true obedience draw;
While I did limits to the king prescribe,
And took for oracle that canting tribe.
ROSCOMMON.

Why meet we thus, like wrangling advocates,
To urge the justice of our cause with words?
ROWE.

Do as adversaries do in law;
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
SHAKSPEARE.

As I was then
Advertising, and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attornied at your service.
SHAKSPEARE.

Why should calamity be full of words?
Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders to intestate joys;
Poor breathing orators of miseries.
SHAKSPEARE.

Malmutius
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled.
SHAKSPEARE.

I will attend my husband; it is my office;
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home.
SHAKSPEARE.

He pleaded still not guilty;
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urged on examinations, proofs, confessions,
Of divers witnesses.
SHAKSPEARE.

The nymphs with scorn beheld their foes,
When the defendant's counsel rose;
And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact.
SWIFT.

The judge
Directed them to mind their brief,
Nor spend their time to show their reading:
She'd have a summary proceeding.
SWIFT.

The brief with weighty crimes was charged,
On which the pleader much enlarged.
SWIFT.

He knows in law nor text nor margint.
SWIFT.

Orphans around his bed the lawyer sees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees;
His fellow pick-purse, watching for a job,
Fancies his finger's in the cully's fob.
SWIFT.

Is't not enough the blockhead scarce can read,
But must he wisely look, and gravely plead?
YOUNG.

LEARNING.

But grant our hero's hopes long toil
And comprehensive genius crown,
Each science and each art his spoil,
Yet what reward, or what renown?
BENTLEY.

We say that learning's endless, and blame fate
For not allowing life a longer date:
He did the utmost bounds of knowledge find;
He found them not so large as was his mind.
COWLEY.

He had so many languages in store
That only fame shall speak of him in more.
COWLEY.

Solon the wise his progress never ceased,
But still his learning with his days increased.
SIR J. DENHAM.

When did his pen on learning fix a brand,
Or rail at arts he did not understand?
DRYDEN.

Fine fruits of learning! old ambitious fool,
Durst thou apply that adage of the school:
As if 'tis nothing worth, that lies conceal'd;
And science is not science, till reveal'd?
DRYDEN.

Without a genius, learning soars in vain,
And without learning, genius sinks again:
Their force united crowns the sprightly reign.
ELPHINSTON.

Learning by study must be won:
'Twas ne'er entail'd from sire to son.
GAY: *Fables.*

While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew.
GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village.*

The helm may rust, the laurel bough may fade,
Oblivion's grasp may blunt the victor's blade:
But that bright holy wreath which learning gives,
Untorn by hate, unharm'd by envy lives.
GRAHAME.

Learning was posed, philosophy was set,
Sophisters taken in a fisher's net.
GEORGE HERBERT.

Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail:
See nations slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
DR. JOHNSON: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

A little learning is a dangerous thing!
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the height of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanced, behold, with strange surprise,
New distant scenes of endless science rise.
POPE.

From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom;
And the same age saw learning fall, and Rome.
POPE.

The vulgar thus by imitation err,
As oft the learn'd by being singular;
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong.
POPE.

Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.
POPE: *Wife of Bath.*

Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace.
POPE.

Like buoys that never sink into the flood,
On learning's surface we but lie and nod.
POPE.

Though learn'd, well bred; and though well bred, sincere;
Modestly bold, and humanly severe.
POPE.

He roll'd his eyes, that witness'd huge dismay,
Where yet, unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay.
POPE.

But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
Is by ill colouring but the more disgraced;
So by false learning is good sense defaced:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs nature meant but fools.
POPE.

Ask of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun, mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease;
These call it pleasure, and contentment these.
POPE.

To tongue or pudding thou hast no pretence;
Learning thy talent is, but mine is sense.
PRIOR.

And by succession of unlearned times,
As bards began, so monks rung on the chimes.
ROSCOMMON.

Let him with pedants hunt for praise in books,
Pore out his life amongst the lazy gownmen,
Grow old and vainly proud in fancied knowledge.
ROWE.

Learning is but an adjunct to ourself;
And where we are, our learning likewise is.
SHAKSPEARE.

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one.
SHAKSPEARE.

Why did my parents send me to the schools,
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind,
Since the desire to learn first made men fools,
And did corrupt the root of all mankind?
SPENSER.

Learning's little household did embark,
With her world's fruitful system, in her sacred ark.
SWIFT.

His learning, though a poet said it,
Before a play would lose no credit.
SWIFT.

Aspiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
With grace and learning unendow'd.
SWIFT.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!
YOUNG: *Last Day.*

Voracious learning, often overfed,
Digests not into sense her motley meal;
This bookcase, with dark booty almost burst,
This forager on others' wisdom, leaves
Her native farm, her reason, quite untill'd.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

Much learning shows how little mortals know;
Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

But you are learn'd; in volumes deep you sit;
In wisdom shallow: pompous ignorance!
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

LETTERS.

Mark if to get them she o'erskip the rest,
Mark if she read them twice, or kiss the name.
DONNE.

The welcome news is in the letter found;
The carrier's not commission'd to expound;
It speaks itself.
DRYDEN: *Religio Laici.*

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
POPE.

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole!

POPE: *Eloisa.*

Let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love; and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend.

SHAKSPEARE.

For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply.

SHAKSPEARE.

LIBERTY.

O liberty! thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train.

ADDISON: *Italy.*

A day, an hour of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

ADDISON.

When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.

ADDISON.

It makes the gloomy face of nature gay;
Gives beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

ADDISON.

For freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

BYRON: *Giaour.*

The wish—which ages have not yet subdued
In man—to have no master save his mood.

BYRON: *Island.*

Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, liberty, thou art!
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart, which love of thee alone can bind.

BYRON: *Prisoner of Chillon.*

Oh, could I worship aught beneath the skies,
That earth hath seen or fancy can devise,
Thine altar, sacred liberty! should stand,
Built by no mercenary vulgar hand,
With fragrant turf, and flowers as wild and fair
As ever dress'd a bank, or scented summer air.

COWPER: *Charity.*

Slaves cannot breathe in England! if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free:
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing.

COWPER: *Task.*

The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself th' inferior gift of heaven.

DRYDEN.

What should I do? while here I was enchain'd,
No glimpse of godlike liberty remain'd.

DRYDEN.

Thou canst not be so pleased at liberty,
As I shall be to find thou dar'st be free.

DRYDEN.

He, in a loathsome dungeon doom'd to lie,
In bonds retain'd his birthright liberty,
And shamed oppression, till it set him free.

DRYDEN.

The greatest glory of a free-born people
Is to transmit that freedom to their children.

HAVARD: *Regulus.*

Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But justice, and some fatal course annex'd,
Deprives them of their outward liberty,
Their inward lost.

MILTON.

They bawl for freedom in their senseless moods,
And still revolt when truth would set them free;
License they mean, when they cry liberty!

MILTON.

For orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.

MILTON.

Justly thou abhorr'st
That son, who on the quiet state of men
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational liberty.

MILTON.

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs,
By the known rules of ancient liberty.

MILTON.

When will the world shake off such yokes? oh, when
Will that redeeming day shine out on men
That shall behold them rise, erect and free,
As heav'n and nature meant mankind should be?

MOORE: *Fudge Family.*

Our vanquish'd wills that pleasing force obey:
Her goodness takes our liberty away;
And haughty Britain yields to arbitrary sway.

PRIOR.

I must have liberty,
Withal as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh.

SHAKSPEARE.

Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe:
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky.

SHAKSPEARE.

They've chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are often beat for barking.

SHAKSPEARE.

Might I but through my prison, once a day,
Behold this maid, all corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of.

SHAKSPEARE.

When liberty is lost,
Let abject cowards live; but in the brave
It were a treachery to themselves, enough
To merit chains.

THOMSON: *Sophonisba.*

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injured that they cannot reign;
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

WALLER.

LIFE.

Then let us fill
This little interval, this pause of life,
With all the virtues we can crowd into it.

ADDISON: *Cato.*

To make man mild and sociable to man,
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts,
Th' embellishments of life.

ADDISON: *Cato.*

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

ADDISON.

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning:
Choose thine own time;
Say not "Good-night;" but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good-morning."

MRS. BARBAULD: *Life.*

Say, would the tender creature, in despite
Of heat by day, and chilling dews by night,
Its life maintain?

SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Not many lives, but only one, have we—
Frail, fleeting man!
How sacred should that one life ever be—
That narrow span!
Day after day fill'd up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil!

H. BONAR.

So to live that when the sun
Of our existence sinks in night,
Memorials sweet of mercies done
May shrine our names in memory's light,
And the blest seeds we scatter'd bloom
A hundred-fold in days to come.

SIR J. BOWRING.

Yet time, who changes all, had alter'd him
In soul and aspect as in age: years steal
Fire from the mind, as vigour from the limb:
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

To know, to esteem, to love,—and then to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart.

COLERIDGE.

The game of life
Looks cheerful when one carries in one's heart
The unalienable treasure.

COLERIDGE.

Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
But that forsaken, we like comets err.
Toss'd through the void, by some rude shock we're broke,
And all our boasted fire is lost in smoke.

CONGREVE.

O life, thou nothing's younger brother!
So like, that we may take the one for t'other!
Dream of a shadow! a reflection made
From the false glories of the gay reflected bow,
Is more a solid thing than thou!
COWLEY.

His faith perhaps in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life I'm sure was in the right.
COWLEY: *on Crashaw.*

Ask, What is human life? the sage replies,
With disappointment low'ring in his eyes:
A painful passage o'er a restless flood;
A vain pursuit of fugitive false good;
A sense of fancied bliss and heart-felt care,
Closing at last in darkness and despair.
COWPER: *Hope.*

Whether we work or play, or sleep or wake,
Our life doth pass, and with time's wings doth fly.
SIR J. DAVIES.

This work goeth fast on and prospereth:
Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Our life so fast away doth slide
As doth an hungry eagle through the wind;
Or as a ship transported with the tide,
Which in their passage leaves no print behind.
SIR J. DAVIES.

The youngest in the morning are not sure
That till the night their life they can secure.
SIR J. DENHAM.

On their life no grievous burden lies,
Who are well-natured, temperate, and wise:
But an inhuman and ill-temper'd mind
Not any easy part in life can find.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Look forward what's to come, and back what's past;
Thy life will be with praise and prudence graced;
What loss or gain may follow thou may'st guess:
Then wilt thou be secure of the success.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Oh, let me live my own, and die so too!
To live and die is all I have to do.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Satiety from all things else doth come,
Then life must to itself grow wearisome.
SIR J. DENHAM.

The same uneasiness which every thing
Gives to our nature, life must also bring.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Lords of the world have but for life their lease,
And that too, if the lessor please, must cease.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Should some god tell me that I should be born,
And cry again, his offer I should scorn;
Ashamed, when I have ended well my race,
To be led back to my first starting-place.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day;
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies:
Lord, in my view let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live to thee.
DODDRIDGE:
Epigram on his Family Arms.

You are both fluid, changed since yesterday;
Next day repairs but ill last day's decay:
Nor are, although the river keep the name,
Yesterday's waters and to-day's the same.
DONNE.

But dearest heart, and dearer image, stay!
Alas! true joys at best are dreams enough:
Though you stay here, you pass too fast away;
For even at first life's taper is a snuff.
DONNE.

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat,
Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay:
To-morrow's falser than the former day;
Lies more, and while it says we shall be bless'd
With some new joys, cuts off what we possess'd.
Strange coz'nage! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.
I'm tired of waiting for this chymic gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.
DRYDEN.

On what strange ground we build our hopes and fears:
Man's life is all a mist, and in the dark
Our fortunes meet us.
Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,
If ill, 'tis ours; if good, the act of Heaven.
DRYDEN.

Had heav'n decreed that I should life enjoy,
Heav'n had decreed to save unhappy Troy.
DRYDEN.

This hour's the very crisis of your fate;
Your good or ill, your infamy or fame,
And all the colour of your life, depends
On this important now.
DRYDEN.

Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour
Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.
DRYDEN.

Nothing but a blank remains, a dead void space;
A step of life, that promised such a race.
DRYDEN.

To live uprightly, then, is sure the best;
To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.
DRYDEN.

First vegetive, then feels, and reasons last;
Rich of three souls, and lives all three to waste.
DRYDEN.

Improperly we measure life by breath:
Such do not truly live who merit death.
DRYDEN.

Life with my Indamora I would choose;
But, losing her, the end of living lose.
DRYDEN.

Recall your gift, for I your pow'r confess;
But first take back my life, a gift's that less.
DRYDEN.

Renew'd to life that she might daily die;
I daily doom'd to follow.
DRYDEN.

Fate sees thy life lodged in a brittle glass,
And looks it through, but to it cannot pass.
DRYDEN.

O frail estate of human things!
Now to our cost your emptiness we know.
DRYDEN.

Hast thou no mark at which to bend thy bow?
Or, like a boy, pursuest the carrion crow
With pellets and with stones from tree to tree,
A fruitless toil, and livest extempore?
DRYDEN.

The points of honour poets may produce;
Trappings of life,—for ornament, not use.
DRYDEN.

If life sunk through you like a leaky sieve,
Accuse yourself you lived not while you might.
DRYDEN.

Could I but live till burdensome they prove,
My life would be immortal as my love.
DRYDEN.

They wish to live,
Their pains and poverty desire to bear,
To view the light of heav'n, and breathe the vital air.
DRYDEN.

Since ev'ry man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind what happens let us bear,
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our care:
Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
DRYDEN.

If like a hundred years, or e'er so few,
'Tis repetition all, and nothing new:
A fair where thousands meet, but none can stay;
An inn where travellers bait, then post away.
FRANCIS FAWKES.

Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it.
GAY: *My own Epitaph.*

How short is life! Why will vain courtiers toil,
And crowd a vainer monarch for a smile?
GRANVILLE.

His conscience cheer'd him with a life well spent;
His prudence a superfluous something lent,
Which made the poor who took, and poor who gave, content.
WALTER HARTE.

Sink not beneath imaginary sorrows;
Call to your aid your courage and your wisdom,
Think on the sudden change of human scenes;
Think on the various accidents of war;
Think on the mighty power of awful virtue;
Think on the Providence that guards the good.
DR. S. JOHNSON.

Catch, then, O catch the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer—man a flower—
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!
DR. S. JOHNSON: *Winter: An Ode.*

"Enlarge my life with multitude of days!"
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays:
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know
That life protracted is protracted woe.
DR. S. JOHNSON:
Vanity of Human Wishes.

Delay is bad, doubt worse, depending worst:
Each best day of our life escapes us first.
Then, since we more than many, these truths know,
Though life be short, let us not make it so.
BEN JONSON: *Epigrams.*

Life is a weary interlude,
Which doth short joys, long woes include:
The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.
BISHOP HENRY KING.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
LONGFELLOW: *Psalm of Life.*

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time:

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.
LONGFELLOW: *Psalm of Life.*

Who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion?
MILTON.

For man to tell how human life began
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
MILTON.

To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way.
MILTON.

Taught to live
The easiest way; nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of life.
MILTON.

Not love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
Live well, how long or short permit to heav'n.
MILTON.

His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdensome.
MILTON.

Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
Life much! Bent, rather, how I may be quit,
Fairest and easiest, of this cumbrous charge.
MILTON.

O pity and shame, that they who to live well
Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread
Paths indirect, or in the midway faint.
MILTON.

Who that hath ever been
Could bear to be no more?
Yet who would tread again the scene
He trod through life before?
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

'Tis not the whole of life to live:
Nor all of death to die.
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

They may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.
MOORE.

The world had just begun to steal
Each hope that led me lightly on;
I felt not as I used to feel,
And life grew dark, and love was gone!
MOORE.

Life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.
MOORE.

Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train;
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain;
These, mix'd with art, and to due bounds confined,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind,
The lights and shades whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.
POPE.

Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.
POPE.

While life informs these limbs, the king replied,
Well to deserve be all my cares employ'd.
POPE.

In known images of life, I guess
The labour greater as th' indulgence less.
POPE.

All that cheers or softens life:
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife.
POPE.

My life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
POPE.

Stranger, cease thy care;
Wise is the soul; but man is born to bear:
Jove weighs affairs of earth in dubious scales,
And the good suffers, while the bad prevails.
POPE.

Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace.
POPE.

Cease, man of woman born, to hope relief
From daily trouble and continued grief;
The hope of joy deliver to the wind,
Suppress thy passions, and prepare thy mind.
Free and familiar with misfortune grow,
Be used to sorrow, and inured to woe;
By weakening toil and hoary age o'ercome,
See thy decrease, and hasten to the tomb.
PRIOR.

Teach the glad hours to scatter, as they fly,
Soft quiet, gentle love, and endless joy.
PRIOR.

Such we find they are, as can control
The servile actions of our wav'ring soul,
Can fright, can alter, or can chain the will;
Their ills all built on life, that fundamental ill.
PRIOR.

Others ill-fated are condemn'd to toil
Their tedious life, and mourn their purpose blasted
With fruitless act.
PRIOR.

O impotent estate of human life!
Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire,
And most we question what we most desire.
PRIOR.

With endless pain this man pursues
What if he gain'd he could not use;
And t'other fondly hopes to see
What never was, nor e'er shall be.
PRIOR.

O how short my interval of woe!
Our griefs how swift, our remedies how slow!
PRIOR.

Till by one countless sum of woes oppress'd,
Hoary with cares, and ignorant of rest,
We find the vital springs relax'd and worn;
Compell'd our common impotence to mourn,
Thus through the round of age to childhood we return.
PRIOR.

Bid her exalt her melancholy wing,
And raised from earth, and saved from passion, sing
Of human hope by cross event destroy'd,
Of useless wealth, and greatness unenjoy'd.
PRIOR.

Be the fair level of thy actions laid
As temp'rance wills, and prudence may persuade,
And try if life be worth the liver's care.
PRIOR.

An age they live released
From all the labour, process, clamour, woe,
Which our sad scenes of daily action know.
PRIOR.

So vanishes our state, so pass our days;
So life but opens now, and now decays;
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh,
To live is scarce distinguish'd from to die.
PRIOR.

Our life is nothing but a winter's day:
Some only break their fast, and so away;
Others stay dinner, and depart full-fed;
The deepest age but sups and goes to bed:
He's most in debt that lingers out the day;
Who dies betimes has less and less to pay.
QUARLES.

All was jollity,
Feasting and mirth, light wantonness and laughter,
Piping and playing, minstrelsy and masking,
Till life fled from us like an idle dream,
A show of mommery without a meaning.
ROWE.

My life is but a wind,
Which passeth by, and leaves no print behind.
SANDYS.

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.
SHAKSPEARE.

O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth—viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue—
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
SHAKSPEARE.

To ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes,
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will do
Some kindness to them.
SHAKSPEARE.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower,
In spring-time, etc.
SHAKSPEARE.

He that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
SHAKSPEARE.

O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
SHAKSPEARE.

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
Despite of death, that lives upon my grave,
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
SHAKSPEARE.

I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
SHAKSPEARE.

So minutes, hours, and days, weeks, months, and years,
Past over, to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
SHAKSPEARE.

There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.
SHAKSPEARE.

I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain,
And through the cranks and offices of man;
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live.
SHAKSPEARE.

He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly.
SHAKSPEARE.

O our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
Rather than die at once.
SHAKSPEARE.

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop.
SHAKSPEARE.

This feather stirs! she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.
SHAKSPEARE.

This life is best
If quiet life is best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known.
SHAKSPEARE.

How brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage!
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.
SHAKSPEARE.

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve!
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: we are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.
SHAKSPEARE.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.
SHENSTONE: *On the Window of an Inn.*

How sudden do our prospects vary here!
And how uncertain ev'ry good we boast!
Hope oft deceives us; and our very joys
Sink with fruition, pall and rust away.
How wise are we in thought! how weak in practice!
Our very virtue, like our will, is—nothing.
SHIRLEY: *Parricide.*

The term of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong or shorten it;
The soldier may not move from watchful stead,
Nor leave his stand until his captain bed.
SPENSER.

O why do wretched men so much desire
To draw their days unto the utmost date,
And do not rather wish them soon expire,
Knowing the misery of their estate,
And thousand perils which them still await?

SPENSER.

Whoever doth to temperance apply
His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
Trust me, shall find no greater enemy
Than stubborn perturbation to the same.

SPENSER.

Had but the heart that thrills a three years' boy
A voice to speak, 'twould say that life is joy!
Note thou the youth whose impulse nought can tame,
That life is action, tongue and limbs proclaim!
The man whom well-spent years from dread release,
Secure in knowledge, tells thee, life is peace;
And the gray sage who smiles beside the grave,
Knows life is all, and death a dusty slave!

JOHN STERLING.

Say, Stella, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well spent?

SWIFT.

Even so luxurious men unheeding pass
An idle summer-life in fortune's shine;
A season's glitter! thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice,
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

THOMSON: *Seasons.*

Where now, ye living vanities of life?
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train,
Where are ye now, and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.

THOMSON: *Seasons.*

Circles are praised, not that abound
In largeness, but th' exactly round:
So life we praise that does excel
Not in much time, but acting well.

WALLER.

Not numerous are our joys when life is new,
And yearly some are falling of the few.

YOUNG.

The days of life are sisters; all alike;
None just the same; which serve to fool us on,
Through blasted hopes, with change of fallacy;
While joy is, like to-morrow, still to come:
Nor ends the fruitless chase but in the grave.

YOUNG: *Brothers.*

Vain man! to be so fond of breathing long,
And spinning out a thread of misery:
The longer life, the greater choice of evil;
The happiest man is but a wretched thing,
That steals poor comfort from comparison.

YOUNG: *Busiris.*

Is not the mighty mind, that son of heav'n,
By tyrant life dethroned, imprison'd, pain'd?
By death enlarged, ennobled, deify'd?
Death but entombs the body; life the soul.

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

That life is long which answers life's great end.

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

LIGHT.

O Light! which mak'st the light which makes the day,
Which sett'st the eye without, and mind within;
Lighten my spirit with one clear heav'nly ray;
Which now to view itself doth first begin.

SIR J. DAVIES.

There fields of light and liquid ether flow,
Purged from the pond'rous dregs of earth below.

DRYDEN.

Then shook the sacred shrine, and sudden light
Sprang through the roof, and made the temple bright.

DRYDEN.

Thou, stronger, may'st endure the flood of light;
And, while in shades I cheer my fainting sight,
Encounter the descending excellence.

DRYDEN.

Hail, holy light! offspring of heav'n, first-born!

MILTON.

The sacred influence of light appears.

MILTON.

Light from her native east
To journey through the airy gloom began,
Sphered in a radiant cloud; for yet the sun
Was not.

MILTON.

Earth receives,
As tribute, such a sumless journey brought
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;
Speed to describe whose swiftness number fails.

MILTON.

Light dies before her uncreating word.

POPE.

As where the Almighty's lightning brand does light,
It dims the dazed eyes, and daunts the senses quite.
SPENSER.

Prime cheerer, light!
Of all material beings first and best!
Efflux divine.
THOMSON.

Light! Nature's resplendent robe;
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In gloom.
THOMSON.

LOGIC.

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic;
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

We system-makers can sustain
The thesis which you grant was plain;
And with remarks and comments tease ye,
In case the thing before was easy.
PRIOR.

Can syllogisms set things right?
No: majors soon with minors fight:
Or, both in friendly concert join'd,
The consequence limps false behind.
PRIOR.

Talk logic with acquaintance,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk.
SHAKSPEARE.

She studied well the point, and found
Her foe's conclusions were not sound;
From premises erroneous brought,
And therefore the deductions nought.
SWIFT.

LOVE.

Mysterious Love! uncertain treasure,
Hast thou more of pain or pleasure?
Endless torments dwell about thee,
Yet who would live and live without thee?
ADDISON.

Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition, or a thirst of greatness:
'Tis second life; it grows into the soul,
Warms ev'ry vein, and beats in ev'ry pulse.
ADDISON.

Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
And steel your heart to such a world of charms?
ADDISON.

Think not thy friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly warmth and tenderness of love.
ADDISON.

With what a graceful tenderness he loves!
And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!
ADDISON.

Would one think 'twere possible for love
To make such ravage in a noble soul?
ADDISON.

Oh, he was all made up of love and charms;
Whatever maid could wish, or man admire.
ADDISON.

Why wouldst thou urge me to confess a flame
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?
ADDISON.

When love's well timed, 'tis not a fault to love;
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.
ADDISON.

Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish passion,
Pleased and disgusted with it knows not what.
ADDISON.

My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee;
But hence! 'tis gone; I give it to the winds.
ADDISON.

You strive in vain
To hide your thoughts from him, who knew too well
The inward glowings of a heart in love.
ADDISON.

For as his own bright image he survey'd,
He fell in love with the fantastic shade.
ADDISON.

If I disclose my passion,
Our friendship's at an end; if I conceal it,
The world will call me false.
ADDISON.

Thy words shoot through my heart,
Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.
ADDISON.

To quell the tyrant love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.
ADDISON.

What wouldst thou have me do? consider well
The train of ills our love would draw behind it.
ADDISON.

The nymph, when nothing could Narcissus move,
Still dash'd with blushes for her slighted love.
ADDISON.

Passion unpitied and successless love
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs.
ADDISON.

Alas! Sempronius, wouldst thou talk of love
To Marcia, whilst her father's life's in danger?
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling vestal
While she beholds the holy flame expiring.
ADDISON.

She burns, she raves, she dies, 'tis true;
But burns, and raves, and dies, for you.
ADDISON.

Adieu for him
The dull engagements of the bustling world!
Adieu the sick impertinence of praise!
And hope, and action! for with her alone,
By streams and shades, to steal these sighing hours,
Is all he asks, and all that fate can give.
AKENSIDE: *Pleasures of the Imagination.*

Love is a passion whose effects are various:
It ever brings some change upon the soul,
Some virtue, or some vice, till then unknown,
Degrades the hero, and makes cowards valiant.
BROOKE: *Gustavus Vasa.*

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly as the thing is high;
Bravely, as for life and death,
With a loyal gravity.
Lead her from the festive boards,
Point her to the starry skies,
Guard her by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.
MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

She that would raise a noble love must find
Ways to beget a passion for her mind;
She must be that which she to the world would seem,
For all true love is grounded on esteem:
Plainness and truth gain more a generous heart
Than all the crooked subtleties of art.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.
BURNS.

If nothing can oppugn his love,
And virtue invious ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do,
That brings both love and virtue too?
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Love is a fire which burns and sparkles
In men as nat'rally as in charcoals,
Which sooty chymists stop in holes,
When out of wood they extract coals.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Oh, Love! what is there in this world of ours
Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah, why
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?
BYRON.

Love bears within itself the very germ
Of change, and how should this be otherwise?
That violent things more quickly find a term,
Is shown through nature's whole analogies.
BYRON.

Yet, it is love—if thoughts of tenderness,
Tried in temptation, strengthen'd by distress,
Unmoved by absence, firm in every clime,
And yet—oh! more than all!—untired by time.
BYRON.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence: man may range
The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart;
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
And few there are whom these cannot estrange.
BYRON.

Who loves, raves—'tis youth's phrenzy; but the cure
Is bitterer still.
BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

Few—none—find what they love, or could have
loved,
Though accident, blind contact, and the strong
Necessity of loving, have removed
Antipathies.
BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's heart,
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs:
Do proper homage to thy idol's eyes,
But not too humbly, or she will despise:
Disguise even tenderness, if thou art wise.
BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

Why did she love him? Curious fool, be still:
Is human love the growth of human will?
BYRON: *Lara.*

Then crown my joys, or cure my pain;
Give me more love, or more disdain;
The torrid or the frozen zone
Bring equal ease unto my pain;
The temperate affords me none:
Either extreme, of love or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate.
CAREW.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolved heart to return;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn.
CAREW.

Love no more is made
By the fireside, but in the cooler shade.
CAREW.

Love's soft sympathy imparts
That tender transport of delight
That beats in undivided hearts.
CARTWRIGHT.

Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy;
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.
C. CODRINGTON.

In many ways does the full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal.
COLERIDGE.

And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
COLERIDGE: *Christabel.*

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.
COLERIDGE: *Genevieve.*

Life without love's a load, and time stands still;
What we refuse to him, to death we give;
And then, then only, when we love, we live.
CONGREVE.

If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
That heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.
CONGREVE: *Way of the World.*

You who men's fortunes in their faces read,
To find out mine, look not, alas, on me:
But mark her face, and all the features heed;
For only there is writ my destiny.
COWLEY.

Love's of a strangely open simple kind,
And think none sees it, 'cause itself is blind.
COWLEY.

Impossibilities! oh, no; there's none,
Could I bring thy heart captive home.
COWLEY.

I could not love, I'm sure,
One who in love were wise.
COWLEY.

If her chill heart I cannot move,
Why, I'll enjoy the very love.
COWLEY.

Hence love himself, that tyrant of my days.
COWLEY.

Still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passion rose,
And cast away her yoke.
COWLEY.

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But of all pains the greatest pain
It is to love and love in vain.
COWLEY: *Anacreon.*

Thou know'st a face in whose each look
Beauty lays ope love's fortune-book;
On whose fair revolutions wait
The obsequious motions of love's fate.
CRASHAW.

Though Heaven's inauspicious eye
Lay black on love's nativity,
Her eye a strong appeal can give:
Beauty smiles, and love shall live.
CRASHAW.

She sees, she cries, but nowhere spies him:
Love is lost, and thus she cries him.
CRASHAW.

Love must free-hearted be, and voluntary;
And not enchanted, or by fate constrain'd.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Love, though most sure,
Yet always to itself seems insecure.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Nor is my flame
So earthy as to need the dull material force
Of eyes, or lips, or cheeks.
SIR J. DENHAM.

These outward beauties are but the props and scaffolds
On which we build our love, which, now made perfect,
Stands without those supports.
SIR J. DENHAM.

He faintly now declines the fatal strife;
So much his love was dearer than his life!
SIR J. DENHAM.

Fortunes, honour, friends,
Are mere diversions from love's proper object,
Which only is itself.
SIR J. DENHAM.

All that I ask is but a short reprieve,
Till I forget to love, and learn to grieve.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Why love among the virtues is not known,
It is, that love contracts them all in one.
DONNE.

I wonder much what thou and I
Did till we loved? Were we not wean'd till then,
But suck'd on childish pleasures sillily?
Or slumber'd we in the seven sleepers' den?
DONNE.

No more can impure man retain and move
In that pure region of a worthy love,
Than earthly substance can unforced aspire
And leave his nature to converse with fire.
DONNE.

Disuse me from the queasy pain
Of being beloved and loving.
DONNE.

For, nor in nothing, nor in things
Extreme and scattering bright, can love inhere.
DONNE.

Poor heretics in love these,
Which think to 'stablish dangerous constancy;
But I have told them, since you will be true,
You shall be true to them who're false to you.
DONNE.

A weather-beaten lover, but once known,
Is sport for every girl to practise on.
DONNE.

In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Assurances, big as gloss'd civil laws.
DONNE.

Must business thee from hence remove?
Oh! that's the worst disease of love.
DONNE.

Dull sublunary lovers! love,
Whose soul is sense, cannot admit
Of absence, 'cause it doth remove
The thing which elemented it.
DONNE.

Love never fails to master what he finds,
But works a different way in different minds;
The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.
DRYDEN.

Love oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind,
Awakes the sleepy vigour of the soul,
And, brushing o'er, adds vigour to the pool.
DRYDEN.

My heart is yours; but, oh! you left it here,
Abandon'd to those tyrants hope and fear;
If they forced from me one kind look or word,
Could you not that, nor that small part, afford?
DRYDEN.

They know how fickle common lovers are:
Then oaths and vows are cautiously believed;
For few there are but have been once deceived.
DRYDEN.

Fly the pursuit of my disastrous love;
From my unhappy neighbourhood remove.
DRYDEN.

Me you have often counsell'd to remove
My vain pursuit of unregarded love.
DRYDEN.

What poems think you soft, and to be read
With languishing regards, and bending head?
DRYDEN.

Arise, ye subtler spirits, that can spy
When love is center'd in a female's eye;
You that can read it in the midst of doubt,
And in the midst of frowns can find it out.
DRYDEN.

The fate of love is such
That still it sees too little or too much.
DRYDEN.

Yet, as in duty bound, they serve him on;
Nor ease, nor wealth, nor life itself regard:
For 'tis their maxim, Love is love's reward.
DRYDEN.

Hitherto she kept her love conceal'd,
And with those graces ev'ry day beheld
The graceful youth.
DRYDEN.

The proverb holds, that to be wise and love
Is hardly granted to the gods above.
DRYDEN.

Love him by parts in all your num'rous race,
And from those parts form one collected grace;
Then, when you have refined to that degree,
Imagine all in one, and think that one is he.
DRYDEN.

Had he lived to see her happy change,
He would have cancell'd that harsh interdict,
And join'd our hands himself.
DRYDEN.

Love did his reason blind,
And love's the noblest frailty of the mind.
DRYDEN.

In your excuse your love does little say;
You might, howe'er, have took a fairer way.
DRYDEN.

That love which first was set will first decay;
Mine, of a fresher date, will longer stay.
DRYDEN.

My hopes pursue a brighter diadem:
Can any brighter than the Roman be?
I find my proffer'd love has cheapen'd me.
DRYDEN.

Her lovers' names in order to run o'er,
The girl took breath full thirty times and more.
DRYDEN.

Do not wantonly my passion move:
I pardon nothing that relates to love.
DRYDEN.

He whose firm faith no reason could remove
Will melt before that soft seducer, love.
DRYDEN.

Could you see into my secret soul,
There you might read your own dominion doubled.
DRYDEN.

She still insults, and you must still adore:
Grant that the honey's much, the gall is more.
DRYDEN.

Love once given from her, and placed in you,
Would leave no ground I ever would be true.
DRYDEN.

Since love obliges not, I from this hour
Assume the right of man's despotic power.
DRYDEN.

But love had clipp'd his wings and cut him short,
Confined within the purlieus of the court.
DRYDEN.

Love made his doubt his broad barbarian sound:
By love, his want of words and wit he found.
DRYDEN.

Was it his youth, his valour, or success?
These might perhaps be found in other men:
'Twas that respect, that awful homage paid me,
That fearful love which trembled in his eyes
And with a silent earthquake shook his soul.
DRYDEN.

You pine, you languish, love to be alone,
Think much, speak little, and in speaking sigh.
DRYDEN.

In a sad look or womanish complaint
I melt to womanish tears, and if I stay,
I find my love my courage will betray.
DRYDEN.

What did I not her stubborn heart to gain?
But all my vows were answer'd with disdain.
DRYDEN.

With inauspicious love a wretched swain
Pursued the fairest nymph of all the plain;
She plunged him hopeless in a deep despair.
DRYDEN.

I would have ask'd you, if I durst for shame,
If still you loved: you gave it air before me.
DRYDEN.

Your soul's above the baseness of distrust:
Nothing but love could make you so unjust.
DRYDEN.

'Tis in her heart alone that you must reign;
You'll find her person difficult to gain.
DRYDEN.

Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are. DRYDEN.

Yourself first made that title which I claim,
First bid me love, and authorized my flame.
DRYDEN.

She said she loved,—
Loved me desertless; who with shame confess'd
Another flame had seized upon my breast.
DRYDEN.

If she can make me blest! she only can:
Empire and wealth, and all she brings beside,
Are but the train and trappings of her love.
DRYDEN.

You misjudge;
You see through love, and that deludes your sight;
As what is straight seems crooked through the water.
DRYDEN.

He had his calmer influence, and his mien
Did love and majesty together blend.
DRYDEN.

With two fair eyes his mistress burns his breast;
He looks and languishes, and leaves his rest,
Forsakes his food, and, pining for the lass,
Is joyless of the grove, and spurns the growing grass.
DRYDEN.

Pleased with his idol, he commends, admires,
Adores; and last, the thing adored desires.
DRYDEN.

What have I done?
To see my youth, my beauty, and my love
No sooner gain'd, but slighted and betray'd;
And, like a rose just gather'd from the stalk,
But only smelt, and cheaply thrown aside,
To wither on the ground!
DRYDEN.

The ills of love, not those of fate, I fear;
These I can brave, but those I cannot bear.
DRYDEN.

Look on me as a man abandon'd o'er
To an eternal lethargy of love:
To pull and pinch and wound me, cannot cure,
And but disturbs the quiet of my death.
DRYDEN.

What secret springs their eager passions move!
How capable of death for injured love!
DRYDEN.

See their wide streaming wounds! they neither came
For pride of empire nor desire of fame:
Kings fight for kingdoms, madmen for applause;
But love for love alone, that crowns the lover's cause.
DRYDEN.

No, Aurengzebe, you merit all my heart,
And I'm too noble but to give a part.
DRYDEN.

Love softens me, and blows up fires which pass
Through my tough heart, and melt the stubborn mass.
DRYDEN.

She changed her state;
Resistless in her love, as in her hate.
DRYDEN.

This noble youth to madness loved a dame
Of high degree, Honoria was her name.
DRYDEN

The fire which choked in ashes lay
A load too heavy for his soul to move,
Was upward blown below and brush'd away by love.
DRYDEN.

To her the weeping heav'ns become serene;
For her the ground is clad in cheerful green.
DRYDEN.

All other debts may compensation find;
But love is strict, and will be paid in kind.
DRYDEN.

Mine is a love which must perpetual be,
If you can be so just as I am true.
DRYDEN.

My love your claim inviolate secures;
'Tis writ in fate, I can be only yours.
DRYDEN.

How much I suffer'd, and how long I strove
Against th' assaults of this imperious love!
DRYDEN.

I fear to try new love,
As boys to venture on the unknown ice
That crackles underneath them.
DRYDEN.

Love various minds does variously inspire:
He stirs in gentle natures gentle fire,
Like that of incense on the altar laid;
But raging flames tempestuous souls invade:
A fire which every windy passion blows;
With pride it mounts, and with revenge it glows.
DRYDEN.

One she found
With all the gifts of bounteous nature crown'd:
Of gentle blood; but one whose niggard fate
Had set him far below her high estate.
DRYDEN.

Laws are but positive; love's pow'r we see
Is nature's sanction, and her first decree.
DRYDEN.

New loves you seek,
New vows to plight, and plighted vows to break.
DRYDEN.

For I am young, a novice in the trade,
The fool of love, unpractised to persuade,
And want the soothing arts that catch the fair,
But, caught myself, lie struggling in the snare;
And she I love, or laughs at all my pain,
Or knows her worth too well, and pays me with disdain.
DRYDEN.

Maids, women, wives, without distinction fall;
The sweeping deluge, love, comes on, and covers all.
DRYDEN.

Since you can love, and yet your error see,
The same resistless pow'r may plead for me;
With no less ardour I my claim pursue;
I love, and cannot yield her ev'n to you.
DRYDEN.

You doubt not me; nor have I spent my blood
To have my faith no better understood:
Your soul's above the baseness of distrust;
Nothing but love could make you so unjust.
DRYDEN.

For this 'tis needful to prevent her art,
And fire with love the proud Phœnician's heart.
DRYDEN.

She sought Sicheus through the shady grove,
Who answer'd all her cares, and equall'd all her love.
DRYDEN.

He shall ever love, and always be
The subject of my scorn and cruelty.
DRYDEN.

How I have loved! excuse my falt'ring tongue;
My spirit's feeble, and my pains are strong.
DRYDEN.

O love! thou sternly dost thy power maintain,
And wilt not bear a rival in thy reign;
Tyrants and thou all fellowship disdain.
DRYDEN.

I hate to see a brave bold fellow sotted,
Made sour and senseless, turn'd to whey, by love;
A drivelling hero, fit for a romance.
DRYDEN.

Now low'ring looks presage approaching storms,
And now prevailing love her face reforms.
DRYDEN.

Love, fixt to one, still safe at anchor rides,
And dares the fury of the winds and tides;
But, losing once that hold, to the wide ocean borne,
It drives away at will, to ev'ry wave a scorn.
DRYDEN.

Have I not managed my contrivance well,
To try your love, and make you doubt of mine?
DRYDEN.

And must I own, she said, my secret smart,
What with more decence were in silence kept?
DRYDEN.

Your cavalcade the fair spectators view
From their high standings, yet look up to you:
From your brave train each singles out a ray,
And longs to date a conquest from your day.
DRYDEN.

Love the sense of right and wrong confounds;
Strong love and proud ambition have no bounds.
DRYDEN.

Love's a malady without a cure;
Fierce love has pierced me with his fiery dart;
He fires within, and hisses at my heart.
DRYDEN.

You are too young your power to understand;
Lovers take wing upon the least command.
DRYDEN.

Would you so dote upon your first desire
As not to entertain a nobler fire?
DRYDEN.

My wily nurse by long experience found,
And first discover'd to my soul its wound;
"'Tis love," said she; and then my downcast eyes,
And guilty dumbness, witness'd my surprise.
DRYDEN.

And when two hearts were join'd by mutual love,
The sword of justice cuts upon the knot,
And severs 'em forever.
DRYDEN.

If it were so, which but to think were pride,
My constant love would dangerously be tried.
DRYDEN.

We're both love's captives; but with fate so cross,
One must be happy by the other's loss.
DRYDEN.

She either from her hopeless lover fled,
Or with disdainful glances shot him dead.
DRYDEN.

To myself I owe this due regard:
Not to make love my gift, but my reward.
DRYDEN.

She loves me, ev'n to suffer for my sake,
And on herself would my refusal take.
DRYDEN.

Of my heart I now a present make;
Accept it as when early fruit we send,
And let the rareness the small gift commend.
DRYDEN.

Search her cabinet, and thou shalt find
Each tiller there with love-epistles lined.
DRYDEN.

Beauty, wealth, and wit,
And prowess, to the pow'r of love submit;
The spreading snare for all mankind is laid,
And lovers all betray, or are betray'd.
DRYDEN.

Love was no more when loyalty was gone,
The great supporter of his awful throne.
DRYDEN.

For this a hundred voices I desire,
To tell thee what a hundred tongues would tire,
Yet never could be worthily exprest:
How deeply thou art seated in my breast.
DRYDEN.

Wise men love you in their own despite,
And, finding in their native wit no ease,
Are forced to put your folly on to please.
DRYDEN.

This quell'd her pride; but other doubts remain'd,
That, once disdaining, she might be disdain'd.
DRYDEN.

I find your love, and would reward it too;
But anxious fears solicit my weak breast.
DRYDEN.

As in some weather-glass my love I hold,
Which falls or rises with the heat or cold;
I will be constant yet.
DRYDEN.

Was plighted faith so weakly seal'd above,
That for one error I must lose your love?
DRYDEN.

Well may he then to you his cares impart,
And share his burden where he shares his heart.
DRYDEN.

Thirst and hunger may be satisfied;
But this repletion is to love denied.
DRYDEN.

My love was such,
It could, though he supplied no fuel, burn;
Rich in itself, like elemental fire,
Whose pureness doth no aliment require.
DRYDEN.

He loved so fast,
As if he fear'd each day would be her last;
Too true a prophet to foresee the fate
That should so soon divide their happy state.
DRYDEN.

He, surprised, with humble joy survey'd
One sweet regard shot by the royal maid.
DRYDEN.

The peaceful pow'r that governs love repairs
To feast upon soft vows and silent pray'rs.
DRYDEN.

I'm waning in his favour, yet I love him.
DRYDEN.

In love's voyage nothing can offend;
Women are never seasick.
DRYDEN.

Be sure a general doom on man is past,
And all are fools or lovers, first or last.
DRYDEN.

He thinks by flight his mistress must be won,
And claims the prize because he best did run.
DRYDEN.

With smiling aspect you serenely move
In your fifth orb, and rule the realms of love.
DRYDEN.

He took a low'ring leave; but who can tell
What outward hate might inward love conceal!
DRYDEN.

Jove left the blissful realms above,
Such is the pow'r of mighty love.
DRYDEN.

Thou hast deserved more love than I can show;
But 'tis thy fate to give, and mine to owe.
DRYDEN.

I find she loves him much, because she hides it.
Love teaches cunning even to innocence;
And when he gets possession, his first work
Is to dig deep within the heart, and there
Lie hid, and, like a miser in the dark,
To feast alone.
DRYDEN.

Time! I dare thee to discover
Such a youth and such a lover.
DRYDEN.

True love's a miser; so tenacious grown,
He weighs to the least grain of what's his own.
DRYDEN.

Quench, Corydon, thy long-unanswer'd fire;
Mind what the common wants of life require.
DRYDEN.

The cause of love can never be assign'd:
'Tis in no face,—but in the lover's mind.
DRYDEN.

Force never yet a generous heart did gain;
We yield on parley, but are storm'd in vain!
DRYDEN.

Love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.
DRYDEN: *from the Latin.*

Love, like spring tides, full and high,
Swells in every youthful vein;
But each tide doth less supply,
Till they quite shrink in again:
If a flow in age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.
DRYDEN.

That love alone which virtue's laws control
Deserves reception in the human soul.
EURIPIDES.

Wayward beauty doth not fancy move:
A frown forbids, a smile engendereth love.
FAIRFAX.

Till fate shall with a single dart
Transfix the pain it cannot part.
FENTON.

Love is not in our power,
Nay, what seems stranger, is not in our choice:
We only love where fate ordains we should,
And, blindly fond, oft slight superior merit.
FROWDE: *Fall of Saguntum.*

In moving lines these few epistles tell
What fate attends the nymph who loves too well.
GARTH.

Sooner shall cats disport in water clear,
And speckled mack'rels graze the meadows fair,
Than I forget my shepherd's wonted love.
GAY.

Say how this instrument of love began;
And in immortal strains display the fan.
GAY.

Eftsoons, O sweetheart kind, my love repay,
And all the year shall then be holiday.
GAY.

True constancy no time, no power, can move:
He that hath known to change, ne'er knew to love.
GAY: *Dione.*

Love! thou hast every bliss in store:
'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more;
Each other ev'ry wish they give:
Not to know love is not to live.
GAY: *Fables.*

In change of torment would be ease:
Could you divine what lovers bear,
Even you, Prometheus, would confess
There is no vulture like despair.
GRANVILLE.

Condemn'd on Caucasus to lie,
Still to be dying, not to die;
With certain pain, uncertain of relief:
True emblem of a wretched lover's grief.
GRANVILLE.

The stone that labours up the hill,
Mocking the lab'rer's toil, returning still,
Is love.
GRANVILLE.

No warning of the approaching flame;
Swiftly, like sudden death, it came:
I loved the moment I beheld.
GRANVILLE.

A little hope—but I have none.
On air the poor chameleons live:
Denied ev'n that, my love can live.
GRANVILLE.

This sun is set, but see in bright array
What hosts of heavenly lights recruit the day!
Love in a shining galaxy appears,
Triumphant still.
GRANVILLE.

I'll be this abject thing no more!
Love, give me back my heart again.
GRANVILLE.

Thy love, still arm'd with fate,
Is dreadful as thy hate.
GRANVILLE.

Though train'd in arms, and learn'd in martial arts,
Thou choosest not to conquer men, but hearts.
GRANVILLE.

I have no will but what your eyes ordain;
Destined to love, as they are doom'd to reign.
GRANVILLE.

Love is a plant of the most tender kind,
That shrinks and shakes with ev'ry ruffling wind.
GRANVILLE.

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And gospel light first dawn'd from Bullen's eyes.
GRAY.

Small is the soul's first wound from beauty's dart,
And scarce th' unheeded fever warms the heart;
Long we mistake it under liking's name,
A soft indulgence, that deserves no blame.
Excited, though, the smother'd fire at length
Bursts into blaze and burns with open strength;
That image which before but soothed the mind
Now lords it there, and rages unconfined;
Mixing with all our thoughts, it wastes the day,
And when night comes it dreams the soul away.
AARON HILL.

Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
Evening's silent hours employ:
Silence best, and conscious shades,
Please the hearts that love invades;
Other pleasures give them pain:
Lovers all but love disdain.
DR. S. JOHNSON.

Know'st thou not yet, when love invades the soul,
That all her faculties receive his chains?
That reason gives her sceptre to his hand,
Or only struggles to be more enslaved?
DR. S. JOHNSON.

Let it not your wonder move,
Less your laughter, that I love;
Though I now write fifty years,
I have had, and have, my peers.
BEN JONSON.

Young I'd have him too;
Yet a man with crisped hair,
Cast in thousand snares and rings
For love's fingers and his wings.
BEN JONSON.

Follow a shadow, it flies you;
Seem to fly it, it will pursue:
So court a mistress, she denies you;
Let her alone, she will court you.
BEN JONSON.

Man while he loves is never quite depraved,
And woman's triumph is a lover saved.
LAMB.

Oh! only those
Whose souls have felt this one idolatry
Can tell how precious is the slightest thing
Affection gives and hallows! A dead flower
Will long be felt, remembrancer of looks
That made each leaf a treasure.
L. E. LANDON.

I need not say how, one by one,
Love's flowers have dropp'd from off love's chain;
Enough to say that they are gone,
And that they cannot bloom again.
L. E. LANDON.

They parted as all lovers part;
She with her wrong'd and breaking heart,
But he, rejoicing to be free,
Bounds like a captive from his chain,
And wilfully believing she
Hath found her liberty again;
Or if dark thoughts will cross his mind,
They are but clouds before the wind.
L. E. LANDON.

That proud heart had been given to one
Who sought it not to win;
And now she only strove to hide
The burning shame within.
L. E. LANDON.

And had he not long read
The heart's hush'd secret in the soft dark eye
Lighted at his approach, and on the cheek
Colouring all crimson at his lightest look?
L. E. LANDON.

I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,
But gloried in a happy captive's name;
Nor would I now, would love permit, be free!
LORD LYTTELTON.

None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair;
But love can hope where reason would despair.
LORD LYTTELTON.

Not all her arts my steady soul shall move;
And she shall find indifference conquers love.
LORD LYTTELTON.

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?
MARLOWE: *Hero and Leander.*

Love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hath his seat
In reason, and is judicious; is the scale
By which to heav'nly love thou may'st ascend.
MILTON.

Be obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire.
MILTON.

I no sooner in my heart divined,
My heart, which by a secret harmony
Still moves with thine, join'd in connection sweet!
MILTON.

What seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd.
MILTON.

I pleased, and with attractive graces won,
The most averse, thee chiefly.
MILTON.

This sweet intercourse
Of looks and smiles; for smiles from reason flow,
To brute denied, and are of love the food.
MILTON.

Hopeful to regain
Thy love, from thee I would not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are ris'n.
MILTON.

How can I live without thee, how forego
Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly join'd,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
MILTON.

She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods.
MILTON.

Her looks from that time infused
Sweetness into my heart unfelt before.
MILTON.

Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined.
MILTON.

What higher in her society thou find'st,
Attractive, humane, rational, love still.
MILTON.

This not mistrust, but tender love enjoins.
MILTON.

Nor set thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine.
MILTON.

O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still;
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
MILTON.

Oh! if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this—
When two that are link'd in one heavenly tie
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die.
MOORE.

Love was to his impassion'd soul
Not, as with others, a mere part
Of its existence, but the whole:
The very life-breath of the heart.
MOORE.

Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.
MOORE.

To feel that we adore
To such refined excess,
That, though the heart would burst with more,
We could not live with less.
MOORE.

Oh! colder than the wind that freezes
Founts that but now in sunshine play'd,
Is that congealing pang that seizes
The trusting bosom when betray'd.
MOORE.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through sorrow, through glory and shame?
MOORE.

Well do vanish'd frowns enhance
The charms of every brighten'd glance,
And dearer seems each dawning smile
For having lost its light awhile.
MOORE.

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart;
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.
MOORE.

The lover now, beneath the western star,
Sighs through the medium of his sweet segar,
And fills the ears of some consenting she
With puffs and vows, with smoke and constancy.
MOORE.

Can I again that look recall
That once would make me die for thee?
No, no! the eye that burns on all
Shall never more be prized by me!
MOORE.

In pleasure's dream, or sorrow's hour,
In crowded hall, or lonely bower,
The business of my soul shall be
Forever to remember thee!
MOORE.

Oh, thou shalt be all else to me
That heart can feel or tongue can feign;
I'll praise, admire, and worship thee,
But must not, dare not love again.
MOORE.

Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart, and the hand, all thy own to the last.
MOORE.

Then fare thee well! I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine!
MOORE.

Thinkest thou
That I could live, and let thee go
Who art my life itself? No—no!
MOORE.

No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.
MOORE.

And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.
MOORE.

Oh! that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,
Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd.
MOORE.

Oh! had we never, never met,
Or could this heart e'en now forget
How link'd, how bless'd we might have been,
Had fate not frown'd so dark between!
MOORE.

A something light as air,—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken,—
Oh! love that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch, like this has shaken.
MOORE.

Love, sole lord and monarch of itself,
Allows no ties, no dictates but its own.
To that mysterious arbitrary power
Reason points out and duty pleads in vain.
MOTTLEY: *Imperial Captives*.

Say, Stella, what is love, whose fatal power
Robs virtue of content, and youth of joy?
What nymph or goddess in a luckless hour
Disclosed to light the mischief-making boy?
MRS. MULSO.

Love not! love not! the thing you love may change;
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
The kindly beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, and not for you.
MRS. NORTON.

O Castalio! thou hast caught
My foolish heart; and, like a tender child,
That trusts his plaything to another hand,
I fear its harm, and fain would have it back.
OTWAY.

Happy my eyes when they behold thy face:
My heavy heart will leave its doleful beating
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightful joys.
OTWAY.

I loved her first; I cannot quit the claim,
But will preserve the birthright of my passion.
OTWAY.

Oh tyrant love!
Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
And arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
POPE.

Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
POPE.

Who love too much hate in the like extreme.
POPE.

The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.
POPE.

Hear what from love unpractised hearts endure;
From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.
POPE.

The god of love retires;
Dim are his torches, and extinct his fires.
POPE.

Ah! come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
POPE.

Love indulged my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last.
POPE.

Let mutual joys our mutual trust combine,
And love, and love-born confidence, be thine.
POPE.

I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains;
From shepherds, flocks, and plains I may remove,
Forsake mankind, and all the world but love.
POPE.

Deign to be loved, and ev'ry heart subdue!
What nymph could e'er attract such crowds as you?
POPE.

The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
POPE.

Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
POPE.

How loved, how honour'd once, avails thee not.
POPE.

Now warm in love, now with'ring in thy bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom.
POPE.

Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
POPE.

What should most excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares and pleasures are the same.
POPE.

Warn'd by the sylph, O pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian's care;
Beware of all, but most beware of man.
POPE.

Nor at first sight, like most, admire the fair:
For you he lives; and you alone shall share
His last affection, as his early care.
POPE.

Yet, guiltless too, this bright destroyer lives;
At random wounds, nor knows the wounds she gives.
POPE.

Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not show'rs to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.
POPE.

Anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
POPE.

Then let this dictate of my love prevail.
POPE.

For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his ends.
POPE.

Thy place is here, sad sister; come away:
Once, like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd;
Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid.
POPE.

From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.
POPE.

O mighty love! from thy unbounded power
How shall the human bosom rest secure?
How shall our thoughts avoid the various snare,
Or wisdom to our caution'd soul declare
The different shapes thou pleasest to employ
When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy?
PRIOR.

Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love?
Hast thou now dreaded and now bless'd his sway,
By turns averse and joyful to obey?
PRIOR.

The infant flames, whilst yet they were conceal'd
In tim'rous doubts, with pity I beheld;
With easy smiles dispell'd the silent fear
That durst not tell me what I died to hear.
PRIOR.

Forced compliments and formal bows
Will show thee just above neglect;
The fire which in thy lover glows
Will settle into cold respect.
PRIOR.

From thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
A useless sorrow and an ill-starr'd love.
PRIOR.

You may neglect, or quench, or hate the flame
Whose smoke too long obscured your rising name,
And quickly cold indiff'rence will ensue
When you love's joys thro' honour's optic view.
PRIOR.

In vain I strove to check my growing flame,
Or shelter passion under friendship's name;
You saw my heart.
PRIOR.

The happy whimsey you pursue,
Till you at length believe it true;
Caught by your own delusive art,
You fancy first, and then assert.
PRIOR.

By thy each look, and thought, and care, 'tis shown
Thy joys are centred all in me alone.
PRIOR.

The god of love himself inhabits there,
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
His complement of stores, and total war.
PRIOR.

The maid
Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd,
And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
With idle clamours of a broken vow.
PRIOR.

Love! fantastic pow'r! that is afraid
To stir abroad till watchfulness be laid,
Undaunted then o'er cliffs and valleys strays,
And leads his vot'ries safe through pathless ways.
PRIOR.

When thus the gather'd storms of wretched love,
In my swoln bosom, with long war had strove,
Laid all the civil bonds of manhood waste,
And scatter'd ruin as the torrent past.
PRIOR.

Moved by my charms, with them your love may cease;
And as the fuel sinks, the flame decrease.
PRIOR.

She soothes, but never can inthrall my mind:
Why may not peace and love for once be join'd?
PRIOR.

The coast
Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost.
PRIOR.

When, fired by passion, we attack the fair,
Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear.
PRIOR.

For I was born to love, and thou to reign.
PRIOR.

How oft from pomp and state did I remove,
To feed despair, and cherish hopeless love!
PRIOR.

To me pertains not, she replies,
To know or care where Cupid flies,
What are his haunts, or which his way,
Where he would dwell, or whither stray.
PRIOR.

Could thirst of vengeance, and desire of fame,
Excite the female breast with martial flame?
And shall not love's diviner pow'r inspire
More hardy virtue and more gen'rous fire?
PRIOR.

Now gall is bitter with a witness;
And love is all delight and sweetness.
PRIOR.

'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love:
I bless my chains, I hand my oar,
Nor think on all I left on shore. PRIOR.

Henry in knots involved his Emma's name
Upon this tree; and as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
That as the wound the passion might increase.
PRIOR.

Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows;
Cupid averse rejects divided vows.
PRIOR.

Charge Venus to command her son,
Wherever else she lets him rove,
To shun my house, and field, and grove;
Peace cannot dwell with hate or love.
PRIOR.

If love, alas! be pain, the pain I bear
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
PRIOR.

In vain you tell your parting lover
You wish fair winds may waft him over.
PRIOR.

In her forehead's fair half-round
Love sits in open triumph crown'd;
He in the dimple of her chin
In private state by friends is seen. PRIOR

I reason'd much, alas! but more I loved;
Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and disapproved.
PRIOR.

What is true passion, if unblest it dies?
And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
PRIOR.

Then shun the ill; and know, my dear,
Kindness and constancy will prove
Tne only pillars fit to bear
So vast a weight as that of love. PRIOR.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, and age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.
RALEIGH.

Urge your success; deserve a lasting name;
She'll crown a grateful and a constant flame.
ROSCOMMON.

With easy freedom and a gay address
A pressing lover seldom wants success.
ROWE.

My heart was made to fit and pair within,
Simple and plain, and fraught with artless tenderness.
ROWE.

Fools that we are, we know that ye deceive us,
Yet act as if the fraud was pleasing to us,
And our undoing joy.
ROWE.

Such is love,
And such the laws of his fantastic empire;
The wanton boy delights to bend the mighty,
And scoffs at the vain wisdom of the wise.
ROWE.

Have I not set at naught my noble birth,
A spotless fame, and an unblemish'd race,
The peace of innocence and pride of virtue?
My prodigality has given thee all.
ROWE.

Love is, or ought to be, our greatest bliss;
Since every other joy, how dear soever,
Gives way to that, and we leave all for love.
ROWE: *Lady Jane Grey.*

O love! how are thy precious sweetest moments
Thus ever cross'd, thus vex'd with disappointments!
Now pride, now fickleness, fantastic quarrels,
And sullen coldness, give us pain by turns!
ROWE: *Ulysses.*

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed,
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed
In halls, in gay attire is seen,
In hamlets, dances on the green:
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And man below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love!
SCOTT: *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.
SIR C. SEDLEY: *Reasons for Constancy.*

The fire of love in youthful blood,
Like what is kindled in brush-wood,
But for a moment burns.
SHADWELL.

Writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime.
SHAKSPEARE.

Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
SHAKSPEARE.

He is far gone, and, truly, in my youth
I suffer'd much extremity for love,
Very near this.
SHAKSPEARE.

The pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain.
SHAKSPEARE.

This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply when they have judged me fast asleep.
SHAKSPEARE.

He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor.
SHAKSPEARE.

You know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.
SHAKSPEARE.

A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.
SHAKSPEARE.

To sense 'tis gross
You love my son: invention is ashamed,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say thou dost not.
SHAKSPEARE.

Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathways to his ill!
SHAKSPEARE.

There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it.
SHAKSPEARE.

Such as I am all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved.
SHAKSPEARE.

She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time:
So much they spur their expedition.
SHAKSPEARE.

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved.
SHAKSPEARE.

Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not love a Hercules?
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
SHAKSPEARE.

Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell;
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound.
SHAKSPEARE.

Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.
SHAKSPEARE.

I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye;
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love.
SHAKSPEARE.

Now our joy,
Although our last though not our least young love,
What say you? SHAKSPEARE.

Since thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure.
SHAKSPEARE.

Love is a smoke raised with a fume of sighs:
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes.
SHAKSPEARE.

The expedition of my violent love
Outruns the pauser, reason.
SHAKSPEARE.

Brown groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn.
SHAKSPEARE.

She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her.
SHAKSPEARE.

What man who knows
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, will his free hours languish out
For assured bondage?
SHAKSPEARE.

With love's light wings I did o'erperch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out.
SHAKSPEARE.

How rarely does it meet with this time's guise
When man was will'd to love his enemies!
SHAKSPEARE.

A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.
SHAKSPEARE.

Gentle lady,
When first I did impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins.
SHAKSPEARE.

Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from th' entire point.
SHAKSPEARE.

This ring,
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my 'vantage to exclaim on you.
SHAKSPEARE.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever so,
Since summer first was leafy.
SHAKSPEARE.

This is the very ecstasy of love,
Whose violent property forgets itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings.
SHAKSPEARE.

How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love.
SHAKSPEARE.

Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, and not with duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love.
SHAKSPEARE.

Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.
SHAKSPEARE.

Upon my knees
I charm you by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one.
SHAKSPEARE.

Against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire.
SHAKSPEARE.

A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Ev'n in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye.
SHAKSPEARE.

Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer.
SHAKSPEARE.

All hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent.
SHAKSPEARE.

Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl!
SHAKSPEARE.

I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.
SHAKSPEARE.

Be thou as thou wast wont to be,
See as thou wast wont to see;
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
SHAKSPEARE.

If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit.
SHAKSPEARE.

I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page,
Who mutually hath answer'd my affection.
SHAKSPEARE.

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, naught enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute!
SHAKSPEARE.

Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me,
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at naught,
Made wit with musing weak, heart-sick with thought.
SHAKSPEARE.

I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not.
SHAKSPEARE.

I would I were thy bird.
Sweet, so would I;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
SHAKSPEARE.

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
SHAKSPEARE.

I have done penance for contemning love,
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts and penitential groans.
SHAKSPEARE.

Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs.
SHAKSPEARE.

She is my essence, and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumined, cherish'd, kept alive.
SHAKSPEARE.

You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
SHAKSPEARE.

Love adds a precious seeing to the eye.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.
SHAKSPEARE.

Notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
SHAKSPEARE.

Love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit:
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.
SHAKSPEARE.

Love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.
SHAKSPEARE.

Lay lime to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.
SHAKSPEARE.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter:
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure.
SHAKSPEARE.

They love the least that let men know their love.
SHAKSPEARE.

The next thing then she waking looks upon,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
SHAKSPEARE.

Love is full of unbefitting strains,
All wanton as a child, skipping in vain.
SHAKSPEARE.

How wayward is this foolish love,
That like a testy babe will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
SHAKSPEARE.

My love is thaw'd,
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
SHAKSPEARE.

Every night he comes
With music of all sorts, and songs composed
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists
As if his life lay on't.
SHAKSPEARE.

I've charged thee not to haunt about my doors;
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter's not for thee.
SHAKSPEARE.

O thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest growing ruinous the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
SHAKSPEARE.

I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
SHAKSPEARE.

A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.
SHAKSPEARE.

It is my love that calls upon my name:
How silver sweet sound lovers' tongues by night!
Like softest music to attending ears.
SHAKSPEARE.

Love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence.
SHAKSPEARE.

Unhappy that I am! I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond, no more nor less.
SHAKSPEARE.

Blunt not his love;
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold.
SHAKSPEARE.

The time was once, when thou unurged wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
Unless I spake.
SHAKSPEARE.

All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test.
SHAKSPEARE.

You dote on her that cares not for your love.
SHAKSPEARE.

What though I be not fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unloved!
SHAKSPEARE.

This aspect of mine
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have loved.
SHAKSPEARE.

Do not fall in love with me;
For I am falser than vows made in wine.
SHAKSPEARE.

Love moderately: long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.
SHAKSPEARE.

Fye, fye, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
SHAKSPEARE.

Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch;
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.
SHAKSPEARE.

I am of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows.
SHAKSPEARE.

Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves.
SHAKSPEARE.

As much love in rhyme
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all.
SHAKSPEARE.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
SHAKSPEARE.

Reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.
SHAKSPEARE.

Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!
SHAKSPEARE.

If thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved.
SHAKSPEARE.

Things base and vile, holding no quality,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
SHAKSPEARE.

To be in love where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won.
SHAKSPEARE.

Why, what would you?—
Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love.
SHAKSPEARE.

O 'tis the course of love, and still approved,
When women cannot love where they're beloved.
SHAKSPEARE.

Affection is a coal that must be cool'd,
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.
SHAKSPEARE.

My love doth so approve him
That even his stubbornness, his checks and frowns,
Have grace and favour in them.
SHAKSPEARE.

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
SHAKSPEARE.

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
SHAKSPEARE.

Too early seen unknown, and known too late.
SHAKSPEARE.

Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.
SHAKSPEARE.

They do not love that do not show their love.
SHAKSPEARE.

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
SHAKSPEARE.

I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimensions, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him:
He might have took his answer long ago.
SHAKSPEARE.

The man that has a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
SHAKSPEARE.

If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you.
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone.
SHAKSPEARE.

But though I loved you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or, that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first.

SHAKSPEARE.

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought;
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat (like patience on a monument)
Smiling at grief.

SHAKSPEARE.

'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics.

SHAKSPEARE.

O how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by-and-by a cloud takes all away.

SHAKSPEARE.

Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
Steal with an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.

SHAKSPEARE.

I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason without reason.

SHAKSPEARE.

All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love.

SHAKSPEARE.

Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor mine heart,
That thought her like her seeming: it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her.

SHAKSPEARE.

It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it; he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted; not in his sphere.

SHAKSPEARE.

Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom.

SHAKSPEARE.

Ah me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.

SHAKSPEARE.

Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.

SHAKSPEARE.

But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

SHAKSPEARE.

Since his exile she hath despised me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

SHAKSPEARE.

He did hold me dear
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

SHAKSPEARE.

If ever
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then you shall know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

SHAKSPEARE.

What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her; yet she urged conference.

SHAKSPEARE.

Love doth to her eyes repair
To help him of his blindness.

SHAKSPEARE.

Love cools, friendship falls off,
Brothers divide.

SHAKSPEARE.

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.

SHAKSPEARE.

I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

SHAKSPEARE.

But my poor heart first set free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

SHAKSPEARE.

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that which flies, and flying what pursues.

SHAKSPEARE.

She that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her!

SHAKSPEARE.

His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list.

SHAKSPEARE.

Farewell; the leisure, and the fearful time,
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse.

SHAKSPEARE.

A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings.

SHAKSPEARE.

I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet in this captious and intenible sieve
I still pour in the waters of my love.

SHAKSPEARE.

My love to Hermia
Is melted as the snow; seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon.

SHAKSPEARE.

Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, Get you gone, she doth not mean Away!

SHAKSPEARE.

Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand
And clepe thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
"I am yours forever."

SHAKSPEARE.

Here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour.

SHAKSPEARE.

Nature gives her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after love the more.

SHAKSPEARE.

Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, It lightens!

SHAKSPEARE.

Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stolen the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats; messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth.

SHAKSPEARE.

Love's heralds should be thoughts
Which ten times faster glide than the sunbeams,
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills.
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love;
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

SHAKSPEARE.

No style is held for base, where love well named is.

SIR P. SIDNEY.

Love which lover hurts is inhumanity.

SIR P. SIDNEY.

Keen are the pangs
Of hapless love, and passion unapproved:
But where consenting wishes meet, and vows,
Reciprocally breathed, confirm the tie;
Joy rolls on joy, an inexhausting stream!
And virtue crowns the sacred scene.

SMOLLETT: *Regicide.*

As love can exquisitely bless,
Love only feels the marvellous of pain,
Opens new veins of torture in the soul,
And wakes the nerve where agonies are born.

SMOLLETT: *Regicide.*

No man condemn me who has never felt
A woman's pow'r, or tried the force of love:
All tempers yield and soften in those fires:
Our honours, interests, resolving down,
Run in the gentle current of our joys.

SOUTHERN.

They sin who tell us Love can die:
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.

SOUTHEY: *Curse of Kehama.*

Love is indestructible:
Its holy flame forever burneth;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.

SOUTHEY: *Curse of Kehama.*

The joys of love, if they should ever last
Without affliction or disquietness
That worldly chances do among them cast,
Would be on earth too great a blessedness,
Liker to heaven than mortal wretchedness.
SPENSER.

True he it said, whatever man it said,
That love with gall and honey doth abound:
But if the one be with the other weigh'd,
For every drachm of honey therein found
A pound of gall doth over it redound.
SPENSER.

Albee my love he seeks with daily suit,
His clownish gifts and curtesies I disdain;
His kids, his cracknels, and his early fruit.
SPENSER.

One loving hour
For many years of sorrow can dispense;
A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sour.
SPENSER.

Each to these ladies' love did countenance,
And to his mistress each himself strove to advance.
SPENSER.

Yet is my truth yplight
And love avow'd to other lady late,
That to remove the same, I have no might:
To change love causeless is reproach to warlike knight.
SPENSER.

It was my fortune, common to that age,
To love a lady fair, of great degree,
The which was born of noble parentage,
And set in highest seat of dignity.
SPENSER.

Her joyous presence and sweet company
In full content he there did long enjoy;
Ne wicked envy, nor vile jealousy,
His dear delights were able to annoy.
SPENSER.

The herald of love's mighty king,
In whose coat-armour richly are display'd
All sorts of flowers the which on earth do spring.
SPENSER.

Love they him call'd that gave me the checkmate;
But better might they have behote him hate.
SPENSER.

Thy muse too long slumbereth in sorrowing,
Lulled asleep through love's misgovernance.
SPENSER.

My frail fancy, fed with full delight,
Doth bathe in bliss, and mantleth most at ease;
Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it might
Her heart's desire with most contentment please.
SPENSER.

For unto knight there is no greater shame
Than lightness and inconstancy in love.
SPENSER.

Penelope, for her Ulysses' sake,
Devised a web her wooers to deceive:
In which the work that she all day did make,
The same at night she did unreave.
SPENSER.

Joy of my life, full oft for loving you
I bless my lot, that was so lucky placed;
But then the more your own mishap I rue,
That are so much by so mean love embased.
SPENSER.

With fawning words he courted her awhile,
And looking lovely, and oft sighing sore,
Her constant heart did court with divers guile;
But words and looks and sighs she did abhor.
SPENSER.

Her ivory forehead, full of bounty brave,
Like a broad table, did itself dispread,
For love his lofty triumphs to engrave,
And write the battles of his great godhead.
SPENSER.

The doubts and dangers, the delays and woes,
The feigned friends, the unassured foes,
Do make a lover's life a wretched hell.
SPENSER.

Nor this nor that so much doth make me mourn,
But for the lad whom long I loved so dear
Now loves a lass that all his love doth scorn;
He plunged in pain his tressed locks doth tear.
SPENSER.

With one look she doth my life dismay,
And with another doth it straight recure.
SPENSER.

From that day forth, I cast in careful mind
To seek her out with labour and long time.
SPENSER.

But were thy years green as now be mine,
Then wouldst thou learn to carol of love,
And hery with hymns thy lass's glove.
SPENSER.

Such is the power of that sweet passion,
That it all sordid baseness doth expel.
SPENSER.

I'll teach mine eyes, with meek humility,
Love-learned letters to her eyes to read;
Which her deep wit, that true heart's thought can spell,
Will soon conceive, and learn to construe well.
SPENSER.

So oft as homeward I from her depart,
I go like one that, having lost the field,
Is prisoner led away with heavy heart.
SPENSER.

Fondness it were for any, being free,
To covet fetters, though they golden be.
SPENSER.

And let fair Venus, that is queen of love,
With her heart-quelling son, upon you smile.
SPENSER.

I love thilk lass: alas, who do I love?
She deigns not my good will, but doth reprove,
And of my rural music holdeth scorn.
SPENSER.

By that count which lovers' books invent,
The sphere of Cupid forty years contains;
Which I have wasted in long languishment,
That seem'd the longer for my greater pains.
SPENSER.

If when she appears in th' room
Thou dost not quake and art struck dumb,
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.
SIR J. SUCKLING.

I do confess
The blind lad's pow'r, while he inhabits there;
But I'll be ev'n with him, nevertheless.
SIR J. SUCKLING.

The crafty boy, that had full oft essay'd
To pierce my stubborn and resisting breast,
But still the bluntness of his darts betray'd.
SIR J. SUCKLING.

Then let him, that my love shall blame,
Or clip love's wings, or quench love's flame.
SIR J. SUCKLING.

But, alas! no sea I find
Is troubled like a lover's mind.
SIR J. SUCKLING.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Pr'ythee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
SIR J. SUCKLING.

Quit, quit, for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her:
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
SIR J. SUCKLING.

Out upon it! I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.
SIR J. SUCKLING.

We shorten'd days to moments by love's art,
Whilst our two souls
Perceived no passing time, as if a part
Our love had still been of eternity.
SIR J. SUCKLING.

Love why do we one passion call;
When 'tis a compound of them all?
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear.
SWIFT.

By poets we are well assured
That love, alas! can ne'er be cured;
A complicated heap of ills,
Despising bolusses and pills. SWIFT.

Love such nicety requires,
One blast will put out all his fires.
SWIFT.

Vanessa, though by Pallas taught,
By love invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wisdom's aid,
Was in the very search betray'd.
SWIFT.

How can heav'nly wisdom prove
An instrument to earthly love?
Know'st thou not yet that men commence
Thy votaries for want of sense?
SWIFT.

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.
TENNYSON: *In Memoriam.*

Ye fair!
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts.
THOMSON.

Dear youth, by fortune favour'd, but by love,
Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now
Discreet.

THOMSON.

Agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise.

THOMSON.

And let the aspiring youth beware of love,
Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent-softness pours:
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away.

THOMSON: *Seasons.*

Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.

THOMSON: *Seasons.*

Those fond sensations, those enchanting dreams,
Which cheat a toiling world from day to day,
And form the whole of happiness they know.

THOMSON: *Sophonisba.*

Why should we kill the best of passions, love?
It aids the hero, bids ambition rise
To nobler heights, inspires immortal deeds,
Ev'n softens brutes, and adds a grace to virtue.

THOMSON: *Sophonisba.*

Love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

THOMSON.

Such their guiltless passion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence and undissembling truth.

THOMSON.

Alone amid the shades,
Still in harmonious intercourse they lived
The rural day, and talk'd with flowing heart,
Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

THOMSON: *Seasons.*

A lover is the very fool of nature,
Made sick by his own wantonness of thought,
His fever'd fancy.

THOMSON: *Sophonisba.*

Oh, never may suspicion's gloomy sky
Chill the sweet glow of fondly trusting love!
Nor ever may he feel the scowling eye
Of dark distrust his confidence reprove!

MRS. TIGHE: *Psyche.*

The gay, the wise, the gallant, and the grave,
Subdued alike, all but one passion have.

WALLER.

They that are to love inclined,
Sway'd by chance, not choice or art,
To the first that's fair or kind
Make a present of their heart.

WALLER.

Celia, for thy sake I part
With all that grew so near my heart;
And that I may successful prove,
Transform myself to what you love.

WALLER.

Here the proud lover, that has long endured
Some proud nymph's scorn, of his fond passion's cured.

WALLER.

It is not that I love you less
Than when before your feet I lay;
But to prevent the sad increase
Of hopeless love, I keep away.

WALLER.

None so lovely, sweet, and fair,
Or do more ennoble love.

WALLER.

In love, the victors from the vanquish'd fly;
They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.

WALLER.

Fair course of passion, where two lovers start
And run together, heart still yoked with heart.

WALLER.

Love is a medley of endearments, jars,
Suspicions, quarrels, reconcilements, wars,
Then peace again.

WALSH.

Love's like a torch, which, if secured from blasts,
Will faintly burn; but then it longer lasts:
Exposed to storms of jealousy and doubt,
The blaze grows greater, but 'tis sooner out.

WALSH.

Ill-grounded passions quickly wear away;
What's built upon esteem can ne'er decay.

WALSH.

To all obliging, yet reserved to all,
None could himself the favour'd lover call.

WALSH.

But how perplex'd, alas! is human fate!
I whom nor avarice nor pleasures move,
Yet must myself be made a slave to love.

WALSH.

Mightier far
Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favourite seat be feeble woman's breast.

WORDSWORTH.

Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind;
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind.

YOUNG.

The young and gay declining, Alma flies
At nobler game, the mighty and the wise:
By nature more an eagle than a dove,
She impiously prefers the world to love.

YOUNG.

LUXURY.

With costly cates Rome stain'd her frugal board;
Then with ill-gotten gold she bought a lord;
Corruption, discord, luxury combined,
Down sunk the far-famed mistress of mankind.

ARBUTHNOT.

War, and luxury, more direful rage
Thy crimes have brought, to shorten mortal breath,
With all the num'rous family of death.

DRYDEN.

O luxury! thou cursed by heaven's decree,
How ill-exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!

GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village.*

These thoughts he strove to bury in expense,
Rich meats, rich wines, and vain magnificence.

WALTER HARTE.

Luxury
Held out her lure to his superior eye,
And grieved to see him pass contemptuous by.

MADDEN.

Solomon lived at ease, nor aim'd beyond
Higher design than to enjoy his state.

MILTON.

If all the world
Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
The All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unpraised.

MILTON.

But just disease to luxury succeeds;
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds.

POPE.

'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
And splendour borrows all her rays from sense.

POPE.

In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprung the rank weed, and thrived with large increase.

POPE.

Then, grown wanton by prosperity,
Studied new arts of luxury and ease.

ROSCOMMON.

Superfluity comes sooner
By white hairs, but competency lives longer.

SHAKSPEARE.

I have disabled mine estate,
By showing something a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance;
Nor do I now make moan, to be abridged
From such a noble rate.

SHAKSPEARE.

MAN.

Though sprightly, gentle; though polite, sincere;
And only of thyself a judge severe.

BEATTIE.

For we are animals no less,
Although of different species.

BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

O ignorant poor man! what dost thou bear
Lock'd up within the casket of thy breast?
What jewels and what riches hast thou there?
What heav'nly treasure in so weak a chest?

SIR J. DAVIES.

Oh! what is man, great Maker of mankind!
That thou to him so great respect dost bear!
That thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and ev'n an angel's peer.

SIR J. DAVIES.

And if that wisdom still wise ends propound,
Why made he man of other creatures king;
When, if he perish here, there is not found
In all the world so poor and vile a thing?

SIR J. DAVIES.

The wits that dived most deep, and soar'd most high,
Seeking man's pow'rs, have found his weakness such.

SIR J. DAVIES.

God, when heav'n and earth he did create,
Form'd man, who should of both participate.

SIR J. DENHAM.

How dull and how insensible a beast
Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the rest!
Philosophers and poets vainly strove
In every age the lumpish mass to move.

DRYDEN.

Man is but man, inconstant still, and various!
There's no to-morrow in him like to-day!
Perhaps the atoms rolling in his brain
Make him think honestly the present hour;
The next, a swarm of base ungrateful thoughts
May mount aloft.

DRYDEN.

That crawling insect, who from mud began,
Warm'd by my beams, and kindled into man!

DRYDEN.

Man, the tyrant of our sex, I hate;
A lowly servant, but a lofty mate.

DRYDEN.

Man must be known, his strength, his state,
And by that tenure he holds all of fate.

DRYDEN.

A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanted yet, and then was man design'd,
Conscious of thought.

DRYDEN.

Vain men, how vanishing a bliss we crave:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in the grave.

DRYDEN.

Men are but children of a larger growth:
Our appetites are apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain.

DRYDEN.

Mankind one day serene and free appear;
The next, they're cloudy, sullen, and severe;
New passions, new opinions, still excite;
And what they like at noon, they leave at night.

GARTH.

Consider, man, weigh well thy frame:
The king, the beggar, are the same;
Dust form'd us all. Each breathes his day,
Then sinks into his native clay.

GAY: *Fables.*

Even the peasant dares these rights to scan,
And learn to venerate himself as man.

GOLDSMITH.

These little things are great to little man.

GOLDSMITH: *Traveller.*

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labour and penury, the racks of pain,
Disease and sorrow's sweeping train,
And death, sad refuge from the storms of fate.

GRAY: *Progress of Poesy.*

Nobler birth
Of creatures animate with gradual life,
Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in man.

MILTON.

In their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude serene and pure.

MILTON.

God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd;
Inward and outward both, his image fair.

MILTON.

Nor think though men were none
That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise.

MILTON.

So deep a malice to confound the race
Of mankind in one root.

MILTON.

Trust not a man: we are by nature false,
Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and inconstant;
When a man talks of love, with caution hear him;
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.
OTWAY: *Orphan.*

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite;—
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age,
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tired, he sleeps, and life can charm no more.
POPE.

See the same man in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at business, and at hazard late;
Mad at a fox-chase, wise in a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.
POPE.

Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.
POPE.

Vast chain of being, which from God began,
Nature's ethereal, human; angel, man.
POPE.

Of man, who dares in pomp with Jove contest,
Unchanged, immortal, and supremely blest?
POPE.

As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns.
POPE.

Weak, foolish man! will heaven reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
POPE.

There must be somewhere such a rank as man;
And all the question, wrangle e'er so long,
Is only this, If God has placed him wrong?
POPE.

Not always actions show the man; we find
Who does a kindness is not therefore kind;
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast,
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east.
POPE.

With too much knowledge for the skeptic's side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
Man hangs between.
POPE.

They bore as heroes, but they felt as men.
POPE.

Thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
The dross cements what else were too refined,
And in one int'rest body acts with mind.
POPE.

On human actions reason though you
It may be reason, but it is not man.
POPE.

What would this man? Now upward will he
soar,
And, little less than angel, would be more:
Now, looking downward, just as grieved appears
To want the strength of bulls or fur of bears.
POPE.

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
POPE.

Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly;
Say what the use, were finer optics given,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
POPE.

Expatiate free o'er all the scene of man;
Almighty maze! but not without a plan.
POPE.

Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile reptile, weak and vain!
Awhile he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.
POPE.

So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown;
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal:
'Tis but a part we see, and not the whole.
POPE.

Prepared I stand: he was but born to try
The lot of man,—to suffer and to die.
POPE.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan:
The proper study of mankind is man.
POPE.

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground:
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise.
POPE.

Man, foolish man!
Scarce know'st thou how thyself began;
Scarce hadst thou thought enough to prove thou art;
Yet, steel'd with studied boldness, thou dar'st try
To send thy doubting Reason's dazzled eye
Through the mysterious gulf of vast immensity.
PRIOR.

On thy chin the springing beard began
To spread a doubtful down, and promise man.
PRIOR.

The vile worm, that yesterday began
To crawl; thy fellow-creature, abject man.
PRIOR.

Thyself but dust, thy stature but a span;
A moment thy duration, foolish man!
PRIOR.

But what a thoughtless animal is man,—
How very active in his own trepan!
ROSCOMMON.

This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root;
And then he falls as I do.
SHAKSPEARE.

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix't in him that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world,—This is a man!
SHAKSPEARE.

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man.
SHAKSPEARE.

I do not think
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but him.
SHAKSPEARE.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.
SHAKSPEARE.

A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man.
SHAKSPEARE.

But man we find the only creature
Who, led by folly, combats nature;
Who, when she loudly cries, Forbear!
With obstinacy fixes there;
And, where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs.
SWIFT.

Vain human kind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
SWIFT.

What were unenlighten'd man?
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds
In quest of prey.
THOMSON.

Man is thy theme, his virtue or his rage
Drawn to the life in each elab'rate page.
WALLER.

More danger now from man alone we find
Than from the rocks, the billows, and the wind.
WALLER.

No forest, cave, or savage den
Holds more pernicious beasts than men;
Vows, oaths, and contracts they devise,
And tell us they are sacred ties.
WALLER.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

Ah! how unjust to nature, and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

And all may do what has by man been done.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

Fond man! the vision of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!
YOUNG: *Paraphrase of Job.*

This vast and solid earth, that blazing sun,
Those skies, through which it rolls, must all have end.
What then is man? the smallest part of nothing.
YOUNG: *Revenge.*

MANNERS.

What are these wondrous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?

ADDISON.

The maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners.

ADDISON.

And rash enthusiasm in good society
Were nothing but a moral inebriety.

BYRON.

What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
Bless'd with all other requisites to please,
Some want the striking elegance of ease:
The curious eye their awkward movement tires,
They seem like puppets led about by wires.

CHURCHILL: *Rosciad.*

Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute.

COWPER.

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can.

COWPER: *Conversation.*

Her air, her manners, all who saw admired;
Courteous, though coy, and gentle, though retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
And ease of heart her every look convey'd.

CRABBE: *Parish Register.*

'Tis true (as the old proverb doth relate)
Equals with equals often congregate.

SIR J. DENHAM.

Oh, monstrous, superstitious puritan,
Of refined manners, yet ceremonial man,
That, when thou meet'st one, with inquiring eyes
Dost search, and, like a needy broker, prize
The silk and gold he wears.

DONNE.

He the stubborn soil manured,
With rules of husbandry the rankness cured;
Tamed as to manners.

DRYDEN.

But never was there a man, of his degree,
So much esteemed, so well beloved, as he:
So gentle of condition was he known,
That through the court his courtesy was blown.

DRYDEN.

Love taught him shame; and shame, with love at strife,
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life.

DRYDEN.

He bore his great commission in his look;
But sweetly temper'd awe, and soften'd all he spoke.

DRYDEN.

Bertram has been taught the arts of courts,
To gild a face with smiles, and leer a man to ruin.

DRYDEN.

In minds and manners, twice opposed we see;
In the same sign, almost the same degree.

DRYDEN.

His brutal manners from his breast exiled,
His mien he fashion'd, and his tongue he filed.

DRYDEN.

Nothing reserved or sullen was to see;
But sweet regards.

DRYDEN.

Good manners bound her to invite
The stranger dame to be her guest that night.

DRYDEN.

Attend the court, and thou shalt briefly find
In that one place the manners of mankind;
Hear the indictments, then return again,
Call thyself wretch, and, if thou dar'st, complain.

DRYDEN.

The gen'ral voice
Sounds him, for courtesy, behaviour, language,
And ev'ry fair demeanour, an example:
Titles of honour add not to his worth,
Who is himself an honour to his title.

JOHN FORD.

The one intense, the other still remiss,
Cannot well suit with either; but soon prove
Tedious alike.

MILTON.

Those thousand decencies, that daily flow
From all her words and actions.

MILTON.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do.
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
Without good breeding truth is disapproved;
That only makes superior sense beloved.

POPE.

Form'd by thy converse happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
POPE.

Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults; if belles had faults to hide.
POPE.

She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
But never, never reach'd one gen'rous thought:
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour;
Content to dwell in decencies forever.
POPE.

My lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen.
POPE.

A decent boldness ever meets with friends,
Succeeds, and even a stranger recommends.
POPE.

All manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come discolour'd through our passions shown.
POPE.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child.
POPE.

Of softest manners, unaffected mind;
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind.
POPE.

Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
POPE.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.
POPE.

Thus affable and mild the prince precedes,
And to the dome th' unknown celestial leads.
POPE.

Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
Chicane in furs, and casuistry in lawn.
POPE.

Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.
POPE.

Charm'd by their eyes, their manners I acquire,
And shape my foolishness to their desire.
PRIOR.

Beyond the fix'd and settled rules
Of vice and virtue in the schools,
The better sort shall set before 'em
A grace, a manner, a decorum.
PRIOR.

The nymph did like the scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair;
Soft fell her words as blew the air.
PRIOR.

Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time;
Some that will evermore peep through their eye,
And laugh like parrots at a bagpiper;
And others of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.
SHAKSPEARE.

This is some fellow
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature.
SHAKSPEARE.

Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
SHAKSPEARE.

Proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base awkward imitation.
SHAKSPEARE.

What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles.
SHAKSPEARE.

Oh form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming!
SHAKSPEARE.

Thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners, to intrude where I am graced.
SHAKSPEARE.

Oh, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's composed of harshness.
SHAKSPEARE.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.
SHAKSPEARE.

You needs must learn, lord, to amend this fault;
Though sometimes it shows greatness, courage, blood,
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain.
SHAKSPEARE.

These kinds of knaves, in plainness,
Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silky ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.
SHAKSPEARE.

Poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
SHAKSPEARE.

A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue;
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks.
SHAKSPEARE.

The thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility.
SHAKSPEARE.

Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues
We write in water.
SHAKSPEARE.

You are above
The little forms which circumscribe your sex.
SOUTHERN.

How else, said he, but with a good bold face,
And with big words, and with a stately pace?
SPENSER.

Let be thy bitter scorn,
And leave the rudeness of that antique age
To them that lived therein in state forlorn.
SPENSER.

Study with care politeness, that must teach
The modish forms of gesture and of speech:
In vain formality, with matron mien,
And pertness apes with her familiar grin;
They against nature for applauses strain,
Distort themselves, and give all others pain.
BENJ. STILLINGFLEET.

What fairer cloak than courtesy for fraud?
EARL OF STIRLING.

Some clergy too she would allow,
Nor quarrell'd at their awkward bow.
SWIFT.

Yet, of manners mild,
And winning every heart, he knew to please,
Nobly to please; while equally he scorn'd
Or adulation to receive or give.
THOMSON.

Ease in your mien, and sweetness in your face,
You speak a siren, and you move a grace;
Nor time shall urge these beauties to decay,
While virtue gives what years shall steal away.
TICKELL.

Your looks must alter, as your subject does;
From kind to fierce, from wanton to severe.
WALLER.

In simple manners all the secret lies:
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.
YOUNG.

Stiff forms are bad, but let not worse intrude,
Nor conquer art and nature to be rude.
YOUNG.

In glitt'ring scenes o'er her own heart severe;
In crowds collected, and in courts sincere.
YOUNG.

MATRIMONY.

No little scribbler is of wit so bare,
But has his fling at the poor wedded pair.
ADDISON.

A senator of Rome, while Rome survived,
Would not have match'd his daughter with a king.
ADDISON.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife;
Each season look'd delightful, as it past,
To the fond husband and the faithful wife.
BEATTIE: *Minstrel.*

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet
To think how monie counsels sweet,
How monie lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises.
BURNS.

A widow who, by solemn vows,
Contracted to me for my spouse,
Combined with him to break her word,
And has abetted all.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Find all his having and his holding
Reduced t' eternal noise and scolding;
The conjugal petard that tears
Down all portcullises of ears.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Few—none—find what they love or could have loved:
Though accident, blind accident, and the strong
Necessity of loving, have removed
Antipathies—but to recur, ere long,
Envenom'd with irrevocable wrong.
BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.
BYRON: *Eng. Bards and Scot. Reviewers.*

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
CAREW.

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure;
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure.
CONGREVE: *Old Bachelor.*

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A Paradise below.
COTTON.

Misses! the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry,—
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.
COWPER.

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive.
COWPER: *Mutual Forbearance.*

The hour of marriage ends the female reign,
And we give all we have to buy a chain;
Hire men to be our lords who were our slaves,
And bribe our lovers to be perjured knaves.
JOHN CROWNE.

Nor in a secret cloister doth he keep
These virgin spirits until their marriage-day.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Marriage-rings are not of this stuff:
Oh! why should aught less precious or less tough
Figure our loves? DONNE.

Thou dost protest thy love, and would it show
By matching her as she would match her foe.
DONNE.

All of a tenor was their after-life,
No day discolour'd with domestic strife;
No jealousy, but mutual truth believed,
Secure repose, and kindness undeceived.
DRYDEN.

Some country girl, scarce to a court'sy bred,
Would I much rather than Cornelia wed,
If, supercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
She brought her father's triumphs in her train.
DRYDEN.

What if I ne'er consent to make you mine;
My father's promise ties me not to time,
And bonds without a date, they say, are void.
DRYDEN.

These truths with his example you disprove
Who with his wife is monstrously in love.
DRYDEN.

But, whether marriage bring joy or sorrow,
Make sure of this day, and hang to-morrow.
DRYDEN.

They soon espoused; for they with ease were join'd,
Who were before contracted in the mind.
DRYDEN.

This yoke of marriage from us both remove,
Where two are bound to draw, though neither love.
DRYDEN.

One thought the sex's prime felicity
Was from the bonds of wedlock to be free,
And uncontroll'd to give account to none.
DRYDEN.

O fatal maid! thy marriage is endow'd
With Phrygian, Latian, and Rutilian blood.
DRYDEN.

Ill bears the sex a youthful lover's fate,
When just approaching to the nuptial state.
DRYDEN.

The roofs with joy resound;
And Hymen, Io Hymen, rung around.
DRYDEN.

Since I am turn'd the husband, you the wife,
The matrimonial victory is mine,
Which, having fairly gain'd, I will resign.
DRYDEN.

He had such things to urge against our marriage
As, now declared, would blunt my sword in battle
And dastardize my courage.
DRYDEN.

I love my husband still;
But love him as he was when youthful grace
And the first down began to shade his face.
DRYDEN.

Then, mixing pow'rful herbs with magic art,
She changed his form who could not change his heart.
DRYDEN.

Thou shalt secure her helpless sex from harms,
And she thy cares will sweeten with her charms.
DRYDEN.

Short were her marriage joys; for in the prime
Of youth her lord expired before his time.
DRYDEN.

With him she strove to join Lavinia's hand,
But dire portents the purposed match withstand.
DRYDEN.

Errors of wives reflect on husbands still.
DRYDEN.

Secrets of marriage still are sacred held;
Their sweet and bitter by the wise conceal'd.
DRYDEN.

With unresisted might the monarch reigns:
He levels mountains, and he raises plains;
And, not regarding diff'rence of degree,
Abased your daughter, and exalted me.
DRYDEN.

In bond of virtuous love together tied,
Together served they, and together died.
FAIRFAX.

Wedded love is founded on esteem,
Which the fair merits of the mind engage;
For those are charms which never can decay,
But time, which gives new whiteness to the swan,
Improves their lustre.
FENTON: *Mariamne.*

He sighs with most success that settles well.
GARTH.

Will she with huswife's hand provide thy meat,
And ev'ry Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait?
GAY.

The husband's sullen, dogged, shy,
The wife grows flippant in reply;
He loves command and due restriction,
And she as well likes contradiction.
She never slavishly submits:
She'll have her will, or have her fits;
He this way tugs, she that way draws,
And both find fault with equal cause.
GAY: *Fables.*

Nuptials of form, of int'rest, or of state,
Those seeds of pride, are fruitful in debate;
Let happy men for generous love declare,
And choose the needy virgin, chaste and fair.
GLANVILLE.

So, with decorum all things carried,
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was married.
GOLDSMITH.

Follow, ye nymphs and shepherds all,
Come celebrate this festival,
And merrily sing and sport and play;
'Tis Ariana's nuptial day.
GRANVILLE.

O marriage! marriage! what a curse is thine
Where hands alone consent, and hearts abhor!
AARON HILL.

There have been wedlock's joys of swift decay,
Like lightning, seen at once and shot away;
But theirs were hopes which, all unfit to pair,
Like fire and powder, kiss'd, and flash'd to air.
Thy soul and mine, by mutual courtship won,
Meet like two mingling flames, and make but one.
Union of hearts, not hands, does marriage make,
And sympathy of mind keeps love awake.
AARON HILL.

Where many a man at variance with his wife
With soft'ning mead and cheese-cake ends the strife.
DR. WM. KING.

To all married men be this caution,
Which they should duly tender as their life,—
Neither to dote too much, nor doubt a wife.
MASSINGER: *Picture.*

O, we do all offend!
There's not a day of wedded life, if we
Count at its close the little, bitter sum
Of thoughts and words and looks unkind and froward,
Silence that chides, and woundings of the eye,
But prostrate at each other's feet we should
Each night forgiveness ask.
MATURIN: *Bertram.*

He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse. MILTON.

The virgin quire for her request
The god that sits at marriage-feast;
He at their invoking came,
But with a scarce well-lighted flame.
MILTON.

Hail! wedded love,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets!
MILTON.

The virgins also shall on feastful days
Visit his tomb with flow'rs, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.
MILTON.

God's universal law
Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female in due awe,
Nor from that right to part an hour,
Smile she or lour.
MILTON.

Ofttimes nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right,
Well managed; of that skill the more thou know'st,
The more she will acknowledge thee her head.
MILTON.

In us both one soul,
Harmony to behold in wedded pair!
More grateful than harmonious sounds to th' ear.
MILTON.

What thou art is mine:
Our state cannot be sever'd; we are one,
One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.
MILTON.

Of fellowship I speak,
Such as I see, fit to participate
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human consort.
MILTON.

Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
MILTON.

These are the product
Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st,
Where good with bad were match'd.
MILTON.

Conjugal affection,
Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,
Hath led me on, desirous to behold
Once more thy face.
MILTON.

There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antic pageantry.
MILTON.

The pure, open, prosperous love,
That, pledged on earth, and seal'd above,
Grows in the world's approving eyes,
In friendship's smile, and home's caress;
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
Into one knot of happiness.
MOORE.

And if division comes, it soon is past;
Too sharp, too strange an agony to last!
And like some river's bright, abundant tide,
Which art or accident had forced aside,
The well-springs of affection, gushing o'er,
Back to their natural channels flow once more.
MRS. NORTON.

Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,
Whose temper betters by the father's side;
Unlike the rest that double human care,
Fond to relieve, or resolute to share:
Happy the man whom thus his stars advance!
The curse is general, but the blessing chance.
PARNELL: *Hesiod.*

There swims no goose so gray but, soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for a mate.
POPE.

There are, whom heav'n has blest with stores of wit,
Yet want as much again, to manage it;
For wit and judgment ever are at strife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
POPE.

The fool whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.
POPE.

Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth.
POPE.

If her sire approves,
Let her espouse her to the peer she loves.
POPE.

Men dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake.
POPE.

Purest love's unwasting treasure;
Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure:
Sacred Hymen! these are thine.
POPE.

Sometimes my plague, sometimes my darling,
Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling.
PRIOR.

Bid her instant wed,
And quiet dedicate her remnant life
To the just duties of an humble wife.
PRIOR.

Will you be only and forever mine?
From this dear bosom shall I ne'er be torn?
Or you grow cold, respectful, or forsworn?
PRIOR.

And now your matrimonial Cupid,
Lash'd on by time, grows tired and stupid:
For story and experience tell us
That man grows old, and woman jealous.
Both would their little ends secure;
He sighs for freedom, she for power:
His wishes tend abroad to roam;
And hers to domineer at home.
PRIOR.

Did I but purpose to embark with thee
While gentle zephyrs play in prosp'rous gales,
But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
When the winds whistle and the tempests roar?
PRIOR.

Our meeting hearts
Consented soon, and marriage made us one.
ROWE.

When souls that should agree to will the same,
To have one common object for their wishes,
Look different ways, regardless of each other,
Think what a train of wretchedness ensues!
ROWE.

Are we not one? are we not join'd by heav'n?
Each interwoven with the other's fate?
Are we not mix'd like streams of meeting rivers,
Whose blended waters are no more distinguish'd,
But roll into the sea one common flood?
ROWE: *Fair Penitent.*

For marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth happiness,
And is a pattern of celestial bliss.
SHAKSPEARE.

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear
And summon him to marriage.
SHAKSPEARE.

You'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.
SHAKSPEARE.

Nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife.
SHAKSPEARE.

If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heav'n's vows, and those are mine!
You give away myself, which is known mine.
SHAKSPEARE.

The priest let fall the book,
And as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom gave him such a cuff
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.
SHAKSPEARE.

That I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold.
SHAKSPEARE.

Her only fault (and that is faults enough)
Is, that she is intolerably curst,
And shrewd, and froward: so beyond all measure,
That were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.
SHAKSPEARE.

For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumspection and confine
For the sea's worth.
SHAKSPEARE.

How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thou art an elm, my husband; I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate.
SHAKSPEARE.

Honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.
SHAKSPEARE.

My heart's dear love is set on his fair daughter;
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
And all combined save what thou must combine
By holy marriage.
SHAKSPEARE.

Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by;
And underneath that consecrated roof
Plight me the full assurance of that faith.
SHAKSPEARE.

In the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
SHAKSPEARE.

The match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities,
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
SHAKSPEARE.

I must confess, your offer is the best:
And let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?
SHAKSPEARE.

Your daughter hath made a gross revolt:
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger.
SHAKSPEARE.

How I firmly am resolved, you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder.
SHAKSPEARE.

What mockery will it be
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
SHAKSPEARE.

Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married.
SHAKSPEARE.

They make marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths.
SHAKSPEARE.

They'll sit by th' fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages. SHAKSPEARE.

I am enjoin'd by oath, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage.
SHAKSPEARE.

Therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.
SHAKSPEARE.

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thou sayst his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings;
Unquiet meals make ill digestions.
SHAKSPEARE.

The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.
SHAKSPEARE.

The main consents are had, and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage day.
SHAKSPEARE.

God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one.
SHAKSPEARE.

Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands.
SHAKSPEARE.

I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may.
SHAKSPEARE.

Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
Razing the characters of your renown.
SHAKSPEARE.

This done, our day of marriage shall be yours,
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.
SHAKSPEARE.

Her father counts it dangerous
That she would give her sorrows so much sway;
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears.
SHAKSPEARE.

He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
SHAKSPEARE.

Fathers their children and themselves abuse,
That wealth a husband for their daughters choose.
SHIRLEY: *School of Compliments.*

At last such grace I found, and means I wrought,
That I that lady to my spouse had won;
Accord of friends, consent of parents sought,
Affiance made, my happiness begun.
SPENSER.

Ensample make of him, your hapless joy,
And of myself, now mated as you see,
Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging boy
Did soon pluck down, and curb'd my liberty.
SPENSER.

From that day forth, in peace and joyous bliss,
They lived together long without debate;
Nor private jars, nor spite of enemies,
Could shake the safe assurance of their state.
SPENSER.

He, in the first flower of my freshest age,
Betrothed me unto the only heir
Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage.
SPENSER.

Be advised for the best
Ere thou thy daughter link in holy band
Of wedlock to that new unknown guest.
SPENSER.

Strephon sigh'd so loud and strong,
He blew a settlement along;
And bravely drove his rivals down,
With coach-and-six, and house in town.
SWIFT.

Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money league.
SWIFT.

He mark'd the conjugal dispute;
Nell roar'd incessant, Dick sat mute.
SWIFT.

But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
THOMSON: *Seasons.*

Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care,
Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad distrust and jealousy.
WALLER.

Say, shall I love the fading beauty less,
Whose spring-tide radiance has been wholly mine?
No—come what will, thy steadfast truth I'll bless;
In youth, in age, thine own—forever thine.
A. A. WATTS.

Wedlock's a saucy, sad, familiar state,
Where folks are very apt to scold and hate:
Love keeps a modest distance, is divine,
Obliging, and says ev'rything that's fine
DR. WOLCOTT.

Abroad too kind, at home 'tis steadfast hate,
And one eternal tempest of debate.
YOUNG: *Love of Fame.*

MEDICINE.

'Tis not amiss, e'er y'are giv'n o'er,
To try one desp'rate med'cine more;
And where your case can be no worse,
The desp'ratest is the wisest course.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Unhappy, from whom still conceal'd does lie
Of herbs and roots the harmless luxury.
COWLEY.

No chymist yet the elixir got,
But glorifies his pregnant pot,
If by the way to him befall
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal.
DONNE.

We seem ambitious God's whole work to undo;
With new diseases on ourselves we war,
And with new physic, a worse engine far.
DONNE.

The ladies sought around
For virtuous herbs; which, gather'd from the ground,
They squeezed the juice, and cooling ointment made.
DRYDEN.

Physic can but mend our crazy state;
Patch an old building, not a new create.
DRYDEN.

Perhaps a fever (which the gods forefend)
May bring your youth to some untimely end.
DRYDEN.

He intent on somewhat that may ease
Unhealthy mortals, and with curious search
Examines all the properties of herbs.
JOHN PHILIPS.

Bright Helen mix'd a mirth-inspiring bowl,
Temper'd with drugs of sov'reign use t' assuage
The boiling bosom of tumultuous rage.
POPE.

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.
SHAKSPEARE.

In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
SHAKSPEARE.

In this point
All his tricks founder; and he brings his physic
After his patient's death.
SHAKSPEARE.

I will not let him stir,
Till I have used th' approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again.
SHAKSPEARE.

I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
When it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save.
SHAKSPEARE.

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
SHAKSPEARE.

Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
SHAKSPEARE.

No medicine in the world can do thee good;
In thee there is not half an hour's life.
SHAKSPEARE.

Vein-healing vervain, and head-purging dill,
Sound savory, and basil hearty hale.
SPENSER.

He meant his corrosives to apply,
And with strict diet tame his stubborn malady.
SPENSER.

Not one foretells I shall recover;
But all agree to give me over.
SWIFT.

For when no healing art prevail'd,
When cordials and elixirs fail'd,
On your pale cheek he dropp'd the show'r
Revived you like a dying flow'r.
WALLER.

MEDITATION.

The mind contracts herself, and shrinketh in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Intent he seem'd,
And pond'ring future things of wondrous weight.
DRYDEN.

Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
He enter'd now the bordering desert wild,
And, with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
His holy meditation thus pursued.
MILTON.

'Tis most true
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell.
MILTON.

He, with honest meditations fed,
Into himself descended. MILTON.

I all the livelong day
Consume in meditation deep, recluse
From human converse; nor at shut of eve
Enjoy repose.
JOHN PHILIPS.

No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
POPE.

He is divinely bent on meditation;
And in no worldly suits would he be moved,
To draw him from his holy exercise.
SHAKSPEARE.

Them among
There sat a man of ripe and perfect age,
Who did them meditate all his life long.
SPENSER.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heav'n,
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

MELANCHOLY.

From other care absolved, the busy mind
Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon:
It finds you miserable, or makes you so.
DR. JOHN ARMSTRONG:
Art of Preserving Health.

Ah, what is mirth, but turbulence unholy,
When with the charm compared of heavenly melancholy?
BEATTIE: *Minstrel.*

The spleen with sullen vapours clouds the brain,
And binds the spirit in its heavy chain;
Howe'er the cause fantastic may appear,
The effect is real, and the pain sincere.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

If thou wilt think of moments gone,
Of joys as exquisite as brief,
Know, mem'ry, when she lingers on
Past pleasure, turns it all to grief.
SIR J. BOWRING: *from the Spanish.*

Melancholy
Sits on me as a cloud along the sky,
Which will not let the sunbeams through, nor yet
Descend in rain, and end; but spreads itself
'Twixt heaven and earth, like envy between man
And man,—an everlasting mist.
BYRON.

Melancholy is a fearful gift:
What is it but the telescope of truth?
Which strips the distance of its fantasies,
And brings life near in utter darkness,
Making the cold reality too real.
BYRON.

When dinner has opprest one,
I think it is perhaps the gloomiest hour
Which turns up out of the sad twenty-four.
BYRON.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul.
COLLINS: *Passions.*

This melancholy flatters, but unmans you,
What is it else but penury of soul,
A lazy frost, a numbness of the mind?
DRYDEN.

Should I not seek
The clemency of some more temp'rate clime,
To purge my gloom; and, by the sun refined,
Bask in his beams, and bleach me in the wind?
DRYDEN.

Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad;
Both are the reasonable soul run mad.
DRYDEN.

When the sun sets, shadows that show'd at noon
But small, appear most long and terrible:
So when we think fate hovers o'er our heads,
Our apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds:
Owls, ravens, crickets, seem the watch of death;
Nature's worst vermin scare her godlike sons:
Echoes, the very leavings of a voice,
Grow babbling ghosts, and call us to our graves.
Each mole-hill thought swells to a huge Olympus;
While we, fantastic dreamers, heave and puff
And sweat with our imagination's weight.
LEE: *Œdipus.*

For the air of youth
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood shall reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry,
To weigh thy spirits down, and (last) consume
The balm of life.
MILTON.

I feel my genial spirits droop,
My hopes all flat; nature within me seems
In all her functions weary of herself.
MILTON.

Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy.
MILTON.

Believe not these suggestions, which proceed
From anguish of the mind and humours black,
That mingle with thy fancy.
MILTON.

Hail, divinest melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight.
MILTON.

These pleasures, melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.
MILTON.

Ah, why th' ill-suiting pastime must I try?
To gloomy care my thoughts alone are free:
Ill the gay sports with troubled hearts agree,
POPE.

Nay, half in heaven, except (what's mighty odd)
A fit of vapours clouds this demi-god.
POPE.

All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.
POPE.

Umbriel, a dusky melancholy sprite
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repairs to search the gloomy cave of spleen.
POPE.

Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;
That single act gives half the world the spleen.
POPE.

But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose:
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
POPE: *Eloisa.*

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
POPE: *Eloisa.*

To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an empire, that embroils a state:
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.
POPE: *Moral Essays.*

If, while this wearied flesh draws fleeting breath,
Not satisfied with life, afraid of death,
If haply be thy will that I should know
Glimpse of delight, or pause from anxious woe;
From now, from instant now, great Sire, dispel
The clouds that press my soul.
PRIOR.

Vexatious thought still found my flying mind,
Nor bound by limits, nor to place confined,
Haunted my nights, and terrified my days,
Stalk'd through my gardens, and pursued my ways;
Nor shut from artful bow'r, nor lost in winding maze.
PRIOR.

Thy humorous vein, thy pleasing folly,
Lies all neglected, all forgot;
And pensive, wav'ring, melancholy,
Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what.
PRIOR.

Through these sad shades, this chaos in my soul,
Some seeds of light at length began to roll;
The rising motion of an infant ray
Shot glimm'ring through the cloud, and promised day.
PRIOR.

Go—you may call it madness, folly,—
You shall not chase my gloom away;
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay!
ROGERS.

Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And giv'n thy treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy?
SHAKSPEARE.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
SHAKSPEARE.

This is in thee a nature but affected,
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune.
SHAKSPEARE.

There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger.
SHAKSPEARE.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone?
Of sorriest fancies your companions make?
SHAKSPEARE.

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
SHAKSPEARE.

Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit
Nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have.
SHAKSPEARE

He perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me.
SHAKSPEARE.

My heavy son
Private in his chamber pens himself.
SHAKSPEARE.

In sooth, I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me; you say it wearies you:
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn.
SHAKSPEARE.

Oh, hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not?
SHAKSPEARE.

Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals.
SHAKSPEARE.

We're not ourselves,
When nature, being opprest, commands the mind
To suffer with the body.
SHAKSPEARE.

A trusty villain, very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jest.
SHAKSPEARE.

Who alone suffers, suffers most i' th' mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind.
SHAKSPEARE.

Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick
(Which else runs trickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes).
SHAKSPEARE.

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy
(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair),
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life.
SHAKSPEARE.

A man of years, yet fresh as mote appear,
Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hue,
That him full of melancholy did show.
SPENSER.

When as the day the heaven doth adorn,
I wish that night the noyous day would end;
And when as night hath us of light forlorn,
I wish that day would shortly reascend.
SPENSER.

Let melancholy rule supreme,
Choler preside, or blood, or phlegm,
It makes no diff'rence in the case,
Nor is complexion honour's place.
SWIFT.

Retiring full of meditation sad,
He mourns the weakness of these latter times.
THOMSON.

And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy deep, with head declined,
And love-dejected eyes.
THOMSON.

How vain all outward effort to supply
The soul with joy! The noontide sun is dark,
And music discord, when the heart is low.
YOUNG: *Brothers.*

MEMORY.

Still must I cherish the dear sad remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my soul.
ADDISON.

Of joys departed,
Nor to return, how painful the remembrance!
BLAIR: *Grave.*

When time has past and seasons fled,
Your hearts will feel like mine,
And aye the sang will maist delight
That minds ye o' lang-syne.
MISS BLAMIRE: *Traveller's Return.*

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
BURNS.

Oh! friends regretted, scenes forever dear,
Remembrance hails you with her warmest tear!
Drooping she bends o'er pensive Fancy's urn,
To trace the hours which never can return.
BYRON.

And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside forever: it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound:
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.
BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

But in that instant o'er his soul
Winters of memory seem'd to roll,
And gather in that drop of time
A life of pain, an age of crime:
O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
Such moments hold the grief of years.
BYRON.

But ever and anon, of grief subdued
There comes a token, like a serpent's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued.
BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

Joy's recollection is no longer joy;
But sorrow's memory is sorrow still!
BYRON: *Marino Faliero.*

While Memory watches o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew.
CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope.*

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
COWPER: *Walking with God.*

O days remember'd well! remember'd all!
The bitter sweet, the honey and the gall;
Those garden rambles in the silent night,
Those trees so shady, and that moon so bright,
That thickset alley by the arbour closed,
That woodbine seat where we at last reposed;
And then the hopes that came and then were gone,
Quick as the clouds beneath the moon past on.
CRABBE.

No joy like by-past joy appears;
For what is gone we fret and pine:
Were life spun out a thousand years,
It could not match Langsyne!
DELTA. (D. M. MOIR.)

Had memory been lost with innocence,
We had not known the sentence nor th' offence;
'Twas his chief punishment to keep in store
The sad remembrance what he was before.
DENHAM.

None grow so old
Not to remember where they hid their gold;
From age such art of memory we learn
To forget nothing what is our concern:
Their interest no priest nor sorcerer
Forgets, nor lawyer, nor philosopher;
No understanding memory can want
Where wisdom studious industry doth plant.
DENHAM.

Sometimes forgotten things, long cast behind,
Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind:
The nurse's legends are for truths received,
And the man dreams but what the boy believed.
DRYDEN.

O memory! thou fond deceiver,
Still unfortunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain:
Thou, like the world, th' opprest oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other blessing
In thee must ever find a foe.
GOLDSMITH.

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village.*

Ah, tell me not that memory
Sheds gladness o'er the past:
What is recall'd by faded flowers,
Save that they do not last?
Were it not better to forget,
Than but remember and regret?
L. E. LANDON.

We might have been,—these are but common words,
And yet they make the sum of life's bewailing:
They are the echo of those finer chords
Whose music we deplore, when unavailing.
We might have been!

Life knoweth no like misery: the rest
Are single sorrows; but in this are blended
All sweet emotions that disturb the breast;
The light that once was loveliest is ended.
We might have been!

Henceforth, how much of the full heart must be
A sealed book, at whose contents we tremble!
A still voice mutters 'mid our misery,
The worst to bear, because it must dissemble,
We might have been!
L. E. LANDON.

Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what I'm now.
MILTON.

Or many grateful altars I would rear,
Of grassy turf; and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook; in memory
Of monument to ages.

MILTON.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!

MOORE.

Let fate do her worst, there are moments of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

MOORE.

When time, which steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joy renew.

MOORE.

Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd:
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

MOORE.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its black shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm, and affliction no sting!

MOORE.

As letters some hand has invisibly traced,
When held to the flame will steal out to the sight,
So, many a feeling that long seem'd effaced,
The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light!

MOORE.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells!
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.

MOORE.

There are moments of life that we never forget,
Which brighten, and brighten, as time steals away;
They give a new charm to the happiest lot,
And they shine on the gloom of the loneliest day.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and forecast just returns engage;
That pointed back to youth, this on to age.

POPE.

O queen, farewell! and, still possest
Of dear remembrance, blessing still and blest.

POPE.

The moments past, if thou art wise, retrieve
With pleasant mem'ry of the bliss they gave;
The present hours in present mirth employ,
And bribe the future with the hopes of joy.

PRIOR.

I, waking, view'd with grief the rising sun,
And fondly mourn'd the dear delusion gone.

PRIOR.

No harsh reflection let remembrance raise;
Forbear to mention what thou canst not praise.

PRIOR.

Hail, memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And place and time are subject to thy sway!

ROGERS: *Pleasures of Memory.*

Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies!

ROGERS: *Pleasures of Memory.*

When musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone.

SIR W. SCOTT: *Marmion.*

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.

SHAKSPEARE.

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

SHAKSPEARE.

Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter.

SHAKSPEARE.

By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults; O! then we thought them not.

SHAKSPEARE.

These few precepts in thy memory
See thou character.

SHAKSPEARE.

Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

SHAKSPEARE.

I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
Whom now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.

SHAKSPEARE.

The busy head with mimic art runs o'er
The scenes and actions of the day before.

SWIFT.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair,
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields
And thinking of the days that are no more.

TENNYSON: *Princess.*

In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

WORDSWORTH.

MERCY.

If in the dreadful hour of death,
If at the latest gasp of breath,
When the cold damp bedews your brow,
You hope for mercy, show it now.

ADDISON.

O think! think upward on the thrones above:
Disdain not mercy, since they mercy love;
If mercy were not mingled with their power,
This wretched world could not subsist an hour.

SIR W. DAVENANT: *Siege of Rhodes.*

Good Heav'n, whose darling attribute we find
Is boundless grace, and mercy to mankind,
Abhors the cruel.

DRYDEN.

Mercy above did hourly plead
For her resemblance here below;
And mild forgiveness intercede
To stop the coming blow.

DRYDEN.

This 'tis to have virtue out of season:
Mercy is good, but kings mistake its timing.

DRYDEN.

To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrapp'd in his crimes, against the storm prepared;
But when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.

DRYDEN.

Here some benighted angel, in his way,
Might ease his wings; and, seeing heav'n appear
In its best work of mercy, think it there.

DRYDEN.

He brings them back,
Rememb'ring mercy and his covenant sworn.

MILTON.

Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering.

MILTON.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

POPE: *Universal Prayer.*

When certain to o'ercome, inclined to save,
Tardy to vengeance, and with mercy brave.

PRIOR.

For mercy's sake restrain thy hand,
Blot not thy innocence with guiltless blood.

ROWE.

Wilt thou not to a broken heart dispense
The balm of mercy, and expunge the offence?

SANDYS.

Merciful heav'n!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulph'rous bolt
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle.

SHAKSPEARE.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
SHAKSPEARE.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.
SHAKSPEARE.

His sceptre shows the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majesty:
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself.
SHAKSPEARE.

You are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
Letting them thrive again on the abatement.
SHAKSPEARE.

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.
SHAKSPEARE.

'Tis necessary he should die:
Nothing imboldens sin so much as mercy.
SHAKSPEARE.

Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
SHAKSPEARE.

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That, for the fault's love, is the offender friended.
SHAKSPEARE.

Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word.
SHAKSPEARE.

Open the gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek thee.
SHAKSPEARE.

My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears.
SHAKSPEARE.

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
SHAKSPEARE.

Why are you so fierce and cruel?
Is it because your eyes have power to kill?
Then know that mercy is the Mighty's jewel,
And greater glory think to save than pill.
SPENSER.

Mercy has, could Mercy's self be seen,
No sweeter look than this propitious queen.
WALLER.

MERIT.

Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And shows thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues or thy faults conspicuous.
ADDISON.

Just trial, ere I merit
My exaltation without change or end.
MILTON.

Some she disgraced, and some with honours crown'd;
Unlike successes equal merits found.
POPE.

Rising merit will buoy up at last.
POPE.

He can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the sense of it without the love.
POPE.

Here only merit constant pay receives;
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives.
POPE.

In comely rank call ev'ry merit forth;
Imprint on ev'ry act its standard worth.
PRIOR.

We shall use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.
SHAKSPEARE.

No merit their aversion can remove,
Nor ill requital can efface their love.
WALLER.

MERRIMENT.

Methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-managed merriment.
MILTON.

'Tis good to be merry and wise,
'Tis good to be honest and true,
'Tis good to be off wi' the auld love
Before one is on wi' the new.
Old Scotch Song.

Against ill chances men are ever merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.
SHAKSPEARE.

MIND.

The mind doth shape itself to its own wants,
And can bear all things.
JOANNA BAILLIE: *Rayner.*

These outguards of the mind are sent abroad,
And still patrolling beat the neighb'ring road,
Or to the parts remote obedient fly,
Keep posts advanced, and on the frontier lie.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroy'd by thought;
Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her pow'rs, and leaves a blank behind.
CHURCHILL.

In judgment of her substance thus they vary,
And vary thus in judgment of her seat;
For some her chair up to the brain do carry,
Some sink it down into the stomach's heat.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Perhaps something repugnant to her kind,
By strong antipathy, the soul may kill;
But what can be contrary to the mind,
Which holds all contraries in concord still?
SIR J. DAVIES.

For they that most and greatest things embrace,
Enlarge thereby their minds' capacity,
As streams enlarged, enlarge the channel's space.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Who can in memory, or wit, or will,
Or air, or fire, or earth, or water, find?
What alchymist can draw, with all his skill,
The quintessence of these out of the mind?
SIR J. DAVIES.

Think of her worth, and think that God did mean
This worthy mind should worthy things embrace:
Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
Nor her dishonour with thy passion base.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Be not always on affairs intent,
But let thy thoughts be easy and unbent;
When our minds' eyes are disengaged and free,
They clearer, farther, and distinctly see.
SIR J. DENHAM.

While no baseness in this breast I find,
I have not lost the birthright of my mind.
DRYDEN.

Nor can the grovelling mind,
In the dark dungeon of the limbs confined,
Assert the native skies, or own its heav'nly kind.
DRYDEN.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good:
Thy father was transfused into thy blood.
DRYDEN.

Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.
GEORGE HERBERT.

The mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigour soon returns.
MILTON.

The mind is its own place, and in itself,
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
MILTON.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That God and nature hath assign'd.
PERCY: *from Byrd's Psalmes, etc.*

Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train;
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain;
These, mix'd with art, and to due bounds confined,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind.
POPE.

What is this little, agile, pervious fire,
This flutt'ring motion which we call the mind?
PRIOR.

The mind, say they, will you sustain
To hold her station in the brain?
You grant, at least, she is extended:
Ergo the whole dispute is ended.
PRIOR.

At distance, through an artful glass,
To the mind's eye things well appear;
They lose their forms, and make a mass
Confused and black, if brought too near.
PRIOR.

He, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread.
SHAKSPEARE.

When the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
SHAKSPEARE.

Lively vigour rested in his mind,
And recompensed him with a better score;
Weak body well is changed for mind's redoubled force.
SPENSER.

MIRTH.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a testy, touchy, pleasant fellow;
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.
ADDISON.

Mirth makes them not mad,
Nor sobriety sad.
SIR J. DENHAM.

But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing mirth.
MILTON.

Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free.
MILTON.

Haste thee, my nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles.
MILTON.

Th' unwieldy elephant,
To make them mirth used all his might, and wreathed
His lithe proboscis. MILTON.

Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth. MILTON.

The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears.
POPE.

Hibernia's harp, device of her command,
And parent of her mirth, shall there be seen.
PRIOR.

But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart.
ROGERS: *Italy.*

Where lives the man that has not tried
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin?
SIR W. SCOTT: *Bridal of Triermain.*

Frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life!
SHAKSPEARE.

Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
SHAKSPEARE.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
SHAKSPEARE.

'Tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home
SHAKSPEARE.

Matter of mirth enough, though, were there none,
She could devise, and thousand ways invent
To feed her foolish humour, and vain jolliment.
SPENSER.

MISERY.

The gods from heav'n survey the fatal strife,
And mourn the miseries of human life.
DRYDEN.

By a sad train of miseries alone
Distinguish'd long, and second now to none.
POPE.

Fortune thus 'gan say, Misery and misfortune is all one,
And of misfortune fortune hath only the gift.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

This iron world
Brings down the stoutest hearts to lowest state:
For misery doth bravest minds abate.
SPENSER: *M. Hubberd's Tale.*

MISFORTUNE.

The rarer thy example stands,
By how much from the top of wondrous glory,
Strongest of mortal men,
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.
MILTON: *Samson Agonistes.*

Where'er my name I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
POPE.

He, careless now of int'rest, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great,
Or, deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.
POPE.

Must he, whose altars on the Phrygian shore,
With frequent rites, and pure, avow'd thy pow'r,
Be doom'd the worst of human ills to prove,
Unbless'd, abandon'd to the wrath of Jove?
POPE: *Odyssey.*

I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.
SHAKSPEARE.

Misfortune waits advantage to entrap
The man most wary, in her whelming lap.
SPENSER.

To a mind resolved and wise,
There is an impotence in misery,
Which makes me smile when all its shafts are in me.
YOUNG: *Revenge.*

MODERATION.

Take this at least, this last advice, my son,
Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on:
The coursers of themselves will run too fast;
Your art must be to moderate their haste.
ADDISON.

If any ask me what would satisfy,
To make life easy, thus I would reply:
As much as keeps out hunger, thirst, and cold.
DRYDEN.

Equally inured
By moderation either state to bear,
Prosperous or adverse. MILTON.

Give me, I cried,—enough for me,—
My bread and independency;
So bought an annual rent or two,
And lived just as you see I do. POPE.

MODESTY.

On their own merits modest men are dumb.
G. COLMAN, *the Younger.*

A modest blush she wears, not form'd by art;
Free from deceit his face, and full as free his heart.
DRYDEN.

Thus radiant from the circling crowd he broke,
And thus with manly modesty he spoke.
DRYDEN.

Such an art,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite.
SHAKSPEARE.

I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly.
SHAKSPEARE.

MONEY.

Nor tell me, in a dying father's tone,
Be careful still of the main chance, my son;
Put out the principal in trusty hands;
Live on the use, and never dip thy lands.
DRYDEN.

If money go before, all ways do lie open.
SHAKSPEARE.

Money, the life-blood of the nation,
Corrupts and stagnates in the veins,
Unless a proper circulation
Its motion and its heat maintains.
SWIFT.

MOON.

Waning moons their settled periods keep,
To swell the billows, and ferment the deep.
ADDISON.

Those who assert the lunar orb presides
O'er humid bodies, and the ocean guides;
Whose waves obsequious ebb or swelling run
With the declining or encreasing moon;
With reason seem her empire to maintain
As mistress of the rivers and the main.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

The moon put on her veil of light,
Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
That's both her lustre and her shade.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

The queen of night, whose large command
Rules all the sea, and half the land,
And over moist and crazy brains,
In high spring tide, at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the west,
To go to bed and take her rest.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Ye moon and stars bear witness to the truth!
DRYDEN.

That by certain signs we may presage
Of heats and rains and winds' impetuous rage,
The sovereign of the heav'ns has set on high
The moon, to mark the changes of the sky.
DRYDEN.

A glimpse of moonshine streak'd with red;
A shuffled, sullen, and uncertain light,
That dances through the clouds, and shuts again.
DRYDEN.

When the weary king gave place to night,
His beams he to his royal brother lent,
And so shone still in his reflective light.
DRYDEN.

To sicken waning moons too near the sun,
And blunt their crescents on the edge of day.
DRYDEN.

Deep in a cavern dwells the drowsy god,
Whose gloomy mansion nor the rising sun
Nor setting visits, nor the lightsome moon.
DRYDEN.

The moon was up, and shot a gleamy light;
He saw a quire of ladies in a round,
That featly footing seem'd to skim the ground.
DRYDEN.

From land a gentle breeze arose by night,
Serenely shone the stars, the moon was bright,
And the sea trembled with her silver light.
DRYDEN.

Cynthia, fair regent of the night,
O may thy silver lamp from heav'n's high bow'r
Direct my footsteps in the midnight hour.
GAY.

The moon! she is the source of sighs,
The very face to make us sad;
If but to think in other times
The same calm quiet look she had.
THOMAS HOOD.

The moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
MILTON.

The moon her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing through mid heav'n,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
Hence fills, and empties, to enlighten th' earth.
MILTON.

Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
MILTON.

What if that light
To the terrestrial moon be as a star,
Enlight'ning her by day, as she by night,
This earth reciprocal, if land be there,
Fields and inhabitants?
MILTON.

The moon in levell'd west was set.
MILTON.

Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy,
And moonstruck madness.
MILTON.

His pond'rous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon.
MILTON.

Missing thee I walk unseen
On the dry, smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon!
MILTON.

On such a blessed night as this,
I often think if friends were near
How we should feel, and gaze with bliss
Upon the moonlight scenery here!
MOORE.

Now, sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie;
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky.
POPE.

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere:
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.
POPE.

No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn.
POPE.

Behold the place, where if a poet
Shined in description, he might show it;
Tell how the moonbeam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls.
POPE.

Why does he wake the correspondent moon,
And fill her willing lamp with liquid light,
Commanding her with delegated pow'rs
To beautify the world, and bless the night?
PRIOR.

Hast thou appointed when the moon should rise,
And with her purple light adorn the skies?
Scored out the bounded sun's obliquer ways,
That he on all might spread his equal rays?
SANDYS.

The moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And, through this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter.
SHAKSPEARE.

O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
SHAKSPEARE.

I am weary of this moon: would he would change.
SHAKSPEARE.

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine,
Those clouds removed, upon our wat'ry eyne.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love.
SHAKSPEARE.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
SHAKSPEARE.

What, if within the moon's fair shining sphere,
What if in every other star unseen,
Of other worlds he happily should hear?
SPENSER.

This is fair Diana's case;
For all astrologers maintain
Each night a bit drops off her face,
When mortals say she's in her wane.
SWIFT.

Whence, glaring oft with many a broaden'd orb,
He frights the nations.
THOMSON.

The silver empress of the night,
O'erclouded, glimmers in a fainter light.
TICKELL.

As when a sort of wolves infest the night
With their wild howlings at fair Cynthia's light.
WALLER.

MORNING.

The dawn is overcast, the morning low'rs,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day.
ADDISON.

O'er yonder eastern hill the twilight pale
Walks forth from darkness; and the god of day,
With bright Astræa seated by his side,
Waits yet to leave the ocean.
AKENSIDE.

The rosy-finger'd morn did there disclose
Her beauty, ruddy as a blushing bride,
Gilding the marigold, painting the rose;
With Indian chrysolites her cheeks were dyed.
ROBERT BARON.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd, dim descried
In the lone valley, echoing far and wide;
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.
BEATTIE: *Minstrel.*

The diamond is by mighty monarchs worn,
Fair as the star that ushers in the morn.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Soon as Aurora from the blushing skies
Bids the great ruler of the day to rise,
No longer balmy sleep my limbs detains;
I hate its bondage and detest its chains.
EDMUND BURKE, *æt.* 16.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contain'd no tomb,
And glowing into day.
BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

Night wanes—the vapours round the mountains curl'd
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.
BYRON: *Lara.*

But mighty nature bounds as from her birth;
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;
Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.
BYRON: *Lara.*

There shall be love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,
And muse on nature with a poet's eye!
CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope.*

Soon as the white and red mix'd finger'd dame
Had gilt the mountains with her saffron flame.
CHAPMAN.

The morning, on her throne of gold,
Survey'd the vast world, by whose orient light
The nymph adorn'd me with attires as bright.
CHAPMAN.

The isle Ææa, where the palace stands
Of the early riser, with the rosy hands,
Active Aurora; where she loves to dance.
CHAPMAN.

Yet hath the morning sprinkled through the clouds
But half her tincture; and the sail of night
Sticks still upon the bosom of the air.
CHAPMAN.

Whistling winds like organs play'd,
Until their voluntaries made
The waken'd earth in odours rise,
To be her morning sacrifice.
JOHN CLEAVELAND.

This to rich Ophir's rising morn is known,
And stretch'd out far to the burnt swarthy zone.
COWLEY.

'Tis morning, and the sun with ruddy orb
Ascending fires th' horizon.
COWPER: *Task.*

Fly, fly, profane fogs! far hence fly away;
Taint not the pure streams of the springing day
With your dull influence; it is for you
To sit and scowl upon night's heavy brow.
CRASHAW.

My wakeful lay shall knock
At th' oriental gates, and duly mock
The early lark's shrill orisons, to be
An anthem at the day's nativity.
CRASHAW.

And through the night of error and dark doubt
Discern the dawn of truth's eternal ray,
As when the rosy morn buds into day.
CRASHAW.

I've seen the morning's lovely ray
Hover o'er the new-born day
With rosy wings so richly bright
As if he scorn'd to think of night;
When a ruddy storm, whose scowl
Made heaven's radiant face look foul,
Call'd for an untimely night
To blot the newly-blossom'd light.
CRASHAW.

Peace, good reader, do not weep;
Peace: the lovers are asleep;
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Till this stormy night be gone,
And the eternal morrow dawn;
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they waken with the light
Whose day shall never sleep in night.
CRASHAW.

Darkness we see emerges into light,
And shining suns descend to sable night:
Ev'n heaven itself receives another dye,
When wearied animals in slumbers lie
Of midnight ease; another, when the gray
Of morn preludes the splendour of the day.
DRYDEN.

Aurora had but newly chased the night,
And purpled o'er the sky with blushing light.
DRYDEN.

The moon grows sickly at the sight of day,
And early cocks have summon'd me away.
DRYDEN.

We will be with you ere the crowing cock
Salutes the light, and struts before his feather'd flock.
DRYDEN.

Now when the rosy morn began to rise,
And waved her saffron streamer through the skies.
DRYDEN.

'Twas ebbing darkness, past the mid of night,
And Phosphor, on the confines of the light,
Promised the sun, ere day began to spring;
The tuneful lark already stretch'd her wing,
And, flick'ring on her nest, made short essays to sing.
DRYDEN.

Scarce the dawning day began to spring,
As, at a signal giv'n, the street with clamours ring.
DRYDEN.

The morning lark, the messenger of day,
Saluted in her song the morning gray;
And soon the sun arose with beams so bright
That all th' horizon laugh'd to see the joyous sight.

DRYDEN.

When Aurora leaves our northern sphere,
She lights the downward heaven, and rises there.

DRYDEN.

For what the day devours, the nightly dew
Shall to the morn in pearly drops renew.

DRYDEN.

I watch'd the early glories of her eyes,
As men for daybreak watch the eastern skies.

DRYDEN.

At sunset to their ship they make return,
And snore secure on decks till rosy morn.

DRYDEN.

When the night and winter disappear,
The purple morning, rising with the year,
Salutes the spring.

DRYDEN.

Thou heav'n's alternate beauty can display,
The blush of morning and the milky-way.

DRYDEN.

And straight with inborn vigour, on the wing,
Like mountain larks, to the new morning sing.

DRYDEN.

'Tis sweet the blushing morn to view,
And plains adorn'd with pearly dew.

DRYDEN.

Now morn with rosy light had streak'd the sky;
Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily;
Address'd her early steps to Cynthia's fane.

DRYDEN.

The purple morning left her crimson bed,
And donn'd her robes of pure vermilion hue.

FAIRFAX.

Down from her eyes welled the pearles round
Upon the bright enamel of her face;
Such honey-drops on springing flowers are found,
When Phœbus holds the crimson morn in chase.

FAIRFAX.

Now honey-dews embalm the fragrant morn,
And the fair oak with luscious sweets adorn.

GARTH.

Soon the gray-eyed morning streaks the skies,
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies.

GAY.

O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear;
Then why does Cuddy leave his cot so rear?

GAY.

Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,
The healthy huntsman, with the cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn.

GAY: *Rural Sports.*

The waking dawn,
When night-fallen dews, by day's warm courtship won,
From reeking roses climb'd to kiss the sun;
Nature, new-blossom'd, shed her colours round,
The dew-bent primrose kiss'd the breeze-swept ground.

AARON HILL.

Stay! the cheerful chanticleer
Tells you that the time is near.

BEN JONSON.

It is, methinks, a morning full of fate!
It riseth slowly, as her sullen car
Had all the weights of sleep and death hung at it!

BEN JONSON: *Catiline.*

See! the dapple gray coursers of the morn
Beat up the light with their bright silver hoofs,
And chase it through the sky.

MARSTON: *Antonio and Melida.*

Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl.

MILTON.

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest bird.

MILTON.

Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray,
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds.

MILTON.

From before her vanish'd night,
Shot through with orient beams.

MILTON.

Thus, night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appear;
Not trick'd and frounced as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt.

MILTON.

The birds,
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.
MILTON.

For see, the morn,
Unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
Her rosy progress smiling.
MILTON.

Light
Shoots far into the bosom of dim night
A glimmering dawn.
MILTON.

When as sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that breathed
Their morning incense, came the human pair.
MILTON.

Not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly; or when morn
Purples the east.
MILTON.

To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east,
With first approach of light we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flow'ry arbours.
MILTON.

So all ere dayspring, under conscious night,
Secret they finish'd, and in order set.
MILTON.

Evening now approach'd
(For we have also our evening and our morn;
We ours for change delectable, not need).
MILTON.

Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
MILTON.

If earth, industrious of herself, fetch day
Travelling east; and with her part averse
From the sun's beam, meet night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray.
MILTON.

Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn.
MILTON.

As when a scout,
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night, at last, by break of cheerful dawn,
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill.
MILTON.

Thus wore out night; and now the herald lark
Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring, to descry
The morn's approach, and greet her with his song.
MILTON.

Now while the heav'n, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch.
MILTON.

The breath of heav'n fresh-blowing, pure and sweet,
With dayspring born, here leave me to respire.
MILTON.

Morning light
More orient in yon western cloud, that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white.
MILTON.

Now went forth the morn,
Such as in highest heav'n, array'd in gold
Empyreal.
MILTON.

Then first adorn'd
With their bright luminaries, that set and rose,
Glad ev'ning and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.
MILTON.

When fair morn orient in heav'n appear'd.
MILTON.

Thus sung the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray.
MILTON.

The lark begins his flight
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise. MILTON.

Early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumb'ring leaves, or tassel'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about.
MILTON.

While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin;
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before.
MILTON.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
MILTON.

But now the clouds in airy tumults fly;
The sun emerging opes the azure sky;
A fresher green the smiling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day.
PARNELL: *Hermit.*

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose.
PARNELL: *Hermit.*

The purple morning, rising with the year,
Salutes the spring, as her celestial eyes
Adorn the world, and brightens up the skies.
POPE.

All bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his evening beams the west adorn.
POPE.

Safely I slept, till brightly dawning shone
The morn, conspicuous on her golden throne.
POPE.

To the limpid stream direct thy way,
When the gay morn unveils her smiling ray.
POPE.

Uprose the virgin with the morning light,
Obedient to the vision of the night.
POPE.

When from dewy shade emerging bright
Aurora streaks the day with orient light,
Let each deplore his dead.
POPE.

All the night they stem the liquid way,
And end the voyage with the morning ray.
POPE.

Now Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy lustre purpled o'er the lawn.
POPE.

When rosy morning glimmer'd o'er the dales.
POPE.

On morning wings how active springs the mind!
How easy every labour it pursues,
How coming to the poet ev'ry muse!
POPE: *Horace.*

Yet are able only to survey
Dawnings of beams, and promises of day.
PRIOR.

Now let us leave this earth, and lift our eye
To the large convex of yon azure sky;
Behold it like an ample curtain spread,
Now streak'd and glowing with the morning red;
Anon at noon in flaming yellow bright,
And choosing sable for the peaceful night.
PRIOR.

Day glimmer'd in the east, and the white moon
Hung like a vapour in the cloudless sky.
ROGERS: *Italy.*

See! the night wears away, and cheerful morn,
All sweet and fresh, spreads from the rosy east;
Fair nature seems revived, and e'en my heart
Sits light and jocund at the day's return.
ROWE: *Royal Consort.*

The rich dale that eastward lay
Waited the wakening touch of day,
To give its woods and cultured plain,
And towers and spires, to light again.
SIR W. SCOTT: *Rokeby.*

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards.
SHAKSPEARE.

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire.
SHAKSPEARE.

It was the lark, the herald of the morn.
SHAKSPEARE.

The day begins to break, and night is fled;
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
SHAKSPEARE.

Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.
SHAKSPEARE.

See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a yonker, prancing to his love!
SHAKSPEARE.

But soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
SHAKSPEARE.

I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye:
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.
SHAKSPEARE.

An hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd through the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad.
SHAKSPEARE.

Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass.
SHAKSPEARE.

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray.
SHAKSPEARE.

Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.
SHAKSPEARE.

The wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front.
SHAKSPEARE.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies.
SHAKSPEARE.

But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
SHAKSPEARE.

Yon gray lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.
SHAKSPEARE.

Temperate as the morn.
SHAKSPEARE.

Bid the cheek be ready with a blush,
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus.
SHAKSPEARE.

But even then the morning cock crew loud.
SHAKSPEARE.

Hark! hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer.
SHAKSPEARE.

The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day.
SHAKSPEARE.

The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn.
SHAKSPEARE.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
SHAKSPEARE.

Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
As is the diff'rence betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.
SHAKSPEARE.

The golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glist'ring coach.
SHAKSPEARE.

It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw, cold morning.
SHAKSPEARE.

The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
SHAKSPEARE.

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light.
SHAKSPEARE.

So soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtain from Aurora's bed.
SHAKSPEARE.

The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path, and Titan's fiery wheels.
SHAKSPEARE.

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down-flows.
SHAKSPEARE.

As the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness; so the rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.
SHAKSPEARE.

Day had awakened all things that be,
The lark and the thrush and the swallow free;
And the milk-maid's song, and the mower's scythe,
And the matin-bell, and the mountain bee.
SHELLEY.

When merry May first early calls the morn,
With merry maids a-maying they do go.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

Early, before the morn with crimson ray
The windows of bright heaven open'd had,
Through which into the world the dawning day
Might look, that maketh every creature glad,
Uprose Sir Guyon. SPENSER.

Bright as doth the morning star appear,
Out of the east with flaming locks bedight,
To tell the dawning day is drawing near.
SPENSER.

Scarcely had Phœbus in the glowing east
Yet harnessed his fiery-footed team,
Ne rear'd above the earth his flaming crest,
When the last deadly smoke aloft did steam.
SPENSER.

And cheerful chanticleer, with his note shrill,
Had warned once that Phœbus' fiery car
In haste was climbing up the eastern hill.
SPENSER.

At last the golden oriental gate
Of greatest heaven 'gan to open fair;
And Phœbus, fresh as bridegroom to his mate,
Came dancing forth, shaking his dewy hair,
And hurl'd his glist'ring beams through gloomy air.
SPENSER.

With princely pace,
As fair Aurora in her purple pall
Out of the east the dawning day doth call;
So forth she comes. SPENSER.

The morrow fair with purple beams
Dispersed the shadows of the misty night.
SPENSER.

Make haste, sweet love, whilst it is prime,
For none can call again the passed time.
SPENSER.

At last fair Hesperus in his highest sky
Had spent his lamp, and brought forth dawning light.
SPENSER.

When the rosy-finger'd morning fair,
Weary of aged Tithon's saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robe through dewy air.
SPENSER.

Morn, in the white wake of the morning star,
Came furrowing all the orient into gold.
TENNYSON.

Observant of approaching day,
The meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint gleaming in the dappled east;
Till far o'er ether spreads the wid'ning glow,
And from before the lustre of her face,
While break the clouds away, with quicken'd step
Brown night retires: young day pours in apace,
And opens all a lawny prospect wide.
THOMSON.

Morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous.
THOMSON.

Ev'ry muse,
And ev'ry blooming pleasure, wait without
To bless the wildly devious morning walk.
THOMSON.

Aurora sheds
On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower.
THOMSON.

The lengthen'd night elapsed, the morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
And now the morning sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.
THOMSON: *Seasons.*

The gray morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch
Exterminate by love.
THOMSON: *Spring.*

Hail to the joyous day! with purple clouds
The whole horizon glows. The breezy spring
Stands loosely floating on the mountain-top,
And deals her sweets around. The sun, too, seems,
As conscious of my joy, with brighter beams
To gild the happy world.
THOMSON: *Sophonisba.*

Rest, sweet as dew-drops on the flow'ry lawns
When the sky opens, and the morning dawns!
TICKELL.

Middling his head, and prone to earth his view,
With ears and chest that dash the morning dew.
TICKELL.

Like bright Aurora, whose refulgent ray
Foretells the fervour of ensuing day,
And warns the shepherd with his flocks retreat
To leafy shadows, from the threaten'd heat.
WALLER.

Fairest blossom! do not slight
That age which you may know so soon;
The rosy morn resigns her light
And milder glory to the moon.
WALLER.

Lo, on the eastern summit, clad in gray,
Morn, like a horseman girt for travel, comes,
And from his tower of mist
Night's watchman hurries down.
H. K. WHITE.

MOTHER.

My mother!—manhood's anxious brow
And sterner cares have long been mine;
Yet turn I to thee fondly now,
As when upon thy bosom's shrine
My infant griefs were gently hush'd to rest,
And thy low whisper'd prayers my slumber bless'd.
GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

I miss thee, my mother, when young health has fled,
And I sink in the languor of pain;
Where, where is the arm that once pillow'd my head,
And the ear that once heard me complain?
Other hands may support me, gentle accents may fall,—
For the fond and the true are still mine:
I've a blessing for each; I am grateful to all,—
But whose care can be soothing as thine?
ELIZA COOK.

Oh that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me.
COWPER:
On the Receipt of his Mother's Picture.

Begin, auspicious boy, to cast about
Thy infant eyes, and with a smile thy mother single out.
DRYDEN.

I have not wept this forty years; but now
My mother comes afresh into my eyes.
DRYDEN.

His loving mother left him to my care,—
Fine child, as like his dad as he could stare!
GAY.

When yet was ever found a mother
Who'd give her booby for another?
GAY: *Fables.*

And what still more his stagg'ring virtue tried,
His mother, tut'ress of that virtue, died.
WALTER HARTE.

There is none
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart!
MRS. HEMANS: *Siege of Valencia.*

A mother's love—how sweet the name!
What is a mother's love?
A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould;
The warmest love that can grow cold,—
This is a mother's love.
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Sweet is the image of the brooding dove!
Holy as heaven a mother's tender love!
The love of many prayers, and many tears,
Which changes not with dim, declining years;
The only love which on this teeming earth
Asks no return for passion's wayward birth.
MRS. NORTON: *Dream.*

Ah! bless'd are they for whom, 'mid all their pains,
That faithful and unalter'd love remains;
Who, life wreck'd round them—hunted from their rest—
And by all else forsaken or distress'd,
Claim in one heart their sanctuary and shrine,
As I, my mother, claim'd my place in thine!
MRS. NORTON.

Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky.
POPE: *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.*

These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-crazed mother to a many sons.
SHAKSPEARE.

I had not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.
SHAKSPEARE.

Absent many a year
Far o'er the sea, his sweetest dreams were still
Of that dear voice that soothed his infancy.
SOUTHEY.

Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay.
TENNYSON: *Princess.*

MOURNING.

Away! we know that tears are vain,
That death ne'er heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain,
Or make one mourner weep the less?
BYRON.

And you, fair widow, who stay here alive,
Since he so much rejoices, cease to grieve;
Your joys and pains were wont the same to be;
Begin not now, blest pair! to disagree.
COWLEY.

Not to understand a treasure's worth
Till time has stol'n away the slightest good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is.
COWPER.

None acted mournings forced to show,
Or squeeze his eyes to make the torrent flow.
DRYDEN.

Thrice horse and foot about the fires are led,
And thrice with loud laments they wail the dead.
DRYDEN.

Behold the turtle who has lost her mate:
Awhile with drooping wings she mourns his fate;
But time the rueful image wears away,
Again she's cheer'd, again she seeks the day.
GAY: *Dione.*

My only strength and stay! forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me? where subsist?
MILTON.

O thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!
MOORE.

Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays.
POPE.

Friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the puppet show.
POPE.

Why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on?
SHAKSPEARE.

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.
SHAKSPEARE.

To persevere
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief.
SHAKSPEARE.

So fair and fresh as fairest flower in May:
For she had laid her mournful stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple thrown away.
SPENSER.

Up then, Melpomene, the mournful muse of nine;
Such cause of mourning never hadst afore:
Up, grisly ghosts; and up, my rueful rhyme;
Matter of mirth now shalt thou have no more.
SPENSER.

But O! for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!
TENNYSON.

I said, The years with change advance;
If I make dark my countenance,
I shut my life from happier chance.
TENNYSON.

Where though I mourn my matchless loss alone,
And none between my weakness judge and me,
Yet even these gentle walls allow my moan,
Whose doleful echoes to my plaints agree.
WOTTON.

He mourns the dead who live as they desire.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

MUSIC.

Music can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love,
With unsuspected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with secret art.
ADDISON.

There is a charm, a power, that sways the breast;
Bids every passion revel or be still;
Inspires with rage, or all our cares dissolves;
Can soothe distraction, and almost despair:
That power is music.
DR. JOHN ARMSTRONG:
Art of Preserving Health.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born?
BEATTIE: *Minstrel.*

Such are the subtle strings in tension found,
Like those of lutes, to just proportion wound,
Which of the air's vibration is the force.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

There's music in the sighing of a reed;
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things, if men had ears;
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.
BYRON.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung.
COLLINS: *The Passions.*

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid!
COLLINS: *The Passions.*

Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read that things inanimate have moved,
And as with living souls have been inform'd
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
CONGREVE.

The example of the heav'nly lark,
Thy fellow-poet, Cowley, mark!
Above the skies let thy proud music sound,
Thy humble nest build on the ground.
COWLEY.

Water and air he for the tenor chose,
Earth made the base, the treble flame arose.
COWLEY.

The fighting winds would stop there and admire,
Learning consent and concord from his lyre.
COWLEY.

As when two brethren strings are set alike,
To move them both, but one of them we strike.
COWLEY.

Music of sighs thou shalt not hear,
Nor drink one lover's tasteful tear.
COWLEY.

How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet! now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on.
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where mem'ry slept. Wherever I have heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And with it all its pleasures and its pains.
COWPER: *Task.*

Many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall,
A full-mouth'd diapason swallows all.
CRASHAW.

Next shines the harp, and through the liquid skies
The shell, as lightest, first begins to rise;
This when sweet Orpheus struck, to list'ning rocks
He senses gave, and ears to wither'd oaks.
CREECH.

Th' organ-sound a time survives the stop
Before it doth the dying note give up.
DANIEL.

We must not blame Apollo, but his lute,
If false accords from her false strings be sent.
SIR J. DAVIES.

The harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Call in sweet music. I have heard soft airs
Can charm our senses and expel our cares.
SIR J. DENHAM.

On their exalted wings
To the celestial orbs they climb,
And with th' harmonious spheres keep time.
SIR J. DENHAM.

When by the gamut some musicians make
A perfect song, others will undertake,
By the same gamut changed, to equal it:
Things simply good can never be unfit.
DONNE.

Or as a lute, which in moist weather rings
Her knell alone, by cracking of her strings.
DONNE.

The trembling lute some touch, some strain the viol best.

DRAYTON.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began;
From harmony, from harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

DRYDEN.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

DRYDEN.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher;
When to her organ vocal breath was giv'n,
An angel heard,
And straight appear'd,
Mistaking earth for heav'n.

DRYDEN.

Ye brethren of the lyre and tuneful voice,
Lament his lot; but at your own rejoice:
Now live secure, and linger out your days;
The gods are pleased alone with Purcell's lays.

DRYDEN.

Discord, like that of music's various parts;
Discord, that makes the harmony of hearts;
Discord, that only this dispute shall bring,
Who best shall love the duke and serve the king.

DRYDEN.

Had Orpheus sung it in the nether sphere,
So much the hymn had pleased the tyrant's ear,
The wife had been detain'd to keep her husband there.

DRYDEN.

Their instruments were various in their kind;
Some for the bow, and some for breathing wind.

DRYDEN.

None can animate the lyre,
And the mute strings with vocal souls inspire,
As Helen, in whose eyes ten thousand Cupids dwell.

DRYDEN.

The minstrels play'd on every side,
Vain of their art, and for the mastery vied.

DRYDEN.

The new-born Phœnix takes his way;
Of airy choristers a numerous train
Attend his progress.

DRYDEN.

What passion cannot music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His list'ning brethren stood around.

DRYDEN.

Their heavenly harps a lower strain began,
And in soft music mourn the fall of man.

DRYDEN.

Give me some music: look that it be sad.

DRYDEN.

Æthereal music did her death prepare,
Like joyful sounds of spousals in the air.

DRYDEN.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
For the fair disdainful dame.

DRYDEN.

The lute still trembles underneath thy nail:
At thy well-sharpen'd thumb, from shore to shore
The trebles squeak for fear, the bases roar.

DRYDEN.

So ceased the rival crew when Purcell came;
They sung no more, or only sung his fame:
Struck dumb, they all admired.

DRYDEN.

And oft with holy hymns he charm'd their ears,
And music more melodious than the spheres.

DRYDEN.

Tune your harps,
Ye angels, to that sound; and thou, my heart,
Make room to entertain thy flowing joy.

DRYDEN.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

DRYDEN.

Clad like a country swain, he piped, he sung,
And playing drove his jolly troop along.

DRYDEN.

And then mortal ears
Had heard the music of the spheres.

DRYDEN.

Nor wanted tuneful harp, nor vocal quire;
The muses sung, Apollo touch'd the lyre.

DRYDEN.

Sweet voices, mixt with instrumental sounds,
Ascend the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof rebounds.
DRYDEN.

With pleasure Argus the musician heeds,
But wonders much at those new vocal reeds.
DRYDEN.

Tears trickling down their breasts bedew the ground,
And drums and trumpets mix their mournful sound.
DRYDEN.

He tuned his notes both evensong and morn.
DRYDEN.

The band of flutes began to play,
To which a lady sung a virelay:
And still at every close she would repeat
The burden of the song, "The daisy is so sweet!"
DRYDEN.

By her awaked, the woodland choir
To hail the common god prepares;
And tempts me to resume the lyre,
Soft warbling to the vernal airs.
FENTON.

Bowzybeus, who could sweetly sing
Or with the rosin'd bow torment the string.
GAY.

Let elegiac lay the woe relate,
Soft as the breath of distant flute.
GAY.

Take thy harp, and melt thy maid;
Play, my friend, and charm the charmer.
GRANVILLE.

Though cheerfulness and I have long been strangers,
Harmonious sounds are still delightful to me:
There's sure no passion in the human soul
But finds its food in music.
LILLO: *Fatal Curiosity.*

The sound
Of instruments, that made melodious chime,
Was heard of harp and organ; and who moved
Their stops, and chords, was seen; his volant touch,
Instinct through all proportions, low and high,
Fled, and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.
MILTON.

Harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
MILTON

Their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tuned, that glitter'd by their side.
MILTON.

All sounds on fret by string or golden wire
Temper'd soft tunings intermix'd with voice,
Choral or unison.
MILTON.

In an organ from one blast of wind
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
MILTON.

And the cherubic host, in thousand choirs,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires.
MILTON.

They touch'd their golden harps, and hymning praised
God and his works.
MILTON.

A fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies, and voices sweet.
MILTON.

The harp
Had work, and rested not; the solemn pipe,
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop.
MILTON.

The sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tuned
Angelic harmonies.
MILTON.

They move
In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders.
MILTON.

Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts.
MILTON.

Then straight commands, that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud, and clarions, be uprear'd
The mighty standard.
MILTON.

Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie
To lull the daughters of Necessity.
MILTON: *Arcades.*

Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear,
Divine instructor! I have heard, than when
Cherubic songs by night from neighbouring hills
Aerial music send.
MILTON.

Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal.
MILTON: *Comus.*

At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even silence
Was took ere she was 'ware, and wish'd she might
Deny her nature and be never more,
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death.
MILTON: *Comus.*

Harry, whose tuneful and well-measured song
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas' ears, committing short and long.
MILTON: *To Mr. H. Lawes.*

Such music as, 'tis said,
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung.
MILTON: *Hymn on Christ's Nativity.*

The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.
MILTON: *Hymn on Christ's Nativity.*

There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may, with sweetness through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.
MILTON: *Il Penseroso.*

Come! but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy wrapt soul sitting in thine eyes.
MILTON: *Il Penseroso.*

And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen genius of the wood.
MILTON: *Il Penseroso.*

Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have set quite free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
MILTON: *L'Allegro.*

And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.
MILTON: *L'Allegro.*

Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.
MILTON: *L'Allegro.*

Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound:
Me softer airs befit, and softer strings
Of lute, or viol, still more apt for mournful things.
MILTON: *The Passion.*

Music! Oh, how faint, how weak,
Language fails before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,—
Love's are e'en more false than they:—
Oh! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!
MOORE.

But the gentlest of all are those sounds full of feeling
That soft from the lute of some lover are stealing,—
Some lover who knows all the heart-touching power
Of a lute and a sigh in the magical hour.
MOORE.

Sweet notes! they tell of former peace,
Of all that look'd so rapturous then;—
Now wither'd, lost—oh! pray thee, cease!
I cannot hear those sounds again!
MOORE.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
POPE.

By music minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low:
Warriors she fires with animated sounds,
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds.
POPE.

The lute neglected, and the lyric muse,
Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
And tuned my heart to elegies of woe.
POPE.

Music resembles poetry: in each
Are nameless graces, which no methods teach,
And which a master's hand alone can reach!
POPE.

Novel lays attract our ravish'd ears;
But old, the mind with inattention hears.
POPE.

So swells each windpipe; ass intones to ass,
Harmonic twang of leather, horn, and brass.
POPE.

Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes;
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
Till, by degrees remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away
In a dying, dying fall.
POPE.

Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies.
POPE.

If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft assuasive voice supplies.
POPE.

To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.
POPE.

Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.
POPE.

When the soul is sunk with cares,
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
POPE.

Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire;
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
POPE.

Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.
POPE.

Hear how Timotheus' various lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While at each change the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love.
POPE.

Thy words like music every breast control,
Steal through the air, and win upon the soul.
POPE.

If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that heaven had left him still
The whisp'ring zephyr, and the purling rill!
POPE.

With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell.
POPE.

He sung, and hell consented
To hear the poet's pray'r;
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
POPE.

While in more lengthen'd notes and slow
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
POPE.

Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And base and treble voices strike the skies.
POPE.

One dip the pencil, and one touch the lyre.
POPE.

Sounds the tough horn, and twangs the quiv'ring string.
POPE.

In a sadly pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain.
POPE.

Descend, ye nine; descend and sing;
The breathing instrument inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre.
POPE.

No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear;
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more.
POPE.

Often our seers and poets have confest
That music's force can tame the furious beast;
Can make the wolf, or foaming boar, restrain
His rage; the lion drop his crested mane,
Attentive to the song; the lynx forget
His wrath to man, and lick the minstrel's feet.
Are we, alas! less savage yet than these?
Else music, sure, may human cares appease.
PRIOR.

Your lute may wind its strings but little higher
To tune their notes to that immortal choir.
PRIOR.

From the soft lyre,
Sweet flute, and ten-string'd instrument, require
Sounds of delight.
PRIOR.

The artful youth proceed to form the quire;
They breathe the flute, or strike the vocal wire.
PRIOR.

When Pedro does the lute command,
She guides the cunning artist's hand.
PRIOR.

The captives, as their tyrant shall require,
That they should breathe the song, and touch the lyre,
Shall say: Can Jacob's servile race rejoice,
Untuned the music, and disused the voice?
PRIOR.

Then came rich clothes and graceful action in,
Then instruments were taught more moving notes.
ROSCOMMON.

Charm'd by these strings, trees, starting from the ground,
Have follow'd with delight the powerful sound.
ROSCOMMON.

E'en rage itself is cheer'd with music:
It wakes a glad remembrance of our youth,
Calls back past joys, and warms us into transport.
ROWE.

The string that jars
When rudely touch'd, ungrateful to the sense,
With pleasure feels the master's flying fingers,
Swells into harmony, and charms the hearers.
ROWE.

Strike the melodious harp, shrill timbrels ring,
And to the warbling lute soft ditties sing.
SANDYS.

Praise with timbrels, organs, flutes;
Praise with violins and lutes.
SANDYS.

Praise with trumpets, pierce the skies,
Praise with harps and psalteries.
SANDYS

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.
SHAKSPEARE.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.
SHAKSPEARE.

Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
SHAKSPEARE.

Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
SHAKSPEARE.

This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air.
SHAKSPEARE.

Oh! had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble like aspen leaves upon a lute.
SHAKSPEARE.

Play that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.
SHAKSPEARE.

Give me some music! music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
SHAKSPEARE.

She taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry.
SHAKSPEARE.

Ev'ry thing that heard him play,
Ev'n the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by;
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.
SHAKSPEARE.

A thousand twanging instruments
Will hum about mine ear.
SHAKSPEARE.

One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony.
SHAKSPEARE.

Music in the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last.
SHAKSPEARE.

This music mads me; let it sound no more;
For though it have help'd madmen to their wits,
In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
SHAKSPEARE.

I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song.
SHAKSPEARE.

Visit by night your lady's chamber window
With some sweet concert; to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump: the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
SHAKSPEARE.

Music do I hear?
Ha! ha! keep time. How sour sweet music is
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
SHAKSPEARE.

Being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament.
SHAKSPEARE.

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
SHAKSPEARE.

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance.
SHAKSPEARE.

Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant.
SHAKSPEARE.

Make all our trumpets speak, give them all breath,
Those clam'rous harbingers of blood and death.
SHAKSPEARE.

The choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung Te Deum.
SHAKSPEARE.

My tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp,
Or like a cunning instrument cased up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
SHAKSPEARE.

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And hark what discord follows.
SHAKSPEARE.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
SHAKSPEARE.

I'm never merry when I hear sweet music;
The reason is, your spirits are attentive.
SHAKSPEARE.

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music.
SHAKSPEARE.

Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
SHAKSPEARE.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
SHAKSPEARE.

But my rude music, which was wont to please
Some dainty ears, cannot with any skill
The dreadful tempest of her wrath appease,
Nor move the dolphin from her stubborn will;
But in her pride she doth persevere still.
SPENSER.

And after to his palace he them brings,
With shawms, and trumpets, and with clarions sweet;
And all the way the joyous people sings.
SPENSER.

Hark how the minstrels 'gin to shrill aloud
Their merry music that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling crowd,
That well agree withouten breach or jar.
SPENSER.

Calliope with muses moe,
Soon as thy oaten pipe begun to sound,
Their ivory lutes and tamborines forego.
SPENSER.

Or is thy bagpipe broke, that sounds so sweet?
Or art thou of thy loved lass forlorn?
SPENSER.

Forgetful of the famous golden fleece,
Then Orpheus with his harp their strife did bar.
SPENSER.

Arion, when through tempest cruel wreck
He forth was thrown into the greedy seas,
Through the sweet music which his harp did make,
Allured a dolphin him from death to ease.
SPENSER.

The damsels they delight
When they their timbrels smite,
And thereunto dance and carol sweet.
SPENSER.

When in hand my tuneless harp I take,
Then do I more augment my foes' despight.
SPENSER.

Then 'gan triumphant trumpets sound on high.
SPENSER.

She more sweet than any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes amongst them bear a part,
And strive to pass, as she could well enow,
Their native music by her skilful art.
SPENSER.

And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throats,
The choristers the joyous anthem sing.
SPENSER.

Music, which gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.
TENNYSON.

To souls oppress'd and dumb with grief,
The gods ordain this kind relief,
That music should in sounds convey
What dying lovers dare not say.
WALLER.

Music so softens and disarms the mind
That not an arrow does resistance find.
WALLER.

Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
I might, like Orpheus, with my num'rous moan
Melt to compassion.
WALLER.

NATURE.

Yet what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art?
ADDISON.

Virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.
ADDISON.

O nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!
BEATTIE: *Minstrel.*

That clearer marks of masterly design,
Of wise contrivance, and of judgment, shine
In all the parts of nature, we assert,
Than in the brightest works of human art.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

What controlling cause
Makes water, in contempt of nature's laws,
Climb up, and gain th' aspiring mountain's height?
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

You swim a-top, and on the surface strive,
But to the depths of nature never dive.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Survey
Nature's extended face, then, skeptics, say,
In this wide world of wonders can you find
No art?
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;
Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home;
Where a blue sky and glowing clime extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam:
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
Were unto him companionship; they spake
A mutual language, clearer than the tone
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
For nature's pages glazed by sunbeams on the lake.
BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

Heav'n bestows
At home all riches that wise nature needs.
COWLEY.

Nature in man capacious souls hath wrought,
And given them voice expressive of their thought;
In man the God descends, and joys to find
The narrow image of his greater mind.
CREECH.

Nature in man's heart her laws doth pen,
Prescribing truth to wit, and good to will.
SIR J. DAVIES.

The work the touchstone of the nature is;
And by their operations things are known.
SIR J. DAVIES.

For her true form how can my spark discern,
Which, dim by nature, art did never clear?
SIR J. DAVIES.

Ev'ry senseless thing, by nature's light,
Doth preservation seek, destruction shun.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Since nature fails us in no needful thing,
Why want I means my inward self to see?
SIR J. DAVIES.

This doctrine doth not enter by the ear,
But of itself is native in the breast.
SIR J. DAVIES.

And nature, which all acts of life designs,
Not like ill poets in the last declines.
SIR J. DENHAM.

None
Can say, here nature ends, and art begins,
But mixt like th' elements, and born like twins,
So interweaved, so like, so much the same:
None, this mere nature, this mere art, can name.
SIR J. DENHAM.

To worthiest things,
Virtue, art, beauty, fortune, now I see,
Rareness or use, not nature, value brings;
And such as they are circumstanced they be.
DONNE.

Unhappy man! to break the pious laws
Of nature, pleading in his children's cause:
Howe'er the doubtful fact is understood,
The love of honour and his country's good;
The consul, not the father, sheds the blood.
DRYDEN.

Fain would I choose a middle course to steer;
Nature's too kind, and justice too severe.
DRYDEN.

When casting up his eyes against the light,
Both month, and day, and hour, he measured right,
And told more truly than the ephemeris;
For art may err, but nature cannot miss.
DRYDEN.

He look'd like nature's error: as the mind
And body were not of a piece design'd,
But made for two, and by mistake in one were join'd.
DRYDEN.

By viewing nature, nature's handmaid, art,
Makes mighty things from small beginnings grow;
Thus fishes first to shipping did impart,
Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow.
DRYDEN.

Nature, that rude, and in her first essay,
Stood boggling at the roughness of the way,
Used to the road, unknowing to return,
Goes boldly on, and loves the path when worn.
DRYDEN.

This law, though custom now directs the course,
As nature's institute is yet in force,
Uncancell'd, though disused.
DRYDEN.

Fly in nature's face!
But how if nature fly in my face first?
Then nature's the aggressor. Let her look to 't.
DRYDEN.

To study nature will thy time employ;
Knowledge and innocence are perfect joy.
DRYDEN.

Their customs are by nature wrought;
But we, by art, unteach what nature taught.
DRYDEN.

For from all tempers he could service draw;
The worth of each, with its allay, he knew;
And, as the confidant of nature, saw
How she complexions did divide and brew.
DRYDEN.

Our dame sits cow'ring o'er a kitchen fire;
I draw fresh air, and nature's works admire.
DRYDEN.

All these are ours, all nature's excellence,
Whose taste or smell can bless the feasted sense.
DRYDEN.

Who great in search of God and nature grow,
They best the wise Creator's praise declare.
DRYDEN.

So bounded are our natural desires,
That wanting all, and setting pain aside,
With bare privation sense is satisfied.
DRYDEN.

Shall man from nature's sanction stray,
A rebel to her rightful sway?
FENTON.

To me, more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village.*

This is the utmost stretch that nature can,
And all beyond is fulsome, false, and vain.
GRANVILLE.

Nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweets,
Wild above rule, or art, enormous bliss!
MILTON.

Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed
In unsuperfluous, even proportion,
And she no whit encumber'd with her store.
MILTON.

Nature's own work it seem'd (nature taught art),
And, to a superstitious eye, the haunt
Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs.
MILTON.

How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.
MILTON.

Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain.
MILTON.

My hopes all flat, nature within me seems,
In all her functions, weary of herself.
MILTON.

But errs not nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend?
POPE.

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said, Let Newton be; and all was light.
POPE.

Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs, assign'd;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force.
POPE.

Judge we by nature? habit can efface;
Opinions? they still take a wider range.
POPE.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, is yet in all the same;
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To Him no high, no low, no great, no small:
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
POPE.

Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
POPE.

Some objects please our eyes
Which out of nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
POPE.

Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty must to all impart:
At once the source, and end, and test of art.
POPE.

See what the charms that smite the simple heart,
Not touch'd by nature, and not reach'd by art.
POPE.

Love, duty, safety, summon us away;
'Tis nature's voice, and nature we obey.
POPE.

First follow nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same.
POPE.

What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam;
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green.
POPE.

What makes all physical and moral ill?
There nature deviates, and here wanders will.
POPE.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
In all let nature never be forgot.
POPE.

Simple nature to his hope has giv'n
Beyond the cloud-capt hill an humbler heav'n.
POPE.

All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.
POPE.

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God.
POPE.

Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to man.
POPE.

How mean the order and perfection sought
In the best product of the human thought,
Compared to the great harmony that reigns
In what the spirit of the world ordains!
PRIOR.

Lay the rough paths of peevish nature ev'n,
And open in each heart a little heav'n.
PRIOR.

No natural exhalation in the sky,
No 'scape of nature, no distemper'd day,
But they would pluck away its nat'ral cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs.
SHAKSPEARE.

Our natures do pursue
(Like rats that ravin down their proper bane)
A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.
SHAKSPEARE.

Nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.
SHAKSPEARE.

It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect,
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature.
SHAKSPEARE.

There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.
SHAKSPEARE.

I that am curtail'd of man's fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd.
SHAKSPEARE.

Every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed.

SHAKSPEARE.

Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor—
Both thanks and use.

SHAKSPEARE.

Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound; wherefore should I
Stand to the plague of custom?

SHAKSPEARE.

This is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.

SHAKSPEARE.

There's no such thing in nature; and you'll draw
A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.

SHEFFIELD: *Essay on Poetry.*

There lavish nature, in her best attire,
Pours forth sweet odours and alluring sights;
And art with her contending doth aspire
T' excel the natural with made delights.

SPENSER.

Is it her nature, or is it her will,
To be so cruel to an humble foe?
If nature, then she may it mend with skill;
If will, then she at will may will forego.

SPENSER.

Would they think with how small allowance
Untroubled nature doth herself suffice,
Such superfluities they would despise.

SPENSER.

Nature, disturb'd,
Is deem'd vindictive to have changed her course.

THOMSON.

O nature!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works:
Snatch me to heaven.

THOMSON.

Who can paint
Like nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers,
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows?

THOMSON: *Seasons.*

With piercing eye some search where nature plays,
And trace the wanton through her darksome maze.

TICKELL.

Look nature through: 'tis revolution all;
All change; no death. Day follows night, and night
The dying day; stars rise, and set, and rise;
Earth takes th' example.

YOUNG.

Such blessings nature pours,
O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores;
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flow'rs and spreads her velvet green.

YOUNG.

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
These few wants, answer'd, bring sincere delights;
But fools create themselves new appetites.

YOUNG.

What nature wants has an intrinsic weight,
All more is but the fashion of the plate.

YOUNG.

NEW YEAR.

Let this auspicious morning be express'd
With a white stone distinguish'd from the rest,
White as thy fame, and as thy honour clear;
And let new joys attend on thy new-added year.

DRYDEN.

Madam, new years may well expect to find
Welcome from you, to whom they are so kind:
Still as they pass, they court and smile on you,
And make your beauty, as themselves, seem new.

WALLER.

NEWS.

Each mind is press'd, and open every ear,
To hear new tidings, though they no way joy us.

FAIRFAX.

If 't be summer news,
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.

SHAKSPEARE.

Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

SHAKSPEARE.

The first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.
SHAKSPEARE.

NIGHT.

O mysterious night!
Thou art not silent: many tongues hast thou!
JOANNA BAILLIE: *De Montfort.*

O night, when good men rest, and infants sleep,
Thou art to me no season of repose,
But a fear'd time of waking more intense,
Of life more keen, of misery more palpable.
JOANNA BAILLIE: *Ethwald.*

This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
And Wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.
MRS. BARBAULD:
Summer Evening Meditation.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove.
BEATTIE: *Hermit.*

Of night impatient, we demand the day;
The day arrives, and for the night we pray.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

The night
Shows stars and women in a better light.
BYRON.

All was so still, so soft, in earth and air,
You scarce would start to meet a spirit there;
Secure that naught of evil could delight
To walk in such a scene, on such a night.
BYRON: *Lara.*

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains. Beautiful!
I linger yet with nature; for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness
I learn'd the language of another world.
BYRON: *Manfred.*

By the revolution of the skies,
Night's sable shadows from the ocean rise.
SIR J. DENHAM.

A sudden darkness covers all;
True genuine night: night added to the groves.
DRYDEN.

The diligence of trade, and noiseful gain,
And luxury, more late, asleep were laid:
All was the night's: and in her silent reign
No sound the rest of nature did invade.
DRYDEN.

All things are hush'd, as nature's self lay dead.
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head;
The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
And sleeping flowers beneath the night-dews sweat.
DRYDEN.

They leave the shady realms of night,
And, clothed in bodies, breathe your upper light.
DRYDEN.

Whose little intervals of night are broke
By sparks that drive against his sacred face.
DRYDEN.

The night seems double with the fear she brings.
DRYDEN.

There, as they say, perpetual night is found,
In silence brooding on th' unhappy ground.
DRYDEN.

Dissembling sleep, but wakeful with the fright,
The day takes off the pleasure of the night.
DRYDEN.

So whirl the seas, such darkness blinds the sky,
That the black night receives a deeper dye.
DRYDEN.

Darkness, we see, emerges into light;
And shining suns descend to sable night.
DRYDEN.

Adoring first the genius of the place,
And night, and all the stars that gild her sable throne.
DRYDEN.

Of close escapes the aged patroness,
Blacker than erst, her sable mantle spread.
FAIRFAX.

Now night in silent state begins to rise,
And twinkling orbs bestrow th' uncloudy skies;
Her borrow'd lustre growing Cynthia lends.
GAY.

How Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.
GAY.

The sun was set; the night came on apace,
And falling dews bewet around the place;
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
And the hoarse owl his woeful dirges sings.
GAY: *Shepherd's Week.*

So travellers, who waste the day,
Noting at length the setting sun,
They mend their pace as night comes on.
GRANVILLE.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.
LONGFELLOW.

And the night shall be fill'd with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.
LONGFELLOW.

Fair eldest child of love, thou spotless night!
Empress of silence, and the queen of sleep;
Who, with thy black cheek's pure complexion,
Mak'st lovers' eyes enamour'd of thy beauty.
MARLOWE.

The midnight clock has toll'd; and hark! the bell
Of death beats slow! heard ye the note profound?
It pauses now; and now with rising knell
Flings to the hollow gale its sullen sound.
MASON.

Quiet night, that brings
Rest to the labourer, is the outlaw's day,
In which he rises early to do wrong,
And, when his work is ended, dare not sleep.
MASSINGER.

Night's silent reign had robb'd the world of light,
To lend, in lieu, a greater benefit,—
Repose and sleep; when ev'ry mortal breast,
Whom care or grief permitted, took their rest.
THOMAS MAY: *Continuation of Lucan.*

Unmuffle, ye faint stars! and thou, fair moon,
That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit chaos, that reigns here
In double night, of darkness and of shade.
MILTON.

O thievish night!
Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lanthorn thus close up the stars
That nature hung in heav'n, and fill'd the lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller?
MILTON.

Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven sings.
MILTON.

Of night or loneliness it recks me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both.
MILTON.

Might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night-watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,
In this close dungeon of innumerous boughs.
MILTON.

Where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
MILTON.

With him enthroned
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign.
MILTON.

There does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And cast a gleam over this tufted grove.
MILTON.

They set and rise:
Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life.
MILTON.

For now began
Night with her sullen wings to double shade
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couch'd,
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.
MILTON.

By command, ere yet dim night
Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste
Homeward.
MILTON.

Thrice the equinoctial line
He circled; four times cross'd the car of night
From pole to pole, traversing each colure.
MILTON.

Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood,
So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended shade.
MILTON.

The wakeful nightingale
All night long her amorous descant sung.
MILTON.

If the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.
MILTON.

Night, not now, as ere man fell,
Wholesome, and cool, and mild; but with black air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom.
MILTON.

Befriend me, night, best patroness of grief;
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw.
MILTON.

We drove afield; and both together heard
What time the gray fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night.
MILTON.

How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At ev'ry fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled.
MILTON.

Night is the time for rest;—
How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Down on our own delightful bed!
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Fly not yet: 'tis just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon.
MOORE.

I view, by no presumption led,
Your revels of the night.
PARNELL.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature in silence bid the world repose.
PARNELL: *Hermit.*

Nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts.
JOHN PHILIPS.

Then rose the seed of chaos and of night,
To blot out order and extinguish light.
POPE.

Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd every shade.
POPE.

Now sunk the sun from his aerial height,
And o'er the shaded billows rush'd the night.
POPE.

As when a lion in the midnight hours,
Beat by rude blasts and wet with wintry show'rs,
Descends terrific from the mountain's brow.
POPE.

Pitchy and dark the night sometimes appears,
Friend to our woe, and parent of our fears;
Our joy and wonder sometimes she excites
With stars unnumber'd.
PRIOR.

From the bright effluence of his deed
They borrow that reflected light
With which the lasting lamps they feed
Whose beams dispel the damps of envious night.
PRIOR.

His limbs must ache, with daily toils opprest,
Ere long-wish'd night brings necessary rest.
PRIOR.

May they not justly to our climes upbraid
Shortness of night, and penury of shade?
PRIOR.

Again the lonely fox roams far abroad,
On secret rapine bent, and midnight fraud;
Now haunts the cliff, now traverses the lawn,
And flies the hated neighbourhood of man.
PRIOR.

There pause at midnight's spectral hour,
And list the long-resounding gale,
And catch the fleeting moonlight's power,
O'er foaming seas and distant sail.
MRS. RADCLIFFE: *Mysteries of Udolpho.*

This dead of night, this silent hour of darkness,
Nature for rest ordain'd, and soft repose.
ROWE.

The drowsy night grows on the world, and now
The busy craftsman and o'er-labour'd hind
Forget the travail of the day in sleep:
Care only wakes, and moping pensiveness:
With meagre discontented looks they sit,
And watch the wasting of the midnight taper.
ROWE: *Jane Shore.*

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea:
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic, melancholy night;
Who, with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
SHAKSPEARE.

Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heav'n and earth;
And ere a man had power to say "Behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up.
SHAKSPEARE.

Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
SHAKSPEARE.

Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night;
But freshly looks, and overbears attaint
With cheerful semblance.
SHAKSPEARE.

What may this mean?
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous?
SHAKSPEARE.

I past, methought, the melancholy flood
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
SHAKSPEARE.

Will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
SHAKSPEARE.

Night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle overveil'd the earth.
SHAKSPEARE.

This is the night
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.
SHAKSPEARE.

Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neighs,
Piercing the night's dull ear.
SHAKSPEARE.

Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb?
SHAKSPEARE.

Yon light is not daylight, I know it well:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer.
SHAKSPEARE.

Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that dawning
May bare the raven's eye.
SHAKSPEARE.

You shall put
This night's great business into my despatch,
Which shall to all our nights and days to come,
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
SHAKSPEARE.

Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night.
SHAKSPEARE.

Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!
SHAKSPEARE.

Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
SHAKSPEARE.

Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black.
SHAKSPEARE.

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world. SHAKSPEARE.

We have heard the chimes at midnight.
SHAKSPEARE.

Come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are staid for.
SHAKSPEARE.

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes:
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense
It pays the hearing double recompense.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thus out of season threading dark-eyed night.
SHAKSPEARE.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene.
SHELLEY.

But well I wot that to a heavy heart
Thou art the root and nurse of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old smarts:
Instead of rest thou lendest railing tears;
Instead of sleep thou sendest troublous fears,
And dreadful visions in the which alive
The dreary image of sad death appears:
So from the weary spirit thou dost drive
Desired rest, and men of happiness deprive.
SPENSER.

Let the night be calm and quietsome,
Without tempestuous storms or sad affray.
SPENSER.

When as night hath us of light forlorn,
I wish that day would shortly reascend.
SPENSER.

By this the drooping daylight 'gan to fade,
And yield his room to sad succeeding night,
Who with her sable mantle 'gan to shade
The face of earth and ways of living wight.
SPENSER.

Still night succeeds
A soften'd shade, and saturated earth
Awaits the morning beam.
THOMSON.

Now black and deep the night begins to fall,
A shade immense—sunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
Order confounded lies; all beauty void;
Distinction lost; and gay variety
One universal blot: such the power
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
THOMSON: *Seasons.*

When now no more th' alternate Twins are fired,
And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night.
THOMSON.

Hence foxes earth'd, and wolves abhorr'd the day,
And hungry churls ensnared the nightly prey.
TICKELL.

Thou mak'st the night to overveil the day;
Then lions' whelps lie roaring for their prey,
And at thy powerful hand demand their food;
Who when at morn they all recouch again,
Then toiling man till eve pursues his pain.
WOTTON.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds:
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

OATH.

Oaths were not purposed more than law
To keep the good and just in awe,
But to confine the bad and sinful,
Like moral cattle, in a pinfold.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

So was his will
Pronounced among the gods, and by an oath,
That shook heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.
MILTON.

It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
SHAKSPEARE.

To keep that oath were more impiety
Than Jephthah's, when he sacrificed his daughter.
SHAKSPEARE.

An oath is a recognizance to heaven,
Binding us over in the courts above,
To plead to the indictment of our crimes,
That those who 'scape this world should suffer there.
SOUTHERN: *Oronooko.*

What use of oaths, of promise, or of test,
Where men regard no God but interest?
WALLER.

OBITUARIES.

Each lovely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved, till life could charm no more,
And mourn'd, till pity's self be dead.

COLLINS.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

HALLECK.

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much virtue as could die,
Which, when alive, did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live.

BEN JONSON.

Had the number of her days
Been as complete as was her praise,
Nature and Fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life.

MILTON.

How loved, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot:
A heap of dust alone remains of thee:
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.

POPE.

OBLIVION.

Farewell, ungrateful and unkind! I go,
Condemn'd by thee, to those sad shades below:
I go th' extremest remedy to prove,
To drink oblivion, and to drench my love.

DRYDEN.

Let flames on your unlucky papers prey,
Your wars, your loves, your praises, be forgot,
And make of all an universal blot.

DRYDEN.

'Tis done, and since 'tis done, 'tis past recall;
And since 'tis past recall, must be forgotten.

DRYDEN.

Whole droves of minds are by the driving god
Compell'd to drink the deep Lethean flood;
In large forgetful draughts to steep the cares
Of their past labours and their irksome years.

DRYDEN.

When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing.

SHAKSPEARE.

With some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart.

SHAKSPEARE.

OBSTINACY.

As he that hath been often told his fault,
And still persists, is as impertinent
As a musician that will always play
And yet is always out at the same note.

ROSCOMMON.

Say she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.

SHAKSPEARE.

OCEAN.

Then, briny seas, and tasteful springs, farewell,
Where fountain nymphs, confused with Nereids, dwell.

ADDISON.

Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock
Calm and unruffled as a summer's sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

ADDISON: *Cato.*

Had not the deep been form'd, that might contain
All the collected treasures of the main;
The earth had still o'erwhelm'd with water stood,
To man an uninhabitable flood.

SIR R. BLACKMORE.

The wise contriver on his end intent,
Careful this fatal error to prevent,
And keep the waters from corruption free,
Mix'd them with salt, and season'd all the sea.

SIR R. BLACKMORE.

While black with storms the ruffled ocean rolls,
And from the fisher's art defends her finny shoals.

SIR R. BLACKMORE.

As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,
And overflows the level grounds,
Those banks and dams, that like a screen
Did keep it out, now keep it in.

BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire and behold our home!

BYRON: *Corsair.*

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean,—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain:
Man marks the earth with ruin,—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests: in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made: each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
The exulting sense, the pulse's madd'ning play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?

BYRON: *Corsair.*

The seas retain
Not only their outrageous esture there,
But supernatural mischief they expire.

CHAPMAN.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

BARRY CORNWALL (B. W. PROCTER.)

Beneath the mighty ocean's wealthy caves,
Beneath the eternal fountain of all waves,
Where their vast court the mother waters keep,
And, undisturb'd by moons, in silence sleep.

COWLEY.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM: *Songs.*

Seas are troubled when they do revoke
Their flowing waves into themselves again,

SIR J. DAVIES.

In vain did nature's wise command
Divide the waters from the land,
If daring ships and men profane
Invade th' inviolable main;
Th' eternal fences overleap,
And pass at will the boundless deep.

DRYDEN.

How did he return this haughty brave,
Who whipt the winds, and made the sea his slave?

DRYDEN.

The billows fall, while Neptune lays his mace
On the rough sea, and smooths its furrow'd face.

DRYDEN.

The British cannon formidably roars,
While, starting from his oozy bed,
Th' asserted ocean rears his reverend head,
To view and recognize his ancient lord.

DRYDEN.

The winds are changed, your friends from danger free,
Or I renounce my skill in augury.

DRYDEN.

At last a falling billow stops his breath,
Breaks o'er his head, and whelms him underneath.

DRYDEN.

Nor from his patrimonial heav'n alone
Is Jove content to pour his vengeance down;
Aid from his brother of the seas he craves,
To help him with auxiliary waves.

DRYDEN.

Should I be left, and thou be lost, the sea,
That buried her I loved, should bury me.

DRYDEN.

Seas hid with navies, chariots passing o'er
The channel, on a bridge from shore to shore.

DRYDEN.

There stands a rock; the raging billows roar
Above his head in storms; but when 'tis clear,
Uncurl their ridgy backs, and at his feet appear.

DRYDEN.

Thy force alone their fury can restrain,
And smooth the waves, or swell the troubled main.

DRYDEN.

They seem'd to fear the formidable sight,
And roll'd their billows on, to speed his flight.

DRYDEN.

What brought you living to the Stygian state?
Driv'n by the winds and errors of the sea,
Or did you Heav'n's superior doom obey?
DRYDEN.

Shall I mention make
Of the vast mound that binds the Lucrine lake?
Or the disdainful sea, that, shut from thence,
Roars round the structure, and invades the fence?
DRYDEN.

Of all that since have used the open sea,
Than the bold English none more fame have won;
Beyond the year, and out of heav'n's high way,
They made discoveries where they see no sun.
DRYDEN.

And while this famed emporium we prepare,
The British ocean shall such triumphs boast,
That those who now disdain our trade to share,
Shall rob like pirates on our wealthy coast.
DRYDEN.

Nor silence is within, nor voice express,
But a deaf noise of sounds that never cease;
Confused and chiding, like the hollow roar
Of tides receding from th' insulted shore.
DRYDEN.

The heaving tide
In widen'd circles beats on either side.
GAY.

Cease, cease, thou foaming ocean:
For what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?
GAY.

How can I fear to think on all
The dangers thou must brave?
My fears will deem each gale a storm
While thou art on the wave.
L. E. LANDON.

Nay, there's a time when ev'n the rolling year
Seems to stand still: dead calms are in the ocean,
When not a breath disturbs the drowsy main.
LEE.

Sea-girt isles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep.
MILTON.

He makes a covenant never to destroy
The earth again by flood, nor let the sea
Surpass his bounds.
MILTON.

Wave rolling after wave in torrent rapture.
MILTON.

Illimitable ocean! without bound,
Without dimension; where length, breadth, and height,
And time, and place, are lost.
MILTON.

Of elements
The grosser feeds the purer; earth the sea;
Earth and the sea feed air.
MILTON.

Sea cover'd sea,
Sea without shore.
MILTON.

Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old ocean smiles.
MILTON.

Sunk though he be beneath the wat'ry floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon uprears his drooping head.
MILTON.

The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kiss'd,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean.
MILTON.

Instantly I plunged into the sea,
And, buffeting the billows to her rescue,
Redeem'd her life with half the loss of mine.
OTWAY.

Whoe'er thou art, that fortune brings to keep
The rights of Neptune, monarch of the deep,
Thee first it fits, O stranger, to prepare
The due libation, and the solemn prayer.
POPE.

Relate, if business or the thirst of gain
Engage your journey o'er the pathless main,
Where savage pirates seek, through seas unknown,
The lives of others, vent'rous of their own.
POPE.

I chose the safer sea, and chanced to find
A river's mouth impervious to the wind.
POPE.

Safe in the love of heav'n, an ocean flows
Around our realm, a barrier from the foes.
POPE.

The third fair morn now blazed upon the main;
Then glassy smooth lay all the liquid plain.
POPE.

All unsustain'd between the wave and sky,
Beneath my feet the whirling billows fly.
POPE.

Not Neptune's self from all his floods receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
POPE.

Till the huge surge roll'd off, then backward sweep
The refluent tides, and plunge into the deep.
POPE.

Now on the wings of wind our course we keep;
The god hath smooth'd the waters of the deep.
POPE.

A length of ocean and unbounded sky
Which scarce the sea-fowl in a year o'erfly.
POPE.

So on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains.
POPE.

Here retired, the sinking billows sleep,
And smiling calmness silver'd o'er the deep.
POPE.

But from the breezy deep the blest inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.
POPE.

Do public or domestic cares constrain
This toilsome voyage o'er the surgy main?
POPE.

Say, why should the collected main
Itself within itself contain?
Why to its caverns should it sometimes creep,
And with delightful silence sleep
On the loved bosom of its parent deep?
PRIOR.

Vast and great
Is what I love; the far-extended ocean
To a little riv'let I prefer.
PRIOR.

Take but degree away, the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe.
SHAKSPEARE.

I'll deliver all,
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail expeditious.
SHAKSPEARE.

The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside.
SHAKSPEARE.

Make his chronicle as rich with prize
As is the oozy bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sunless treasuries.
SHAKSPEARE.

For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave;
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
SHAKSPEARE.

The visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads.
SHAKSPEARE.

The beachy girdle of the ocean,
Too wide for Neptune's hips.
SHAKSPEARE.

Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Which, once a day, with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover.
SHAKSPEARE.

The murmuring surge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.
SHAKSPEARE.

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
SHAKSPEARE.

Behold the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whose shouts and claps outvoice that deep-mouth'd sea.
SHAKSPEARE.

Who swelling sails in Caspian sea doth cross,
And in frail wood on Adrian gulf doth fleet,
Doth not, I ween, so many evils meet.
SPENSER.

The rolling billows beat the rugged shore
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat.
SPENSER.

From midst of all the main
The surging waters like a mountain rise.
SPENSER.

She seem'd still back unto the land to look,
And her playfellows' aid to call, and fear
The dashing of the waves.
SPENSER.

The bold encroachers on the deep
Gain by degrees huge tracts of land,
Till Neptune, with one gen'ral sweep,
Turns all again to barren strand.
SWIFT.

Not to be shook thyself; but all assaults
Baffling, like thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.
THOMSON.

Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode;
Whose ready sails with every wind can fly,
And make a cov'nant with th' inconstant sky.
WALLER.

So th' injured sea, which from her wonted course,
To gain some acres, avarice did force,
If the new banks, neglected, once decay,
No longer will from her old channel stay.
WALLER.

Now shall the ocean, as thy Thames, be free,
From both those fates and storms of piracy.
WALLER.

The sea's our own; and now all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet.
WALLER.

What earth in her dark bowels could not keep
From greedy man, lies safer in the deep.
WALLER.

OPPORTUNITY.

The means that heaven yields must be embraced,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.
SHAKSPEARE.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries:
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
SHAKSPEARE.

Miss not the occasion; by the forelock take
That subtle Power, the never-halting time,
Lest a mere moment's putting-off should make
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime.
WORDSWORTH.

ORATORY.

When with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Orators may grieve; for in their sides,
Rather than in their heads, their faculty abides.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Studious to please the genius of the times,
With periods, points, and tropes he slurs his crimes;
He lards with flourishes his long harangue;
'Tis fine, say'st thou; What? to be praised and hang?
DRYDEN.

While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head should carry all he knew.
GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village.*

Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining.
GOLDSMITH: *Retaliation.*

Graced as thou art with all the power of words;
So known, so honour'd at the House of Lords.
POPE: *on Mansfield.*

Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice and balancing his hands:
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither "said" nor "sung"!
POPE.

Immortal Tully shone,
The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne;
Gath'ring his flowing robe he seem'd to stand,
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
POPE.

And 'tis remarkable that they
Talk most that have the least to say.
Your daily speakers have the curse
To plead their causes down to worse:
As dames who native beauty want
Still uglier look the more they paint.
PRIOR.

Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
SHAKSPEARE.

ORDER.

If casual concourse did the world compose,
And things and hits fortuitous arose,
Then anything might come from anything;
For how from chance can constant order spring?
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Set all things in their own peculiar place,
And know that order is the greatest grace.
DRYDEN.

And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against th' eternal cause.
POPE.

So from the first eternal order ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
POPE.

Not chaos-like, together crush'd and bruised;
But as the world, harmoniously confused:
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, they agree.
POPE.

From whence th' innumerable race of things
By circular successive order springs.
ROSCOMMON.

The heavens themselves, the planets, and their centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order.
SHAKSPEARE.

PAIN.

Of night impatient, we demand the day;
The day arrives, then for the night we pray:
The night and day successive come and go;
Our lasting pains no interruption know.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

We can ne'er be sure
Whether we pain or not endure;
And just so far are sore and grieved
As by the fancy is believed.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Our pains are real things, and all
Our pleasures but fantastical;
Diseases of their own accord,
But cures come difficult and hard.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Cross to our interest, curbing sense and sin;
Oppress'd without, and undermined within,
It thrives through pain.
DRYDEN.

We no other pains endure
Than those that we ourselves procure.
DRYDEN.

Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine;
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils; and, excessive, overturns
All patience.
MILTON.

Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load.
MILTON.

Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain?
MILTON.

How soon would ease recant
Vows made in pain as violent and void!
MILTON.

Is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they
Less hardy to endure? courageous chief!
The first in flight from pain.
MILTON.

You purchase pain with all that joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.
POPE.

O fatal search! in which the lab'ring mind,
Still press'd with weight of woe, still hopes to find
A shadow of delight, a dream of peace,
From years of pain one moment of release.
PRIOR.

PAINTING.

From the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight;
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost.

ADDISON.

Thou, Kneller, long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, hast vied
With nature in a generous strife,
And touch'd the canvas into life.

ADDISON.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show th' immortal labours in my verse.

ADDISON.

Did Raphael's pencil never choose to fall?
Say, are his works transfigurations all?

SIR R. BLACKMORE.

As 'tis a greater mystery, in the art
Of painting, to foreshorten any part
Than draw it out, so 'tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.

BUTLER.

When painters form a matchless face,
They from each fair one catch some different grace,
And shining features in one portrait blend,
To which no single beauty must pretend.

CONGREVE: *Epilogue to the Way of the World.*

O that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.

COWPER: *Receipt of my Mother's Picture.*

The master's hand, which to the life can trace
The airs, the lines, the features of the face,
May, with a free and bolder stroke, express
A varied posture, or a flatt'ring dress.

SIR J. DENHAM.

Rich with the spoils of many a conquer'd land,
All arts and artists Theseus could command,
Who sold for hire, or wrought for better fame;
The master painters and the carvers came.

DRYDEN.

An hideous figure of their foes they drew,
Nor lines, nor looks, nor shades, nor colours true,
And this grotesque design exposed to public view.

DRYDEN.

'Tis every painter's art to hide from sight,
And cast in shades, what seen would not delight.

DRYDEN.

Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks, her shape, her features,
Seem to be drawn by love's own hands, by love
Himself in love.

DRYDEN.

Thus pencils can, by one slight touch, restore
Smiles to that changed face that wept before.

DRYDEN.

That sots and knaves should be so vain,
To wish that their remembrance may remain,
And stand recorded, at their own request,
To future days, a libel or a jest.

DRYDEN.

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his right;
For though that some mean artist's skill were shown
In mingling colours or in placing light,
Yet still the fair designment was his own.

DRYDEN.

Hard features every bungler can command;
To draw true beauty shows a master's hand.

DRYDEN.

Her pencil drew whate'er her soul design'd,
And oft the happy draught surpass'd the image in her mind.

DRYDEN.

His pictured morals mend the mind,
And through the eye improve the heart.

GARRICK: *on Hogarth.*

When sage Minerva rose,
From her sweet lips smooth elocution flows;
Her skilful hand an iv'ry palette graced,
Where shining colours were in order placed.

GAY.

His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,—
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.

GOLDSMITH: *Retaliation.*

To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing;
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

GOLDSMITH: *Retaliation.*

A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.

GOLDSMITH: *Retaliation.*

Had Hyde thus sat by proxy too,
As Venus once was said to do,
The painter must have search'd the skies
To match the lustre of her eyes.

GRANVILLE.

The portal shone, inimitable on earth
By model, or by shading pencil drawn.

MILTON.

Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where life awakes and dawns at ev'ry line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass,
And from the canvas call the mimic face.

POPE.

The faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand.

POPE.

With thee on Raphael's monument I mourn,
Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn.

POPE.

Fair ideas flow,
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow.

POPE.

Her charms in breathing paint engage
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.

POPE.

When each bold figure just begins to live,
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away.

POPE.

Oh, lasting as those colours may they shine!
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line.

POPE.

Caracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,
Paulo's free course, and Titian's warmth divine.

POPE.

They random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make.

POPE.

Each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade.

POPE.

Beauty, frail flow'r that every season fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.

POPE.

Come! the colours and the ground prepare:
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;
Choose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

POPE.

Each heav'nly piece unwearied we compare,
Match Raphael's grace with thy loved Guido's air.

POPE.

The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.

POPE.

When famed Farelst this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchsafed the growing work to view;
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand,
And, finishing the piece, she smiling said,
Behold one work of mine that ne'er shall fade.

PRIOR.

As masters in the clare-obscure
With various light your eyes allure;
A flaming yellow here they spread,
Draw off in blue, or charge in red;
Yet from these colours, oddly mix'd,
Your sight upon the whole is fix'd. PRIOR.

My own face deters me from my glass;
And Kneller only shows what Celia was.

PRIOR.

'Tis in life as 'tis in painting:
Much may be right, yet much be wanting.

PRIOR.

From the soft assaults of love
Poets and painters never are secure:
Can I, untouch'd, the fair one's passion move,
Or thou draw beauty, and not feel its pow'r?

PRIOR.

Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?

ROWE: *Prologue to Fair Penitent.*

Painting is welcome:
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: pencill'd figures are
Ev'n such as they give out.

SHAKSPEARE.

With his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it.
SHAKSPEARE.

Like perspectives, which, rightly gazed upon,
Show nothing but confusion; eyed awry,
Distinguish form.
SHAKSPEARE.

Madam, if that your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love.
SHAKSPEARE.

What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation?
SHAKSPEARE.

Here is her picture: let me see;
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers.
SHAKSPEARE.

If any such be here
That love this painting, wherein you see me smear'd,
Let him express his disposition.
SHAKSPEARE.

Poor painters oft with silly poets join
To fill the world with strange but vain conceit;
One brings the stuff, the other stamps the coin,
Which breeds nought else but glosses of deceit.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

The second room, whose walls
Were painted fair with memorable guests
Of magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
Of laws, of judgments, and of decretals.
SPENSER.

Ere yet thy pencil tries her nicer toils,
Or on thy palette lie the blended oils,
Thy careless chalk has half achieved thy art,
And her just image makes Cleora start.
TICKELL.

Since after thee may rise an impious line,
Coarse manglers of the human face divine,
Paint on, till fate dissolve thy mortal part,
And live and die the monarch of thy art.
TICKELL.

The famous painter could allow no place
For private sorrow in a prince's face;
Yet, that his piece might not exceed belief,
He cast a veil upon supposed grief.
WALLER.

PARDON.

But infinite in pardon is my judge.
MILTON.

What better can we do than prostrate fall
Before him reverent, and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg with tears
Wat'ring the ground?
MILTON.

These evils I deserve,
Yet despair not of his final pardon,
Whose ear is ever open, and his eye
Gracious to readmit the suppliant.
MILTON.

PARENTS.

Thy father's merit points thee out to view,
And sets thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues or thy faults conspicuous.
ADDISON.

But does not nature for the child prepare
The parent's love, the tender nurse's care?
Who, for their own forgetful, seek his good,
Infold his limbs in bands, and fill his veins with food.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

If on my wounded breast thou drop a tear,
Think for whose sake my breast that wound did bear;
And faithfully my last desires fulfil,
As I perform my cruel father's will.
DRYDEN.

Unkind and cruel, to deceive your son
In borrow'd shapes, and his embrace to shun.
DRYDEN.

For the pious sire preserve the son;
His wish'd return with happy power befriend,
And on the suitors let thy wrath descend.
POPE.

Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky.
POPE.

Honour thy parents to prolong thine end;
With them, though for a truth, do not contend:
Though all should truth defend, do thou lose rather
The truth awhile, than lose their love forever:
Whoever makes his father's heart to bleed
Shall have a child that will revenge the deed.
RANDOLPH.

And as much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge, that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.
SHAKSPEARE.

I love him, friend;
No father his son dearer; true to tell thee,
The grief hath crazed my wits.
SHAKSPEARE.

I'm glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.
SHAKSPEARE.

The poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
SHAKSPEARE.

PARTING.

I never spoke the word "Farewell!"
But with an utterance faint and broken;
A heart-sick yearning for the time
When it should never more be spoken.
CAROLINE BOWLES.

One struggle more, and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
One last long sigh to love and thee,
Then back to busy life again.
BYRON.

But still her lips refused to say, "Farewell!"
For in that word—that fatal word—howe'er
We promise—hope—believe—there breathes despair.
BYRON.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!
BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

To know, to esteem, to love—and then to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart.
COLERIDGE.

Then came the parting hour, and what arise
When lovers part,—expressive looks, and eyes
Tender and fearful,—many a fond adieu,
And many a call the sorrow to renew;
Sighs such as lovers only can explain,
And words that they might undertake in vain.
CRABBE: *Tales of the Hall.*

He sought by arguments to soothe her pain;
Nor those avail'd: at length he lights on one:
"Before two moons their orb with light adorn,
If Heav'n allow me life, I will return!"
DRYDEN.

"Farewell!" says he; the parting sound scarce fell
From his faint lips, but she replied, "Farewell."
DRYDEN.

When thou art gone, there creeps into my heart
A cold and bitter consciousness of pain;
The light, the warmth of life with thee depart,
And I sit dreaming o'er and o'er again
Thy greeting clasp, thy parting look and tone;
And suddenly I wake—and am alone.
FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

Oh! those are tears of bitterness,
Wrung from the breaking heart,
When two, blest in their tenderness,
Must learn to live apart.
L. E. LANDON.

With all my soul, then, let us part,
Since both are anxious to be free;
And I will send you home your heart,
If you will send back mine to me.
MOORE.

Oh! wherefore dost thou soothe me with thy softness?
Why dost thou wind thyself about my heart,
And make this separation painful to us?
ROWE: *Lady Jane Grey.*

I part with thee
As wretches that are doubtful of hereafter
Part with their lives, unwilling, loath, and fearful,
And trembling at futurity.
ROWE: *Tamerlane.*

Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon:
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu!

SHAKSPEARE.

So long
As he could make me with his eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,—
How swift his ship.

SHAKSPEARE.

Good-night, good-night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say "Good-night" till it be morrow.

SHAKSPEARE.

So sweetly she bade me "Adieu,"
I thought that she bade me return.

SHENSTONE: *A Pastoral.*

All she did was but to wear out day:
Full oftentimes she leave of him did take;
And oft again devised somewhat to say,
Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make;
So loath was she his company for to forsake.

SPENSER.

The last link is broken
That bound me to thee,
And the words thou hast spoken
Have render'd me free.

FANNY STEERS.

Silence, in truth, would speak my sorrows best;
For deepest wounds can least their feelings tell;
Yet let me borrow from mine own unrest
But time to bid him, whom I loved, Farewell!

WOTTON.

PASSIONS.

His passions and his virtues lie confused,
And mixt together in so wild a tumult
That the whole man is quite disfigured in him.

ADDISON.

Pardon a weak distemper'd soul that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passion.

ADDISON.

The wither'd frame, the ruin'd mind,
The wreck by passion left behind;
A shrivell'd scroll, a scatter'd leaf,
Sear'd by the autumn-blast of grief.

BYRON.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert; whence arise
But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,
Rank at the core, though tempting to the eyes,
Flowers whose wild odours breathe but agonies,
And trees whose gums are passion; such the plants
Which spring beneath her steps as passion flies
O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants
For some celestial fruit, forbidden to our wants.

BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

In the human breast
Two master-passions cannot coexist.

CAMPBELL.

Men make resolves, and pass into decrees
The motions of the mind: with how much ease,
In such resolves, doth passion make a flaw,
And bring to nothing what was raised to law!

CHURCHILL.

Some power impart the spear and shield
At which the wizard passions fly,
By which the giant follies die.

COLLINS.

O how the passions, insolent and strong,
Bear our weak minds their rapid course along,
Make us the madness of their will obey,
Then die, and leave us to our grief a prey.

CRABBE.

Will holds the sceptre in the soul,
And o'er the passions of the heart doth reign.

SIR J. DAVIES.

But if thy passions lord it in thy breast,
Art thou not still a slave?

DRYDEN.

What profits us that we from heaven derive
A soul immortal, and with looks erect
Survey the stars, if, like the brutal kind,
We follow where our passions lead the way?

DRYDEN.

Thus beginning, thus we persevere;
Our passions yet continue what they were.

DRYDEN.

The fire will force its outward way,
Or, in the prison pent, consume the prey.

DRYDEN.

I feel my virtue struggling in my soul:
But stronger passion does its power control.
DRYDEN.

Revenge succeeds to love, and rage to grief.
DRYDEN.

Exalted souls
Have passions in proportion violent,
Resistless, and tormenting: they're a tax
Imposed by nature on pre-eminence;
And fortitude and wisdom must support them.
LILLO: *Elmerick.*

Take heed lest passion
Sway thy judgment to do aught. MILTON.

To sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within,
And in a troubled sea of passion tost.
MILTON.

Of good and evil much they argued then,
Passion and apathy, and glory, and shame.
MILTON.

Alas! too well, too well they know
The pain, the penitence, the woe,
That passion brings down on the best,
The wisest, and the loveliest.
MOORE: *Loves of the Angels.*

Search then the ruling passion: there alone
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
POPE.

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale.
POPE.

In every breast there burns an active flame,—
The love of glory or the dread of shame.
POPE.

The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.
POPE.

And hence one master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
POPE.

And you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death.
POPE: *Moral Essays.*

Oft in the passions' wild rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost.
POPE.

Passion can depress or raise
The heavenly as the human mind. POPE.

As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear,
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root.
POPE: *Essay on Man.*

Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List under reason, and deserve her care;
Those that imparted court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.
POPE.

Like mighty rivers, with resistless force
The passions rage, obstructed in their course,
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown those virtues which they fed before.
POPE.

May I govern my passions with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away.
DR. W. POPE: *The Old Man's Wish.*

With anxious doubts, with raging passions torn;
No sweet companion near with whom to mourn.
PRIOR.

Passions are liken'd best to floods and streams;
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb:
So when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
They that are rich in words must needs discover
They are but poor in that which makes a lover.
SIR W. RALEIGH.

His soul, like bark with rudder lost,
On passion's changeful tide was tost;
Nor vice nor virtue had the power
Beyond the impression of the hour:
And O, when passion rules, how rare
The hours that fall to virtue's share!
SIR W. SCOTT: *Rokeby.*

O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion I would shake the world,
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy
Which cannot hear a feeble lady's voice.
SHAKSPEARE.

Being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working.
SHAKSPEARE.

To speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason.
SHAKSPEARE.

A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
SHAKSPEARE.

But his flaw'd heart,
Alack! too weak the conflict to support
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.
SHAKSPEARE.

Then 'gan the Palmer thus: Most wretched man
That to affections does the bridle lend;
In their beginning they are weak and wan,
But soon through sufferance grow to fearful end.
SPENSER.

So hard these heavenly beauties be enfired,
As things divine least passions do impress;
The more of steadfast minds to be admired,
The more they stayed be on steadfastness.
SPENSER.

He in great passion all this while did dwell,
More busying his quick eyes her face to view,
Than his dull ears to hear what she did tell.
SPENSER.

And oft himself he chanced to hurt unwares,
Whilst reason, blent through passion, naught descried,
But, as a blindfold bull, at random fares,
And where he hits, naught knows, and where he hurts, naught cares.
SPENSER.

Who would the title of true worth were his,
Must vanquish vice, and no base thoughts conceive:
The bravest trophy ever man obtain'd
Is that which o'er himself himself hath gain'd.
EARL OF STIRLING.

Your passion bends
Its force against your nearest friends;
Which manners, decency, and pride
Have taught you from the world to hide.
SWIFT.

One passion, with a different turn,
Makes wit inflame or anger burn:
So the sun's heat, with diff'rent pow'rs,
Ripens the grape, the liquor sours.
SWIFT.

Ill-govern'd passions in a prince's breast
Hazard his private and the public rest.
WALLER.

Slaves to our passions we become, and then
It grows impossible to govern men.
WALLER.

The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
Fancy and passion toss it to and fro,
Awhile torment, and then quite sink in woe.
YOUNG.

By thwarting passions tost, by cares oppress'd,
He found the tempest pictured in his breast.
YOUNG.

When reason, like the skilful charioteer,
Can break the fiery passions to the bit,
And, spite of their licentious sallies, keep
The radiant tract of glory, passions then
Are aids and ornaments.
YOUNG: *Brothers.*

While passions glow, the heart, like heated steel,
Takes each impression, and is work'd at pleasure.
YOUNG: *Busiris.*

PAST.

How readily we wish'd time spent revoked,
That we might try the ground again, where once
(Through inexperience, as we now perceive)
We miss'd that happiness we might have found.
COWPER: *Task.*

Former things
Are set aside like abdicated kings;
And every moment alters what is done,
And innovates some act till then unknown.
DRYDEN.

The past is all by death possess'd,
And frugal fate, that guards the rest,
By giving bids us live to-day.
FENTON.

'Tis impotent to grieve for what is past,
And unavailing to exclaim.
HAVARD: *Scanderbeg.*

Ah, tell me not that memory
Sheds gladness o'er the past;
What is recall'd by faded flowers,
Save that they did not last?
L. E. LANDON.

A life of glorious labours past.
POPE.

Though varying wishes, hopes, and fears
Fever'd the progress of these years,
Yet now, days, weeks, and months but seem
The recollection of a dream.
SIR W. SCOTT: *Marmion.*

Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: What's done is done.
SHAKSPEARE.

Let us not burthen our remembrances
With a heaviness that's gone.
SHAKSPEARE.

What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief.
SHAKSPEARE.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

PATIENCE.

Patience in cowards is tame, hopeless fear;
But in brave minds, a scorn of what they bear.
DRYDEN.

Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
These marks of church and churchmen he design'd,
And living taught, and dying left behind.
DRYDEN.

Nothing but love this patience could produce;
And I allow your rage that kind excuse.
DRYDEN.

For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill.
DR. S. JOHNSON:
Vanity of Human Wishes.

Patience is more oft the exercise
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude;
Making them each his own deliverer,
And victor over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
MILTON.

Many are the sayings of the wise,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude.
MILTON.

Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmest life:
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils, and, excessive, overturns
All patience.
MILTON.

I see thou hast pass'd sentence on my heart;
And I'll no longer weep, or plead against it,
But with the humblest, most obedient patience,
Meet thy dear hands, and kiss them when they wound me.
OTWAY.

'Tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel;
My griefs are louder than advertisement.
SHAKSPEARE.

Patience, unmoved, no marvel though she pause;
(They can be meek that have no other cause:)
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.
SHAKSPEARE.

Patience and sorrow strove
Which should express her goodliest: you have seen
Sunshine and rain at once. Her smiles and tears
Were like a wetter May.
SHAKSPEARE.

I do oppose my patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietness of spirit
The very tyranny and rage of his.
SHAKSPEARE.

He was stirr'd,
And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty;
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.
SHAKSPEARE.

A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
SHAKSPEARE.

I will with patience hear, and find a time:
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this.
SHAKSPEARE.

How poor are they who have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
SHAKSPEARE.

Then, oh, you blessed ministers above!
Keep me in patience; and, in ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance.
SHAKSPEARE.

Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
SHAKSPEARE.

She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.
SHAKSPEARE.

A leech, which had great insight
In that disease of grieved conscience,
And well could cure the same: his name was Patience.
SPENSER.

Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert! even the camel feels,
Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
THOMSON.

PATRIOTISM.

The firm patriot there,
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Shall know he conquer'd.
ADDISON.

Who would not be that youth? What pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
ADDISON.

Ev'n the tongues of patriots,
Those sons of clamour, oft relax the nerve
Within the warmth of favour.
BROOKE: *Gustavus Vasa.*

Leonidas and Washington,
Whose every battle-field is holy ground,
Which breathes of nations saved, not worlds undone;
How sweetly on the ear such echoes sound!
While the mere victors may appall or stun
The servile and the vain, such names will be
A watchword till the Future shall be free.
BYRON.

Yes, one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate—
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make men blush there was but one!
BYRON.

For the life of a Fox, of a Chatham the death,
What censure, what danger, what woe would I brave!
Their lives did not end when they yielded their breath;
Their glory illumines the gloom of the grave.
BYRON.

While Franklin's quiet memory climbs to heaven,
Calming the lightning which he thence hath riven,
Or drawing from the no less kindled earth
Freedom and peace to that which boasts his birth;
While Washington's a watchword, such as ne'er
Shall sink while there's an echo left to air.
BYRON: *Age of Bronze.*

And here and there some stern, high patriot stood,
Who could not get the place for which he sued.
BYRON.

Nothing so sweete is as our countrie's earth,
And joy of those from whom we claime our birth.
CHAPMAN.

Where is the stoic can his wrath appease
To see his country sick of Pym's disease;
By Scotch invasion to be made a prey
To such pidwidgeon myrmidons as they?
JOHN CLEAVELAND.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there.
COLLINS.

Do but think how well the same he spends
Who spends his blood his country to relieve.
DANIEL.

The passive gods behold the Greeks defile
Their temples, and abandon to the spoil
Their own abodes: we, feeble few, conspire
To save a sinking town, involved in fire.
DRYDEN.

Patriots, in peace, assert the people's right,
With noble stubbornness resisting might.
DRYDEN.

Here patriots live, who, for their country's good,
In fighting fields were prodigal of blood.
DRYDEN.

She to her country's use resign'd your sword,
And you, kind lover, took her at your word.
DRYDEN.

O, true descendant of a patriot line,
Vouchsafe this picture of thyself to see.
DRYDEN.

Pensions in private were the senate's aim;
And patriots for a place abandon'd fame.
GARTH.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
GOLDSMITH.

Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam:
His first, best country ever is his own.
GOLDSMITH: *Traveller.*

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.
GRAY: *Elegy.*

All private virtue is the public fund:
As that abounds, the state decays or thrives:
Each should contribute to the general stock,
And who lends most is most his country's friend.
JEPHSON: *Braganza.*

Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes.
DR. JOHNSON: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

Those that by their deeds will make it known
Whose dignity they do sustain;
And life, state, glory, all they gain,
Count the republic's, not their own.
BEN JONSON.

The wretched have no country; that dear name
Comprises home, kind kindred, fostering friends,
Protecting laws, all that binds man to man:
But none of these are mine: I have no country.
MATURIN: *Bertram.*

That grounded maxim,
So rife and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men, that to the public good
Private respects must yield.
MILTON.

"Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betray thee,
One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"
MOORE.

No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure heaven itself surveys,—
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
POPE.

Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause;
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws.
POPE.

When our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
POPE.

Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,
And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
Old Cato is as great a rogue as you.
POPE.

Here rising bold the patriot's honest face;
There warriors frowning in historic brass.
POPE.

That, from a patriot of distinguish'd note,
Have bled and purged me to a simple vote.
POPE.

In vain my heroes fight, and patriots rave,
If secret gold saps on from knave to knave.
POPE.

A patriot is a fool in every age,
Whom all lord chamberlains allow the stage.
POPE.

Julius with honour tamed Rome's foreign foes;
But patriots fell, ere the dictator rose.
PRIOR.

Faithful assertor of thy country's cause,
Britain with tears shall bathe thy glorious wounds.
PRIOR.

Have we soon forgot
When, like a matron butcher'd by her sons
And cast beside some common way, a spectacle
Of horror and affright to passers-by,
Our groaning country bled at every vein?
ROWE.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand?
SCOTT: *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

I'd love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate.
SHAKSPEARE.

Meet we the med'cine of our country's weal,
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.
SHAKSPEARE.

Our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds.
SHAKSPEARE.

I would he had continued to his country
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.
SHAKSPEARE.

Their complot is to have my life:
And, if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness.
SHAKSPEARE.

This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only in a general honest thought,
And common good of all, made one of them.
SHAKSPEARE.

A patriot's a dangerous post,
When wanted by his country most;
Perversely comes in evil times,
When virtues are imputed crimes.
SWIFT.

O thou! by whose almighty nod the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate fails,
Send forth the saving virtues round the land
In bright patrol.
THOMSON.

While in the radiant front superior shines
That first paternal virtue, public zeal;
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with some great design.
THOMSON: *Seasons.*

The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow.
THOMSON.

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
Your flaming courage, and your matchless worth,
To fierce contention gave a prosp'rous end.
WALLER.

Treading the path to noble ends,
A long farewell to love I gave;
Resolved my country and my friends
All that remain'd of me should have.
WALLER.

PATRONAGE.

All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
POPE.

Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy patron's weekly thank'd.
POPE.

Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore another Pollio shine;
With aspect open shall erect his head.
POPE.

There march'd the bard and blockhead, side by side,
Who rhymed for hire, and patronized for pride.
POPE.

The one lives her age's ornament,
That with rich bounty, and dear cherishment,
Supports the praise of noble poesie.
SPENSER.

PEACE.

His calm and blameless life
Does with substantial blessedness abound,
And the soft wings of peace cover him round.
COWLEY.

How strangely active are the arts of peace,
Whose restless motions less than wars do cease;
Peace is not freed from labour, but from noise;
And war more force, but not more pains, employs.
DRYDEN.

This discord is complete, nor can they cease
The dire debate, nor yet command the peace.
DRYDEN.

They go, commission'd to require a peace,
And carry presents to procure access.
DRYDEN.

Now then be all thy mighty cares away,
Thy jealousies and fears; and, while you may,
To peace and soft repose give all the day.
DRYDEN.

'Tis less to conquer, than to make wars cease,
And, without fighting, awe the world to peace.
HALIFAX.

Men are unhappy when they know not how
To value peace without its loss,
And from the want learn how to use
What they could so ill manage when enjoy'd.
SIR R. HOWARD: *Blind Lady.*

Cease, then, this impious rage;
But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed peace. MILTON.

Waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.
MILTON.

To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
And peace shall lull him in her flow'ry lap.
MILTON.

Now no more the drum
Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangour shrill
Affrights the wives, or chills the virgin's blood.
JOHN PHILIPS.

Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed innocence from heaven descend.
POPE.

No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes.
POPE.

The trumpets sleep, while cheerful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
POPE.

How sweet the products of a peaceful reign!
The heaven-taught poet and enchanting strain;
The well-fill'd palace, the perpetual feast,
A land rejoicing, and a people blest.
POPE.

Cease
To know, what known will violate thy peace.
POPE.

You, my lord archbishop,
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove, and every blessed spirit of peace;
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?
SHAKSPEARE.

We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaughtering hands, and keep the peace.
SHAKSPEARE.

After the slaughter of so many peers,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
SHAKSPEARE.

But how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
SHAKSPEARE.

She had all the regal makings of a queen,
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod and bird of peace, and all such emblems,
Laid nobly on her.
SHAKSPEARE.

Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful birth.
SHAKSPEARE.

Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends
I' th' war, do grow together; grant that, and tell me,
In peace what each of them by th' other loses,
That they combine not there?
SHAKSPEARE.

Cheerly on, courageous friends!
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.
SHAKSPEARE.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues.
SHAKSPEARE.

In her days ev'ry man shall sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
SHAKSPEARE.

Lovely concord and most sacred peace
Doth nourish virtue, and fast friendship breeds;
Weak she makes strong, and strong things does increase,
Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds.
SPENSER.

Oh, first of human blessings! and supreme!
Fair peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!
By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men
Live, brothers like, in amity combined,
And unsuspicious faith; while honest toil
Gives every joy, and to those joys a right
Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.
THOMSON: *Britannia.*

PEOPLE.

The people like a headlong torrent go,
And every dam they break or overflow;
But unopposed they either lose their force,
Or wind in volumes to their former course.
DRYDEN.

Thus think the crowd, who, eager to engage,
Take quickly fire, and kindle into rage;
Who ne'er consider, but without a pause
Make up in passion what they want in cause.
DRYDEN.

Away! ye scum,
That still rise upmost when the nation boils;
That have but just enough of sense to know
The master's voice, when rated to depart.
DRYDEN.

That hot-mouth'd beast that bears against the curb,
Hard to be broken even by lawful kings.
DRYDEN.

PERFECTION.

Many things impossible to thought
Have been by need to full perfection brought.
DRYDEN.

Who durst thy faultless figure thus deface?
DRYDEN.

Whoever thinks a perfect work to see
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
POPE.

It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature.
SHAKSPEARE.

PERSEVERANCE.

If aught obstruct thy course, yet stand not still,
But wind about till thou hast topp'd the hill.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Perseverance
Keeps honour bright. To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery.
SHAKSPEARE.

Hold you ever to our special drift;
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that
As cause doth minister.
SHAKSPEARE.

He plies her hard, and much rain wears the marble.
SHAKSPEARE.

PERVERSENESS.

Virtue hath some perverseness; for she will
Neither believe her good nor others' ill.
DONNE.

The perverseness of my fate is such,
That he's not mine, because he's mine too much.
DRYDEN.

Her whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse.
MILTON.

When a friend in kindness tries
To show you where your error lies,
Conviction does but more incense;
Perverseness is your whole defence.
SWIFT.

PHILOSOPHY.

Greece did at length a learned race produce,
Who needful science mock'd, and arts of use;
Mankind with idle subtilties embroil,
And fashion systems with romantic toil.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Nothing goes for sense or light
That will not with old rules jump right;
As if rules were not in the schools
Derived from truth, but truth from rules.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Besides, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read ev'ry text and gloss over;
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
He understood b' implicit faith.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

For he a rope of sand could twist
As tough as learned Sorbonist,
And weave fine cobwebs fit for skull
That's empty when the moon is full.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

If that I did not know philosophy
To be of all our vanities the motliest,
The merest word that ever fool'd the ear
From out the schoolman's jargon, I should deem
The golden secret, the sought "Kalon," found,
And seated in my soul.
BYRON: *Manfred.*

Welcome, great Stagirite, and teach me now
All I was born to know;
Thy scholar's victories thou dost outdo;
He conquer'd th' earth, the whole world you.
COWLEY.

Much learned dust
Involves the combatants, each claiming truth,
And truth disclaiming both. And thus they spend
The little wick of life's poor shallow lamp
In playing tricks with nature, giving laws
To distant worlds, and trifling in their own.
COWPER: *Task.*

Exalted Socrates! divinely brave!
Injured he fell, and dying he forgave;
Too noble for revenge.
CREECH.

No crazed brain could ever yet propound,
Touching the soul, so vain and fond a thought,
But some among these masters have been found
Which in their schools the self-same thing had taught.
SIR J. DAVIES.

No heretics desire to spread
Their light opinions like these epicures;
For so their stagg'ring thoughts are comforted,
And other men's assent their doubt assures.
SIR J. DAVIES.

But now these Epicures begin to smile,
And say, my doctrine is more safe than true;
And that I fondly do myself beguile,
While these received opinions I ensue.
SIR J. DAVIES.

From things particular
She doth abstract the universal kinds.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Some minute philosophers pretend
That with our days our pains and pleasures end.
SIR J. DENHAM.

They, gilding dirt in noble verse,
Rustic philosophy rehearse.
SIR J. DENHAM.

This is what nature's want may well suffice;
He that would more is covetous, not wise;
But since among mankind so few there are
Who will conform to philosophic fare,
This much I will indulge thee for thy ease,
And mingle something of our times to please.
DRYDEN.

They all our famed philosophers defy,
And would our faith by force of reason try.
DRYDEN.

Divine philosophy! by whose pure light
We first distinguish, then pursue the right;
Thy power the breast from every error frees,
And weeds out all its vices by degrees.
GIFFORD: *Juvenal.*

Our unsteady actions cannot be
Managed by rules of strict philosophy.
SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

They give the reins to wand'ring thoughts,
Till, by their own perplexities involved,
They ravel more, still less resolved,
But never find self-satisfying solution.
MILTON.

Of good and evil much they argued then,
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy.
MILTON.

Others in virtue placed felicity:
The Stoic last in philosophic pride,
By him call'd virtue, and his virtuous man
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing.
MILTON.

That stone
Philosophers in vain so long have sought.
MILTON.

False philosophy inspires
Fallacious hope.
MILTON.

Causes according still
To the reception of their matter act,
Not to the extent of their own sphere.
MILTON.

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.
MILTON: *Comus.*

Let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft outwatch the bear,
With thrice great Hermes; or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
Th' immortal mind.
MILTON: *Il Penseroso.*

Such was the rigid Zeno's plan
To form his philosophic man;
Such were the modes he taught mankind
To weed the garden of the mind:
They tore away some weeds, 'tis true,
But all the flow'rs were ravish'd too.
MOORE.

Groves where immortal sages taught,
Where heav'nly visions Plato fired.
POPE.

Saved by spice, like mummies, many a year,
Old bodies of philosophy appear.
POPE.

Philosophy, that touch'd the heav'ns before,
Shrinks to her hidden cause, and is no more.
POPE.

In vain the grave, with retrospective eye,
Would from th' apparent what conclude the why.
POPE.

In lazy apathy let Stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fixed as in frost,
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest.
POPE.

The mind, in metaphysics, at a loss,
May wander in a wilderness of moss;
The head that turns at superlunar things,
Poised with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.
POPE.

All the volumes of philosophy,
With all their comments, never could invent
So politic an instrument.
PRIOR.

The scholars of the Stagirite,
Who for the old opinion fight,
Would make their modern friends confess
The diff'rence but from more to less.
PRIOR.

Let the silent sanctuary show
What from the babbling schools we may not know.
PRIOR.

Democritus, dear droll! revisit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth.
PRIOR.

I pray thee, peace! I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a pish at chance and sufferance.
SHAKSPEARE.

Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more!
SHAKSPEARE.

While we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks.
SHAKSPEARE.

I'm glad you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
SHAKSPEARE.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
SHAKSPEARE.

As rivers, though they bend and twine,
Still to the sea their course incline;
Or as philosophers, who find
Some fav'rite system to their mind,
In ev'ry point to make it fit
Will force all nature to submit.
SWIFT.

Nature's fair table-book, our tender souls,
We scrawl all o'er with old and empty rules,
Stale memorandums of the schools.
SWIFT.

Ned is in the gout,—
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without;
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!
SWIFT.

Philosophy consists not
In airy schemes, or idle speculations:
The rule and conduct of all social life
Is her great province.
THOMSON.

Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the sea, thy showery prism.
THOMSON.

Let Newton, pure intelligence, whom God
To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
In all philosophy.
THOMSON.

For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field.
THOMSON.

Their minds are richly fraught
With philosophic stores.
THOMSON.

PHYSIC.

Hence sprouting plants enrich the plain and wood;
For physic some, and some design'd for food.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Convulsions rack man's nerves, and cares his breast;
His flying life is chased by rav'ning pains
Through all his doubles in the winding veins.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Seek out for plants and signatures
To quack of universal cures.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
And poisons by themselves expell'd.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Call her the metaphysics of her sex,
And say she tortures wits, as quartans vex.
JOHN CLEAVELAND.

A hectic fever hath got hold
Of the whole substance, not to be controll'd.
DONNE.

Of simples in these groves that grow,
We'll learn the perfect skill;
The nature of each herb to know,
Which cures, and which can kill.
DRYDEN.

He 'scapes the best, who nature to repair
Draws physic from the fields in draughts of vital air.
DRYDEN.

They lanced a vein, and watch'd returning breath;
It came, but clogg'd with symptoms of his death.
DRYDEN.

A sparing diet did her health assure;
Or sick, a pepper posset was her cure.
DRYDEN.

The ready cure to cool the raging pain,
Is underneath the foot to breathe a vein.
DRYDEN.

A desperate wound must skilful hands employ,
But thine is curable by Philip's boy.
DRYDEN.

Let the learn'd begin
Th' enquiry, where disease could enter in:
How those malignant atoms forced their way,
What in the faultless frame they found to make their prey?
DRYDEN.

Nor will the raging fever's fire abate
With golden canopies and beds of state;
But the poor patient will as soon be found
On the hard mattress or the mother ground.
DRYDEN.

All soft'ning simples, known of sovereign use,
He presses out, and pours their noble juice;
These first infused, to lenify the pain,
He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain.
DRYDEN.

With laxatives preserve your body sound,
And purge the peccant humours that abound.
DRYDEN.

Watch the disease in time; for when within
The dropsy rages and extends the skin,
In vain for hellebore the patient cries,
And fees the doctor; but too late is wise.
DRYDEN.

A poet must confess
His art's like physic, but a happy guess.
DRYDEN.

A look so pale no quartan ever gave:
Thy dwindled legs seem crawling to the grave.
DRYDEN.

The throttling quinsey 'tis my star appoints,
And rheumatisms I send to rack the joints.
DRYDEN.

But chaste Diana, who his death deplored,
With Æsculapian herbs his life restored.
DRYDEN.

When men in sickness ling'ring lie,
They count the tedious hours by months and years.
DRYDEN.

When nature cannot work, th' effect of art is void:
For physic can but mend our crazy state,
Patch an old building, not a new create.
DRYDEN.

Thrice happy were those golden days of old,
When dear as Burgundy the ptisans sold;
When patients chose to die with better will,
Than breathe and pay the apothecary's bill.
GARTH.

So Huron leeches, when their patient lies
In feverish restlessness with unclosed eyes,
Apply with gentle strokes their osier rod,
And tap by tap invite the sleepy god.
WALTER HARTE.

In requital ope his leathern scrip,
And show me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.
MILTON.

Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
Nor medicinal liquor can assuage.
MILTON.

The disease, that shall destroy at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength.
POPE.

His pills as thick as hand-grenados flew,
And where they fell as certainly they slew.
ROSCOMMON.

Thou, best of gold, art worst of gold;
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in med'cine potable:
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up.
SHAKSPEARE.

Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power.
SHAKSPEARE.

All blest secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Be aidant and remediate.
SHAKSPEARE.

Those drugs she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile.
SHAKSPEARE.

The moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases may abound.
SHAKSPEARE.

There are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure; their malady convinces
The great essay of art.
SHAKSPEARE.

'Tis time to give them physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.
SHAKSPEARE.

Before the curing of a strong disease,
Ev'n in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.
SHAKSPEARE.

So sick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton as
To seem to die ere sick.
SHAKSPEARE.

What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug
Would scour these English hence? Hearest thou of them?
SHAKSPEARE.

Life and long health that gracious ointment gave,
And deadly wounds could heal, and rear again
The senseless corpse appointed for the grave.
SPENSER.

You think this turbulence of blood
From stagnating preserves the flood,
Which, thus fermenting by degrees,
Exalts the spirits, sinks the lees.
SWIFT.

I see her taste each nauseous draught,
And so obligingly am caught;
I bless the hand from whence they came,
Nor dare distort my face for shame.
SWIFT.

PHYSICIANS.

Of graduates I dislike the learned rout,
And choose a female doctor for the gout.
BRAMSTON.

Learn'd he was in med'c'nal lore;
For at his side a pouch he wore
Replete with strange hermetic powder,
That wounds nine miles point-blank would solder.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Physicians mend or end us,
Secundum artem:—but although we sneer
In health,—when sick, we call them to attend us,
Without the least propensity to jeer.
BYRON.

The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill.
Most of those evils we poor mortals know
From doctors and imagination flow.
CHURCHILL.

With hearts affected, but with looks serene,
Intent they wait through all the solemn scene,
Glad if a hope should rise from nature's strife,
To aid their skill and save the lingering life;
But this must virtue's generous effort be,
And spring from nobler motives than a fee:
To the physicians of the soul, and these,
Turn the distress'd for safety and for peace.
CRABBE: *Borough.*

From powerful causes spring th' empiric's gains,
Man's love of life, his weakness, and his pains;
These first induce him the vile trash to try,
Then lend his name that other men may buy.
CRABBE: *Borough.*

Some artist, whose nice hand
Couches the cataracts, and clears his sight,
And all at once a flood of glorious light
Comes rushing on his eyes.
JOHN DENNIS.

The first physicians by debauch were made;
Excess began and sloth sustains the trade.
By chase our long-lived fathers earn'd their food;
Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood;
But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend:
God never made his work for man to mend.
DRYDEN.

Wand'ring in the dark,
Physicians, for the tree, have found the bark;
They, lab'ring for relief of human kind,
With sharpen'd sight some remedies may find;
The apothecary train is wholly blind:
From files a random recipe they take,
And many deaths of one prescription make.
DRYDEN.

To 'pothecaries let the learn'd prescribe,
That men may die without a double bribe;
Let them, but under their superiors, kill,
When doctors first have sign'd the bloody bill.
DRYDEN.

What crowds of patients the town doctor kills,
Or how last fall he raised the weekly bills.
DRYDEN.

Garth, gen'rous as his muse, prescribes and gives;
The shopman sells, and by destruction lives.
DRYDEN.

Wise leeches will not vain receipts obtrude
While growing pains pronounce the humours crude:
Deaf to complaints, they wait upon the ill
Till some safe crisis authorize their skill.
DRYDEN.

The second causes took the swift command,
The medicinal head, the ready hand;
All but eternal doom was conquer'd by their art.
DRYDEN.

Physic is their bane:
The learned leeches in despair depart,
And shake their heads, desponding of their art.
DRYDEN.

So lived our sires, ere doctors learn'd to kill,
And multiplied with heirs their weekly bill.
DRYDEN.

They mix a med'cine, to foment their limbs,
With scum that on the molten silver swims.
DRYDEN.

The circling streams, once thought but pools of blood,
From dark oblivion Harvey's name shall save.
DRYDEN.

A spark, like thee, of the man-killing trade,
Fell sick, and thus to his physician said:
Methinks I am not right in ev'ry part,
I feel a kind of trembling at my heart.
DRYDEN.

Each proselyte would vote his doctor best,
With absolute exclusion to the rest.
DRYDEN.

Those lives they fail'd to rescue by their skill,
Their muse would make immortal with her quill.
GARTH.

Physicians with their milky cheer
The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair.
GAY.

Garth, faster than a plague destroys, restores.
GRANVILLE.

For great the man, and useful without doubt,
Who seasons pottage, or expels the gout;
Whose science keeps life in, and keeps death out.
WALTER HARTE.

Each herb he knew that works or good or ill,
More learn'd than Meave, half as learn'd as Hill.
WALTER HARTE.

Modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
POPE.

So when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.
POPE.

Weak though I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite,
I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
POPE.

Friend to my life, which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song.
POPE: *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.*

You tell your doctor that you're ill;
And what does he but write a bill?
Of which you need but read one letter:
The scrawl the worse, the dose the better.
For if you knew but what you take,
Though you recover, he must break.
PRIOR.

Taught by thy art divine, the sage physician
Eludes the urn, and chains or exiles death.
PRIOR.

For while unhurt, divine Jourdain,
Thy work and Seneca's remain,
Thou keep'st his body, they his soul,
He lives and breathes, restored and whole.
PRIOR.

The hoary wrinkled leech has watch'd and toil'd,
Tried every health-restoring herb and gum,
And wearied out his painful skill in vain.
ROWE.

Trust not the physician:
His antidotes are poisons, and he slays
More than you rob.
SHAKSPEARE.

If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.
SHAKSPEARE.

How he solicits heav'n
Himself best knows; but strangely visited people,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures.
SHAKSPEARE.

I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted,
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks;
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.
SHAKSPEARE.

About his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and empty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
SHAKSPEARE.

Then comes rosy health from her cottage of thatch,
Where never physician hath lifted the latch.
SMART.

Then with some cordials seek for to appease
The inward languor of my wounded heart,
And then my body shall have shortly ease:
But such sweet cordials pass physician's art.
SPENSER.

Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee from Radcliffe scorns.
SWIFT.

The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame:
"We must confess his case was nice,
But he would never take advice."
SWIFT.

PITY.

Pity is sworn servant unto love,
And this be sure, wherever it begin
To make the way, it lets the master in.
DANIEL: *Arcadia.*

We must those who groan beneath the weight
Of age, disease, or want commiserate.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Nature has cast me in so soft a mould
That but to hear a story, feign'd for pleasure,
Of some sad lover's death, moistens my eyes,
And robs me of my manhood.
DRYDEN.

Th' Almighty cast a pitying eye:
He saw the towns one-half in rubbish lie.
DRYDEN.

The strange reverse of fate you see:
I pitied you, now you may pity me.
DRYDEN.

Nor wept his fate, nor cast a pitying eye,
Nor took him down, but brush'd regardless by.
DRYDEN.

He falls, he fills the house with heavy groans,
Implores their pity, and his pain bemoans.
DRYDEN.

Let merit crowns, and justice laurels give,
But let me happy by your pity live.
DRYDEN.

Pity only on fresh objects stays,
But with the tedious sight of woes decays.
DRYDEN.

Unhelp'd I am, who pitied the distress'd,
And, none oppressing, am by all oppress'd.
DRYDEN.

And, touch'd with miseries myself have known,
I learn to pity woes so like my own.
DRYDEN.

First she relents
With pity, of that pity then repents.
DRYDEN.

Brand not their actions with so foul a name;
Pity, at least, what we are forced to blame.
DRYDEN.

Since my inevitable death you know,
You safely unavailing pity show.
DRYDEN.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
DRYDEN.

None pities him that's in the snare,
And, warn'd before, would not beware.
HERRICK.

A common pity does not love express;
Pity is love when grown into excess.
SIR R. HOWARD.

Whence, feeble nature! shall we summon aid,
If by our pity and our pride betray'd?
PRIOR.

If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement sue.
SHAKSPEARE.

A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows,
Who by the art of known and feeling sorrows
Am pregnant to good pity.
SHAKSPEARE.

Losses
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint.
SHAKSPEARE.

He raised a sigh so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being.
SHAKSPEARE.

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs.
SHAKSPEARE.

Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast
Where love has been received a welcome guest;
As wandering saints poor huts have blessed made,
He hallows every heart he once has sway'd,
And when his presence we no longer share,
Still leaves compassion as a relic there.
SHERIDAN.

Yet to augment the anguish of my smart,
Thou hast enfrozen her disdainful breast,
That no one drop of pity there doth rest.
SPENSER.

Indifference, clad in wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies;
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt? SWIFT.

PLEASURE.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,—
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-fall in the river,—
A moment white, then melts forever.
BURNS: *Tam O'Shanter.*

Though sages may pour out their wisdom's treasure,
There is no sterner moralist than pleasure.
BYRON.

True courtiers should be modest, and not nice;
Bold, but not impudent; pleasure love, not vice.
GEORGE CHAPMAN.

'Tis time short pleasure now to take,
Of little life the best to make,
And manage wisely the last stake.
COWLEY.

And while the face of outward things we find
Pleasant and fair, agreeable and sweet,
These things transport.
SIR J. DAVIES.

He heard a grave philosopher maintain
That all the actions of our life were vain
Which with our sense of pleasure not conspired.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Though divine Plato thus of pleasure thought,—
They us with hooks and baits, like fishes, caught.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Their cheerful age with honour youth attends,
Joy'd that from pleasure's slavery they are free.
SIR J. DENHAM.

What subtile witchcraft man constrains
To change his pleasure into pains?
SIR J. DENHAM.

But pause, my soul! and study, ere thou fall
On accidental joys, th' essential.
Still before accessories do abide
A trial, must the principal be tried.
DONNE.

Pleasure has been the business of my life,
And every change of fortune easy to me,
Because I still was easy to myself.
DRYDEN.

Pleasure with instruction should be join'd:
So take the corn, and leave the chaff behind.
DRYDEN.

Pleasures which nowhere else were to be found,
And all Elysium in a spot of ground.
DRYDEN.

Then no day void of bliss, of pleasure, leaving,
Ages shall slide away without perceiving.
DRYDEN.

Opposed to her, on t'other side advance
The costly feast, the carol, and the dance,
Minstrels and music, poetry and play,
And balls by night, and tournaments by day.
DRYDEN.

Stand before her in a golden dream;
Set all the pleasures of the world to show,
And in vain joys let her loose spirits flow.
DRYDEN.

Leave for a while thy costly country-seat;
And to be great indeed, forget
The nauseous pleasures of the great.
DRYDEN.

My tender age in luxury was train'd,
With idle ease and pageants entertain'd;
My hours my own, my pleasures unrestrain'd.
DRYDEN.

'Tis pleasant safely to behold from shore
The rolling ships, and hear the tempest roar;
Not that another's pain is our delight,
But pains unfelt produce the pleasing sight.
DRYDEN.

What pleasure can there be in that estate
Which your unquietness has made me hate?
DRYDEN.

From those great cares when ease your soul unbends,
Your pleasures are design'd to noble ends.
DRYDEN.

For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
GOLDSMITH.

Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth.
GOLDSMITH: *Retaliation.*

Acquit thee bravely, play the man:
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go:
Defer not the last virtue: life's poor span
Makes not an ell by trifling in thy woe.
GEORGE HERBERT.

Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
To argue in thee something more sublime
And excellent than what thy mind contemns.
MILTON.

Judge not what is best
By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet;
Created as thou art to nobler end,
Holy and pure, conformity divine!
MILTON.

Earth hath this variety from heav'n,
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale.
MILTON.

We may roam through this world like a child at a feast,
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest,
And when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings and be off to the west.

MOORE.

I thought of the days when to pleasure alone
My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh;
When the saddest emotion my bosom had known
Was pity for those who were wiser than I!

MOORE.

Pleasures, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

POPE.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words,—health, peace, and competence.

POPE.

Why pique all mortals that affect a name?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame!

POPE.

And thus the sweet deluders tune their song.

POPE.

He gains all points who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.

POPE.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure or from pain.

POPE.

Some place the bliss in action, some in ease;
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these.

POPE.

Howe'er, 'tis well that while mankind
Through life's perverse meanders errs,
He can imagined pleasures find,
To combat against real cares.

PRIOR.

Each delighted, and delighting, gives
The pleasing ecstasy which each receives.

PRIOR.

Where solid pains succeed our senseless joys,
And short-lived pleasures pass like fleeting dreams.

ROCHESTER: *Valentinian.*

Pleasure that comes unlook'd for is thrice welcome;
And if it stir the heart, if aught be there
That may hereafter in a thoughtful hour
Wake but a sigh, 'tis treasured up among
The things most precious; and the day it came
Is noted as a white day in our lives.

ROGERS: *Italy.*

Boys immature in knowledge
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure.

SHAKSPEARE.

Pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision.

SHAKSPEARE.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.

SHAKSPEARE.

Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain
Which with pain purchased doth inherit pain.

SHAKSPEARE.

The strong through pleasure soonest falls, the weak
Through smart.

SPENSER.

And now he has pour'd out his idle mind
In dainty delices and lavish joys,
Having his warlike weapons cast behind,
And flows in pleasures and vain pleasing toys.

SPENSER.

And let the Graces dance unto the rest,
For they can do it best;
The whiles the maidens do their carol sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

SPENSER: *Epithalamium.*

When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms.

TICKELL.

All human race, from China to Peru,
Pleasure, howe'er disguised by art, pursue.

T. WARTON: *Universal Love of Pleasure.*

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy:
Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still:
If seized at last, compute your mighty gains;
What is it but rank poison in your veins?

YOUNG.

Fools grin on fools, and stoic-like support,
Without one sigh, the pleasures of a court.
YOUNG.

That wheel of fops; that saunter of the town;
Call it diversion, and the pill goes down.
YOUNG.

A man of pleasure is a man of pains.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

Whate'er the motive, pleasure is the mark:
For her the black assassin draws his sword;
For her dark statesmen trim their midnight lamp;
For her the saint abstains; the miser starves;
The stoic proud, for pleasure, pleasure scorns;
For her affliction's daughters grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears;—
For her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

O the dark days of vanity! while here
How tasteless! and how terrible when gone!
Gone! they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still:
The spirit walks of every day deceased,
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

POETRY.

Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground.
ADDISON.

Methinks heroic poesy, till now,
Like some fantastic fairy-land did show.
COWLEY.

He loved my worthless rhymes, and, like a friend,
Would find out something to commend.
COWLEY.

Thy immortal rhyme
Makes up this one short point of time
To fill up half the orb of round eternity.
COWLEY.

What succour can I hope the muse will send,
Whose drowsiness hath wrong'd the muse's friend?
CRASHAW.

Here some digression I must make t' accuse
Thee, my forgetful and ungrateful muse.
SIR J. DENHAM.

But is't not presumption to write verse to you,
Who make the better poems of the two?
For all these pretty knacks that you compose,
Alas! what are they but poems in prose?
SIR J. DENHAM.

My earliest mistress, now my ancient muse,
That strong Circean liquor cease t' infuse
Wherewith thou didst intoxicate my youth.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Th' eternal cause in their immortal lines
Was taught, and poets were the first divines.
SIR J. DENHAM.

'Tis still the same, although their shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
SIR J. DENHAM.

These are the labour'd births of slavish brains;
Not the effect of poetry, but pains.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Love first invented verse, and form'd the rhyme,
The motion measured, harmonized the chime.
DRYDEN.

Thy first-fruits of poesy were giv'n
To make thyself a welcome inmate there,
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heav'n.
DRYDEN.

Is my muse controll'd
By servile awe? Born free, and not be bold!
At least I'll dig a hole within the ground,
And to the trusty earth commit the sound.
DRYDEN: *Persius.*

The charms of poetry our souls bewitch;
The curse of writing is an endless itch.
DRYDEN.

The hand and head were never lost of those
Who dealt in dogg'rel, or who punn'd in prose.
DRYDEN.

Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread,
And with heroic verse luxuriously were fed.
DRYDEN.

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound;
All at her work the village maiden sings,
Nor, as she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitude of things.
WM. GIFFORD.

And thou, sweet poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade!
Unfit, in these degen'rate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame:
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decay'd,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
Thou found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so.
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village.*

The helmed cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glitt'ring ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to heaven's new-born heir.
MILTON.

His annual wound in Lebanon, allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate,
In am'rous ditties, all a summer's day.
MILTON.

Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
The forms august of kings, or conqu'ring chief,
E'er swell'd on marble, as in verse have shined,
In polish'd verse, the manners and the mind.
POPE.

Such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low.
POPE.

Some dryly plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
POPE.

Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each excited stanza teems with thought.
POPE.

The muse whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescribed her heights, and pruned her tender wing,
Her guide now lost, no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries.
POPE.

But care in poetry must still be had;
It asks discretion ev'n in running mad.
POPE.

Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
POPE.

Though still some traces of our rustic vein
And splayfoot verse remain'd, and will remain.
POPE.

Oh, may some spark of your celestial fire
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire.
POPE.

Each muse in Leo's golden days
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays.
POPE.

Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear.
POPE.

Short is the date, alas! of modern rhymes;
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
POPE.

Where'er you find the "cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers through the trees:"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep."
POPE.

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Gives virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steals a tear!
POPE.

We poetic folks, who must restrain
Our measured sayings in an equal chain,
Have troubles utterly unknown to those
Who let their fancy loose in rambling prose.
PRIOR.

To make the rough recital aptly chime,
Or bring the sum of Gallia's loss to rhyme.
PRIOR.

While the deathless muse
Shall sing the just, shall o'er their head diffuse
Perfumes with lavish hand, she shall proclaim
Thy crimes alone.
PRIOR.

Admits of no degrees, but must be still
Sublimely good, or despicably ill.
ROSCOMMON.

But no authority of gods or men
Allow of any mean in poesie.
ROSCOMMON.

For rudest minds with harmony were caught,
And civil life was by the muses taught.
ROSCOMMON.

Well-sounding verses are the charms we use
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse.
ROSCOMMON.

Knowing when a muse should be indulged
In her full flight, and when she should be curb'd.

ROSCOMMON.

Chaste moral writing we may learn from hence;
Neglect of which no wit can recompense:
The fountain which from Helicon proceeds,
That sacred stream, should never water weeds,
Nor make the crop of thorns and thistles grow.

ROSCOMMON.

Be subjects great, and worth a poet's voice:
For men of sense despise a trivial choice.

ROSCOMMON.

'Tis dangerous tampering with a muse,
The profit's small, and you have much to lose:
For though true wit adorns your birth or place,
Degenerate lines degrade th' attainted race.

ROSCOMMON.

But hear, oh, hear, in what exalted strains
Sicilian muses, through these happy plains,
Proclaim Saturnian times, our own Apollo reigns.

ROSCOMMON.

Folly and vice are easy to describe,
The common subjects of our scribbling tribe.

ROSCOMMON.

No declining age
E'er felt the raptures of poetic rage.

ROSCOMMON.

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!

SHAKSPEARE.

Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

SHAKSPEARE.

The sweet numbers and melodious measures,
With which I wont the winged words to tie,
And make a tuneful diapase of pleasures,
Now being let to run at liberty.

SPENSER.

Who now shall give me words and sound
Equal unto this mighty enterprise?
Or who shall lend me wings, with which from ground
My lowly verse may loftily arise
And lift itself unto the highest skies?

SPENSER.

Heaps of huge words, uphoarded hideously,
They think to be chief praise of poetry;
And thereby, wanting due intelligence,
Have marr'd the face of goodly poesie.

SPENSER.

No Pegasus could bear the load
Along the high celestial road;
The steed, oppress'd, would break his girth,
To raise the lumber from the earth.

SWIFT.

The vilest dogg'rel Grub-street sends
Will pass for yours with foes and friends.

SWIFT.

For though, in nature, depth and height
Are equally held infinite;
In poetry the height we know:
'Tis only infinite below.

SWIFT.

Sonnets or elegies to Chloris
Might raise a house about two stories;
A lyric ode would slate; a catch
Would tile; an epigram would thatch.

SWIFT.

Each verse so swells expressive of her woes,
And ev'ry tear in lines so mournful flows,
We, spite of fame, her fate reversed believe,
O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live!

TICKELL.

What may be hoped,
When not from Helicon's imagined spring,
But sacred writ, we borrow what we sing?
This with the fabric of the world begun,
Elder than light, and shall outlast the sun.

WALLER.

Things of deep sense we may in prose unfold,
But they move more in lofty numbers told;
By the loud trumpet which our courage aids,
We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades.

WALLER.

Since the muses do invoke my pow'r,
I shall no more decline that sacred bow'r
Where Gloriana, their great mistress, lies.

WALLER.

We send the graces and the muses forth
To civilize and to instruct the North.

WALLER.

Verse makes heroic virtue live,
But you can life to virtue give.

WALLER.

Verses are the potent charms we use
Heroic thought and virtue to infuse.

WALLER.

POETS.

To-night the poet's advocate I stand,
And he deserves the favour at my hand.
ADDISON.

Here wanton Naples crowns the happy shore,
Nor vainly rich, nor despicably poor;
The town in soft solemnities delights,
And gentle poets to her arms invites.
ADDISON.

O brave poets, keep back nothing;
Nor mix falsehood with the whole!
Look up Godward! speak the truth in
Worthy song from earnest soul!
Hold in high poetic duty
Truest truth the fairest beauty!
MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

It is not poetry that makes men poor;
For few do write that were not so before;
And those that have writ best, had they been rich,
Had ne'er been seized with a poetic itch;
Had loved their ease too well to take the pains
To undergo that drudgery of brains;
But, being for all other trades unfit,
Only t' avoid being idle set up wit.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

No! when the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are sere, their former laurels fade:
Let such forego the poet's sacred name
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame.
BYRON: *Eng. Bards and Scot. Reviewers.*

Of those few fools who with ill stars are curst,
Some scribbling fools call'd poets fare the worst:
For they're a set of fools which fortune makes,
And, after she has made them fools, forsakes.
CONGREVE.

Poets have undoubted right to claim,
If not the greatest, the most lasting name.
CONGREVE.

Poet and saint, to thee alone were giv'n
The two most sacred names of earth and heav'n.
COWLEY.

Who brought green poesy to her perfect age,
And made that art which was a rage!
COWLEY.

Sure there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those.
SIR J. DENHAM.

For that fine madness still he did retain
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.
DRAYTON: *Polyolbion.* (*Of Marlowe.*)

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
The next in majesty, in both the last:
The force of Nature could no further go;
To make a third, she join'd the former two.
DRYDEN: *under Milton's Picture.*

I'll versify in spite, and do my best
To make as much waste paper as the rest.
DRYDEN.

Each poet of the air her glory sings,
And round him the pleased audience clap their wings.
DRYDEN.

Reject the nauseous praises of the times;
Give thy base poets back their cobbled rhymes.
DRYDEN.

So may cast poets write; there's no pretension
To argue loss of wit from loss of pension.
DRYDEN.

Poets, like lovers, should be bold and dare;
They spoil their business with an over-care:
And he who servilely creeps after sense
Is safe, but ne'er will reach an excellence.
DRYDEN.

O fortunate young man! at least your lays
Are next to his, and claim the second praise.
DRYDEN.

Henceforth let poets, ere allow'd to write,
Be search'd, like duellists before they fight.
DRYDEN.

So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.
DRYDEN.

Mean as I am, yet have the Muses made
Me free, a member of the tuneful trade.
DRYDEN.

A poet is not born in ev'ry race;
Two of a house few ages can afford,
One to perform, another to record.
DRYDEN.

Worse than all the clatt'ring tiles, and worse
Than thousand padders, is the poet's curse;
Rogues that in dog-days cannot rhyme forbear,
But without mercy read, to make you hear.
DRYDEN.

True poets empty fame and praise despise;
Fame is the trumpet, but your smile the prize.
DRYDEN.

Poets are limners of another kind,
To copy out ideas in the mind;
Words are the paint by which their thoughts are shown,
And nature is their object to be drawn.
GRANVILLE.

The poet and his theme, in spite of time,
Forever young, enjoys an endless prime.
GRANVILLE.

In jingling rhymes well fortified and strong,
He fights intrench'd o'er head and ears in song.
GRANVILLE.

'Tis long disputed whether poets claim
From art or nature their best right to fame
But art, if not enrich'd by nature's vein,
And a rude genius of uncultured strain,
Are useless both; but when in friendship join'd,
A mutual succour in each other find.
HORACE, *by* FRANCIS.

Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me, for once, presume t' instruct the times
To know the poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains;
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage—compose—with more than magic art,
With pity and with terror tear my heart;
And snatch me o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
HORACE, *by* POPE.

It is a fearful stake the poet casts,
When he comes forth from his sweet solitude
Of hopes, and songs, and visionary things,
To ask the iron verdict of the world.
L. E. LANDON.

Nor will I thee detain
With poet's fictions, nor oppress thine ear
With circumstance and long exordiums here.
MAY: *Virgil.*

The repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the pow'r
To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.
MILTON.

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
POPE.

Sages and chiefs long since had birth,
Ere Cæsar was, or Newton named;
These raised new empires o'er the earth,
And those new heav'ns and systems framed:
Vain was the chiefs', the sages' pride!
They had no poet, and they died;
In vain they schemed, in vain they bled!
They had no poet, and are dead.
POPE.

Mighty dulness crown'd
Shall take through Grub-street her triumphant round,
And, her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold a hundred sons, and each a dunce.
POPE.

A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross.
POPE.

I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd.
POPE.

Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts;
So pleased at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky.
POPE.

How to the banks where bards departed doze
They led him soft.
POPE.

The needy poet sticks to all he meets,
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
And carried off in some dog's tail at last.
POPE.

The gen'rous god who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
Kept dross for duchesses,—the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good humour, and a poet.
POPE.

Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days,
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down enlarging as they flow.
POPE.

Unjustly poets we asperse;
Truth shines the brighter, clad in verse.
POPE.

While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
POPE.

Poets, like painters, thus unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
POPE.

Much do I suffer, much to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race.
POPE.

At some dear idle time
Not plagued with headache or the want of rhyme.
POPE.

A bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown.
POPE.

Some strain in rhyme; the muses on their racks
Scream, like the winding of ten thousand jacks.
POPE.

Just strives to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a year.
POPE.

What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain!
POPE.

Yes, every poet is a fool;
By demonstration Ned can show it:
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove every fool to be a poet. PRIOR.

Vain now the tales which fabling poets tell,
That wav'ring conquest still desires to rove.
PRIOR.

Poets, the first instructors of mankind,
Brought all things to their native, proper use.
ROSCOMMON.

Let poets match their subject to their strength,
And often try what weight they can support.
ROSCOMMON.

A wealthy poet takes more pains to hire
A flattering audience than poor tradesmen do
To persuade customers to buy their goods.
ROSCOMMON.

Each poet with a different talent writes;
One praises, one instructs, another bites.
ROSCOMMON.

True poets are the guardians of a state,
And when they fall, portend approaching fate.
ROSCOMMON.

Though poets may of inspiration boast,
Their rage, ill govern'd, in the clouds is lost;
He that proportion'd wonders can disclose
At once his fancy and his judgment shows;
Chaste moral writing we may learn from hence,
Neglect of which no wit can recompense.
ROSCOMMON.

Call it not vain;—they do not err
Who say that, when the Poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper
And celebrates his obsequies.
SIR W. SCOTT: *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name.
SHAKSPEARE.

No poet ever sweetly sung,
Unless he were like Phœbus young;
Nor ever nymph inspired to rhyme,
Unless like Venus in her prime. SWIFT.

What poet would not mourn to see
His brother write as well as he?
SWIFT.

Your poem sunk,
And sent in quires to line a trunk;
If still you be disposed to rhyme,
Go try your hand a second time.
SWIFT.

Then, rising with Aurora's light,
The muse invoked, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head and bite your nails.
SWIFT: *On Poetry.*

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems.
THOMSON: *Castle of Indolence.*

Some refuge in the muse's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch'd the trembling string,
Bereft of him who taught me how to sing.
TICKELL.

Were we but less indulgent to our faults,
And patience had to cultivate our thoughts,
Our muse would flourish.
WALLER.

Poets lose half the praise they should have got
Could it be known what they discreetly blot.
WALLER.

Poets that lasting marble seek
Must carve in Latin or in Greek:
We write in sand,—our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.
WALLER: *On English Verse.*

Poets may boast, as safely vain,
Their works shall with the world remain:
Both bound together live or die,
The verses and the prophecy.
WALLER: *On English Verse.*

Poets, like monarchs on an eastern throne,
Confined by nothing but their will alone,
Here can cry up, and there as boldly blame,
And, as they please, give infamy or fame.
WALSH.

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,—
The Poets! who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!
WORDSWORTH: *Personal Talk.*

And mighty poets in their misery dead.
WORDSWORTH.

POLITICS.

Where vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.
ADDISON.

Thou oft hast seen me
Wrestling with vice and faction; now thou see'st me
Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success.
ADDISON.

The morning lowers, and heavily in clouds
Brings on the day, the great, the important day,
Big with the fate of Cato and of Rome.
ADDISON.

Oh! think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots and their last fatal periods!
Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Made up of horror all, and big with death.
ADDISON.

Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last.
ADDISON.

We trepann'd the state, and faced it down
With plots and projects of our own.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Are not our liberties, our lives,
The laws, religion, and our wives,
Enough at once to lie at stake
For covenant and the cause's sake?
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust.
BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

Who's in or out, who moves the grand machine,
Nor stirs my curiosity or spleen;
Secrets of state no more I wish to know
Than secret movements of a puppet-show.
CHURCHILL.

Dull rogues affect the politician's part,
And learn to nod, and smile, and shrug with art;
Who nothing has to lose, the war bewails;
And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails.
CONGREVE.

Oft pitying God did well-form'd spirits raise,
Fit for the toilsome bus'ness of their days,
To free the groaning nation, and to give
Peace first, and then the rules in peace to live.
COWLEY.

But the age of virtuous politics is past,
And we are deep in that of cold pretence:
Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
And we too wise to trust them.
COWPER.

The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them; at his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And, with a dextrous jerk, soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
COWPER.

Is there no means, but that a sin-sick land
Should be let blood with such a boist'rous hand?
DANIEL.

The root cut off from whence these tumults rose,
He should have rest, the commonwealth repose.
DANIEL.

Commonwealths by virtue ever stood.
SIR J. DAVIES.

A popular sway, by forcing kings to give,
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Here was that charter seal'd, wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary power lays down.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Like a declining statesman left forlorn
To his friends' pity and pursuers' scorn.
SIR J. DENHAM.

May no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform.
SIR J. DENHAM.

He had not used excursions, spears, or darts,
But counsel, order, and such aged arts:
Which if our ancestors had not retain'd,
The senate's name our counsel had not gain'd.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Statesmen purge vice with vice, and may corrode
The bad with bad, a spider with a toad:
For so ill thralls not them, but they tame ill,
And make her do much good against her will.
DONNE.

While empiric politicians use deceit,
Hide what they give, and cure but by a cheat,
You boldly show that skill which they pretend,
And work by means as noble as your end;
Which should you veil, we might unwind the clue,
As men do nature, till we came to you.
DRYDEN.

A subject in his prince may claim a right,
Nor suffer him with strength impair'd to fight.
DRYDEN.

I'll not betray the glory of my name:
'Tis not for me, who have preserved a state,
To buy an empire at so base a rate.
DRYDEN.

Our fathers bent their painful industry
To check a monarchy that slowly grew;
But did not France or Holland's fate foresee,
Whose rising pow'r to swift dominion flew.
DRYDEN.

In knots they stand, or in a rank they walk,
Serious in aspect, earnest in their talk;
Factious, and favouring this or t'other side,
As their strong fancy or weak reason guide.
DRYDEN.

But we who give our native rights away,
And our enslaved posterity betray,
Are now reduced to beg an alms and go
On holy-days to see a puppet-show.
DRYDEN.

With mind averse, he rather underwent
His people's will, than gave his own consent.
DRYDEN.

As the greatest curse that I can give,
Unpitied be deposed, and after live.
DRYDEN.

O, I am yet to learn a statesman's art;
My kindness and my hate unmask'd I wear,
For friends to trust, and enemies to fear.
DRYDEN.

The little courtiers, who ne'er come to know
The depth of factions, as in mazes go,
Where interests meet, and cross, so oft that they
With too much care are wilder'd in the way.
DRYDEN.

Betwixt the prince and parliament we stand,
The barriers of the state on either hand:
May neither overflow, for then they drown the land.
DRYDEN.

The lovely boy, with his auspicious face,
Shall Pollio's consulship and triumph grace.
DRYDEN.

Nor urged the labours of my lord in vain
A sinking empire longer to sustain.
DRYDEN.

Forced into exile from his rightful throne,
He made all countries where he came his own;
And, viewing monarchs' secret arts of sway,
A royal factor for their kingdoms lay.
DRYDEN.

None can have the favourable thought,
That to obey a tyrant's will they fought.
DRYDEN.

From hence the fate of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome.
DRYDEN.

Your slighting Zulema, this very hour
Will take ten thousand subjects from your power.
DRYDEN.

Your wrongs are known: impose but your commands,
This hour shall bring you twenty thousand hands.
DRYDEN.

The surly commons shall respect deny,
And justle peerage out with property.
DRYDEN.

At home the hateful names of parties cease,
And factious souls are wearied into peace.
DRYDEN.

To tyrants others have their country sold,
Imposing foreign lords for foreign gold.
DRYDEN.

Wouldst thou be first minister of state;
To have thy levees crowded with resort
Of a depending, gaping, servile court?
DRYDEN.

To this false foreigner you give your throne,
And wrong'd a friend, a kinsman, and a son.
DRYDEN.

Consuls of mod'rate power in calms were made;
When the Gauls came, one sole dictator sway'd.
DRYDEN.

Mark those who dote on arbitrary power,
And you shall find 'em either hot-brained youth
Or needy bankrupts.
DRYDEN.

When empire in its childhood first appears,
A watchful fate o'ersees its rising years.
DRYDEN.

The senseless plea of right by providence
Can last no longer than the present sway,
But justifies the next who comes in play.
DRYDEN.

I to do this! I, whom you once thought brave,
To sell my country, and my king enslave!
DRYDEN.

What people is so void of common sense
To vote succession from a native prince?
DRYDEN.

Were subjects so but only by their choice,
And not from birth did forced dominion take,
One prince alone would have the public voice.
DRYDEN.

Be pleased your politics to spare;
I'm old enough, and can myself take care.
DRYDEN.

Nor do those ills on single bodies prey;
But oftener bring the nation to decay,
And sweep the present stock and future hope away.
DRYDEN.

Beneath one law bees live,
And with one common stock their traffic drive:
All's in the state, the state provides for all.
DRYDEN.

Almighty crowd! thou shorten'st all dispute;
Nor faith nor reason make thee at a stay;
Thou leap'st over all.
DRYDEN.

These will appear such chits in story,
'Twill turn all politics to jests,
To be repeated like John Dory,
When fiddlers sing at feasts.
DRYDEN.

Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village.*

Whose genius was such
We scarcely could praise him, or blame him, too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
GOLDSMITH: *Retaliation.*

For just experience tells in every soil
That those who think must govern those who toil.
GOLDSMITH: *Traveller.*

Knowing by fame, small poets, small musicians,
Small painters, and still smaller politicians.
WALTER HARTE.

D' ye think that statesmen's kindnesses proceed
From any principles but their own need?
When they're afraid, they're wondrous good and free;
But when they're safe they have no memory.
SIR R. HOWARD: *Vestal Virgin.*

Extended empire, like extended gold,
Exchanges solid strength for feeble splendour.
DR. S. JOHNSON: *Irene.*

Here let those reign whom pensions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white,
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for pirates in the face of day.
DR. S. JOHNSON: *London.*

Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain.
SIR W. JONES.

Believe me, friends, loud tumults are not laid
With half the easiness that they are raised.
BEN JONSON.

Such an envious state
That sooner will accuse the magistrate
Than the delinquent, and will rather grieve
The treason is not acted, than believe.
BEN JONSON.

They did not leave the helm in storms;
And such they are make happy states.
BEN JONSON.

A state's anger should not take
Knowledge either of fools or women.
BEN JONSON.

Hence, wretched nation! all thy woes arise:
Avow'd corruption, licensed perjuries,
Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
Servants that rule, and senates that obey.
LORD LYTTELTON.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man help'd the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portion'd;
Then spoils were fairly sold;
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.
LORD MACAULAY: *Lays.*

Gray-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,
Assemble; and harangues are heard; but soon
In factious opposition.
MILTON.

With what ease,
Endued with regal virtues as thou art,
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne.
MILTON.

He ill aspires to rule
Cities of men or headstrong multitudes,
Subject himself to anarchy within.
MILTON.

There they shall found
Their government, and their great senate choose.
MILTON.

Means I must use, thou say'st, prediction else
Will unpredict, and fail me of the throne.
MILTON.

Who, not content
With fair equality, fraternal state,
Will arrogate dominion undeserved
Over his brethren.
MILTON.

Unjust equal o'er equals to let reign;
One over all, with unsucceeded power.
MILTON.

Vane, young in years, but in sage councils old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome.
MILTON.

If they are all debased and willing slaves,
The young but breathing to grow gray in bondage,
And the old sinking to ignoble graves,
Of such a race no matter who is king.
MURPHY.

Avoid the politic, the factious fool,
The busy, buzzing, talking, harden'd knave,
The quaint, smooth rogue, that sins 'gainst his reason,
Calls saucy loud sedition public zeal,
And mutiny the dictates of his spirit.
OTWAY.

All agree to spoil the public good,
And villains fatten with the brave man's labour.
OTWAY.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And blunder on in business to the last.
POPE.

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best.
POPE.

The right divine of kings to govern wrong.
POPE.

Who first taught souls enslaved, and realms undone,
The enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all nature's laws,
T' invert the world and counterwork its cause.
POPE.

His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head; all interests weigh'd,
All Europe saved, yet Britain not betray'd.
POPE.

Let not the muse then flatter lawless sway,
Nor follow fortune where she leads the way.
POPE.

When a statesman wants a day's defence,
Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands.
POPE.

In moderation placing all my glory,
While tories call me whig, and whigs a tory.
POPE.

My retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.
POPE.

Jarring interests of themselves create
Th' according music of a well-mixt state.
POPE.

Or rob the Roman geese of all their glories,
And save the state by cackling to the tories.
POPE.

The pale boy senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.
POPE.

Ask men's opinions: Scoto now shall tell
How trade increases, and the world goes well:
Strike off his pension by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.
POPE.

These now control a wretched people's fate;
These can divide, and these reverse, the state.
POPE.

And now, as oft in some distemper'd state,
On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate.
POPE.

Calm thinking villains, whom no faith could fix;
Of crooked counsels, and dark politics.
POPE.

Ulysses let no partial favours fall;
The people's parent, he protected all.
POPE.

Cæsar, the world's great master and his own,
Unmoved, superior still in every state,
And scarce detested in his country's fate.
POPE.

How should the muse from such a monarch steal
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?
POPE.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend:
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
Praised, wept, and honour'd by the muse he loved.
POPE.

Empires by various turns shall rise and set;
While thy abandon'd tribes shall only know
A different master, and a change of time.
PRIOR.

Entire and sure the monarch's rule must prove,
Who founds her greatness on her subjects' love.
PRIOR.

Bright Eliza ruled Britannia's state,
And boldly wise, and fortunately great.
PRIOR.

Every peevish, moody malcontent
Shall set the senseless rabble in an uproar.
ROWE.

Valiant fools
Were made by nature for the wise to work with;
They are their tools; and 'tis the sport of statesmen
When heroes knock their knotty heads together
And fall by one another.
ROWE.

Woe to that land
Which gasps beneath a child's unstaid command.
SANDYS.

Let fools the fame of loyalty divide:
Wise men and gods are on the strongest side.
SIR C. SEDLEY.

There is a mystery in the soul of state,
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give expressure to.
SHAKSPEARE.

We debase
The nature of our seats, which will in time break ope
The locks o' th' senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.
SHAKSPEARE.

Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky.
SHAKSPEARE.

The man that sits within a monarch's heart,
Would he abuse the count'nance of the king,
Alack! what mischiefs might he set abroad!
SHAKSPEARE.

Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings.
SHAKSPEARE.

My soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood.
SHAKSPEARE.

There have been commissions
Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties.
SHAKSPEARE.

He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.
SHAKSPEARE.

Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free.
SHAKSPEARE.

We loved him; but, like beasts,
Our coward nobles gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.
SHAKSPEARE.

The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down.
SHAKSPEARE.

And now the house of York
Burns with revenging fire, whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-faced sun, striving to shine.
SHAKSPEARE.

It is a purposed thing
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be ruled.
SHAKSPEARE.

England now is left
To tug and scamble, and to part by th' teeth
The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.
SHAKSPEARE.

This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
SHAKSPEARE.

O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
SHAKSPEARE.

In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannic power: if he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the people.
SHAKSPEARE.

Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence
That Rome can make against them.
SHAKSPEARE.

You that are king
Have caused him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.
SHAKSPEARE.

Where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
SHAKSPEARE.

The hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change.
SHAKSPEARE.

'Twas you incensed the rabble:
Cats! that can judge as fitly of his work,
As I can of those mysteries which heav'n
Will not have earth to know.
SHAKSPEARE.

Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction.
SHAKSPEARE.

You perceive the body of our kingdom,
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
SHAKSPEARE.

How can tyrants safely govern home
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
SHAKSPEARE.

So work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a ruling nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
SHAKSPEARE.

Were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast; to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of some doubtful hour.
SHAKSPEARE.

Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter.
SHAKSPEARE.

A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd.
SHAKSPEARE.

Shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
SHAKSPEARE.

Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves.
SHAKSPEARE.

Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels.
SHAKSPEARE.

Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state.
SHAKSPEARE.

As when some writer in a public cause,
His pen, to save a sinking nation, draws,
While all is calm, his arguments prevail,
Till pow'r, discharging all her stormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags.
SWIFT.

Then, after sage monitions from his friends
His talents to employ for nobler ends,
He turns to politics his dang'rous wit.
SWIFT.

He hates an action base;
Can sometimes drop a voter's claim,
And give up party to his fame.
SWIFT.

Triumphing tories and desponding whigs
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
SWIFT.

And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne.
TENNYSON: *In Memoriam.*

Or that eternal want of peace which vexes public men.
TENNYSON: *Will Waterproof.*

Russell's blood
Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign.
THOMSON.

Ere to thy cause and thee my heart inclined,
Or love to party had seduced my mind.
TICKELL.

From the New World her silver and her gold
Came, like a tempest, to confound the Old;
Feeding with these the bribed electors' hopes,
Alone she gave us emperors and popes.
WALLER.

He, knowing well that nation must decline
Whose chief support and sinews are of coin,
Our nation's solid virtue did oppose
To the rich troublers of the world's repose.
WALLER.

Of ancient prudence here he ruminates,
Of rising kingdoms, and of falling states.
WALLER.

When others fell, this standing did presage
The crown should triumph over pop'lar rage.
WALLER.

When straight the people, by no force compell'd,
Nor longer from their inclination held,
Break forth at once.
WALLER.

Heav'n that hath placed this Island to give law,
To balance Europe, and her states to awe.
WALLER.

POPULARITY.

Some popular chief,
More noisy than the rest, but cries, halloa!
And in a trice the bellowing herd come out.
DRYDEN.

I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people.
SHAKSPEARE.

All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats him.
SHAKSPEARE.

O he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
SHAKSPEARE.

By this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
SHAKSPEARE.

POVERTY.

Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
Th' unfeeling proud one looks, and passes by,
Condemn'd on penury's barren path to roam,
Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home.
CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope.*

The frugal housewife trembles when she lights
Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing clear,
But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.
COWPER: *Task.*

He is never poor
That little hath, but he that much desires.
DANIEL.

Want is a bitter and a hateful good:
Because its virtues are not understood;
Yet many things impossible to thought
Have been by need to full perfection brought.
The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of wit, and active diligence;
Prudence at once, and fortitude, it gives,
And, if in patience taken, mends our lives.
DRYDEN.

Content with poverty, my soul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.
DRYDEN.

By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,
Though late, yet is at last become my care;
My heart shall be my own, my vast expense
Reduced to bounds by timely providence.
DRYDEN.

If fortune has a niggard been to thee,
Devote thyself to thrift, not luxury;
And wisely make that kind of food thy choice
To which necessity confines thy price.
DRYDEN.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the rich to try
A short vicissitude, and fit of poverty.
DRYDEN.

Who can see,
Without esteem for virtuous poverty,
Severe Fabricius, or can cease t' admire
The ploughman consul in his coarse attire?
DRYDEN.

And yet no doubts the poor man's draught control;
He dreads no poison in his homely bowl:
Then fear the deadly drug when gems divine
Enchase the cup and sparkle in the wine.
DRYDEN.

Rarely they rise by virtue's aid who lie
Plunged in the depths of helpless poverty.
DRYDEN.

Add, that the rich have still a gibe in store,
And will be monstrous witty on the poor.
DRYDEN.

He gave, he taught, and edified the more
Because he show'd by proof 'twas easy to be poor.
DRYDEN.

For ev'n that indigence that brings me low
Makes me myself and Him above to know.
DRYDEN.

O blissful poverty!
Nature, too partial, to thy lot assigns
Health, freedom, innocence, and downy peace,—
Her real goods,—and only mocks the great
With empty pageantries.
FENTON: *Mariamne.*

Think, too, in what a woeful plight
The wretch must be whose pocket's light:
Are not his hours by want deprest?
Penurious cares corrode his breast;
Without respect, or love, or friends,
His solitary day descends.
GAY: *Fables.*

Where, then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.
GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village.*

She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread;
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn;
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn.
GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village.*

In days of poverty his heart was light:
He sung his hymns at morning, noon, and night.
WALTER HARTE.

Be honest poverty thy boasted wealth:
So shall thy friendships be sincere, though few;
So shall thy sleep be sound, thy waking cheerful.
HAVARD: *Regulus.*

This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd,
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd.
DR. S. JOHNSON: *London.*

Few save the poor feel for the poor;
The rich know not how hard
It is to be of needful rest
And needful food debarr'd:
They know not of the scanty meal,
With small pale faces round;
No fire upon the cold damp hearth
When snow is on the ground.
L. E. LANDON.

If ev'ry just man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess.
MILTON.

The poor sleep little: we must learn to watch
Our labours late and early; every morning,
'Midst winter frosts, sparingly clad and fed,
Rise to our toils, and drudge away the day.
Want, worldly want, that hungry, meagre fiend,
Is at our heels, and chases us in view.
OTWAY.

To the world, no bugbear is so great
As want of figure, and a small estate.
POPE.

No weeping orphan saw his father's store
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floor.
POPE.

Nor cherish'd they relations poor,
That might decrease their present store.
PRIOR.

What wretch art thou? whose misery and baseness
Hangs on my door; whose hateful whine of woe
Breaks in upon my sorrows, and distracts
My jarring senses with thy beggar's cry?
ROWE: *Jane Shore.*

I from oppressors did the poor defend,
The fatherless, and such as had no friend.
SANDYS.

Riches endless is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
SHAKSPEARE.

Art thou so base, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery.
SHAKSPEARE.

It is still fortune's use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty.
SHAKSPEARE.

Call the creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heav'n; whose base, unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements exposed,
Answer mere nature.
SHAKSPEARE.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?
SHAKSPEARE.

PRAISE.

Praise of the wise and good!—it is a meed
For which I would long years of toil endure,—
Which many a peril, many a grief, would cure.
SIR S. E. BRYDGES.

Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise
The glory of thy Maker's sacred name;
Use all thy pow'rs that bless'd pow'r to praise,
Which gives the pow'r to be and use the same.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Commend but sparingly whom thou dost love,
But less condemn whom thou dost not approve;
Thy friend, like flattery, too much praise doth wrong,
And too sharp censure shows an evil tongue.
SIR J. DENHAM.

For numerous blessings yearly show'r'd,
And property with plenty crown'd,
Accept our pious praise.
DRYDEN.

To sing thy praise, would heav'n my breath prolong,
Infusing spirits worthy such a song,
Not Thracian Orpheus should transcend my lays.
DRYDEN.

I have no taste of the noisy praise
Of giddy crowds, as changeable as winds;
Servants to change, and blowing with the tide
Of swoln success, but veering with its ebb.
DRYDEN.

His praise of foes is venomously nice;
So touch'd, it turns a virtue to a vice.
DRYDEN.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till, his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
GOLDSMITH: *Retaliation.*

For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
GOLDSMITH: *Traveller.*

But thou wilt sin and grief destroy,
That so the broken bones may joy,
And tune together in a well-set song,
Full of His praises
Who dead men raises;
Fractures well cured make us more strong.
GEORGE HERBERT.

Him their deliverer Europe does confess;
All tongues extol him, all religions bless.
HALIFAX.

Thy praise or dispraise is to me alike:
One doth not stroke me, nor the other strike.
BEN JONSON.

Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
MILTON.

His praise, ye winds! that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud.
MILTON.

Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
MILTON.

Whether to deck with clouds th' unclouded sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs,
Rising, or falling, still advance his praise.
MILTON.

Let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Creator still new praise.
MILTON.

Whose taste, too long forborne, at first essay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise.
MILTON.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend:
His praise is lost who waits till all commend.
POPE.

In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the general chorus of mankind!
POPE.

The constant tenor of their well-spent days
No less deserved a just return of praise.
POPE.

Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire and he approve my lays.
POPE.

Damn with faint praise, concede with civil leer.
POPE.

To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urged through sacred lust of praise?
POPE.

Pleased in the silent shade with empty praise.
POPE.

Of old those met rewards who could excel,
And those were praised who but endeavour'd well.
POPE.

My open'd thought to joyous prospects raise,
And for thy mercy let me sing thy praise.
PRIOR.

My babbling praises I repeat no more;
But hear, rejoice, stand silent, and adore.
PRIOR.

By fair rewards our noble youth we raise
To emulous merit, and to thirst of praise.
PRIOR.

Praise him, each savage furious beast,
That on his stores do daily feast;
And you, tame slaves of the laborious plough,
Your weary knees to your Creator bow.
ROSCOMMON.

Praise of great acts he scatters, as a seed
Which may the like in coming ages breed.
ROSCOMMON.

Heav'n! set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise.
SHAKSPEARE.

One good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that:
Our praises are our wages.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thou'lt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such heyday wit in praising him.
SHAKSPEARE.

Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, gazing still in doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no.
SHAKSPEARE.

My mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me.
SHAKSPEARE.

His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his.
SHAKSPEARE.

Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear.
SHAKSPEARE.

This is most strange!
That she, who ev'n but now was your best object,
Your praise's argument, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour.
SHAKSPEARE.

All the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
SHAKSPEARE.

All thy praise is vain,
Save what this verse, which never shall expire,
Shall to thee purchase.
SPENSER.

Or who would ever care to do brave deed,
Or strive in virtue others to excel,
If none should yield him his deserved meed,—
Due praise,—that is the spur of doing well?
For if good were not praised more than ill,
None would choose goodness of his own free will.
SPENSER: *Tears of the Muses.*

That praise contents me more which one imparts
Of judgment sound, though of a mean degree,
Than praise from princes void of princely parts,
Who have more wealth, but not more wit, than he.
EARL OF STIRLING: *Cræsus.*

And what is most commended at this time
Succeeding ages may account a crime.
EARL OF STIRLING: *Darius.*

Desire of praise first broke the patriot's rest,
And made a bulwark of the warrior's breast.
YOUNG.

The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows, in ev'ry heart:
The proud to gain it toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it but to make it sure.
YOUNG: *Love of Fame.*

For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time?
YOUNG.

PRAYER.

Yet then, from all my grief, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free,
Whilst in the confidence of pray'r
My soul took hold on thee.
ADDISON.

Almighty Pow'r, by whose most wise command
Helpless, forlorn, uncertain here I stand,
Take this faint glimmering of thyself away,
Or break into my soul with perfect day!
ARBUTHNOT.

Give me, O Father, to thy throne access,
Unshaken seat of endless happiness!
Give me, unveil'd, the source of good to see!
Give me thy light, and fix mine eyes on thee!
BOETHIUS.

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal avail'd on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
BYRON.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small.
S. T. COLERIDGE: *Ancient Mariner.*

The few that pray at all pray oft amiss;
And, seeking grace t' improve the prize they hold,
Would urge a wiser suit than asking more.
COWPER: *Task.*

However, keep the lively taste you hold
Of God, and love him now, but fear him more;
And in your afternoons think what you told
And promised him at morning-prayer before.
DONNE.

Those loving papers
Thicken on you now, as prayers ascend
To heaven in troops at a good man's passing bell.
DONNE.

But to the parting goddess thus she pray'd:
Propitious still be present to my aid,
Nor quite abandon your once-favour'd maid.
DRYDEN.

God gives us what he knows our wants require,
And better things than those which we desire:
Some pray for riches; riches they obtain;
But, watch'd by robbers, for their wealth are slain:
Some pray from prison to be freed, and come,
When guilty of their vows, to fall at home;
Murder'd by those they trusted with their life,—
A favour'd servant, or a bosom wife:
Such dear-bought blessings happen every day,
Because we know not for what things to pray.
DRYDEN.

For fame he pray'd; but let th' event declare
He had no mighty penn'worth of his pray'r.
DRYDEN.

My father's, mother's, brother's death I pardon:
That's somewhat sure; a mighty sum of murder,
Of innocent and kindred blood struck off:
My prayers and penances shall discount for these,
And beg of Heav'n to charge the bill on me.
DRYDEN.

Nor can my strength avail, unless, by thee
Endued with force, I gain the victory.
DRYDEN.

He said: the careful couple join their tears,
And then invoke the gods with pious prayers.
DRYDEN.

By some haycock, or some shady thorn,
He bids his beads both evensong and morn.
DRYDEN.

She fumed the temples with an od'rous flame,
And oft before the sacred altars came,
To pray for him who was an empty name.
DRYDEN.

Some astral forms I must invoke by pray'r,
Framed all of purest atoms of the air;
Not in their natures simply good or ill,
But most subservient to bad spirits' will.
DRYDEN.

Then pray'd that she might still possess his heart,
And no pretending rival share a part:
This last petition heard of all her pray'r.
DRYDEN.

The flames ascend on either altar clear,
While thus the blameless maid address'd her pray'r.
DRYDEN.

Winds! on your wings to heav'n her accents bear!
Such words as heav'n alone is fit to hear!
DRYDEN.

The pow'rs we both invoke,
To you and yours, and mine, propitious be,
And 'firm our purpose with an augury.
DRYDEN.

Business might shorten, not disturb, her pray'r;
Heav'n had the best, if not the greater, share:
An active life long orisons forbids;
Yet still she pray'd, for still she pray'd by deeds.
DRYDEN.

They slept in peace by night,
Secure of bread as of returning light,
And with such firm dependence on the day,
That need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray.
DRYDEN.

Behold the heav'ns! thither thine eyesight bend,
Thy looks, sighs, tears, for intercessors send.
FAIRFAX.

The midnight clock attests my fervent pray'rs,
The rising sun my orisons declares.
WALTER HARTE.

Half useless doom'd to live,
Pray'rs and advice are all I have to give.
WALTER HARTE.

Honest designs
Justly resemble our devotions,
Which we must pay and wait for the reward.
SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice
DR. S. JOHNSON.

Lowly they bow'd, adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid.
MILTON.

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recover'd soon, and wonted calm.
MILTON.

If by pray'r
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of Him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary Him with my assiduous cries.
MILTON.

But that from us aught should ascend to heav'n
So prevalent as to concern the mind
Of God high blest, or to incline his will,
Hard to belief may seem; yet this will prayer.
MILTON.

Their prayers clad
With incense, where the golden altar fumed
By their great intercessor.
MILTON.

Sighs now breathed
Unutterable, while the spirit of prayer
Inspired, and wing'd for heav'n with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory. MILTON.

Since I sought
By pray'r th' offended deity t' appease,
Methought I saw him placable and mild,
Bending his ear.
MILTON.

To pray'r, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavour'd, with sincere intent,
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
MILTON.

Night is the time to pray:
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away:
So will his followers do,—
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And commune there alone with God.
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A sad estate
Of human wretchedness! so weak is man,
So ignorant and blind, that did not God
Sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask,
We should be ruin'd at our own request.
HANNAH MORE: *Moses.*

Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days;
Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.
PARNELL: *Hermit.*

I was not born for courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers.
POPE.

Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain:
Nor tears, for ages taught to flow in vain.
POPE.

Thou that canst still the raging of the seas,
Chain up the winds, and bid the tempests cease,
Redeem my shipwreck'd soul from raging gusts
Of cruel passion and deceitful lusts.
PRIOR.

O reason! once again to thee I call;
Accept my sorrow, and retrieve my fall.
PRIOR.

While to high heav'n his pious breathings turn'd,
Weeping he hoped, and sacrificing mourn'd.
PRIOR.

Through threaten'd lands they wild destruction throw,
Till ardent prayer averts the public woe.
PRIOR.

Man's plea to man is, that he never more
Will beg, and that he never begg'd before:
Man's plea to God is, that he did obtain
A former suit, and therefore sues again:
How good a God we serve; that, when we sue,
Makes his old gifts th' examples of his new!
QUARLES.

Heaven is the magazine wherein God puts
Both good and evil; prayer's the key that shuts
And opens this great treasure; 'tis a key
Whose wards are Faith, and Hope, and Charity.
Would'st thou prevent a judgment due to sin?
Turn but the key, and thou mayest lock it in.
Or would'st thou have a blessing fall upon thee?
Open the door, and it will shower on thee.
QUARLES.

Temporal blessings heaven doth often share
Unto the wicked, at the good man's prayer.
QUARLES.

First worship God; he that forgets to pray
Bids not himself Good-morrow nor Good-day.
T. RANDOLPH.

But God my soul shall disenthral;
For I upon his name will call.
SANDYS.

My prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than vanities: yet pray'rs and wishes
Are all I can return.
SHAKSPEARE.

We that know what 'tis to fast and pray
Are penitent for your default to-day.
SHAKSPEARE.

Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.
SHAKSPEARE.

Go you, and where you find a maid
That ere she sleep hath thrice her prayers said,
Rein up the organs of her fantasy:
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy.
SHAKSPEARE.

Rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heav'n, and to my king.
SHAKSPEARE.

O God! if my deep pray'rs cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone.
SHAKSPEARE.

When with wood leaves and weeds I've strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of pray'rs,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh.
SHAKSPEARE.

Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up:
My fault is past.
SHAKSPEARE.

To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping or waking, oh, defend me still!
SHAKSPEARE.

If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.
SHAKSPEARE.

I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.
SHAKSPEARE.

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.
SHAKSPEARE.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.
SHAKSPEARE.

You have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit.
SHAKSPEARE.

Let him alone:
I'll follow him no more with bootless pray'rs:
He seeks my life.
SHAKSPEARE.

I have tow'rd heaven breathed a secret vow,
To live in pray'r and contemplation.
SHAKSPEARE.

Last night the very gods show'd me a vision
(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence).
SHAKSPEARE.

He cannot thrive
Unless her prayers, whom heav'n delights to hear
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.
SHAKSPEARE.

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.
SHAKSPEARE.

Are you so gospell'd,
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave
And beggar'd yours forever?
SHAKSPEARE.

In thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayer.
SHAKSPEARE.

Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heav'n.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thou dost the prayers of the righteous seed
Present before the majesty divine,
And his avenging wrath to clemency incline.
SPENSER.

There was a holy chapel edified,
Wherein the hermit wont to say
His holy things each morn and eventide.
SPENSER.

Which when his pensive lady saw from far,
Great woe and sorrow did her soul assay,
As weening that the sad end of the war,
And 'gan to highest God entirely pray.
SPENSER.

In his own church he keeps a seat,
Says grace before and after meat,
And calls, without affecting airs,
His household twice a day to prayers.
SWIFT.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day:
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend!
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
TENNYSON.

While pray'rs and tears his destined progress stay,
And crowds of mourners choke their sov'reign's way.
TICKELL.

So earnest with thy God: can no new care,
No sense of danger, interrupt thy prayer?
The sacred wrestler, till a blessing given,
Quits not his hold, but, halting, conquers heav'n.
WALLER.

They had no stomach o'er a grace to nod,
Nor time enough to offer thanks to God;
That might be done, they wisely knew,
When they had nothing else to do.
DR. WOLCOTT.

Prayer ardent opens heaven.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

PREACHING.

I preach'd as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.
R. BAXTER:
Love Breathing Thanks and Praise.

Sermons he heard, yet not so many
As left no time to practise any:
He heard them reverently, and then
His practice preach'd them o'er again.
CRASHAW.

Did I for this take pains to teach
Our zealous ignorants to preach?
SIR J. DENHAM.

Wide was his parish, not contracted close
In streets, but here and there a straggling house;
Yet still he was at hand, without request,
To serve the sick, to succour the distress'd,
Tempting on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.
DRYDEN.

Is not the care of souls a load sufficient?
Are not your holy stipends paid for this?
Were you not bred apart from worldly noise,
To study souls, their cures and their diseases?
The province of the soul is large enough
To fill up every cranny of your time,
And leave you much to answer, if one wretch
Be damn'd by your neglect.
DRYDEN.

The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheer'd;
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought
(A living sermon of the truths he taught):
For this by rules severe his life he squared,
That all might see the doctrine which they heard.
DRYDEN.

He taught the gospel rather than the law,
And forced himself to drive, but loved to draw.
DRYDEN.

He preach'd the joys of heaven, and pains of hell,
And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal:
But on eternal mercy loved to dwell.
DRYDEN.

With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd;
Though harsh the precept, yet the preacher charm'd.
DRYDEN.

Religious men, who hither must be sent
As awful guides of heavenly government;
To teach you penance, fasts, and abstinence,
To punish bodies for the soul's offence.
DRYDEN.

Compute the gains of his ungovern'd zeal:
Ill suits his cloth the praise of railing well.
DRYDEN.

Divines but peep on undiscover'd worlds,
And draw the distant landscape as they please;
But who has e'er return'd from those bright regions,
To tell their manners, and relate their laws?
DRYDEN.

Now through the land his care of souls he stretch'd,
And like a primitive apostle preach'd;
Still cheerful, ever constant to his call;
By many follow'd, loved by most, admired by all.
DRYDEN.

Priests are patterns for the rest;
The gold of heav'n, who bear the god impress'd:
But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The sov'reign's image is no longer seen:
If they be foul on whom the people trust,
Well may the baser brass contract a rust.
DRYDEN.

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize:
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village.*

And, as a bird its fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village.*

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway;
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village.*

Judge not the preacher, for he is thy judge;
If thou mistake him, thou conceiv'st him not.
HERBERT.

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.
HERBERT.

A reverend sire among them came,
Who preach'd conversion and repentance.
MILTON.

He of their wicked ways
Shall them admonish, and before them set
The paths of righteousness.
MILTON.

Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of heav'n
To their own vile advantages shall turn.
MILTON.

To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.
POPE.

Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
And vice admired to find a flatt'rer there.
POPE.

Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal
To rouse the watchman of the public weal,
To virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the prelate slumb'ring in his stall.
POPE.

He bought her sermons, psalms, and graces,
And doubled down the useful places.
PRIOR.

It is a good divine that follows his own instructions.
SHAKSPEARE.

You, and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out.
SHAKSPEARE.

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.
SHAKSPEARE.

Ah, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,—
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart!
TENNYSON.

PRESUMPTION.

Do you, who study nature's works, decide,
Whilst I the dark mysterious cause admire;
Nor into what the gods conceal, presumptuously inquire.
ADDISON.

God, to remove his ways from human sense,
Placed heav'n from earth so far, that earthly sight,
If it presume, might err in things too high,
And no advantage gain.
MILTON.

But of this frame, the bearing and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?
POPE.

In vain we lift up our presumptuous eyes
To what our Maker to their ken denies;
The searcher follows fast, the object flies.
PRIOR.

PRIDE.

He swells with angry pride,
And calls forth all his spots on every side.
COWLEY.

How poor a thing is pride! when all, as slaves,
Differ but in their fetters, not their graves.
DANIEL: *Civil War.*

This stiff-neck'd pride nor art nor force can bend,
Nor high-flown hopes to reason's lure descend.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Thou, thyself, thus insolent in state,
Art but perhaps some country magistrate,
Whose power extends no farther than to speak
Big on the bench, and scanty weights to break.
DRYDEN.

With dumb pride, and a set formal face,
He moves in the dull ceremonial track,
With Jove's embroider'd coat upon his back.
DRYDEN.

That sting infix'd within her haughty mind,
And her proud heart with secret sorrow pined.
DRYDEN.

I have discern'd the foe securely lie,
Too proud to fear a beaten enemy.
DRYDEN.

If some pride with want may be allow'd,
We in our plainness may be justly proud:
Whate'er he's pleased to own can need no show.
DRYDEN.

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by.
GOLDSMITH: *Traveller.*

Pride push'd forth buds at ev'ry branching shoot,
And virtue shrunk almost beneath the root.
WALTER HARTE.

Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
Worshipp'd with temple, priest, and sacrifice.
MILTON.

Thy pride,
And wand'ring vanity, when least was safe,
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
Not to be trusted.
MILTON.

In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies:
Pride still is aiming at the bless'd abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels men rebel;
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against th' Eternal cause.
POPE.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
POPE.

What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought.
POPE.

Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
POPE.

Pride then was not; nor arts, that pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beast joint-tenant of the shade.
POPE.

But mortals know, 'tis still our greatest pride
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
POPE.

Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day.
POPE.

Whatever nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride.
POPE.

From our lost pursuit she wills to hide
Her close decrees, and chastens human pride.
PRIOR.

Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
The men who labour and digest things most
Will be much apter to despond than boast;
For if your author be profoundly good,
'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.
ROSCOMMON.

How justly then will impious mortals fall,
Whose pride would soar to heav'n without a call!
ROSCOMMON.

Pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.
SHAKSPEARE.

What fire is in my ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
SHAKSPEARE.

A falcon tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.
SHAKSPEARE.

If thou didst put this sour cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well.
SHAKSPEARE.

Take physic, pomp!
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel.
SHAKSPEARE.

Let frantic Talbot triumph for awhile,
And, like a peacock, sweep along his tail:
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train.
SHAKSPEARE.

My gravity,
Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain.
SHAKSPEARE.

Who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea?
SHAKSPEARE.

Fair proud, now tell me why should fair be proud,
Sith all world's glory is but dross unclean,
And in the shade of death itself shall shroud,
However now thereof ye little ween.
SPENSER.

What man is he, that boasts of fleshly might,
And vain assurance of mortality;
Which all so soon as it doth come to fight
Against spiritual foes, yields by and by.
SPENSER.

Fair when that cloud of pride, which oft doth dark
Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away.
SPENSER.

Squalid fortune, into baseness flung,
Doth scorn the pride of wonted ornaments.
SPENSER.

Spite of all the fools that pride has made,
'Tis not on man a useless burthen laid;
Pride has ennobled some, and some disgraced;
It hurts not in itself, but as 'tis placed:
When right, its views know none but virtue's bound;
When wrong, it scarcely looks one inch around.
BENJ. STILLINGFLEET.

He paid his courtship with the crowd,
As far as modest pride allow'd.
SWIFT.

"Pride was not made for men;" a conscious sense
Of guilt and folly, and their consequence,
Destroys the claim, and to beholders tells
Here nothing but the shape of manhood dwells.
WALLER.

Fancy and pride seek things at vast expense
Which relish not to reason, nor to sense.
YOUNG.

PROCRASTINATION.

Let us take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them.
SHAKSPEARE.

Omission to do what is necessary,
Seals a commission to a blank of danger.
SHAKSPEARE.

Shun delays, they breed remorse;
Take thy time while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingering labours come to naught.
SOUTHWELL.

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plans;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves; then dies the same.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

PROPORTION.

All things received do such proportion take
As those things have wherein they are received;
So little glasses little faces make,
And narrow webs on narrow frames are weaved.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Some figures monstrous and misshaped appear
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
Which but proportion'd to their site or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
POPE.

PROPOSALS.

On you, most loved, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgment must expect my fate.
ADDISON.

"Yes!" I answer'd you last night;
"No!" this morning, sir, I say!
Flowers seen by candle-light
Will not look the same by day.
MRS. BROWNING.

Now what could artless Jennie do?
She hadna will to say him "Na;"
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was ay between the twa.
BURNS.

Like a lovely tree
She grew to womanhood, and betweenwhiles
Rejected several suitors, just to learn
How to accept a better in his turn.
BYRON.

But yet she listen'd,—'tis enough:—
Who listens once will listen twice;
Her heart, be sure, is not of ice;
And one refusal's no rebuff.
BYRON: *Mazeppa.*

Then through my brain the thought did pass,
Even as a flash of lightning there,
That there was something in her air
Which would not doom me to despair.
BYRON: *Mazeppa.*

Never wedding, ever wooing,
Still a love-lorn heart pursuing,
Read you not the wrong you're doing,
In my cheek's pale hue?
All my life with sorrow strewing:
Wed, or cease to woo.
CAMPBELL.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.
COLERIDGE.

She held my hand, the destined blow to break,
Then from her rosy lips began to speak.
DRYDEN.

Take my esteem, if you on that can live;
But frankly, sir, 'tis all I have to give.
DRYDEN.

If you oblige me suddenly to choose,
My choice is made—and I must you refuse.
DRYDEN.

Perhaps this cruel nymph well knows to feign
Forbidding speech, coy looks, and cold disdain,
To raise his passion: such are female arts,
To hold in safer snares inconstant hearts.
GAY: *Dione.*

To me he came; my heart with rapture sprung,
To see the blushes when his faltering tongue
First said, "I love." My eyes consent reveal,
And plighted vows our faithful passion seal.
GAY: *Dione.*

It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
That woman's love can win;
But what it is, hard is to say, harder to hit.
MILTON.

Shall I go on?—Or have I said enough?
MILTON.

'Tis you, alone, can save, or give my doom.
OVID.

She half consents who silently denies.
OVID.

The very thoughts of change I hate,
As much as of despair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.
PARNELL.

He that will not when he may,
When he would shall have "Nay."
Proverb.

Do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?
SHAKSPEARE.

Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet confusion lost, she blush'd assent.
THOMSON.

PROSPERITY.

More in prosperity is reason tost
Than ships in storms, their helms and anchors lost.
SIR J. DENHAM.

More ships in calms on a deceitful coast,
Or unseen rocks, than in high storms are lost.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Of both our fortunes, good and bad, we find
Prosperity more searching of the mind:
Felicity flies o'er the wall, and fence,
While misery keeps in with patience.
HERRICK.

When fortune raiseth to the greatest height,
The happy man should most suppress his state;
Expecting still a change of things to find,
And fearing, when the gods appear too kind.
SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

To rise i' th' world
No wise man that's honest should expect.
OTWAY.

Who stands safest? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity?
POPE.

Naught unprosperous shall thy ways attend,
Born with good omens, and with heav'n thy friend.
POPE.

Who feels no ills
Should therefore fear them; and when fortune smiles,
Be doubly cautious, lest destruction come
Remorseless on him, and he fall unpitied.
SOPHOCLES: *Philoctetes.*

Prosperity, inviting every sense
With various arts to unprovide my mind;
What but a Spartan spirit can sustain
The shocks of such temptations?
SOUTHERN.

Prosperity puts out unnumber'd thoughts,
Of import high, and light divine, to man.
YOUNG.

PROVIDENCE.

The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes and perplex'd with errors;
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search,
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.
ADDISON: *Cato.*

One part, one little part, we dimly scan,
Through the dark medium of life's fevering dream;
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem,
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem.
BEATTIE: *Minstrel.*

This thin, this soft contexture of the air
Shows the wise Author's providential care.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Go, mark the matchless working of the power
That shuts within the seed the future flower;
Bids these in elegance of form excel,
In colour these, and those delight the smell;
Sends Nature forth, the daughter of the skies,
To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes.
COWPER.

At the whisper of thy word
Crown'd abundance spreads my board.
CRASHAW.

What mists of providence are these,
Through which we cannot see?
So saints by supernatural power set free
Are left at last in martyrdom to die.
DRYDEN.

Purblind man
Sees but a part o' th' chain, the nearest links;
His eyes not carrying to that equal beam
That poises all above.
DRYDEN *and* LEE.

You sit above, and see vain men below
Contend for what you only can bestow.
DRYDEN.

Intrust thy fortune to the powers above:
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want.
In goodness as in greatness they excel:
Ah, that we loved ourselves but half so well!
DRYDEN.

'Tis thine, whate'er is pleasant, good, or fair;
All nature is thy province, life thy care.
DRYDEN.

They had such firm dependence on the day,
That need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray;
So sure the dole, so ready at their call,
They stood prepared to see the manna fall.
DRYDEN.

Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' eternal will?
Seek virtue; and of that possess'd,
To Providence resign the rest.
GAY: *Fables.*

Providence, not niggardly but wise,
Here lavishly bestows, and there denies,
That by each other's virtues we may rise.
GRANVILLE.

If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good.
MILTON.

What is low raise and support,
That to the highth of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

MILTON.

Observe
His providence, and on him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works; with good
Still overcoming evil.

MILTON.

We need not fear
To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd
By him with many comforts, till we end
In dust, our final rest and native home.

MILTON.

All is best, though we often doubt
What th' unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.

MILTON.

Eye me, bless'd Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength!

MILTON.

Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home:
Lead thou me on:
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant way: one step's enough for me.

J. H. NEWMAN.

All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord harmony not understood;
All partial evil universal good:
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

POPE.

Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet say, if man's unhappy, God's unjust.

POPE.

Cease, then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point; this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit—in this or any other sphere:
Secure to be as bless'd as thou canst bear.

POPE.

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

POPE.

And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, If God has placed him wrong?

POPE.

Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

POPE.

Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives and what denies?

POPE.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribe his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,
And God's good providence a lucky hit.

POPE.

From storms of rage, and dangerous rocks of pride,
Let thy strong hand this little vessel guide;
It was thy hand that made it: through the tide
Impetuous of this life let thy command
Direct my course and bring me safe to land.

PRIOR.

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

SHAKSPEARE.

It is not so with Him that all things knows
As 'tis with us, that square our guess by shows:
But most it is presumptuous in us, when
The help of heav'n we count the act of men.

SHAKSPEARE.

He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age.

SHAKSPEARE.

Eternal providence exceeding thought,
Where none appears, can make herself a way.

SPENSER.

This is thy work, Almighty Providence!
Whose power, beyond the reach of human thought,
Revolves the orbs of empire; bids them sink
Deep in the dead'ning night of thy displeasure,
Or rise majestic o'er a wondering world.
THOMSON: *Coriolanus.*

Yet Providence, that ever-waking eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe
Through all the dreary labyrinth of fate.
THOMSON: *Seasons.*

Do thou, my soul, the destined period wait,
When God shall solve the dark decrees of fate,
His now unequal dispensations clear,
And make all wise and beautiful appear.
TICKELL.

PRUDENCE.

Look forward what's to come, and back what's past;
Thy life will be with praise and prudence graced:
What loss or gain may follow, thou mayst guess;
Thou then wilt be secure of the success.
SIR J. DENHAM.

When any great designs thou dost intend,
Think on the means, the manner, and the end.
SIR J. DENHAM.

All grant him prudent; prudence interest weighs,
And interest bids him seek your love and praise.
DRYDEN.

Prudence! thou vainly in our youth art sought,
And with age purchased, art too dearly bought,—
We're past the use of wit, for which we toil:
Late fruit, and planted on too cold a soil.
DRYDEN.

PUNISHMENT.

The next in place and punishment were they
Who prodigally threw their souls away.
DRYDEN.

Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us, without hope of end.
MILTON.

We bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment.
SHAKSPEARE.

QUARRELS.

I thought your love eternal: was it tied
So loosely that a quarrel could divide?
DRYDEN.

You with your foes combine,
And seem your own destruction to design.
DRYDEN.

Dissensions, like small streams, are first begun:
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run;
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they proceed the more they still disjoin.
GARTH.

Glad of a quarrel, strait I clap the door.
POPE.

Forced by my pride, I my concern express'd;
Pretended drowsiness, and wish of rest;
And sullen I forsook th' imperfect feast.
PRIOR.

The best quarrels in the heat are curst
By those that feel their sharpness.
SHAKSPEARE.

Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel.
SHAKSPEARE.

What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
SHAKSPEARE.

Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here. SHAKSPEARE.

The broil long doubtful stood;
As two spent swimmers that do cling together,
And choak their art. SHAKSPEARE.

Instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
Suffused and glaring with untender fire.
THOMSON.

QUOTATIONS.

All this he understood by rote,
And as occasion served would quote.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

With just enough of learning to misquote.
BYRON: *Eng. Bards and Scot. Reviewers.*

Strict age and sour severity
With their grave saws in slumber lie.
MILTON.

He liked those literary cooks
Who skim the cream of others' books,
And ruin half an author's graces
By plucking bon-mots from their places.
HANNAH MORE: *Florio.*

He ranged his tropes, and preach'd up patience,
Back'd his opinion with quotations.
PRIOR.

From the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all saws of books.
SHAKSPEARE.

Nature's fair table-book, our tender souls,
We scrawl all o'er with old and empty rules,
Stale memorandums of the schools.
SWIFT.

Some for renown on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.
To patch-work learn'd quotations are allied,
But strive to make our poverty our pride.
YOUNG: *Love of Fame.*

RAGE.

At this the knight grew high in chafe,
And, staring furiously on Ralph,
He trembled.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

'Twas grief no more, or grief and rage were one
Within her soul; at last 'twas rage alone;
Which, burning upwards, in succession dries
The tears that stood considering in her eyes.
DRYDEN.

Her colour changed, her face was not the same,
And hollow groans from her deep spirit came;
Her hair stood up; convulsive rage possess'd
Her trembling limbs, and heaved her lab'ring breast.
DRYDEN.

Breathless and tired, is all my fury spent?
Or does my glutted spleen at length relent?
DRYDEN.

The fiend replied not, overcome with rage,
But, like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb.
MILTON.

I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord.
SHAKSPEARE.

And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head
Do calm the fury of this mad-brain'd flaw.
SHAKSPEARE.

Her intercession chafed him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her.
SHAKSPEARE.

Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are.
SHAKSPEARE.

RAIN.

The combat thickens, like the storm that flies
From westward when the show'ry scuds arise,
Or patt'ring hail comes pouring on the main,
When Jupiter descends in harden'd rain.
ADDISON.

Foul with stains
Of gushing torrents and descending rains.
ADDISON.

These, when condensed, the airy region pours
On the dry earth in rain or gentle showers;
Th' insinuating drops sink through the sand,
And pass the porous strainers of the land.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Careful observers may foretell the hour
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower:
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her follies, and pursues her tail no more.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine;
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming shower your shooting corns presage;
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage.
BROOME.

In sheets of rain the sky descends,
And ocean swell'd with waters upwards tends;
One rising, falling one, the heavens and sea
Meet at their confines in the middle way.
DRYDEN.

The kids with pleasure browse the bushy plain;
The showers are grateful to the swelling grain.
DRYDEN.

Return, unhappy swain!
The spongy clouds are fill'd with gath'ring rain.
DRYDEN.

Frowning Auster seeks the Southern sphere,
And rots with endless rain th' unwholesome year.
DRYDEN.

The ladies and the knights, no shelter nigh,
Were dropping wet, disconsolate and wan,
And through their thin array received the rain.
DRYDEN.

The clouds are still above; and while I speak,
A second deluge o'er our heads may break.
DRYDEN.

He first that useful secret did explain,
That pricking corns foretold the gath'ring rain.
GAY.

When the swinging signs your ears offend
With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend.
GAY.

Good housewives,
Defended by th' umbrella's oily shed,
Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.
GAY.

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window-pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!
LONGFELLOW: *Rain in Summer.*

All the cataracts
Of heaven, set open, on the earth shall pour
Rain, day and night.
MILTON.

And now the thicken'd sky
Like a dark ceiling stood; down rush'd the rain impetuous.
MILTON.

Usher'd with a shower, still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
MILTON.

The sun more glad impress'd his beams,
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God had show'r'd the earth.
MILTON.

The show'ry arch
Delights and puzzles the beholder's eyes
That views the wat'ry brede with thousand shows
Of painture varied; yet unskill'd to tell
Or where one colour rises, or one faints.
JOHN PHILIPS.

Ye heavens, from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r.
POPE.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
Hush'd are the birds, and closed the drooping flow'rs:
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.
POPE.

There silver drops like morning dew
Foretell the fervour of the day;
So from one cloud soft show'rs we view
And blasting lightning burst away.
POPE.

See daily show'rs rejoice the thirsty earth,
And bless the flow'ry buds' succeeding birth.
PRIOR.

How vapours, turn'd to clouds, obscure the sky;
And clouds, dissolved, the thirsty ground supply.
ROSCOMMON.

O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still.
SHAKSPEARE.

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threat'ning with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crowds the draggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
SWIFT.

The zephyrs floating loose, the timely rains,
Now soften'd into joy the surly storms.
THOMSON.

The kind refresher of the summer heats.
THOMSON.

The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.
THOMSON.

Ye fostering breezes, blow;
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend.
THOMSON.

The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
THOMSON.

Vex'd sailors curse the rain
For which poor shepherds pray'd in vain.
WALLER.

The hollow wind, and melancholy rain,
Or did, or was imagined to, complain;
The tapers cast an inauspicious light;
Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night.
YOUNG: *Force of Religion.*

RASHNESS.

Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service
ADDISON.

All great concernments must delays endure;
Rashness and haste make all things unsecure;
And if uncertain thy pretensions be,
Stay till fit time wear out uncertainty.
SIR J. DENHAM.

I was too hasty to condemn unheard;
And you, perhaps, too prompt in your replies.
DRYDEN.

Blind of the future, and by rage misled,
He pulls his crimes upon his people's head.
DRYDEN.

We may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we run at,
And lose by overrunning.
SHAKSPEARE.

READING.

Uncertain whose the narrower span,
The clown unread, or half-read gentleman.
DRYDEN.

Volumes on shelter'd stalls expanded lie,
And various science rules the learned eye;
The bending shelves with ponderous scholiasts groan,
And deep divines, to modern shops unknown:
Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing
Collects the various odours of the spring,
Walkers at leisure learning's flowers may spoil,
Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil;
May morals snatch from Plutarch's tatter'd page,
A mildew'd Bacon, or Stagyra's sage;
Here sauntering 'prentices o'er Otway weep,
O'er Congreve smile, or over D'Urfey sleep;
Pleased sempstresses the Lock's famed Rape unfold,
And squirts read Garth till apozems grow cold.
GAY: *Trivia.*

Who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains:
Deep-versed in books, but shallow in himself.
MILTON: *Paradise Regained.*

Silent companions of the lonely hour,
Friends who can never alter or forsake,
Who for inconstant roving have no power,
And all neglect, perforce, must calmly take,—
Let me return to YOU; this turmoil ending
Which worldly cares have in my spirit wrought,
And, o'er your old familiar pages bending,
Refresh my mind with many a tranquil thought,
Till haply meeting there, from time to time,
Fancies, the audible echo of my own,
'Twill be like hearing in a foreign clime
My native language spoke in friendly tone;
And with a sort of welcome I shall dwell
On these, my unripe musings, told so well.
MRS. NORTON: *To My Books.*

For thee I dim these eyes, and stuff this head,
With all such reading as was never read.
POPE.

To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon.
POPE.

As soon as Phœbus' rays inspect us,
First, sir, I read, and then I breakfast.
PRIOR.

Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And you shall read when mine begins to dazzle.
SHAKSPEARE.

He is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments.
SHAKSPEARE.

REASON.

Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search.
ADDISON.

He brings, to make us from our ground retire,
The reasoner's weapons and the poet's fire.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Some talk of an appeal unto some passion,
Some to men's feelings, others to their reason;
The last of these was never much the fashion,
For reason thinks all reasoning out of season.
BYRON.

Within the brain's most secret cells
A certain lord chief justice dwells,
Of sov'reign power, whom one and all
With common voice we "Reason" call.
CHURCHILL.

'Tis Reason's part
To govern and to guard the heart,
To lull the wayward soul to rest,
When hopes and fears distract the breast;
Reason may calm this doubtful strife,
And steer thy bark through various life.
COTTON.

When reason's lamp, which, like the sun in sky,
Throughout man's little world her beams did spread,
Is now become a sparkle, which doth lie
Under the ashes, half extinct and dead.
SIR J. DAVIES.

And marrying divers principles and grounds,
Out of their match a true conclusion brings.
SIR J. DAVIES.

When she rates things, and moves from ground to ground,
The name of reason she obtains by this:
But when by reason she the truth hath found,
And standeth fix'd, she understanding is.
SIR J. DAVIES.

And as if beasts conceived what reason were,
And that conception should distinctly show,
They should the name of reasonable bear;
For without reason none could reason know.
SIR J. DAVIES.

That whereby we reason, live, and be
Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto.
SIR J. DAVIES.

'Tis disingenuous to accuse our age
Of idleness, who all our powers engage
In the same studies, the same course to hold,
Nor think our reason for new arts too old.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Speculation; which to my dark soul,
Deprived of reason, is as indiscernible
As colours to my body, wanting sight.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Clear-sighted reason, wisdom's judgment leads,
And sense, her vassal, in her footsteps treads.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Reason was given to curb our headstrong will,
And yet but shows a weak physician's skill;
Gives nothing while the raging fit doth last,
But stays to cure it when the worst is past.
Reason's a staff for age when nature's gone:
But youth is strong enough to walk alone.
DRYDEN.

Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is reason to the soul; and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,—
Not light us here,—so reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear
When day's bright lord ascends the hemisphere,
So pale grows reason at religion's light,—
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.
DRYDEN.

How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But when we have our wish, we wish undone?
DRYDEN.

If your own actions on your will you ground,
Mine shall hereafter know no other bound.
DRYDEN.

These as thy guards from outward harms are sent;
Ills from within thy reason must prevent.
DRYDEN.

At this, with look serene, he raised his head,
Reason resumed her place, and passion fled.
DRYDEN.

To sharp-eyed reason this would seem untrue;
But reason I through love's false optics view.
DRYDEN.

The golden age was first; when man, yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted reason knew,
And with a native bent did good pursue.
DRYDEN.

I come to calm thy turbulence of mind,
If reason will resume her sov'reign sway.
DRYDEN.

Let reason then at her own quarry fly;
But how can finite grasp infinity?
DRYDEN.

Among th' assertors of free reason's claim,
Our nation's not the least in worth or fame.
DRYDEN.

Then thy straight rule set virtue in my sight,
The crooked line reforming by the right;
My reason took the bent of thy command,
Was form'd and polish'd by thy skilful hand.
DRYDEN.

Reason! the hoary dotard's dull directress,
That loses all because she hazards nothing:
Reason! tim'rous pilot, that, to shun
The rocks of life, forever flies the port.
DR. JOHNSON: *Irene.*

On better thoughts, and my urged reasons,
They are come about, and won to the true side.
BEN JONSON.

The soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being,
Discoursive or intuitive; discourse
Is oftest yours, the latter is most ours.
MILTON.

Reason, not impossibly, may meet
Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware.
MILTON.

For not to irksome toil, but to delight
He made us, and delight to reason join'd.
MILTON.

Know'st thou not
Their language, and their ways? They also know,
And reason not contemptibly.
MILTON.

Life and sense,
Fancy and understanding: whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being.
MILTON.

These reasons in love's law have past for good,
Though fond and reasonless to some.
MILTON.

Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honest instinct comes a volunteer;
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short in human wit.
POPE.

Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise:
His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.
POPE.

Afflicted sense thou kindly dost set free,
Oppress'd with argumental tyranny;
And routed reason finds a safe retreat in thee.
POPE.

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale.
POPE.

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
POPE.

There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.
POPE.

In awful pomp, and melancholy state,
See settled reason in the judgment-seat;
Around her crowd distrust, and doubt, and fear,
And thoughtful foresight, and tormenting care.
PRIOR.

Repine not, nor reply;
View not what heav'n ordains with reason's eye;
For bright the object is, the distance is too high.
PRIOR.

Forced by reflective reason, I confess
That human science is uncertain guess.
PRIOR.

Into myself my reason's eye I turn'd;
And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.
PRIOR.

True faith and reason are the soul's two eyes:
Faith evermore looks upward, and descries
Objects remote; but reason can discover
Things only near,—sees nothing that's above her.
QUARLES.

Wilt thou thy idle rage by reason prove,
Or speak those thoughts which have no power to move?
SANDYS.

Sure He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To rust in us unused.
SHAKSPEARE.

Now see that noble and that sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune, and harsh.
SHAKSPEARE.

Many that are not mad
Have sure more lack of reason.
SHAKSPEARE.

Let cavillers deny
That brutes have reason; sure 'tis something more;
'Tis heaven directs, and stratagems inspires,
Beyond the short extent of human thought.
SOMERVILE: *Chase.*

He that is of reason's skill bereft,
And wants the staff of wisdom him to stay,
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left,
Without an helm or pilot her to sway:
Full sad and dreadful is that ship's event;
So is the man that wants intendiment.
SPENSER.

Everything that is begun with reason
Will come by ready means unto his end;
But things miscounselled must needs miswend.
SPENSER.

I was promised on a time
To have reason for my rhyme:
From that time unto this season
I received nor rhyme nor reason.
SPENSER.

We reason with such fluency and fire,
The beaux we baffle, and the learned tire.
TICKELL.

Reason's progressive; Instinct is complete;
Swift Instinct leaps; slow Reason feebly climbs.
Brutes soon their zenith reach. In ages they
No more could know, do, covet, or enjoy.
Were man to live coeval with the sun,
The patriarch pupil would be learning still.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

REBELLION.

O think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods!
O 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Made up of horror all, and big with death.
ADDISON.

Great discontents there are, and many murmurs;
The doors are all shut up: the wealthier sort,
With arms across, and hats upon their eyes,
Walk to and fro before their silent shops;
Whole droves of lenders crowd the bankers' doors,
To call in money: those who have none, mark
Where money goes; for when they rise—'tis plunder.
DRYDEN: *Spanish Friar.*

As when in tumults rise th' ignoble crowd,
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud.
DRYDEN.

When by their designing leaders taught
To strike at pow'r which for themselves they sought,
The vulgar, gull'd into rebellion arm'd,
Their blood to action by their prize was warm'd.
DRYDEN.

Against the public sanctions of the peace,
Against all omens of their ill success,
With fates averse, the rout in arms resort
To force their monarch and insult the court.
DRYDEN.

My ears are deaf with this impatient crowd;
Their wants are now grown mutinous and loud.
DRYDEN.

Sure thou art born to some peculiar fate,
When the mad people rise against the state,
To look them into duty, and command
An awful silence with thy lifted hand.
DRYDEN.

Scarce hadst thou time t' unsheath thy conqu'ring blade;
It did but glitter, and the rebels fled.
GRANVILLE.

Let them call it mischief:
When it's past and prosper'd, 'twill be virtue.
BEN JONSON: *Catiline.*

Th' eternal eye, whose sight discerns
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount,
And from within the golden lamps that burn
Nightly before him, saw, without their light,
Rebellion rising. MILTON.

He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,
If he opposed; and, with ambitious aim,
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Raised impious war. MILTON.

Rumour next, and chance,
And tumult and confusion all embroil'd,
And discord with a thousand various mouths.
MILTON.

New rebellions raise
Their hydra heads, and the false North displays
Her broken league, to imp their serpent wings.
MILTON.

That talking knave
Consumes his time in speeches to the rabble,
And sows sedition up and down the city;
Picking up discontented fools; belying
The senators and government; destroying
Faith among honest men, and praising knaves.
OTWAY: *Caius Marius.*

And since the rabble now is ours,
Keep the fools hot; preach dangers in their ears;
Spread false reports o' th' senate; working up
Their madness to a fury quick and desp'rate:
Till they run headlong into civil discords,
And do our bus'ness with their own destruction.
OTWAY: *Caius Marius.*

Can we forget how the mad headstrong rout
Defied their prince to arms, nor made account
Of faith, or duty, or allegiance sworn?
JOHN PHILIPS.

The rebel knave who dares his prince engage
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
POPE.

Still arose some rebel slave,
Prompter to sink the state than he to save.
PRIOR.

His youth with wants and hardships must engage;
Plots and rebellions must disturb his age.
PRIOR.

No rebel Titan's sacrilegious crime,
By heaping hills on hills, can thither climb.
ROSCOMMON.

Thou, with rebel insolence, didst dare
To own and to protect that hoary ruffian,
And, in despite ev'n of thy father's justice,
To stir the factious rabble up to arms.
ROWE.

Remember him, the villain, righteous heaven,
In thy great day of vengeance! blast the traitor,
And his pernicious counsels, who for wealth,
For pow'r, the pride of greatness, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars!
ROWE: *Jane Shore.*

In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plow'd for, sow'd, and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number.
SHAKSPEARE.

In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen. SHAKSPEARE.

If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,
And countenanced by boys and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours.
SHAKSPEARE.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day.
SHAKSPEARE.

Our discontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience.
SHAKSPEARE.

All the regions
Do seemingly revolt; and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools.
SHAKSPEARE.

A mighty and a fearful head they are,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.
SHAKSPEARE.

It shows a will most incorrect to heav'n;
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd.
SHAKSPEARE.

Where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him, but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.
SHAKSPEARE.

I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
SHAKSPEARE.

Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword.
SHAKSPEARE.

Their weapons only
Seem'd on our side; but for their spirits and souls,
This word rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. SHAKSPEARE.

Lend me your guards, that, if persuasion fail,
Force may against the mutinous prevail.
WALLER.

REDEMPTION.

Heaven's king, who doffs himself our flesh to wear,
Comes not to rule in wrath, but serve in love.
CRASHAW.

If here not clear'd, no suretiship can bail
Condemned debtors from th' eternal gaol.
SIR J. DENHAM.

The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died.
DRYDEN.

Look humble upward; see His will disclose
The forfeit first, and then the fine impose;
A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not eternal wisdom found the way.
DRYDEN.

Yet nothing still: then poor and naked come;
Thy Father will receive his unthrift home,
And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the mighty sum. DRYDEN.

Die he or justice must; unless for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
MILTON.

For so our holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his father work us a perpetual peace.
MILTON.

And now, without redemption, all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudged to death and hell
By doom severe.
MILTON.

Heav'nly powers, where shall we find such love?
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime; and just, th' unjust to save?
MILTON.

By that seed
Is meant the great deliverer, who shall bruise
The serpent's head; whereof to thee anon
Plainlier shall be reveal'd.
MILTON.

We, by rightful doom remediless,
Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
High throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust
Emptied his glory.
MILTON.

Me, his advocate
And propitiation; all his works on me,
Good, or not good, ingraft.
MILTON.

Next to the Son,
Destined Restorer of mankind, by whom
New heav'n and earth shall to the ages rise,
Or down from heav'n descend.
MILTON.

Thy punishment
He shall endure, by coming in the flesh
To a reproachful life and cursed death.
MILTON.

All the prophets in their age, the times
Of great Messiah sing.
MILTON.

At his birth a star proclaims him come,
And guides the Eastern sages, who inquire
His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold.
MILTON.

He grants what they besought;
Instructed, that to God is no access,
Without Mediator; whose high office now
Moses in figure bears.
MILTON.

From him will raise
A mighty nation; and upon him show'r
His benediction so, that in his seed
All nations shall be blest.
MILTON.

Man's friend, his mediator, his design'd
Both ransom and redeemer voluntary.
MILTON.

When they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove,
Save by those shadowy expiations weak,
The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude
Some blood more precious must be paid for man.
MILTON.

This the happy morn
Wherein the Son of heav'n's eternal King
Our great redemption from above did bring!
MILTON.

He, here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.
MILTON.

With me
All my redeem'd may dwell, in joy and bliss.
MILTON.

To him, to him 'tis giv'n
Passion, and care, and anguish to destroy;
Through him soft peace, and plenitude of joy,
Perpetual o'er the world redeem'd shall flow.
PRIOR.

Midst thy own flock, great shepherd, be received;
And glad all heaven with millions thou hast saved.
PRIOR.

Thou who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not those agonies be vain.
ROSCOMMON.

Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost.
ROSCOMMON.

There where the virgin's son his doctrine taught,
His miracles, and our redemption, wrought;
Where I, by thee inspired, his praises sung,
And on his sepulchre my offering hung.
SANDYS.

All the souls that are, were forfeit once;
And he that might the 'vantage best have took
Found out the remedy.
SHAKSPEARE.

I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And now in peace my soul shall part to heav'n.
SHAKSPEARE.

But on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear resemblance of his dying Lord;
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore.
SPENSER.

REFORMATION.

'Tis not to cry God mercy, or to sit
And droop, or to confess that thou hast fail'd:
'Tis to bewail the sins thou didst commit,
And not commit those sins thou hast bewail'd.
He that bewails and not forsakes them too,
Confesses rather what he means to do.
QUARLES.

Habitual evils change not on a sudden,
But many days must pass, and many sorrows;
Conscious remorse and anguish must be felt,
To curb desire, to break the stubborn will,
And work a second nature in the soul,
Ere virtue can resume the place she lost.
ROWE: *Ulysses.*

They say best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad:—so may my husband.
SHAKSPEARE.

Yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again.
SHAKSPEARE.

Heav'n doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
SHAKSPEARE.

I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
SHAKSPEARE.

RELIGION.

The blest gods do not love
Ungodly actions; but respect the right,
And in the works of pious men delight.
CHAPMAN.

Who ever sees these irreligious men,
With burthen of a sickness weak and faint,
But hears them talking of religion then,
And vowing of their souls to ev'ry saint?
SIR J. DAVIES.

When was there ever cursed atheist brought
Unto the gibbet, but he did adore
That blessed pow'r which he had set at naught?
SIR J. DAVIES.

True piety without cessation tost
By theories, the practic part is lost.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Her heart was that strange bush, whose sacred fire
Religion did not consume, but inspire
Such piety, so chaste use of God's day,
That what we turn'd to feast, she turn'd to pray.
DONNE.

For who will have his work his wished ends to win,
Let him with hearty pray'r religious begin.
DRAYTON.

Traditions were a proof alone,
Could we be certain such they were, so known;
But since some flaws in long descents may be,
They make not truth, but probability.
DRYDEN.

Th' unletter'd Christian, who believes in gross,
Plods on to heav'n, and ne'er is at a loss.
DRYDEN.

True Christianity depends on fact:
Religion is not theory, but act.
WALTER HARTE.

Convinced that noiseless piety might dwell
In secular retreats, and flourish well.
WALTER HARTE.

Restore to God his due in tithe and time:
A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole estate.
GEORGE HERBERT.

Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand.
GEORGE HERBERT.

The rest, far greater part,
Will deem in outward rites and specious forms
Religion satisfied. MILTON.

Who was that just man, whom had not heav'n
Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost?
MILTON.

Say, first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason but from what we know?
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumber'd though the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
POPE.

For virtue's self may too much zeal be had:
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
POPE.

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.
POPE.

As some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
POPE.

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God.
POPE.

In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text?
SHAKSPEARE.

In cottages and lowly cells
True piety neglected dwells;
Till call'd to heav'n, its native seat,
Where the good man alone is great.
SOMERVILE.

Her guiltless glory just Britannia draws
From pure religion and impartial laws.
TICKELL.

Seeming devotion doth but gild the knave,
That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave;
But when religion doth with virtue join,
It makes a hero like an angel shine.
WALLER.

She decently in form pays heav'n its due,
And makes a civil visit to her pew.
YOUNG.

REMEDIES.

What may be remedy or cure
To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought
MILTON.

Things without all remedy
Should be without regard.
SHAKSPEARE.

I shall find time
From this enormous state, and seek to give
Losses their remedies.
SHAKSPEARE.

REMORSE.

He died that death which best becomes a man
Who is with keenest sense of conscious ill
And deep remorse assail'd, a wounded spirit.
A death that kills the noble and the brave,
And only them. He had no other wound.
JOANNA BAILLIE: *De Monfort.*

The talents lost—the moments run
To waste—the sins of act, of thought—
Ten thousand deeds of folly done,
And countless virtues cherish'd not.
SIR J. BOWRING.

So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpion girt by fire;
So writhes the mind remorse hath riven,
Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven;—
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death!
BYRON: *Giaour.*

Remorse is as the heart in which it grows:
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,
It is a poison-tree, that, pierced to th' inmost,
Weeps only tears of blood.
COLERIDGE.

Not sharp revenge, nor hell itself can find,
A fiercer torment than a guilty mind,
Which day and night doth dreadfully accuse,
Condemns the wretch, and still the charge renews.
DRYDEN.

Can he a son to soft remorse incite,
Whom gaols, and blood, and butchery delight?
DRYDEN.

Remorse for vice
Not paid, or paid inadequate in price,
What farther means can reason now direct?
DRYDEN.

High minds of native pride and force
Must deeply feel thy pangs, remorse!
Fear for their scourge mean villains have;
Thou art the torturer of the brave.
SCOTT: *Marmion.*

If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that. SHAKSPEARE.

Urge them, while their souls
Are capable of this ambition;
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
SHAKSPEARE.

Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose. SHAKSPEARE.

As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse.
SHAKSPEARE.

Nero would be tainted with remorse
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
SHAKSPEARE.

Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.
SHAKSPEARE.

The image of a wicked, heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast.
SHAKSPEARE.

REPENTANCE.

Priest, spare thy words! I add not to my sins
That of presumption, in pretending now
To offer up to heav'n the forced repentance
Of some short moments for a life of crimes.
JOANNA BAILLIE: *Orra.*

Man should do nothing that he should repent;
But if he have, and say that he is sorry,
It is a worse fault if he be not truly.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

If the past
Can hope a pardon, by those mutual bonds
Nature has seal'd between us, which, though I
Have cancell'd, thou hast still preserved inviolate,
I beg thy pardon. SIR J. DENHAM.

My future days shall be one whole contrition;
A chapel will I build with large endowment,
Where ev'ry day an hundred aged men
Shall all hold up their wither'd hands to heav'n.
DRYDEN.

My father has repented him ere now,
Or will repent him when he finds me dead.
DRYDEN.

Part in peace, and, having mourn'd your sin,
For outward Eden lost, find paradise within.
DRYDEN.

O seek not to convince me of a crime
Which I can ne'er repent, nor can you pardon.
DRYDEN.

The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal,
From the first moment of his vital breath
To his last hour of unrepenting death.
DRYDEN.

As in unrepented sin she died,
Doom'd to the same bad place, is punish'd for her pride. DRYDEN.

Frailty gets pardon by submissiveness,
But he that boasts shuts that out of his story;
He makes flat war with God, and doth defy,
With his poor clod of earth, the spacious sky.
GEORGE HERBERT.

Bad men excuse their faults, good men will leave them:
He acts the third crime that defends the first.
BEN JONSON.

For true repentance never comes too late:
As soon as born she makes herself a shroud,
The weeping mantle of a fleecy cloud,
And swift as thought her airy journey takes:
Her hand heaven's azure gate with trembling strikes.
The stars do with amazement on her look:
She tells her story in so sad a tone
That angels start from bliss, and give a groan.
LEE.

Repentance often finds too late
To wound us is to harden;
And Love is on the verge of Hate
Each time it stoops for pardon.
SIR E. G. E. L. B. LYTTON.

Sufficient that thy prayers are heard, and death,
Thus due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
Defeated of his seizure, many days
Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
Mayst cover. MILTON.

He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite:
My motions in him; longer than they move,
His heart I know, how variable and vain
Self-left. MILTON.

Fruits of more pleasing savour, from thy seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which, his own hand manuring, all the trees
Of Paradise could have produced.
MILTON.

He of their wicked ways
Shall them admonish, denouncing wrath to come
On their impenitence. MILTON.

Yet he at length, time to himself best known,
Rememb'ring Abraham, by some wondrous call
May bring them back repentant and sincere.
MILTON.

Repent the sin; but if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids.
MILTON.

I will clear their senses dark
What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
MILTON.

Timely advised, the coming evil shun;
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
PRIOR.

Sweet tastes have sour closes;
And he repents on thorns that sleeps in beds of roses.
QUARLES: *Emblems.*

Reprove not in their wrath incensed men;
Good counsel comes clean out of season then:
But when his fury is appeased and past,
He will conceive his fault, and mend at last:
When he is cool and calm, then utter it:
No man gives physic in the midst o' th' fit.
THOMAS RANDOLPH.

My unprepared and unrepenting breath
Was snatch'd away by the swift hand of death.
ROSCOMMON.

Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is not of heav'n nor earth; for these are pleased;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeased.
SHAKSPEARE.

If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconciled as yet to heav'n and grace,
Solicit for it straight. SHAKSPEARE.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. SHAKSPEARE.

What is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after hours give leisure to repent.
SHAKSPEARE.

Repent you not,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow's always tow'rds ourselves, not heav'n. SHAKSPEARE.

Hasty wrath, and heedless hazardry,
Do breed repentance late, and lasting infamy.
SPENSER.

She, bitter penance! with an iron whip
Was wont him to disciple every day.
SPENSER.

So let us, which this change of weather view,
Change eke our minds, and former lives amend;
The old year's sins forepast let us eschew,
And fly the faults with which we did offend.
SPENSER.

Repentance clothes in grass and flowers
The grave in which the past is laid.
JOHN STERLING.

He that lacks time to mourn lacks time to mend:
Eternity mourns that.
HENRY TAYLOR: *Philip Van Artevelde.*

RESIGNATION.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.
NATHANIEL COTTON.

Happy the man who studies nature's laws,
His mind possessing in a quiet state,
Fearless of fortune, and resign'd to fate.
DRYDEN.

The good we have enjoy'd from heaven's free will;
And shall we murmur to endure the ill?
DRYDEN.

A firm yet cautious mind,
Sincere, though prudent, constant, yet resign'd.
POPE.

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks.
SHAKSPEARE.

REST.

Where can a frail man hide him? in what arms
Shall a short life enjoy a little rest?
FANSHAWE.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign;
And we shall never—never part,
Oh, thou, my all that's mine!
GOLDSMITH.

Thy presence only 'tis can make me bless'd,
Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my soul!
OTWAY.

The grave, where ev'n the great find rest.
POPE.

Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go.
POPE.

Thy constant quiet fills my peaceful breast
With unmix'd joy, uninterrupted rest.
ROSCOMMON.

Begone, my cares! I give you to the winds.
ROWE.

But sith now safe ye seized have the shore,
And well arrived are, high God be blest;
Let us devise of ease and everlasting rest.
SPENSER.

What so strong,
But, wanting rest, will also want of might?
The sun, that measures heaven all day long,
At night doth bait his steeds the ocean waves among.
SPENSER.

Rest to the limbs, and quiet I confer
On troubled minds.
WALLER.

RESURRECTION.

Let those deplore their doom
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn;
But lofty souls can look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at fate, and wonder how they mourn.
Shall Spring to these sad scenes no more return?
Is yonder wave the sun's eternal bed?
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And Spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.
BEATTIE.

This mightier sound shall make
The dead to rise,
And open tombs and open eyes
To the long sluggards of five thousand years.
COWLEY.

Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep.
MILTON.

From this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.
SIR W. RALEIGH.

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.
ROSCOMMON.

Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? Shall man alone,
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileged than grain, on which he feeds?

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

RETIREMENT.

So thy fair hand, enamour'd fancy! gleans
The treasured pictures of a thousand years;
Thy pencil traces on the lover's thoughts
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,
Where love and lore may calm alternate hours,
With peace embosom'd in Idalian bowers!
Remote from busy life's bewilder'd way,
O'er all his heart shall taste and beauty sway.

CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope.*

And oft, as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep:
But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?

COLLINS: *Ode on Thomson.*

No plots th' alarm to his retirements give;
'Tis all mankind's concern that he should live.

DRYDEN.

But all is calm in this eternal sleep:
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep;
Ev'n superstition loses every fear;
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.

POPE.

Scipio,
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great.

POPE.

From the loud camp retired, and noisy court,
In honourable ease and rural sport
The remnant of his days he safely past;
Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast.
He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.
One child he had,—a daughter, chaste and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.

PRIOR.

Thus in soft anguish she consumes the day,
Nor quits her deep retirement.

THOMSON.

The haunts of meditation;
The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath
Ecstatic felt, and, from this world retired,
Conversed with angels and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent; to save the fall
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice.

THOMSON.

How much they err who, to their interest blind,
Slight the calm peace which from retirement flows!
And while they think their fleeting joys to bind,
Banish the tranquil bliss which heav'n for man design'd!

MRS. TIGHE: *Psyche.*

REVENGE.

When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay th' uplifted thunder-bolt aside.

ADDISON.

Suffering is sweet when honour doth adorn it.
Who slights revenge? not he that fears, but scorns it.

BUCKINGHAM.

And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

BYRON: *Mazeppa.*

Revenge is lost in agony,
And wild remorse to rage succeeds.

BYRON.

The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie:
And 'tis a firmer conquest, truly said,
To win the heart than overthrow the head.

LADY ELIZ. CAREW: *Miriam.*

Revenge impatient Hubert proudly sought;
Revenge, which, ev'n when just, the wise deride:
For on past wrongs we spend our time and thought,
Which scarce against the future can provide.

SIR W. DAVENANT: *Gondibert.*

If happiness be a substantial good,
Not framed of accidents, nor subject to them,
I err'd to seek it in a blind revenge.
SIR J. DENHAM.

If our hard fortune no compassion draws,
The gods are just, and will revenge our cause.
DRYDEN.

Darah, the eldest, bears a generous mind,
But to implacable revenge inclined;
A bounteous master, but a deadly foe.
DRYDEN.

So, while my loved revenge is full and high,
I'll give you back your kingdom by the by.
DRYDEN.

Revenge is now my joy: he's not for me,
And I'll make sure he ne'er shall be for thee.
DRYDEN.

In weak complaints you vainly waste your breath;
They are not tears that can revenge his death.
DRYDEN.

Revenge is sure, though sometimes slowly paced;
Awake, awake, or, sleeping, sleep thy last.
DRYDEN.

He cheer'd the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.
DRYDEN.

Your change was wise; for had she been denied,
A swift revenge had follow'd from her pride:
You from my gentle nature had no fears;
All my revenge is only in my tears.
DRYDEN.

Hadst thou full power to kill,
Or measure out his torments by thy will,
Yet what couldst thou, tormentor, hope to gain?
Thy loss continues unrepaid by pain.
DRYDEN.

What though his mighty soul his grief contains?
He meditates revenge who least complains:
And like a lion slumb'ring in his way,
Or sleep dissembling while he waits his prey,
His fearless foes within his distance draws,
Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws:
Till at the last, his time for fury found,
He shoots with sudden vengeance from the ground:
The prostrate vulgar passes o'er and spares,
But, with a lordly rage, his hunters tears.
DRYDEN.

A fire which every windy passion blows;
With fire it mounts, and with revenge it glows.
DRYDEN.

I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd,
And suff'ring death for this ungrateful maid.
DRYDEN.

Not tied to rules of policy, you find
Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.
DRYDEN.

How rash, how inconsiderate is rage!
How wretched, oh! how fatal is our error,
When to revenge precipitate we run!
Revenge, that still with double force recoils
Back on itself, and is its own revenge!
While to the short-lived momentary joy
Succeeds a train of woes, an age of torments.
FROWDE: *Philotas.*

Revenge, at first, though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils.
MILTON.

Some much averse I found, and wondrous harsh,
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite.
MILTON.

One sole desire, one passion, now remains,
To keep life's fever still within his veins,—
Vengeance, dire vengeance, on the wretch who cast
O'er him and all he loved that ruinous blast;
For this he still lives on, careless of all
The wreaths that glory on his path lets fall;
For this alone exists,—like lightning fire
To speed one bolt of vengeance, and expire!
MOORE: *Lalla Rookh.*

Not unappeased he pass'd the Stygian gate,
Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.
POPE.

They often tread destruction's horrid path,
And drink the dregs of the revenger's wrath.
SANDYS.

Haste me to know it, that I with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love
May sweep to my revenge.
SHAKSPEARE.

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.
SHAKSPEARE.

If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction.
SHAKSPEARE.

In one consort there sat
Cruel revenge, and rancorous despite,
Disloyal treason, and heart-burning hate.
SPENSER.

Rather than not accomplish my revenge,
Just or unjust, I would the world unhinge.
WALLER.

RHETORIC.

Boldly perform'd with rhetorician pride,
To hold of any question either side.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

For rhetoric he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

His sober lips then did he softly part,
Whence of pure rhetoric whole streams outflow.
FAIRFAX.

Enjoy your dear wit and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence.
MILTON.

Here foam'd rebellious logic, gagg'd and bound;
There, stript, fair rhetoric languish'd on the ground.
POPE.

The heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes.
SHAKSPEARE.

RHYME.

For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

The action great, yet circumscribed by time;
The words not forced, but sliding into rhyme.
DRYDEN.

Rhymer, come on, and do the worst you can:
I fear not you, nor yet a better man.
DRYDEN.

Strain out the last dull droppings of your sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.
POPE.

Ere Gothic forms were known in Greece,
And in our verse ere monkish rhymes
Had jangled their fantastic chimes.
PRIOR.

As much love in rhyme,
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all.
SHAKSPEARE.

RICHES.

And, to be plain, 'tis not your person
That my stomach's set so sharp on;
But 'tis your better part, your riches,
That my enamour'd heart bewitches.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Abundance is a blessing to the wise;
The use of riches in discretion lies:
Learn this, ye men of wealth,—a heavy purse
In a fool's pocket is a heavy curse.
CUMBERLAND: *Menander.*

When we are well, our hearts are set,
Which way we care not, to be rich or great.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Fond men, by passions wilfully betray'd,
Adore those idols which their fancy made:
Purchasing riches with our time and care,
We lose our freedom in a gilded snare.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Some pray for riches, riches they obtain;
But, watch'd by robbers, for their wealth are slain.
DRYDEN.

Riches cannot rescue from the grave,
Which claims alike the monarch and the slave.
DRYDEN.

His best companions innocence and health,
And his best riches ignorance of wealth.
GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village.*

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wide heath, and sings his toil away:
Does envy seize thee? crush the upbraiding joy,—
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy.
DR. S. JOHNSON: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

Extol not riches, then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
MILTON: *Paradise Regained.*

Riches, like insects, while conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their seasons fly;
To whom can riches give repute and trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love are never to be sold.

POPE.

What riches give us, let us first inquire:
Meat, fire, and clothes: what more? meat, clothes, and fire.

POPE.

The devil was piqued such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old;
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

POPE.

Purchasing riches with our time and care,
We lose our freedom in a gilded snare.

ROSCOMMON.

If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For like an ass, whose back's with ingots bound,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee.

SHAKSPEARE.

Can wealth give happiness? look round and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.

YOUNG: *Love of Fame.*

RIDICULE.

Whoe'er offends at some unlucky time,
Slides in a verse, or hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burden of some merry song.

POPE.

Those who aim at ridicule
Should fix upon some certain rule,
Which fairly hints they are in jest.

SWIFT.

RIVALS.

Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success.

ADDISON.

If one must be rejected, one succeed,
Make him my lord within whose faithful breast
Is fix'd my image, and who loves me best.

DRYDEN.

Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes.

SHAKSPEARE.

RIVERS.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look'd for streams immortalized in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie;
Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry,
That run forever by the muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.

ADDISON.

Here the loud Arno's boist'rous clamours cease,
That with submissive murmurs glides in peace.

ADDISON.

Such was the Boyne, a poor, inglorious stream,
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And, unobserved, in wild meanders play'd.

ADDISON.

They view the windings of the hoary Nar;
Through rocks and woods impetuously he glides,
While froth and foam the fretting surface hides.

ADDISON.

Kings that rule
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile.

ADDISON.

Whole rivers here forsake the fields below;
And, wond'ring at their height, through airy channels flow.

ADDISON.

Tell by what paths, what subterranean ways,
Back to the fountain's head the sea conveys
The refluent rivers, and the land repays.

SIR R. BLACKMORE.

While ling'ring rivers in meanders glide,
They scatter verdant life on either side.

SIR R. BLACKMORE.

How many nations of the sunburnt soil
Does Niger bless? how many drink the Nile?

SIR R. BLACKMORE.

How many spacious countries does the Rhine,
In winding banks, and mazes serpentine,
Traverse, before he splits on Belgia's plain,
And, lost in sand, creeps to the German main?

SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Is it not better then to be alone,
And love earth only for its earthy sake?
By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
Or the pure bosom of the musing lake.

BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

Into earth's spongy veins the ocean sinks,
Those rivers to replenish which he drinks.
SIR J. DENHAM.

As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
SIR J. DENHAM.

O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as thou art my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong, without rage; without o'erflowing, full.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current's lost;
Thy nobler stream shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars, and bathe the gods.
SIR J. DENHAM.

The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That, had the self-enamour'd youth gazed here,
He but the bottom, not his face, had seen.
SIR J. DENHAM.

But if with bays and dams they strive to force
His channel to a new or narrow course,
No longer then within his banks he dwells;
First to a torrent, then a deluge, swells.
SIR J. DENHAM.

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames along the wanton valley strays.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Gentle Thames,
The mighty master's emblem, in whose face
Sate meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Swift rivers are with sudden ice constrain'd,
And studded wheels are on its back sustain'd;
An hostry now for wagons, which before
Full ships of burden on its bosom bore.
DRYDEN.

Who blindfold walks upon a river's brim,
When he should see, has he deserved to swim?
DRYDEN.

He adds the running springs and standing lakes,
And bounding banks for winding rivers makes.
DRYDEN.

From Medway's pleasant stream
To Severn's roar be thine:
In short, restore my love, and share my kingdom.
DRYDEN.

Just before the confines of the wood,
The gliding Lethe leads her silent flood.
DRYDEN.

Its length runs level with the Atlantic main,
And wearies fruitful Nilus to convey
His sunbeat waters by so long a way.
DRYDEN.

The doubled charge his subjects' love supplies,
Who, in that bounty, to themselves are kind:
So glad Egyptians see their Nilus rise,
And in his plenty their abundance find.
DRYDEN: *Ann. Mirab.*

Nilus opens wide
His arms and ample bosom to the tide.
DRYDEN.

Nile hears him knocking at his sevenfold gates,
And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephews' fates.
DRYDEN.

Some did the song, and some the choir maintain,
Beneath a laurel shade, where mighty Po
Mounts up to woods above, and hides his head below.
DRYDEN.

The silver Thames, her own domestic flood,
Shall bear her vessels, like a sweeping train;
And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
With longing eyes to meet her face again.
DRYDEN.

Propitious Tiber smooth'd his wat'ry way,
He roll'd his river back, and poised he stood,
A gentle swelling and a peaceful flood.
DRYDEN.

What fun'ral pomp shall floating Tiber see,
When, rising from his bed, he views the sad solemnity!
DRYDEN.

The Tiber
Insults our walls and wastes our fruitful fields.
DRYDEN.

The sky shrunk upward with unusual dread,
And trembling Tiber dived beneath his bed.
DRYDEN.

And see the rivers, how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun;
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep!
DYER: *Grongar Hill.*

Thames' fruitful tides
Slow through the vale in silver volumes play.
FENTON.

Those grateful groves that shade the plain,
Where Tiber rolls majestic to the main,
And flattens, as he runs, the fair campaign.
GARTH.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po.
GOLDSMITH: *Traveller.*

How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murm'ring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew.
GOLDSMITH: *Traveller.*

Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide.
GOLDSMITH: *Traveller.*

How pleasant came thy rushing, silver Tweed!
Upon my ear when, after roaming long
In southern plains, I've reach'd thy lovely bank!
How bright, renowned Sark, thy little stream,
Like ray of column'd light chasing a shower,
Would cross my homeward path! how sweet the sound
When I, to hear the Doric tongue's reply,
Would ask thy well-known name.
JAMES GRAHAME: *Sabbath.*

In Thames, the ocean's darling, England's pride,
The pleasing emblem of his reign does glide.
HALIFAX.

Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale
Where Yarrow streams along,
Forsake your rural toils, and join
In my triumphant song.
WILLIAM HAMILTON: *Song.*

The hills and dales no more resound
The lambkins' tender cry;
Without one murmur Yarrow stole
In dimpling silence by.
WILLIAM HAMILTON: *Song.*

The hills and dales again resound
The lambkins' tender cry;
With all his murmurs Yarrow trill'd
The song of triumph by.
WILLIAM HAMILTON: *Song.*

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet flows Tweed,
As green as grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.
WILLIAM HAMILTON:
The Braes of Yarrow.

In those fair vales by nature form'd to please,
Where Guadalquivir serpentines with ease.
WALTER HARTE.

Fast by the margin of her native flood,
Whose wealthy waters are unknown to fame,
Fair as the bordering flowers the princess stood,
And rich in bounty as the gen'rous stream.
HEYWOOD.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill;
Beyond all streams, Clitumnus
Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.
LORD MACAULAY: *Lays of Ancient Rome.*

Hail, gentle stream! forever dear
Thy rudest murmurs to mine ear!
Torn from thy banks, though far I rove,
The slave of poverty and love,
Ne'er shall thy bard, where'er he be,
Without a sigh remember thee!
JOHN MAYNE: *To the River Nith.*

From his side two rivers flow'd,
The one winding, th' other straight, and left between
Fair champaign, with less rivers intervein'd
MILTON.

The river of life, through midst of heaven,
Rolls o'er elysian flowers her amber stream.
MILTON.

God bade the ground be dry,
All but between those banks where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
MILTON.

Rivers, arise! whether thou be the son
Of utmost Tweed, or Oose, or gulphy Dun,
Or Trent, who, like some earth-born giant, spreads
His thirty arms along the indented meads;
Or sullen Mole, that runneth underneath;
Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death;
Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,
Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee;
Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name;
Or Medway smooth, or royal-tower'd Thane.
MILTON: *Vacation Exercise.*
(See *Keightley's Life of Milton*, and *Notes and Queries*, 1871, i. 137.)

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale.
MILTON.

Flies tow'rd the springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes. MILTON.

Nymphs and shepherds dance no more
By sandy Ladon's lilied banks.
MILTON.

Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer roved,
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye;
But far, very far, were the friends that he loved,
And he gazed on its flowery banks with a sigh!
MOORE.

When from his dint the foe still backward shrunk,
Wading within the Ouse, he dealt his blows,
And sent them rolling to the tiding Humber.
JOHN PHILIPS.

The music of that murm'ring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing;
Nor rivers winding through the vales below
So sweetly warble or so smoothly flow.
POPE.

Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile and Rhine.
A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.
POPE.

Where stray the muses—in what lawn or grove?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
POPE.

From his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanced his reverend head.
POPE.

Not fabled Po more swells the poet's lays,
While through the sky his shining current strays.
POPE.

Though Tiber's streams immortal Rome behold,
Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
From heav'n itself though seven-fold Nilus flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows,
These now no more shall be the muse's themes,
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
POPE.

For her, through Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,
Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.
POPE.

Rivers diverted from their native course,
And bound with chains of artificial force,
From large cascades in pleasing tumult roll'd,
Or rose through figured stone or breathing gold.
PRIOR.

Those enormous terrors of the Nile.
PRIOR.

Fair Thames she haunts, and every neighb'ring grove,
Sacred to soft recess and gentle love.
PRIOR.

But her own king she likens to his Thames;
Serene yet strong, majestic yet sedate,
Swift without violence, without terror great.
PRIOR.

Their virtue, like their Tiber's flood,
Rolling its course, design'd their country's good;
But oft the torrent's too impetuous speed
From the low earth tore some polluted weed.
PRIOR.

Down, down, a thousand fathoms deep,
Among the sounding seas I go;
Play round the foot of every steep
Whose cliffs above the ocean grow.

There, within their secret caves,
I hear the mighty rivers roar,
And guide their streams through Neptune's waves,
To bless the green earth's inmost shore.
MRS. RADCLIFFE: *The Sea Nymph.*

Whatever near Eurota's happy stream,
With laurels crown'd, had been Apollo's theme.
ROSCOMMON.

The Tiber, whose licentious waves
So often overflow'd the neighboring fields,
Now runs a smooth and inoffensive course.
ROSCOMMON.

Let the wide world his praises sing,
Where Tagus and Euphrates spring;
And from the Danube's frosty banks to those
Where from an unknown head great Nilus flows.
ROSCOMMON.

Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willow'd shore.
SCOTT: *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

As if thy waves, since time was born,
Since first they roll'd upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor startled at the bugle-horn.
SCOTT: *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the winding brooks,
With your sedged crowns, and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command.
SHAKSPEARE.

Severn, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp'd head in the hollow bank.
SHAKSPEARE.

The river Thames that by our door doth pass,
His first beginning is but small and shallow;
Yet, keeping on his course, grows to a sea.
SHAKSPEARE.

Trent shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.
SHAKSPEARE.

Draw them to Tiber's bank, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent
Him bootless home, and weather-beaten back.
SHAKSPEARE.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.
Pure stream, in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread.
SMOLLETT: *Ode to Leven Water.*

It fortuned then a solemn feast was there
To all the sea-gods and their fruitful seed,
In honour of the spousals which then were
Betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed.
SPENSER:
Wedding of the Medway and the Thames.

And after him the famous rivers came
Which do the earth enrich and beautify;
The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame;
Long Rhodanus, whose course springs from the sky;
Fair Ister, flowing from the mountains high;
Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
Of Greeks and Trojans, which therein did die;
Pactolus, glistering with his golden flood;
And Tigris fierce, whose streams of none may be withstood.

Great Ganges, and immortal Euphrates;
Deep Indus, and Meander intricate;
Slow Peneus, and tempestuous Pharides;
Swift Rhine, and Alpheus still immaculate;
Ooraxes, feared for great Cyrus' fate;
Tybris, renowned for the Roman's fame;
Rich Oranochy, though but known late;
And that rich river which doth bear his name
Of warlike Amazons, which do possess the same.
SPENSER:
Wedding of the Medway and the Thames.

Along the shore of silver-streaming Thames,
Whose rushy bank the which his river hems.
SPENSER.

An effeminate scoundrel multitude!
Whose utmost daring is to cross the Nile
In painted boats, to fright the crocodile.
TATE.

The river pours along
Resistless; roaring dreadful down it comes,
Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads.
THOMSON.

We turn
To where the silver Thames first rural grows.
THOMSON.

Fired with the views this glitt'ring scene displays,
And smit with passion for my country's praise,
My artless reed attempts this lofty theme,
Where sacred Isis rolls her ancient stream.
TICKELL.

The gallants dancing by the river side,
They bathe in summer, and in winter slide.
WALLER.

Of famous cities we the founders know;
But rivers, old as seas to which they go,
Are nature's bounty: 'tis of more renown
To make a river than to build a town.
WALLER.

When, with sounds of smother'd thunder,
On some night of rain,
Lake and river break asunder
Winter's weaken'd chain,
Down the wild March flood shall bear them
To the sawmill's wheel,
Or where steam, the slave, shall tear them
With his teeth of steel.
WHITTIER: *The Lumbermen.*

ROSES.

But here the roses blush so rare,
Here the mornings smile so fair,
As if neither cloud nor wind
But would be courteous, would be kind.
CRASHAW.

What beauties does Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Not Tweed, gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.
ROBERT CRAWFORD: *Tweedside.*

Blown roses hold their sweetness to the last,
And raisins keep their luscious native taste.
DRYDEN.

A crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread,
Varying her cheeks by turns with white and red;
The driving colours, never at a stay,
Run here and there, and flush, and fade away.
Delightful change! thus Indian iv'ry shows,
Which with the bord'ring paint of purple glows,—
Or lilies damask'd by the neighb'ring rose.
DRYDEN.

The sacred ground
Shall weeds and pois'nous plants refuse to bear;
Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear.
DRYDEN.

Mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.
KEATS: *Ode to a Nightingale.*

Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
MILTON.

So thick the roses blushing round
About her glow'd; oft stooping to support
Each flow'r of slender stalk.
MILTON.

In yonder spring of roses, intermix'd
With myrtle, find what to redress till noon.
MILTON.

Our bane and physic the same earth bestows,
And near the noisome nettle blooms the rose.
OVID.

Or, quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain.
POPE.

For her the unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraph shed divine perfumes.
POPE.

Thy grave shall with fresh flowers be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast;
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow;
There the first roses of the year shall blow.
POPE.

Fresh roses bring
To strew my bed, till the impoverish'd spring
Confess her want.
PRIOR.

Delightful praise!—like summer rose,
That brighter in the dew-drop glows,
The bashful maiden's cheek appear'd,—
For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard.
SIR W. SCOTT: *Lady of the Lake.*

Say that she frowns; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.
SHAKSPEARE.

Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in the bud,
Or angels, veil'd in clouds; are roses blown,
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown.
SHAKSPEARE.

O'ercanopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.
SHAKSPEARE.

The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose.
SHAKSPEARE.

He upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.
SHAKSPEARE.

Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed.
SHAKSPEARE.

The prince, by chance, did on a lady light
That was right fair, and fresh as morning rose.
SPENSER.

The coming spring would first appear,
And all this place with roses strow,
If busy feet would let them grow.
WALLER.

With such a care
As roses from their stalks we tear,
When we would still preserve them new
And fresh as on the bush they grew.
WALLER.

The flow'r's divine where'er it grows;
Neglect the prickles, and assume the rose.
WATTS.

SABBATH.

Never any sabbath of release
Could free his travels and afflictions deep.
DANIEL.

Nor can his blessed soul look down from heav'n,
Or break th' eternal sabbath of his rest,
To see her miseries on earth.
DRYDEN.

Here ev'ry day was sabbath: only free
From hours of pray'r for hours of charity,
Such as the Jews from servile toil released,
Where works of mercy were a part of rest:
Such as blest angels exercise above,
Varied with sacred hymns and acts of love:
Such sabbaths as the one she now enjoys;
Ev'n that perpetual one, which she employs—
For such vicissitudes in heav'n there are—
In praise alternate and alternate pray'r.
DRYDEN.

How still the morning of the hallow'd day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hush'd
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yestermorn bloom'd waving in the breeze:
The faintest sounds attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
GRAHAME: *Sabbath.*

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
Th' indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time, care's balm and bay:
The week were dark but for thy light:
Thy torch doth show the way.
GEORGE HERBERT: *Sunday.*

Sundays the pillars are
On which heaven's palace arched lies:
The other days fill up the space
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden; that is base
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,—
More plentiful than hope.
GEORGE HERBERT: *Sunday.*

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That scarcely wakes while all the fields are still;
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
A graver murmur echoes from the hill,
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn,
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
The sky a placid yellow lustre throws;
The gales that lately sigh'd along the grove
Have hush'd their drowsy wings in dead repose;

The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move:
So soft the day when the first morn arose!
JOHN LEYDEN: *Sabbath Morn.*

Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come.
POPE.

SADNESS.

This form before Alcyone present,
To make her certain of the sad event.
DRYDEN.

Dim sadness did not spare
That time celestial visages; yet, mix'd
With pity, violated not their bliss.
MILTON.

Too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood.
SHAKSPEARE.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
SHAKSPEARE.

Right faithful true he was in deed and word,
But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad:
Nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.
SPENSER.

SANCTITY.

God attributes to place
No sanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent.
MILTON.

How deep you were within the books of heav'n!
To us, th' imagined voice of heav'n itself;
The very opener and intelligencer
Between the grace and sanctities of heav'n
And our dull workings.
SHAKSPEARE.

SATIRE.

Prepare for rhyme,—I'll publish, right or wrong:
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.
BYRON: *Eng. Bards and Scot. Reviewers.*

When knaves and fools combined o'er all prevail,
When justice halts, and right begins to fail,
E'en then the boldest start from public sneers,
Afraid of shame—unknown to others fears,
More darkly sin, by satire kept in awe,
And shrink from ridicule, though not from law.
BYRON: *Eng. Bards and Scot. Reviewers.*

A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon,
Condemn'd to drudge, the meanest of the mean,
And furbish falsehoods for a magazine,
BYRON: *Eng. Bards and Scot. Reviewers.*

So dost thou aim thy darts, which ev'n when
They kill the poisons do but wake the men.
CARTWRIGHT.

When satire flies abroad on falsehood's wing,
Short is her life, and impotent her sting;
But when to truth allied, the wound she gives
Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives.
CHURCHILL.

The man whose hardy spirit shall engage
To lash the vices of a guilty age,
At his first setting forward ought to know
That every rogue he meets must be his foe;
That the rude breath of satire will provoke
Many who feel and more who fear the stroke.
CHURCHILL.

Unless a love of virtue light the flame,
Satire is, more than those he brands, to blame:
He hides behind a magisterial air
His own offences, and strips others' bare.
COWPER.

Poets alone found the delightful way
Mysterious morals gently to convey
In charming numbers; so that as men grew
Pleased with their poems, they grew wiser too.
Satire has always shone among the rest,
And is the boldest way, if not the best,
To tell men freely of their foulest faults,
To laugh at their vain deeds and vainer thoughts.
DRYDEN.

With whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write,
Thy inoffensive satires never bite.
DRYDEN.

Frontless and satire-proof he scours the streets,
And runs an Indian muck at all he meets.
DRYDEN.

The labouring bee, when his sharp sting is gone,
Forgets his golden work, and turns a drone;
Such is a satire when you take away
The rage in which his noble vigour lay.
DRYDEN.

When Lucilius brandishes his pen,
And flashes in the face of guilty men,
A cold sweat stands in drops on ev'ry part,
And rage succeeds to tears, revenge to smart.
DRYDEN.

What human kind desires, and what they shun,
Rage, passions, pleasures, impotence of will,
Shall this satirical collection fill.

DRYDEN.

He was not spiteful, though he wrote a satire;
For still there goes some meaning to ill-nature.

DRYDEN.

Their satire's praise;
So nauseously and so unlike they paint.

GARTH.

I first adventure: follow me who list,
And be the second English satirist.

BISHOP HALL.

Rare poems and rare friends;
Yet satires, since the most of mankind be
Their unavoided subject, fewest see.

BEN JONSON.

Satire should, like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.

LADY M. W. MONTAGU.

Of all the ways that wisest men could find
To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
Satire well writ has most successful proved,
And cures because the remedy is loved.

LORD MULGRAVE.

Pointed satire runs him through and through.

OLDHAM.

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet.

POPE.

Satire is no more: I feel it die:
No gazetteer more innocent than I.

POPE.

But touch me, and no minister so sore:
Whoe'er offends at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song.

POPE.

Oh! sacred weapon, left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence,
To all but heaven-directed hands denied;
The muse may give thee, but the gods must guide.

POPE.

Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful satire.

POPE.

Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay;
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay:
Blest satirist! who touch'd the mean so true
As show'd vice had his hate and pity too.

POPE.

There are to whom my satire seems too bold;
Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough.

POPE.

Rough satires, sly remarks, ill-natured speeches,
Are always aim'd at poets that wear breeches.

PRIOR.

For pointed satire I would Buckhurst choose,
The best good man with the worst-natured muse.

ROCHESTER.

You must not think that a satiric style
Allows of scandalous and brutish words;
The better sort abhor scurrility.

ROSCOMMON.

How cheerfully the hawkers cry
A satire, and the people buy!
While my hard-labour'd poem pines
Unsold upon the printer's lines.

SWIFT.

Should stupid libels grieve your mind,
You soon a remedy may find;
Lie down obscure, like other folks,
Below the lash of snarlers' jokes.

SWIFT.

On me when dunces are satiric
I take it for a panegyric.

SWIFT.

Lampoons, like squibs, may make a present blaze;
But time and thunder pay respect to bays.

WALLER.

Instructive satire! true to virtue's cause!
Thou shining supplement of public laws!

YOUNG.

My verse is satire: Dorset, lend your ear,
And patronize a muse you cannot fear.

YOUNG.

If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the man;
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.
Satire recoils whenever charged too high;
Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.
As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
Good breeding sends the satire to the heart.

YOUNG.

SCANDAL.

Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
With all the high mendacity of hints,
While mingling truth with falsehood, sneers with smiles,
A thread of candour with a web of wiles.
BYRON.

In fact, there's nothing makes me so much grieve
As that abominable tittle-tattle
Which is the cud eschew'd by human cattle.
BYRON.

Assail'd by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life;
And he that forged, and he that threw the dart,
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.
COWPER.

My known virtue is from scandal free,
And leaves no shadow for your calumny.
DRYDEN.

And there's a lust in man no charm can tame
Of loudly publishing our neighbor's shame:
On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.
JUVENAL.

A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes,
At every word a reputation dies.
POPE: *Rape of the Lock.*

No particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather.
SHAKSPEARE.

Now enters overweening pride,
And scandal ever gaping wide.
SWIFT.

Then, Chloe, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six and thirty-eight;
Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
Your hints that Stella is no chicken;
Your innuendoes when you tell us
That Stella loves to talk with fellows.
SWIFT.

The mimic ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life bespatter.
SWIFT.

SCEPTICISM.

But dreadful is their doom whom doubt has driven
To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego:
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all that pass, a monument of wo.
BEATTIE: *Minstrel.*

As his doubts decline,
He dreads just vengeance, and he starts at sin.
DRYDEN.

SCIENCE.

Him also for my censor I disdain,
Who thinks all science, as all virtue, vain;
Who counts geometry and numbers toys,
And with his foot the sacred dust destroys.
DRYDEN.

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun,
And orient science, at a birth begun.
POPE: *Dunciad.*

SCOLDING.

In council she gives license to her tongue,
Loquacious, brawling, ever in the wrong.
DRYDEN.

The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As th' other is for beauteous modesty.
SHAKSPEARE.

For gods, we are by Homer told,
Can in celestial language scold. SWIFT.

SCRIPTURES.

Before me lay the sacred text:
The help, the guide, the balm of souls perplex'd.
ARBUTHNOT.

Thus man by his own strength to heav'n would soar,
And would not be obliged to God for more:
Vain, wretched creature! how art thou misled,
To think thy wit these godlike notions bred!
These truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropt from heaven, and of a nobler kind:
Reveal'd religion first inform'd thy sight,
And Reason saw not till Faith sprung the light.
DRYDEN: *Religio Laici.*

Or whether more abstractedly we look,
Or on the writers, or the written Book,
Whence but from Heav'n could men unskill'd in arts,
In several ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why,
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price!
DRYDEN: *Religio Laici.*

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose:
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek.

SHAKSPEARE.

Thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint.

SHAKSPEARE.

SCULPTURE.

This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produced, his art was at a stand.

ADDISON.

Here circling colonnades the ground inclose,
And here the marble statues breathe in rows.

ADDISON.

In solemn silence stand
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown.

ADDISON.

Where,
Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized?
In him alone. Can nature show so fair?

BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

An hard and unrelenting she
As the new-crusted Niobe,
Or, what doth more of statue carry,
A nun of the Platonic quarry.

JOHN CLEAVELAND.

The meanest sculptor in th' Æmilian square
Can imitate in brass the nails and hair;
Expert in trifles, and a cunning fool,
Able t' express the parts, but not dispose the whole.

DRYDEN.

Yet fearing idleness, the nurse of ill,
In sculpture exercised his happy skill,
And carved in ivory such a maid, so fair,
As nature could not with his art compare,
Were she to work.

DRYDEN.

My share in pale Pyrene I resign,
And claim no part in all the mighty nine:
Statues with winding ivy crown'd belong
To nobler poets, for a nobler song.

DRYDEN.

Between the statues obelisks were placed,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics graced.

DRYDEN.

Your gift shall two large goblets be
Of silver, wrought with curious imagery,
And high emboss'd.

DRYDEN.

There too, in living sculpture, might be seen
The mad affection of the Cretan queen.

DRYDEN.

Thy shape's in ev'ry part
So clean, as might instruct the sculptor's art.

DRYDEN.

The lids are ivy, grapes in cluster lurk
Beneath the carving of the curious work.

DRYDEN.

The nodding statue clash'd his arms,
And with a sullen sound, and feeble cry,
Half sunk, and half pronounced the word of Victory!

DRYDEN.

When in those oratories might you see
Rich carvings, portraitures, and imagery,
Where ev'ry figure to the life express'd
The godhead's pow'r.

DRYDEN.

Let others better mould the running mass
Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,
And soften into flesh a marble face.

DRYDEN.

Where statues breathed, the works of Phidias' hands,
A wooden pump or lonely watch-house stands.

GAY.

Thy statue, Venus, though by Phidias' hands
Design'd immortal, yet no longer stands;
The magic of thy shining zone is past,
But Salisbury's garter shall forever last.

GRANVILLE.

With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

GRAY: *Elegy.*

Nor did there want
Cornice or frieze with bossy sculptures graven.

MILTON.

Then grateful Greece with streaming eyes would raise
Historic marbles to record his praise;
His praise eternal on the faithful stone
Had with transmissive honour graced his son.

POPE.

Then sculpture and her sister arts revive,
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live.
POPE.

Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone.
POPE.

Gold, silver, ivory vases sculptured high,
There are who have not.
POPE.

The polish'd pillar different sculptures grace,
A work outlasting monumental brass.
POPE.

Beneath a sculptured arch he sits enthroned,
The peers encircling form an awful round.
POPE.

What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face.
POPE.

Fancies and notions he pursues
Which ne'er had being but in thought:
Each, like the Grecian artist, wooes
The image he himself has wrought.
PRIOR.

Let Europe, saved, the column high erect,
Than Trajan's higher, or than Antonine's,
Where sembling art may carve the fair effect
And full achievement of thy great designs.
PRIOR.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace
Of finer form or lovelier face.
SIR W. SCOTT: *Lady of the Lake.*

They spake not a word,
But, like dumb statues, or unbreathing stones,
Stared each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
SHAKSPEARE.

Of marble stone was cut
An altar carved with cunning imagery.
SPENSER.

So stands the statue that enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
THOMSON: *Summer.*

Let the faint copier on old Tiber's shore,
Nor mean the task, each breathing bust explore;
Line after line with painful patience trace,
This Roman grandeur, that Athenian grace.
TICKELL.

To famed Apelles, when young Amnon brought
The darling idol of his captive heart,
And the pleased nymph with kind attention sat,
To have her charms recorded by his art.
WALLER.

He like Amphion makes those quarries leap
Into fair figures from a confused heap.
WALLER.

SEASONS.

Thus in a circle runs the peasant's pain,
And the year rolls within itself again.
DRYDEN.

For active sports, for pleasing rest,
This is the time to be possess'd;
The best is but in season best. DRYDEN.

The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs.
MILTON.

He's noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season.
SHAKSPEARE.

The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When ev'ry goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren;
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
SHAKSPEARE.

SECRECY.

In that corroding secrecy, which gnaws
The heart to show the effect, but not the cause.
BYRON: *Lara.*

No muse hath been so bold,
Or of the latter or the old,
Those elvish secrets to unfold
Which lie from others' reading.
DRAYTON.

I loved thee, as too well thou knew'st,
Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but overpower'd
By thy request, who could deny thee nothing.
MILTON.

To have reveal'd
Secrets of man, the secrets of a friend,
Contempt and scorn of all, to be excluded
All friendship, and avoided as a blab.
MILTON.

Each in his breast the secret sorrow kept,
And thought it safe to laugh, though Cæsar wept.
ROWE.

Constant you are,
But yet a woman; and for secrecy,
No lady closer.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thou art sworn
As deeply to affect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart.
SHAKSPEARE.

Utterers of secrets he from thence debarr'd,
Babblers of folly, and blazers of crime:
His larum-bell might loud and wide be heard,
When cause required, but never out of time;
Early and late it rung, at evening and at prime.
SPENSER.

SELF-LOVE.

Man's that savage beast, whose mind,
From reason to self-love declined,
Delights to prey upon his kind.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Myself from flattering self-conceit defend,
Nor what thou dost not know, to know pretend.
SIR J. DENHAM.

O impudent! regardful of thy own,
Whose thoughts are centred on thyself alone.
DRYDEN.

Ofttimes nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right.
MILTON.

Some, valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
POPE.

Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire.
POPE.

True self-love and social are the same.
POPE.

By the blast of self-opinion moved,
We wish to charm, and seek to be beloved.
PRIOR.

In his own grace he doth exalt himself
More than in your advancement.
SHAKSPEARE.

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.
SHAKSPEARE.

Who can all sense of others' ill escape
Is but a brute at best in human shape.
TATE.

SENSE.

The watchful sentinels at ev'ry gate,
At ev'ry passage to the senses wait;
Still travel to and fro the nervous way,
And their impressions to the brain convey;
Where their report the vital envoys make,
And with new orders are commanded back.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

If we had naught but sense, each living wight,
Which we call brute, would be more sharp than we.
SIR J. DAVIES.

If we had naught but sense, then only they
Should have sound minds which have their senses sound;
But wisdom grows when senses do decay,
And folly most in quickest sense is found.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Then is the soul a nature which contains
The pow'r of sense within a greater pow'r,
Which doth employ and use the sense's pains,
But sits and rules within her private bow'r.
SIR J. DAVIES.

This pow'r is sense, which from abroad doth bring
The colour, taste, and touch, and scent, and sound,
The quantity and shape of ev'rything
Within earth's centre or heav'n's circle found:
And though things sensible be numberless,
But only five the sense's organs be;
And in those five all things their forms express
Which we can touch, taste, feel, or hear, or see.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Sense must sure thy safest plunder be,
Since no reprisals can be made on thee.
DORSET.

I have sense, to serve my turn, in store,
And he's a rascal who pretends to more.
DRYDEN.

Be cool, my friend, and hear my muse dispense
Some sovereign comforts drawn from common sense.
DRYDEN.

Such is the mighty swiftness of your mind,
That, like the earth's, it leaves the sense behind!
DRYDEN.

But though we fetch from Italy and France
Our fopperies of tune and modes of dance,
Our sturdy Britons scorn to borrow sense.
GRANVILLE.

Plain sense, which pleased your sires an age ago,
Is lost, without the garniture of show.
GRANVILLE.

Both contain
Within them ev'ry lower faculty
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste.
MILTON.

Begin with sense, of ev'ry art the soul,
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole;
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start e'en from difficulty, strike from chance;
Nature shall join you, time shall make it grow.
POPE.

Something there is more needful than expense,
And something previous e'en to taste—'tis sense:
Good sense, which only is the gift of heaven,
And, though no science, fairly worth the seven.
A light within yourself you must perceive:
Jones and Le Notre have it not to give.
POPE.

Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks.
POPE.

Their weak heads, like towns unfortified,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
POPE.

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
When smooth description held the place of sense?
POPE.

Meet then the senior, far renown'd for sense,
With rev'rent awe, but decent confidence.
POPE.

As the lightest sketch, if justly traced,
Is by ill colouring but the more disgraced,
So by false learning is good sense defaced.
POPE.

Each might his sev'ral province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.
POPE.

The tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.
SHAKSPEARE.

Scholars when good sense describing
Call it tasting and imbibing.
SWIFT.

She quits the narrow path of sense
For a dear ramble through impertinence.
SWIFT.

'Tis hard, where dulness overrules,
To keep good sense in crowds of fools.
SWIFT.

O lavish land! for sound at such expense!
But, then, she saves it in her bills for sense.
YOUNG.

Who want, while through blank life they dream along,
Sense to be right, and passion to be wrong.
YOUNG.

Of plain sound sense life's current coin is made;
With that we drive the most substantial trade.
YOUNG.

A man shall make his fortune in a trice,
If bless'd with pliant though but slender sense,
Feign'd modesty, and real impudence.
YOUNG.

SENSIBILITY.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow!
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.
BURNS.

Oh! life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.
MOORE.

Yet what is wit, and what the poet's art?
Can genius shield the vulnerable heart?
Ah, no! where bright imagination reigns,
The fine-wrought spirit feels acuter pains;
Where glow exalted sense and taste refined,
There keener anguish rankles in the mind.
HANNAH MORE.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts—touch them but lightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!

ROGERS: *Human Life.*

SHAME.

The less had been our shame,
The less his counsell'd crime which brands the Grecian name.

DRYDEN: *Fables.*

Is it enough
That masking habits, and a borrow'd name,
Contrive to hide my plenitude of shame?

PRIOR.

Silly beggars,
Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,
That many have, and others must, sit there.

SHAKSPEARE.

Some seek to salve their blotted name
With others' blot, till all do taste of shame.

SIR P. SIDNEY.

SHEEP.

What stores my dairies and my folds contain!
A thousand lambs that wander on the plain.

DRYDEN.

The running streams are deep:
See, they have caught the father of the flock,
Who dries his fleece upon the neighbouring rock.

DRYDEN.

No more, my goats, shall I behold you climb
The steepy cliffs, or crop the flow'ry thyme.

DRYDEN.

And this you see I scarcely drag along,
Who yearning on the rocks has left her young,
The hope and promise of my failing fold.

DRYDEN.

Five herds, five bleating flocks, his pastures fill'd.

DRYDEN.

From winter keep,
Well fodder'd in the stalls, thy tender sheep.

DRYDEN.

The tender firstlings of my woolly breed
Shall on his holy altar often bleed.

DRYDEN.

Not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought
To this my errand.

MILTON.

The firstlings of the flock are doom'd to die.

POPE.

Let her glad valleys smile with wavy corn;
Let fleecy flocks her rising hills adorn.

PRIOR.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

RALEIGH.

As when two rams, stirr'd with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich-fleeced flock,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Do meet, that with the terror of the shock
Astonish'd both stand senseless as a block.

SPENSER.

SHEPHERD.

Giving an account of the annual increase
Both of their lambs and of their woolly fleece.

CHAUCER.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray
While happily she lies asleep?

ROBERT CRAWFORD: *Tweedside.*

The shepherd bears
His house and household goods, his trade of war,
His bow and quiver, and his trusty cur.

DRYDEN.

I who before with shepherds in the groves
Sung to my oaten pipe their rural loves,
Manured the glebe, and stock'd the fruitful plain.

DRYDEN.

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove:
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my vow?
Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT: *Amynta*

Thrice, oh, thrice happy, shepherd's life and state!
When courts are happiness' unhappy pawns!
His cottage low and safely humble gate
Shuts out proud Fortune with her scorns and fawns:
No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep;
Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep;
Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.
GILES FLETCHER: *Purple Island.*

His flocks are folded; he comes home at night
As merry as a king in his delight,
And merrier too:
For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds, careless, carol by the fire:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?
ROBERT GREENE.

Ah, the poor shepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish.
WILLIAM HAMILTON: *Song.*

A shepherd next,
More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock,
Choicest and best.
MILTON.

The good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air;
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs.
POPE.

The shepherd swains, with sure abundance blest,
On the fat flock and rural dainties feast.
POPE.

Ah! what avails it me the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart, while I preserved my sheep?
POPE.

Had he been born some simple shepherd's heir,
The lowing herd or fleecy sheep his care.
PRIOR.

The shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leathern bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.
SHAKSPEARE.

So many days ere I shall shear the fleece.
SHAKSPEARE.

I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze.
SHAKSPEARE.

As shepherd's cur that in dark evening's shade
Hath tracked forth some savage beastis treade.
SPENSER.

As where a shepherd of the Hebrid Isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
Or that aerial beings sometimes deign
To stand embodied to our senses plain),
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro,
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.
THOMSON: *Castle of Indolence.*

SHIPS.

Full nineteen sailors did the ship convey;
A shoal of nineteen dolphins round her play.
ADDISON.

When the winds in southern quarters rise,
Ships, from their anchors torn, become their sport,
And sudden tempests rage within the port.
ADDISON.

Hither the seas at stated times resort,
And shove the loaden vessels into port;
Then with a gentle ebb retire again,
And render back their cargo to the main.
ADDISON.

How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
Her white wings flying—never from her foes;
She walks the water like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
Who would not brave the battle-fire—the wreck—
To move the monarch of her peopled deck?
BYRON: *Corsair.*

How much unlike Hector, who return'd
Clad in Achilles' spoils; when he among
A thousand ships, like Jove, his lightning flung.
SIR J. DENHAM.

A ship which hath struck sail doth run
By force of that force which before it won.
DONNE.

Some log, perhaps, upon the waters swam,
An useless drift, which, rudely cut within,
And hollow'd, first a floating trough became,
And 'cross some riv'let passage did begin.
DRYDEN.

By viewing nature, nature's handmaid, art,
Makes mighty things from small beginnings grow:
Thus fishes first to shipping did impart,
Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow.
DRYDEN.

Trees rudely hollow'd did the waves sustain,
Ere ships in triumph plow'd the wat'ry plain.
DRYDEN.

Rude as their ships was navigation then,
No useful compass or meridian known:
Coasting, they kept the land within their ken,
And knew no north but when the pole-star shone.
DRYDEN.

He who first the passage tried
In harden'd oak his heart did hide;
Or his at least in hollow wood,
Who tempted first the briny flood.
DRYDEN.

In shipping such as this, the Irish kern
And untaught Indian on the stream did glide,
Ere sharp-keel'd boats to stem the flood did learn,
Or fin-like oars did spread from side to side.
DRYDEN.

A thousand ships were mann'd to sail the sea.
DRYDEN.

He seized the helm; his fellows cheer'd,
Turn'd short upon the shelfs, and madly steer'd.
DRYDEN.

Mighty in her ships stood Carthage long,
And swept the riches of the world from far;
Yet stoop'd to Rome, less wealthy, but more strong.
DRYDEN.

The lashing billows made a long report,
And beat her sides.
DRYDEN.

The galley borne from view by rising gales,
She follow'd with her sight and flying sails.
DRYDEN.

Permit our ships a shelter on your shores,
Refitted from your woods with planks and oars.
DRYDEN.

His batter'd rigging their whole war receives;
All bare, like some old oak with tempests beat,
He stands, and sees below his scatter'd leaves.
DRYDEN.

Or come your shipping in our ports to lay,
Spent and disabled in so long a way?
DRYDEN.

So vast the navy now at anchor rides,
That underneath it the press'd waters fail,
And with his weight it shoulders off the tides.
DRYDEN.

With roomy decks, her guns of mighty strength,
Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length.
DRYDEN.

Now on their coasts our conquering navy rides,
Waylays their merchants, and their land besets.
DRYDEN.

Next of his men and ships he makes review,
Draws out the best and ablest of the crew.
DRYDEN.

Sails were spread to ev'ry wind that blew,
Raw were the sailors, and the depths were new.
DRYDEN.

On high-raised decks the haughty Belgians ride,
Beneath whose shade our humble frigates go.
DRYDEN.

As is the built, so different is the fight;
Their mountain shot is on our sails design'd;
Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,
And through the yielding planks a passage find.
DRYDEN.

Some pick out bullets from the vessel's sides,
Some drive old oakum through each seam and rift.
DRYDEN.

Ent'ring with the tide,
He dropp'd his anchors, and his oars he plied,
Furl'd every sail, and, drawing down the mast,
His vessel moor'd, and made his halsers fast.
DRYDEN.

Through it the joyful steersman clears his way,
And comes to anchor in his inmost bay.
DRYDEN.

The pow'r appeased with winds sufficed the sail;
The bellying canvas strutted with the gale.
DRYDEN.

To nearest ports their shatter'd ships repair,
Where by our dreadful cannon they lay awed.
DRYDEN.

Each several ship a victory did gain,
As Rupert or as Albemarle were there.
DRYDEN.

Slowly he sails, and scarcely stems the tides;
The pressing water pours within her sides.
DRYDEN.

Batter'd by his lee they lay;
The passing winds through their torn canvas play,
And flagging sails on heartless sailors fall.
DRYDEN.

A side breeze from westward waits their sails to fill,
And rests in those high beds his downy wings.
DRYDEN.

Nor with the rising storm would vainly strive,
But left the helm, and let the vessel drive.
DRYDEN.

Waiting till willing winds their sails supplied,
Within a trading town they long abide,
Full fairly situate on a haven's side.
DRYDEN.

Then ease your weary Trojans will attend,
And the long labours of your voyage end.
DRYDEN.

Nor is, indeed, a man less mad than these,
Who freights a ship to venture on the seas,
With one frail interposing plank to save
From certain death, roll'd on by ev'ry wave.
DRYDEN.

Go now, go trust the wind's uncertain breath,
Removed four fingers from approaching death;
Or seven at most, when thickest is the board.
DRYDEN.

What dost thou make a-shipboard? To what end?
Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free,
Stark-staring mad, that thou should'st tempt the sea?
DRYDEN.

The tumbler's gambols some delight afford;
No less the nimble caperer on the cord:
But these are still insipid stuff to thee,
Coop'd in a ship, and toss'd upon the sea.
DRYDEN.

The narrow seas can scarce their navy bear,
Or crowded vessels can their soldiers hold.
DRYDEN.

Whoe'er you are, not unbeloved by heaven,
Since on our friendly shore your ships are driven.
DRYDEN.

That glorious day which two such navies saw,
As each, unmatch'd, might to the world give law;
Neptune, yet doubtful whom he should obey,
Held to them both the trident of the sea.
DRYDEN.

And now approach'd their fleet from India, fraught
With all the riches of the rising sun,
And precious sand from southern climates brought.
DRYDEN.

When ev'n the flying sails were seen no more,
Forsaken of all sight she left the shore.
DRYDEN.

The giddy ship, betwixt the winds and tides
Forced back and forwards, in a circle rides,
Stunn'd with the diff'rent blows; then shoots amain,
Till counterbuff'd she stops, and sleeps again.
DRYDEN.

Like a fiery meteor sunk the sun,
The promise of a storm; the shifting gales
Forsake by fits, and fill, the flagging sails.
DRYDEN.

The Trojans mount their ships, borne on the waves,
And the pitch'd vessels glide with easy force.
DRYDEN.

With wind in poop the vessel ploughs the sea,
And measures back with speed her former way.
DRYDEN.

Triumphant flames upon the water float,
And outbound ships at home their voyages end.
DRYDEN.

With whirlwinds from beneath she toss'd the ship,
And bare exposed the bosom of the deep.
DRYDEN.

Their navy swarms upon the coasts: they cry
To hoist their anchors; but the gods deny.
DRYDEN.

Part stay for passage, till a gust of wind
Ships o'er their forces in a shining sheet.
DRYDEN.

Straight to the ships Æneas took his way,
Embark'd his men, and skimm'd along the sea.
DRYDEN.

As a ship, which winds and waves assail,
Now with the current drives, now with the gale,
She feels a double force, by turns obeys
Th' imperious tempest and th' impetuous seas.
DRYDEN.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard:
"Oh, where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew?"
GAY: *Black-Eyed Susan.*

Each petty hand
Can steer a ship becalm'd; but he that will
Govern, and carry her to her end, must know
His tides, his currents; how to shift his sails;
Where her springs are, her leaks, and how to stop 'em.
BEN JONSON.

Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle.
LONGFELLOW: *Building of the Ship.*

A ship sail'd from New Haven,
And the keen and frosty airs
That fill'd her sails at parting
Were heavy with good men's prayers.

"O Lord! if it be thy pleasure,"
Thus pray'd the old divine,
"To bury our friends in the ocean,
Take them, for they are thine."
LONGFELLOW: *Phantom Ship.*

A fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs.
MILTON.

Then, from the mountain heaving timber tall,
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk,
Smear'd round with pitch.
MILTON.

What pilot so expert but need must wreck,
Embark'd with such a steersmate at the helm?
MILTON.

As when a ship by skilful steersman wrought,
Nigh river's mouth, or foreland, where the wind
Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail.
MILTON.

Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
POPE.

They the tall mast above the vessel rear,
Or teach the flutt'ring sail to float in air.
POPE.

So when the first bold vessel dared the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian raised his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.
POPE.

As when a shipwright stands his workmen o'er,
Who ply the wimble some huge beam to bore;
Urged on all hands, it nimbly spins about,
The grain deep-piercing, till it scoops it out.
POPE.

Or the strait course to rocky Chios plow,
And anchor under Mimos' shaggy prow.
POPE.

Close to the bay great Neptune's fane adjoins,
And near a forum flank'd with marble shines,
Where the bold youth, the num'rous fleets to store,
Shape the broad sail, or smooth the taper oar.
POPE.

Under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales.
POPE.

Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side.
POPE.

Through the mid seas the nimble pinnace sails
Aloof from Crete before the northern gales.
POPE.

Propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails.
POPE.

Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes;
There trees and intermingled temples rise.
POPE.

Before the whistling winds the vessels fly,
With rapid swiftness cut the liquid way,
And reach Gerestus at the point of day.
POPE.

Thither they bent, and haul'd their ships to land;
The crooked keel divides the yellow sand.
POPE.

Six brave companions from each ship we lost:
With sails outspread we fly the unequal strife,
Sad for their loss, but joyful of our life.
POPE.

Steer the bounding bark with steady toil
When the storm thickens and the billows boil.
POPE.

Fell the timber of yon lofty grove,
And form a raft, and build the rising ship.
POPE.

There no vessel, with vermilion prore,
Or bark of traffic, glides from shore to shore.
POPE.

On the seas prepared the vessel stands;
Th' impatient mariner thy speed demands.
POPE.

The friendly gods a springing gale enlarged;
The fleet swift tilting o'er the surges flew,
Till Grecian cliffs appear'd.
POPE.

With stays and cordage last he rigg'd a ship,
And, roll'd on levers, launch'd her in the deep.
POPE.

As our high vessels pass their wat'ry way,
Let all the naval world due homage pay;
With hasty rev'rence their top-honours lower,
Confessing the asserted power.
PRIOR.

Our pray'rs are heard, our master's fleet shall go
As far as wind can bear, or waters flow.
PRIOR.

Dark'ning the sky, they hover o'er and shroud
The wanton sailors with a feather'd cloud.
PRIOR.

Merrily, merrily goes the bark
On a breeze from the northward free;
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.
SCOTT: *Lord of the Isles.*

Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers
That curtsy to them.
SHAKSPEARE.

Trust not to rotten planks.
SHAKSPEARE.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water.
SHAKSPEARE.

Eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience.
SHAKSPEARE.

Behold the threaden sails,
Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge.
SHAKSPEARE.

The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock a buoy,
Almost too small for sight.
SHAKSPEARE.

She comes majestic with her swelling sails,
The gallant bark; along her watery way
Homeward she drives before the favouring gales;
Now flirting at their length the streamers play,
And now they ripple with the ruffling breeze.
SOUTHEY.

As when a ship that flies fair under sail,
An hidden rock escaped unawares,
That lay in wait her wreck for to bewail,
The mariner, yet half amazed, stares
At perils past, and yet in doubt he dares
To joy at his fool-happy oversight.
SPENSER.

A ship that through the ocean wide,
By conduct of some star, doth make her way,
Whenas a storm hath dimm'd her trusty guide,
Out of her course doth wander far astray.
SPENSER.

His flaggy wings when forth he did display
Were like two sails, in which the hollow wind
Is gather'd full, and worketh speedy way.
SPENSER.

How to build ships, and dreadful ordnance cast,
Instruct the artists, and reward their haste.
WALLER.

Ships heretofore in seas like fishes sped:
The mightiest still upon the smallest fed.
WALLER.

The bigger whale like some huge carack lay,
Which wanteth sea-room with her foes to play.
WALLER.

Where'er thy navy spreads her canvas wings,
Homage to thee, and peace to all, she brings.
WALLER.

Speed on the ship!—But let her bear
No merchandise of sin,
No groaning cargo of despair,
Her roomy hold within.
No Lethean drug for Eastern lands,
Nor poison-draught for ours;
But honest fruits of toiling hands
And Nature's sun and showers.

Be hers the Prairie's golden grain,
The Desert's golden sand,
The cluster'd fruits of sunny Spain,
The spice of Morning-land!
Her pathway on the open main
May blessings follow free,
And glad hearts welcome back again
Her white sails from the sea.

WHITTIER: *The Ship-Builders.*

SHIPWRECK.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

ADDISON.

What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
And view th' enormous waste of vapour, tost
In billows length'ning to the horizon round!

BEATTIE: *Minstrel.*

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave;
Then some leap'd overboard with fearful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave.

BYRON.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark delay;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

CAMPBELL.

So grieves th' advent'rous merchant, when he throws
All his long-toil'd-for treasure his ship stows
Into the angry main.

CAREW.

Like those that see their wreck
Ev'n on the rocks of death; and yet they strain
That death may not them idly find t' attend
To their uncertain task, but work to meet their end.

DANIEL.

He's a foolish seaman,
That, when his ship is sinking, will not
Unlade his hopes into another bottom.

SIR J. DENHAM.

So mariners mistake the promised gust,
And, with full sails, on the blind rocks are lost.

DRYDEN.

And cables crack; the sailors' fearful cries
Ascend; and sable night involves the skies.

DRYDEN.

Their images, the relics of the wreck,
Torn from the naked poop, are tided back
By the wild waves, and rudely thrown ashore.

DRYDEN.

Three ships were hurried by the southern blast,
And on the secret shelves with fury cast.

DRYDEN.

Should a shipwreck'd sailor sing his woe,
Wouldst thou be moved to pity, or bestow
An alms?

DRYDEN.

The scaly nations of the sea profound,
Like shipwreck'd carcasses, are driven aground.

DRYDEN.

Mark how the shifting winds from west arise,
And what collected night involves the skies!
Nor can our shaken vessels live at sea,
Much less against the tempest force their way.

DRYDEN.

Your safety, more than mine, was then my care:
Lest, of the guide bereft, the rudder lost,
Your ship should run against the rocky coast.

DRYDEN.

Three blust'ring nights, borne by the southern blast,
I floated, and discover'd land at last:
High on a mounting wave my head I bore,
Forcing my strength, and gath'ring to the shore.

DRYDEN.

Some stow their oars, or stop the leaky sides;
Another, bolder yet, the yard bestrides,
And folds the sails; a fourth with labour laves
Th' intruding seas, and waves ejects on waves.

DRYDEN.

Thrice round the ship was tost,
Then bulged at once, and in the deep was lost.

DRYDEN.

The wild waves master'd him, and suck'd him in,
And smiling eddies dimpled on the main.
DRYDEN.

Mine is the shipwreck, in a wat'ry sign!
And in an earthy, the dark dungeon thine.
DRYDEN.

Whether she sprung a leak, I cannot find,
Or whether she was overset with wind,
Or that some rock below her bottom rent;
But down at once with all her crew she went.
DRYDEN.

And forced Æneas, when his ships were lost,
To leave his followers on a foreign coast.
DRYDEN.

The stoutest vessel to the storm gave way,
And suck'd through loosen'd planks the rushing sea.
DRYDEN.

Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain,
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.
DRYDEN.

Now a sea into the hold was got,
Wave upon wave another sea had wrought.
DRYDEN.

He saw his friends, who, whelm'd beneath the waves,
Their fun'ral honours claim'd and ask'd their quiet graves.
DRYDEN.

The planks, their pitchy coverings wash'd away,
Now yield, and now a yawning breach display:
The roaring waters, with a hostile tide,
Rush through the ruins of her gaping side.
DRYDEN.

Ev'ry nymph of the flood, her tresses rending,
Throws off her armlet of pearl in the main;
Neptune in anguish his charge unattending,
Vessels are found'ring, and vows are in vain.
DRYDEN.

Orante's barque, ev'n in the hero's view,
From stem to stern by waves was overborne.
DRYDEN.

When thou, thy ship o'erwhelm'd with waves, shalt be
Forced to plunge naked in the raging sea.
DRYDEN.

Press'd with the pond'rous blow,
Down sinks the ship within th' abyss below.
DRYDEN.

Take heed you steer your vessel right, my son;
This calm of heav'n, this mermaid's melody,
Into an unseen whirlpool draws you fast,
And in a moment sinks you.
DRYDEN.

Still we sail, while prosperous blows the wind,
Till on some secret rock unwares we light.
FAIRFAX.

What scenes of misery torment thy view!
What painful struggles of thy dying crew!
Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erspread with corses, red with human blood!
So pierced with anguish hoary Priam gazed,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blazed.
FALCONER: *Shipwreck.*

Red sheets of lightning o'er the seas are spread;
Our tackling yield, and wrecks at last succeed.
GARTH.

Observe those numerous wrongs in effigy
The gods have saved from the devouring sea.
GARTH.

The seaman, safe on shore, with joy doth tell
What cruel dangers him at sea befell.
JUVENAL.

Her deck is crowded with despairing souls,
And in the hollow pauses of the storm
We hear their piercing cries.
MATURIN: *Bertram.*

He, like a foolish pilot, hath shipwreck'd
My vessel gloriously rigg'd.
MILTON.

It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
MILTON.

Still the battering waves rush in
Implacable, till, deluged by the foam,
The ship sinks, found'ring in the vast abyss.
JOHN PHILIPS.

Like a black sheet the whelming billows spread,
Burst o'er the float, and thunder'd on his head.
POPE.

I doom, to fix the gallant ship,
A mark of vengeance on the sable deep;
To warn the thoughtless self-confiding train
No more unlicensed thus to brave the main.
POPE.

Thus saved from death, they gain the Phestan shores
With shatter'd vessels and disabled oars.
POPE.

As when a wave, that from a cloud impends,
And swell'd with tempests, on the ship descends:
White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the masts, and sing through ev'ry shroud.
Pale, trembling, tired, the sailors freeze with fears,
And instant death on ev'ry wave appears.
POPE.

Some from the stranded vessel force their way;
Fearful of fate, they meet it in the sea;
Some who escape the fury of the wave
Sicken on earth, and sink into a grave.
PRIOR.

Lightnings, that show the vast and foamy deep,
The rending thunders, as they onward roll,
The loud, loud winds, that o'er the billows sweep—
Shake the firm nerve, appall the bravest soul!

Ah! what avails the seamen's toiling care!—
The straining cordage bursts, the mast is riven;
The sounds of terror groan along the air,
Then sink afar: the bark on rocks is driven!

Fierce o'er the wreck the whelming waters pass'd,
The helpless crew sunk in the roaring main!
Henry's faint accents trembled in the blast—
Farewell, my love!—we ne'er shall meet again!

Oft, at the calm and silent evening hour,
When summer breezes linger on the wave,
A melancholy voice is heard to pour
Its lonely sweetness o'er poor Henry's grave:

And oft, at midnight, airy strains are heard
Around the grove where Ellen's form is laid;
Nor is the dirge by village maidens fear'd,—
For love's pure spirits guard the holy shade.
MRS. RADCLIFFE: *The Mariner.*

But, hark! what shriek of death comes in the gale,
And in the distant ray what glimmering sail
Bends to the storm? Now sinks the note of fear!
Ah! wretched mariners!—no more shall day
Unclose his cheering eye to light ye on your way!
MRS. RADCLIFFE: *Mysteries of Udolpho.*

What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood;
Yet lives our pilot still.
SHAKSPEARE.

Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,
And twice, by adverse winds, from England's bank
Drove back again into my native claim?
SHAKSPEARE.

When the sun 'gins his reflection,
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break.
SHAKSPEARE.

After our ship did split,
When you, and the poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat.
SHAKSPEARE.

I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Veiling her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial.
SHAKSPEARE.

I, in a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.
SHAKSPEARE.

Dang'rous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all the spices on the stream,
And in a word, yea, even now worth this,
And now worth nothing.
SHAKSPEARE.

O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks:
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
SHAKSPEARE.

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
And fear in ev'ry heart,
When waves on waves, and gulphs in gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.
Spectator.

Learning his ship from those white cliffs to save
Which all along the southern sea-coast lay,
Threat'ning unheedy wreck, and rash decay,
He named Albion.
SPENSER.

Whilst they fly that gulf's devouring jaws,
They on this rock are rent, and sunk in helpless waves.
SPENSER.

'Gainst which a ship, of succour desolate,
Doth suffer wreck both of herself and goods.
SPENSER.

Your cables burst, and you must quickly feel
The waves impetuous ent'ring at your keel.
SWIFT.

Bold were the men which on the ocean first
Spread their new sails, when shipwreck was the worst.
WALLER.

Death was the post, which I almost did gain:
Shall I once more be tost into the main?
WALLER.

Burning ships the banish'd sun supply,
And no light shines but that by which men die.
WALLER.

He from his flaming ship his children sent,
To perish in a milder element.
WALLER.

After a tempest, when the winds are laid,
The calm sea wonders at the wrecks it made.
WALLER.

Oh, many a dream was in the ship
An hour before her death;
And sights of home with sighs disturb'd
The sleepers' long-drawn breath.
PROF. JOHN WILSON.

Five hundred souls in one instant of dread
Are hurried o'er the deck;
And fast the miserable ship
Becomes a lifeless wreck.
Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
Her planks are torn asunder,
And down come her masts with a reeling shock
And a hideous crash like thunder.
PROF. JOHN WILSON: *Isle of Palms.*

SHREWS.

Her sallow cheeks her envious mind did show,
And ev'ry feature spoke aloud the shrew.
DRYDEN.

Her eldest sister is so curst a shrewd,
That till the father rids his hands of her,
Your love must live a maid.
SHAKSPEARE.

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;
For women are shrews, both short and tall.
SHAKSPEARE.

SILENCE.

To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue.
ADDISON.

My list'ning powers
Were awed, and ev'ry thought in silence hung,
And wond'ring expectation.
AKENSIDE.

Silence in times of suff'ring is the best:
'Tis dangerous to disturb a hornets' nest.
DRYDEN.

But safe repose, without an air of breath,
Dwells here; and a dumb quiet, next to death.
DRYDEN.

Nor awful Phœbus was on Pindus heard
With deeper silence, or with more regard.
DRYDEN.

He might be silent, and not cast away
His sentences in vain.
BEN JONSON.

Indeed, true gladness doth not always speak:
Joy bred and born but in the tongue is weak.
BEN JONSON: *On the Coronation.*

Silence! coeval with eternity,
Thou wert ere nature first began to be;
'Twas one vast nothing all, and all slept fast in thee.
POPE.

Here all their care and ev'n their murmurs cease,
And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.
POPE.

Hail, happy groves! calm and secure retreat
Of sacred silence, rest's eternal seat!
ROSCOMMON.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy;
I were but little happy if I could say how much.
SHAKSPEARE.

Give thy thoughts no tongue.
SHAKSPEARE.

I do know of those
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing.

SHAKSPEARE.

Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
Most ranc'rous spite.

SHAKSPEARE.

And even calm
Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
Breathed o'er the blue expanse.

THOMSON.

The poor shade shiv'ring stands, and must not break
His painful silence, till the mortal speak.

TICKELL.

On seas, on earth, and all that in them dwell,
A death-like quiet and deep silence fell.

WALLER.

SIN.

He that commits a sin shall find
The pressing guilt lie heavy on his mind,
Though bribes or favours shall assert his cause.

CREECH.

The soul being first from nothing brought,
When God's grace fails her, doth to nothing fall;
And this declining proneness unto nought
Is ev'n that sin that we are born withal.

SIR J. DAVIES.

How senseless then and dead a soul hath he
Which thinks his soul doth with his body die;
Or thinks not so, but so would have it be,
That he might sin with more security!

SIR J. DAVIES.

He that but conceives a crime in thought,
Contracts the danger of an actual fault:
Then what must he expect that still proceeds
To commit sin, and work up thoughts to deeds?

DRYDEN.

He that once sins, like him that slides on ice,
Goes swiftly down the slippery ways of vice:
Though conscience checks him, yet, those rubs gone o'er,
He slides on smoothly, and looks back no more.

DRYDEN.

The man that shiver'd on the brink of sin,
Thus steel'd and harden'd, ventures boldly in.

DRYDEN.

The wretch is drench'd too deep;
His soul is stupid, and his heart asleep;
Fatten'd in vice, so callous and so gross,
He sins, and sees not, senseless of his loss.

DRYDEN.

Far other plaints, tears, and laments
The time, the place, and our estates require:
Think on thy sins, which man's old foe presents
Before that judge that quits each soul his hire.

FAIRFAX.

If thou dost ill, the joy fades, not the pains;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

GEORGE HERBERT.

The body sins not; 'tis the will
That makes the action good or ill.

HERRICK.

But harm precedes not sin; only our foe,
Tempting, affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integrity.

MILTON.

Adam, soon as he heard
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amazed,
Astonied stood, and blank, while horror chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd

MILTON.

If it be weigh'd
By itself, with aggravations not surcharged,
Or else with just allowance counterpoised,
I may, if possible, thy pardon find
The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.

MILTON.

This act
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,
Defeating sin and death, his two main arms.

MILTON.

Sin, and her shadow, death.

MILTON.

Death from sin no power can separate.

MILTON.

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.

SHAKSPEARE.

Confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal.

SHAKSPEARE.

Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides;
Who covers faults at last with shame derides.

SHAKSPEARE.

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall.
SHAKSPEARE.

Were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults, makes him run through all sins.
SHAKSPEARE.

But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch their arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.
SHAKSPEARE.

Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of ice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.
SHAKSPEARE.

There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.
SHAKSPEARE.

Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
SHAKSPEARE.

Why, ev'ry fault's condemn'd ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.
SHAKSPEARE.

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!
SHAKSPEARE.

He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as fresh as May;
And how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him.
SHAKSPEARE.

Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles collected from his life.
SHAKSPEARE.

What then? What rests?
Try what repentance can: What can it not?
Yet what can it when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul; that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged!
SHAKSPEARE.

Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.
SHAKSPEARE.

O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee!
SHAKSPEARE.

Our sins, like to our shadows
When our day is in its glory, scarce appear'd:
Towards our evening how great and monstrous
They are!
SIR J. SUCKLING: *Aglaura.*

SINGING.

Here the muse so oft her harp has strung
That not a mountain rears its head unsung.
ADDISON.

And I so ravish'd with her heav'nly note,
I stood entranced, and had no room for thought;
But, all o'erpow'r'd with ecstasy of bliss,
Was in a pleasing dream of paradise.
DRYDEN.

On the green bank I sat, and listen'd long;
Nor till her lay was ended could I move,
But wish'd to dwell forever in the grove.
DRYDEN.

Am I call'd upon the grave debate
To judge of trilling notes and tripping feet?
DRYDEN.

This done, she sung and caroll'd out so clear
That men and angels might rejoice to hear.
DRYDEN.

Here, where the labourer's hands have form'd a bow'r
Of wreathing trees, in singing waste an hour.
DRYDEN.

Thy tuneful voice with numbers join;
Thy words will more prevail than mine.
DRYDEN.

If ere night the gath'ring clouds we fear,
A song will help the beating storm to bear;
And, that thou may'st not be too late abroad,
Sing, and I'll ease thy shoulders of thy load.

DRYDEN.

Her ruby lips lock up from gazing sight
A troop of pearls, which march in goodly row:
But when she deigns those precious bones undight,
Soon heavenly notes from those divisions flow,
And with rare music charm the ravish'd ears,
Daunting bold thoughts, but cheering modest fears:
The spheres so only sing, so only charm the spheres.

PHINEAS FLETCHER: *Purple Island.*

Nor ballad-singer, placed above the crowd,
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud,
Nor parish clerk, who calls the psalm so clear.

GAY.

When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spied;
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside:
That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
Or with the rosin'd bow torment the string;
That Bowzybeus who, with fingers' speed,
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;
That Bowzybeus who, with jocund tongue,
Ballads and roundelays and catches sung:
They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight.

GAY: *Shepherds' Week.*

So sang the sirens, with enchanting sound,
Enticing all to listen, and be drown'd.

GRANVILLE.

And those who heard the Singers three
Disputed which the best might be;
For still their music seem'd to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see
No best in kind, but in degree;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."

LONGFELLOW: *Singers.*

God sent his Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

LONGFELLOW: *Singers.*

Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd every musk-rose of the dale.

MILTON.

He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing;
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit and hearken even to ecstasy.

MILTON.

With wanton heed and giddy cunning
The melting voice through mazes running.

MILTON.

Those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devote and holy psalms
Singing continually.

MILTON.

But would you sing and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wondering forests soon should dance again;
The moving mountains hear the powerful call,
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall.

POPE.

To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing;
The woods shall answer, and the echo ring.

POPE.

Alas! young man, your days can ne'er be long:
In flow'r of age you perish for a song.

POPE.

The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.

POPE.

Enough for me that to the list'ning swains
First in those fields I sung the sylvan strains.

POPE.

The season when to come, and when to go,
To sing, or cease to sing, we never know.

POPE.

Each morn they waked me with a sprightly lay;
Of opening heav'n they sung, and gladsome day.

PRIOR.

To hear thy rhymes and roundelays,
Which thou wert wont in wasteful hills to sing,
I more delight than lark in summer days,
Whose echo made the neighb'ring groves to ring.

SPENSER.

If thou would'st vouchsafe to overspread
Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing,
I should enabled be thy acts to sing.
SPENSER.

SLANDER.

Be silent, and beware, if such you see;
'Tis defamation but to say, "That's he!"
DRYDEN.

Thus others we with defamation wound,
While they stab us; and so the jest goes round.
DRYDEN.

He that shall rail against his absent friends,
Or hears them scandalized, and not defends;
Sports with their fame, and speaks whate'er he can,
And only to be thought a witty man;
Tells tales, and brings his friends in disesteem:
That man's a knave,—be sure beware of him.
HORACE.

Nor with envenom'd tongue to blast the fame
Of harmless men.
JOHN PHILIPS.

The world with calumny abounds;
The whitest virtue slander wounds:
There are whose joy is, night and day,
To talk a character away.
POPE.

Of all her dears she never slander'd one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
POPE.

To me belongs
The care to shun the blast of sland'rous tongues;
Let malice, prone the virtuous to defame,
Thus with wild censure taint my spotless name.
POPE.

He who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out.
POPE: *Epistles.*

In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies;
Snuff or the fan supply each pause of chat
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
POPE: *Rape of the Lock.*

O many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer never meant,
And many a word at random spoken
May soothe or wound the heart that's broken.
SCOTT: *Lord of the Isles.*

'Tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword.
SHAKSPEARE.

Nor might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: what king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
SHAKSPEARE.

When your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him.
SHAKSPEARE.

If I'm traduced by tongues which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through.
SHAKSPEARE.

'Tis slander, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world.
SHAKSPEARE.

Done to death by slanderous tongues.
SHAKSPEARE.

For slander lives upon succession;
Forever housed where it gets possession.
SHAKSPEARE.

The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent,—
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
SHAKSPEARE.

Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their censures vent.
SWIFT.

Whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people say?
Their utmost malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ache,
Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
Or put one feature out of place.
SWIFT.

SLAVERY.

In ocean's wide domains,
Half buried in the sands,
Like skeletons in chains,
With shackled feet and hands,

Beyond the fall of dews,
Deeper than plummet lies,
Float ships, with all their crews,
No more to sink or rise.

There the black slave-ship swims,
Freighted with human forms,
Whose fetter'd fleshless limbs
Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of slaves;
They gleam from the abyss;
They cry, from yawning waves,
"We are the Witnesses!"

LONGFELLOW: *The Witnesses.*

The conquer'd also, and enslaved by war,
Shall, with their freedom lost, their virtue lose.

MILTON.

First slave to words, then vassal to a name,
Then dupe to party; child and man the same.

POPE.

The wretched slave,
Who, with a body fill'd and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread.

SHAKSPEARE.

No thralls like them that inward bondage have.

SIR P. SIDNEY.

"All ready?" cried the captain;
"Ay, ay!" the seamen said:
"Heave up the worthless lubbers—
The dying and the dead."
Up from the slave-ship's prison
Fierce, bearded heads were thrust—
"Now let the sharks look to it—
Toss up the dead ones first."

Corpse after corpse came up,—
Death had been busy there:
When every blow is mercy,
Why should the spoiler spare?
Corpse after corpse they cast
Sullenly from the ship,
Yet bloody with the traces
Of fetter, link, and whip.

WHITTIER: *The Slave-Ships.*

SLEEP.

My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep.

ADDISON.

While thus she rested, on her arm reclined,
The hoary willows waving with the wind,
And feather'd quires that warbled in the shade,
And purling streams that through the meadow stray'd,
In drowsy murmurs lull'd the gentle maid.

ADDISON.

O ye immortal powers that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues,
And show mankind that goodness is your care!

ADDISON

Happy he whose toil
Has o'er his languid powerless limbs diffused
A pleasing lassitude; he not in vain
Invokes the gentle deity of dreams:
His powers the most voluptuously dissolve
In soft repose: on him the balmy dews
Of sleep with double nutriment descend.

DR. JOHN ARMSTRONG:
Art of Preserving Health.

How happy is that balm to wretches, sleep!
No cares perplex them for their future state,
And fear of death thus dies in senseless sleep.

BEAUMONT: *Queen of Corinth.*

Care-charming sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince; fall like a cloud
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet [light?],
And as a purling stream, thou son of night,
Pass by his troubled senses, sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind or gentle rain.
Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Valentinian.*

Sleep is no servant of the will;
It has caprices of its own:
When courted most, it lingers still;
When most pursued, 'tis swiftly gone.

SIR J. BOWRING: *from the Spanish.*

Hence our desires, fears, hopes, love, hate, and sorrow,
In fancy make us hear, feel, see impressions
Such as out of our sense they do not borrow,
And are the efficient cause, the true progressions
Of sleeping visions, idle phantasms waking,
Life, dreams, and knowledge, apparitions making.

LORD BROOKE:
Treatise on Human Learning.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar
  Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is
For gift or grace surpassing this—
  "He giveth His beloved sleep!"
MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
  Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
  He giveth His beloved sleep.
MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

How he sleepeth, having drunken
  Weary childhood's mandragore!
From his pretty eyes have sunken
  Pleasures to make room for more,—
Sleeping near the wither'd nosegay which he
    pull'd the day before.
MRS. E. B. BROWNING:
A Child Asleep.

Sleep on, baby, on the floor,
  Tired of all the playing!
Sleep with smile the sweeter for
  That, you dropp'd away in!
On your curls' full roundness, stand
  Golden lights serenely:
One cheek push'd out by the hand,
  Folds the dimple inly.
MRS. E. B. BROWNING:
Sleeping and Watching.

Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the sea,
And from the mountains where I now respire,
Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee,
As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have been
    to me.
BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

Man o'erlabour'd with his being's strife,
Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life:
There lie love's feverish hope, and cunning's
    guile,
Hate's working brain, and lull'd ambition's
    wile;
O'er each vain eye oblivion's pinions wave,
And quench'd existence crouches in a grave.
What better name may slumber's bed become?
Night's sepulchre, the universal home,
Where weakness, strength, vice, virtue, sunk
    supine,
Alike in naked helplessness recline.
BYRON: *Lara.*

Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things thus named,
Death and existence: sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality;
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy.
BYRON: *Dream.*

My slumbers—if I slumber—are not sleep,
But a continuance of enduring thought,
Which then I can resist not.
BYRON: *Manfred.*

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive
    eyes.
CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope.*

Within a thicket I reposed; when round
I ruffled up fall'n leaves in heaps, and found,
Let fall from heaven, a sleep interminate.
CHAPMAN: *Odyssey.*

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
  Beloved from pole to pole.
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven
  That slid into my soul.
COLERIDGE: *Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*

It was the time when gentle night began
T' indrench with sleep the busy spirits of man.
COWLEY.

Sleep seems their only refuge: for, alas!
Where penury is felt, the thought is chain'd,
And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few.
COWPER: *Task.*

Thou, faint god of sleep! forget that I
Was ever known to be thy votary.
No more my pillow shall thine altar be,
Nor will I offer any more to thee
Myself a melting sacrifice.
CRASHAW.

Why dost thou shake thy leaden sceptre? go,
Bestow thy poppy upon wakeful woe,
Sickness and sorrow, whose pale lids ne'er know
Thy downy fingers: dwell upon their eyes:
Shut in their tears, shut out their miseries.
CRASHAW.

The night's companion, kindly cheating them
Of all their cares, tamed the rebellious eye
Of sorrow with a soft and downy hand,
Sealing all breasts in a lethean band.
CRASHAW.

Why dost thou let thy brave soul lie suppress'd
In death-like slumbers, while thy dangers crave
A waking eye and hand?

CRASHAW.

Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Till this stormy night be gone,
And th' eternal morrow dawn:
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they waken with that light
Whose day shall never sleep in night.

CRASHAW.

Welcome, thou pleasing slumber;
Awhile embrace me in thy leaden arms,
And charm my careful thoughts.

SIR J. DENHAM.

Morpheus, the humble god that dwells
In cottages and smoky cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down:
And, though he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown.
Come, I say, thou powerful god,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipt in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep and never wake.
Nature, alas! why art thou so
Obliged to thy greatest foe?
Sleep that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

SIR J. DENHAM: *Sophy*, Act v.

Nothing resembles death so much as sleep;
Yet then our minds themselves from slumber keep,
When from their fleshy bondage they are free.

SIR J. DENHAM.

Sleep to those empty lids
Is grown a stranger; and day and night
As undistinguish'd by my sleep as sight.

SIR J. DENHAM.

Sleep is pain's easiest salve, and doth fulfil
All offices of death, except to kill.

DONNE.

By him lay heavy Sleep, the cousin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone;
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath:
Small keep took he, whom fortune frowned on,
Or whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown, but, as a living death,
So dead alive, of life he drew the breath.

EARL OF DORSET:
Mirrour for Magistrates.

Sleep, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds with grief oppress'd;
Lo, by thy charming rod, all breathing things
Lie slumbering, with forgetfulness possess'd,
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spar'st, alas! who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
To inward light which thou art wont to show,
With feigned solace ease a true-felt woe;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath:
I long to kiss the image of my death.

DRUMMOND: *On Sleep.*

The diligence of trade, and noiseful gain,
And luxury, more late, asleep were laid:
All was the night's; and, in her silent reign,
No sound the rest of Nature did invade.

DRYDEN.

Scarce the weary god had closed his eyes,
When, rushing on with shouts, he binds in chains
The drowsy prophet, and his limbs constrains.

DRYDEN.

No door was there th' unguarded house to keep,
On creaking hinges turn'd, to break his sleep.

DRYDEN.

With watching overworn, with cares oppress'd,
Unhappy I had laid me down to rest.

DRYDEN.

I turn'd, and tried each corner of my bed,
To find if sleep were there; but sleep was lost.

DRYDEN.

Tardy of aid, unseal thy heavy eyes,
Awake, and with the dawning day arise.

DRYDEN.

She scarce awake her eyes could keep,
Unable to support the fumes of sleep.

DRYDEN.

I wanted nothing fortune could supply;
Nor did she slumber till that hour deny.

DRYDEN.

For then the hills with pleasing shades are crown'd,
And sleeps are sweeter on the silken ground.

DRYDEN.

Now the latter watch of wasting night,
And setting stars, to kindly rest invite.
DRYDEN.

Take you the reins, while I from cares remove
And sleep within the chariot which I drove.
DRYDEN.

Fear broke my slumbers: I no longer stay,
But mount the terrace, thence the town survey.
DRYDEN.

Aghast he waked, and, starting from his bed,
Cold sweat, in clammy drops, his limbs o'erspread.
DRYDEN.

Sprightly May commands our youth to keep
The vigils of her night, and breaks their sluggard sleep.
DRYDEN.

The lazy glutton safe at home will keep,
Indulge his sloth, and fatten with his sleep.
DRYDEN.

Around its entry nodding poppies grow,
And all cool simples that sweet rest bestow;
Night from the plants their sleepy virtue drains,
And passing sheds it on the silent plains.
DRYDEN.

The wind that whistles through the sprays
Maintains the consort of the song;
And hidden birds, with native lays,
The golden sleep prolong.
DRYDEN.

Each day new wealth without their care provides;
They lie asleep with prizes in their nets.
DRYDEN.

They give their bodies due repose at night,
When hollow murmurs of their ev'ning bells
Dismiss the sleepy swains, and toll them to their cells.
DRYDEN.

O sacred rest!
O peace of mind! repairer of decay,
Whose balms renew the limbs to labours of the day.
DRYDEN.

Two gates the silent house of sleep adorn,
Of polish'd ivory this, that of transparent horn;
True visions through transparent horn arise,
Through polish'd ivory pass deluding lies.
DRYDEN.

The busy bees with a soft murmuring strain
Invite to gentle sleep the lab'ring swain.
DRYDEN.

Hermes o'er his head in air appear'd,
And with soft words his drooping spirits cheer'd;
His hat adorn'd with wings disclosed the god,
And in his hand he bore the sleep-compelling rod.
DRYDEN.

Sometimes beneath an ancient oak
Or on the matted grass he lies;
No god of sleep he did invoke:
The stream that o'er the pebble flies
With gentle slumber crowns his eyes.
DRYDEN.

Shady groves, that easy sleep invite,
And after toilsome days a soft repose at night.
DRYDEN.

The yawning youth, scarce half awake, essays
His lazy limbs and dozy head to raise.
DRYDEN.

Some solitary cloister will I choose,
Coarse my attire, and short shall be my sleep,
Broke by the melancholy midnight bell.
DRYDEN.

Such visions hourly pass before my sight,
Which from my eyes their balmy slumbers fright.
DRYDEN.

'Tis now the hour which all to sleep allow,
And sleep sits heavy upon ev'ry brow.
DRYDEN.

Our men secure nor guards nor sentries held,
But easy sleep their weary limbs compell'd.
DRYDEN.

A thousand nights have brush'd their balmy wings
Over these eyes.
DRYDEN.

Before the day was done, her work she sped,
And never went by candlelight to bed.
DRYDEN.

Has Somnus brush'd thy eyelids with his rod?
DRYDEN.

Here toils and death, and death's half-brother sleep,
Forms terrible to view, their sentry keep;
With anxious pleasures of a guilty mind,
Deep frauds before, and open force behind.
DRYDEN.

Cares shall not keep him on the throne awake,
Nor break the golden slumbers he would take.
DRYDEN.

Sleep flies the wretch; or when with cares oppress'd,
And his toss'd limbs are wearied into rest,
Then dreams invade.
DRYDEN.

Of sleep forsaken, to relieve his care,
He sought the conversation of the fair.
DRYDEN.

Meantime in shades of night Æneas lies;
Care seized his soul, and sleep forsook his eyes.
DRYDEN.

Cool groves and living lakes
Give after toilsome days a soft repose at night.
DRYDEN.

No sooner were his eyes in slumber bound,
When, from above, a more than mortal sound
Invades his ears.
DRYDEN.

While the stars and course of heaven I keep,
My wearied eyes were seized with fatal sleep.
DRYDEN.

Long draughts of sleep his monstrous limbs enslave;
He reels, and, falling, fills the spacious cave.
DRYDEN.

We lived supine amidst our flowing store,
We slept securely, and we dreamt of more.
DRYDEN.

His fellow, who the narrow bed had kept,
Was weary, and without a rocker slept.
DRYDEN.

Hark, hark! the waters fall;
And with a murmuring sound,
Dash, dash upon the ground,
To gentle slumbers call.
DRYDEN.

While Hermes piped and sung, and told his tale,
The keeper's winking eyes began to fail,
And drowsy slumber on the lips to creep,
Till all the watchman was at length asleep.
DRYDEN.

What ho! thou genius of the clime, what ho!
Liest thou asleep beneath these hills of snow?
Stretch out thy lazy limbs.
DRYDEN.

Wretched
Are mortals born to sleep their lives away!
DRYDEN.

The latter watch of wasting night,
And setting stars, to kindly sleep invite.
DRYDEN.

The fanning wind and purling streams continue her repose.
DRYDEN.

Sleep! to the homeless thou art home;
The friendless find in thee a friend;
And well is, wheresoe'er he roam,
Who meets thee at his journey's end.
EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Now spread the night her spangled canopy,
And summon'd every restless eye to sleep.
FAIRFAX.

Foul spirits haunt my resting-place,
And ghastly visions break my sleep by night.
FAIRFAX.

At eve last midsummer no sleep I sought.
GAY.

From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day the peaceful night,
Rich from the very want of wealth,
In heaven's best treasures, peace and health.
GRAY: *Ode.*

I sought my bed, in hopes relief to find,
But restlessness was mistress of my mind.
WALTER HARTE.

O gentle sleep, I cried,
Why is thy gift to me alone denied?
Mildest of beings, friend to ev'ry clime,
Where lies my error, what has been my crime?
Beasts, birds, and cattle feel thy balmy rod;
The drowsy mountains wave, and seem to nod;
The torrents cease to chide, the seas to roar,
And the hush'd waves recline upon the shore.
WALTER HARTE.

Something between a cottage and a cell;
Yet virtue here could sleep and peace could dwell.
WALTER HARTE.

Oh, lightly, lightly tread!
A holy thing is sleep,
On the worn spirit shed,
And eyes that wake to weep.
MRS. HEMANS.

The Halcyon Sleep will never build his nest
In any stormy breast.
'Tis not enough that he does find
Clouds and darkness in the mind:
Darkness but half his work will do:
'Tis not enough: he must find quiet too.
HORACE, *by* COWLEY.

Immured and buried in perpetual sloth,
That gloomy slumber of the stagnant soul.
DR. S. JOHNSON.

Come, we all sleep, and are mere dormice flies,
A little less than dead: more dulness hangs
On us than on the moon.
BEN JONSON.

Good impertinence:
Thy company, if I slept not very well
A-nights, would make me an errant fool with questions.
BEN JONSON.

O magic sleep! O comfortable bird
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till all is hush'd and smooth!
KEATS: *Endymion.*

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her smoothed limbs, and soul fatigued away,
Flown, like a thought until the morrow day,
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain.
KEATS: *Eve of St. Agnes.*

So sleeps the sea-boy on the cloudy mast,
Safe as a drowsy Triton rock'd with storms,
While tossing princes wake in beds of down.
LEE: *Mithridates.*

Solemnly, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The Curfew Bell
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,
And put out the light;
Toil comes with the morning,
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,
And quench'd is the fire:
Sound fades into silence,—
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall!
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all. LONGFELLOW: *Curfew.*

I cannot sleep! my fervid brain
Calls up the vanish'd Past again,
And throws its misty splendours deep
Into the pallid realms of sleep!
LONGFELLOW: *Golden Legend.*

Sleep, sleep, O city! till the light
Wakes you to sin and crime again,
Whilst on your dreams, like dismal rain,
I scatter downward through the night
My maledictions dark and deep.
LONGFELLOW: *Golden Legend.*

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch! while in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!
LONGFELLOW: *Spanish Student.*

He sleeps, if it be sleep, this starting trance,
Whose feverish tossings and deep mutter'd groans
Do prove the soul shares not the body's rest.
MATURIN: *Bertram.*

There gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seized
My drowned senses uncontroll'd.
MILTON.

He his sleep
Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of morn
MILTON.

A death-like sleep!
A gentle wafting to immortal life!
MILTON.

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
MILTON.

Let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)
Here sleep below, while thou to foresight wak'st;
As once thou slept'st while she to life was form'd.
MILTON.

Sleep hath forsook, and giv'n me o'er
To death's benumming opium, as my only cure.
MILTON.

His sleep
Was airy, light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which th' only sound
Of leaves and running rills (Aurora's fan)
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on ev'ry bough.
MILTON.

What in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
MILTON.

The timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumb'rous weight, inclines
Our eyelids.
MILTON.

In deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial siren's harmony.
MILTON.

She dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires
Easy my unpremeditated verse.
MILTON.

Fancy then retires
Into her private cell, when nature rests.
MILTON.

Th' hour
Of night, and of all things retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose.
MILTON.

Dewy sleep oppress'd them wearied.
MILTON.

Glad I'd lay me down
As in my mother's lap; there I should rest,
And sleep secure.
MILTON.

Men sleeping sound by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
MILTON.

I question thy bold entrance,
Employ'd to violate the sleep of those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss.
MILTON.

The drowsy frighted steeds
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep.
MILTON.

The bee with honey'd thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep.
MILTON.

Kind sleep affords
The only boon the wretched mind can feel,—
A momentary respite from despair.
ARTHUR MURPHY: *Alzuma.*

All birds and beasts lie hush'd; sleep steals away
The wild desires of men and toils of day,
And brings, descending through the silent air,
A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
POPE.

Who sat the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
Slept fast; the distant nodded to the hum.
POPE.

Not write! but then I think;
And, for my soul, I cannot sleep a wink.
POPE.

Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian sylph prolong'd the balmy rest.
POPE.

Ah, why, Penelope, this causeless fear,
To render sleep's soft blessings insincere?
Alike devote to sorrow's dire extreme
The day reflection and the midnight dream.
POPE.

Not balmy sleep to lab'rers faint with pain,
Not show'rs to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.
POPE.

I take the wood,
And, in thick shelter of innum'rous boughs,
Enjoy the comfort gentle sleep allows.
POPE.

His neck obliquely o'er his shoulders hung,
Bless'd with the weight of sleep that tames the strong.
POPE.

Sloth unfolds her arms, and wakes;
List'ning Envy drops her snakes.
POPE.

The seer, while zephyrs curl the swelling deep,
Basks on the breezy shore, in grateful sleep,
His oozy limbs.
POPE.

To the same notes thy sons shall hum or snore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry encore.
POPE.

Still humming on their drowsy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
POPE.

Melancholy lifts her head;
Morpheus rouses from his bed.
POPE.

All night I slept, oblivious of my pain;
Aurora dawn'd and Phœbus shined in vain;
Nor, till oblique he sloped his evening ray,
Had Somnus dried the balmy dews away.
POPE.

Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep.
POPE.

There ev'ry eye with slumb'rous chains she bound,
And dash'd the flowing goblets to the ground.
POPE.

Then balmy sleep had charm'd my eyes to rest,
What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings.
POPE.

Pallas, piteous of her plaintive cries,
In slumber closed her silver-streaming eyes.
POPE.

While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
POPE.

Sleep instantly fell on me, call'd
By nature as in aid, and closed her husband's eyes.
PRIOR.

What could the head perform alone,
If all their friendly aids were gone?
A foolish figure he must make;
Do nothing else but sleep and ache.
PRIOR.

The busy craftsman and o'erlabour'd hind
Forget the travail of the day in sleep;
Care only wakes, and moping pensiveness;
With meagre discontented looks they sit
And watch the wasting of the midnight taper!
ROWE.

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.
SIR W. SCOTT: *Lady of the Lake.*

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night: sleep with it now;
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he whose brow with homely biggen bound
Sleeps out the watch of night.
SHAKSPEARE.

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
SHAKSPEARE.

I have slept fifteen years.
Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me.
SHAKSPEARE.

Tell me, what is 't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
SHAKSPEARE.

Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come mischance between us twain!
SHAKSPEARE.

Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.
SHAKSPEARE.

Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
SHAKSPEARE.

This sleep is sound; this is a sleep
That from this golden rigol hath divorced
So many English kings.
SHAKSPEARE.

I have been troubled in my sleep this night;
But dawning day new comfort hath inspired.
SHAKSPEARE.

Banquo! Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!
SHAKSPEARE.

Two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon.
SHAKSPEARE.

He sleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him.
SHAKSPEARE.

By the help of these, with Him above
To ratify the work, we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights.
SHAKSPEARE.

What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house?
SHAKSPEARE.

As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones.
SHAKSPEARE.

The two delinquents
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep.
SHAKSPEARE.

Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.
SHAKSPEARE.

Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a-nights.
SHAKSPEARE.

Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere she sleep, hath thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy;
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy:
But those that sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.
SHAKSPEARE.

Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murder sleep; the innocent sleep;
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.
SHAKSPEARE.

In swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death.
SHAKSPEARE.

Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.
SHAKSPEARE.

Now o'er one half the world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep.
SHAKSPEARE.

I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,
Lest leaden slumber poise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory.
SHAKSPEARE.

Oppress'd nature sleeps;
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.
SHAKSPEARE.

Merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose.
SHAKSPEARE.

If I may trust the flatt'ering ruth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
SHAKSPEARE.

Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclined to sleep. 'Tis a good dulness,
And give it way.
SHAKSPEARE.

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter
SHAKSPEARE.

Good rest
As wretches have o'er night
That wait for execution in the morn.
SHAKSPEARE.

Come with words as med'cinal as true,
Honest as either; to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.
SHAKSPEARE.

O murth'rous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy
That plays thee music?
SHAKSPEARE.

There should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.
SHAKSPEARE.

The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
SHAKSPEARE.

Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
SHAKSPEARE.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs.
SHAKSPEARE.

Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
SHAKSPEARE.

I will drain him dry as hay;
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his penthouse lid:
He shall live a man forbid.
SHAKSPEARE.

If sleep charge nature
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake.
SHAKSPEARE.

Care keeps his watch in ev'ry old man's eye:
And where care lodges sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth, with unstuff'd brain,
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.

SHAKSPEARE.

To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses
As infants empty of all thought.

SHAKSPEARE.

Thy spirit within hath been so at war,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow.

SHAKSPEARE.

Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy, in an hour so rude,
And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king?

SHAKSPEARE.

Come, Desdemona! 'tis the soldiers' life
To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.

SHAKSPEARE.

Look where he comes! not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

SHAKSPEARE.

Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

SHAKSPEARE.

To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, O defend me still!

SHAKSPEARE.

Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it's thy dear.

SHAKSPEARE.

Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses, as they lie asleep.

SHAKSPEARE.

Bid them come forth, and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry, Sleep to death!

SHAKSPEARE.

We were dead asleep,
And, how we know not, all clapt under hatches.

SHAKSPEARE.

When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber.

SHAKSPEARE.

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy.

SHAKSPEARE.

Sweet! leave me here a while:
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep.

SHAKSPEARE.

O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

SHAKSPEARE.

No, not all these thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,
Not all these laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread

SHAKSPEARE.

Enjoy the honey heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men:
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

SHAKSPEARE.

How wonderful is Death!
Death and his brother Sleep.

SHELLEY: *Queen Mab.*

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.

SHENSTONE: *Shepherd's Home.*

Come sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe;
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low.

SIR P. SIDNEY.

The noon of night is past, and gentle sleep,
Which friendly waits upon the labour'd hind,
Flies from th' embraces of a monarch's arms;
The mind disturb'd denies the body rest.

JOHN SLADE: *Love and Duty.*

Not sleep itself
Is ever balmy; for the shadowy dream
Oft bears substantial woe.

SMOLLETT: *Regicide.*

Thou hast been called, O sleep! the friend of woe;
But 'tis the happy that have call'd thee so.

SOUTHEY: *Curse of Kehama.*

The murmuring wind, the moving leaves,
Lull'd him at length to sleep,
With mingled lullabies of sight and sound.

SOUTHEY: *Thalaba.*

Before the dore sat self-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For feare least Force or Fraud should unaware
Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gard;
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thether-ward
Approche, albe his drowsy den were next;
For next to Death is Sleepe to be compared:
Therefore his house is unto his annext;
Here Sleepe, there Richesse, and hel-gate them betwext.

SPENSER.

Vital powers 'gan wax both weak and wan,
For want of food and sleep; which two upbear,
Like weighty pillars, this frail life of man.

SPENSER.

The messenger approaching to him spake,
But his waste words return'd to him in vain:
So sound he slept that naught might him awake.

SPENSER.

Watching to banish Care their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleepe.
By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowsie fit he findes; of nothing he takes keepe.

And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizzling raine upon the loft,
Mixte with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t' annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard; but careles Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternal silence, farre from enimyes.

SPENSER: *House of Sleepe.*

Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden fears,
Break gentle sleep with misconceived doubt.

SPENSER.

Ev'ry sense the humour sweet embay'd,
And, slumb'ring soft, my heart did steal away.

SPENSER.

In thee, oppressors soothe their angry brow;
In thee, th' oppress'd forget tyrannic pow'r;
In thee,
The wretch condemn'd is equal to his judge,
And the sad lover to his cruel fair;
Nay, all the shining glories men pursue,
When thou art wanted, are but empty noise.

SIR R. STEELE: *Lying Lovers.*

When love so rumbles in his pate, no sleep comes in his eyes.

SIR J. SUCKLING.

To ease her cares, the force of sleep she tries:
Still wakes her mind, though slumbers seal her eyes.

SWIFT.

To sleep I give my powers away,
My will is bondsman to the dark;
I sit within a helmless bark,
And with my heart I muse, and say:

O heart, how fares it with thee now,
That thou shouldst fail from thy desire,
Who scarcely darest to inquire,
"What is it makes me beat so low?"

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam.*

If Sleep and Death be truly one,
And every spirit's folded bloom
Through all its intervital gloom
In some long trance should slumber on;

Unconscious of the sliding hour,
Bare of the body, might it last,
And silent traces of the past
Be all the colour of the flower:

So then were nothing lost to man;
So that still garden of the souls
In many a figured leaf enrolls
The total world since life began:

And love will last as pure and whole
As when he loved me here in Time,
And at the spiritual prime
Rewaken with the dawning soul.

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*

When in the down I sink my head,
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times my breath;
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, knows not Death,
Nor can I dream of thee as dead:

I walk as ere I walk'd forlorn,
When all our path was fresh with dew,
And all the bugle-breezes blew
Reveillée to the breaking morn.

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam.*

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace:
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet:
Nothing comes to thee new or strange.
Sleep, full of rest from head to feet;
Lie still, dry dust, secure of change.

TENNYSON: *To J. S.*

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
Eating the lotos, day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender-curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

TENNYSON: *Lotos-Eaters.*

And Sleep must lie down arm'd, for the villanous centre-bits
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless nights,
While another is cheating the sick of a few last gasps, as he sits
To pestle a poison'd poison behind his crimson lights.

TENNYSON: *Maud.*

She sleeps: her breathings are not heard
In palace-chambers far apart.
The fragrant tresses are not stirr'd
That lie upon her charmed heart.

She sleeps: on either hand upswells
The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest.
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest.

TENNYSON: *Sleeping Beauty.*

The varying year with blade and sheaf
Clothes and reclothes the happy plains;
Here rests the sap within the leaf,
Here stays the blood along the veins.
Faint shadows, vapors lightly curl'd,
Faint murmurs from the meadows come,
Like hints and echoes of the world
To spirits folded in the womb.

TENNYSON: *Sleeping Palace.*

The first fresh dawn then waked the gladden'd race
Of uncorrupted man, nor blush'd to see
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam;
For their light slumbers gently fumed away.

THOMSON.

Was naught around but images of rest,
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between,
And flowery beds that slumb'rous influence kest,
From poppies breathed, and banks of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime, unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurled everywhere their waters' sheen,
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

THOMSON: *Castle of Indolence.*

Ye gods of quiet, and of sleep profound!
Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,
And all the widely-silent places round,
Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays
What never yet was sung in mortal lays.

THOMSON: *Castle of Indolence.*

Is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Fatal extinction of th' enlighten'd soul!
Or else to fevering vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams?
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves, when every muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly devious morning walk?

THOMSON: *Seasons.*

On bed
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies.
THOMSON.

Oh! thou best comforter of the sad heart,
When fortune's spite assails—come, gentle sleep,
The weary mourner soothe! For well the art
Thou know'st in soft forgetfulness to steep
The eyes which sorrow taught to watch and weep:
Let blissful visions now her spirit cheer,
Or lull her cares to peace in slumbers deep.
MRS. TIGHE: *Psyche.*

And yet, as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.
HENRY VAUGHAN: *Silex Scintillans.*

No wonder sleep from careful lovers flies
To bathe himself in Sacharissa's eyes;
As fair Astræa once from earth to heav'n
By strife and loud impiety was driv'n.
WALLER.

Oh that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy.
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts beyond thy years.
Thou smilest, as if thy soul were soaring
To heaven, and heaven's God adoring!
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye!
What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on than an infant's mind
Ere sin destroy or errors dim
The glory of the Seraphim!
PROF. JOHN WILSON: *A Sleeping Child.*

Come, gentle sleep! attend thy votary's prayer,
And, though death's image, to my couch repair;
How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to lie,
And, without dying, O how sweet to die!
WOLCOTT: *Epigram on Sleep.*

Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,
That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play
The various movements of this nice machine,
Which asks such frequent periods of repair.
When tired with vain rotations of the day,
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn:
Fresh we spin on, till sickness clogs our wheels,
Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion ends.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

Sleep's dewy wand
Has stroked my drooping lids, and promises
My long arrear of rest; the downy god
(Wont to return with our returning peace)
Will pay, ere long, and bless me with repose.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
I wake: how happy they that wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infect the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes,
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

SMILES.

He smiled as men smile when they will not speak
Because of something bitter in the thought;
And still I feel his melancholy eyes
Look judgment on me.
MRS. E. B. BROWNING: *Aurora Leigh.*

Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern
Mask hearts where grief hath little left to learn;
And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost,
In smiles that least befit who wear them most.
BYRON: *Corsair.*

She blazons in dread smiles her hideous form;
So lightning gilds the unrelenting storm.
GARTH.

Sweet intercourse
Of looks and smiles; for smiles from reason flow,
To brute denied, and are of love the food.
MILTON.

A smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue.
MILTON.

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, whate'er it seem,
An inward birth;
We miss thy small step on the stair;
We miss thee at thine evening prayer;
All day we miss thee, everywhere—Casa Wappy!
DELTA (D. M. MOIR).

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

MOORE.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.

POPE.

Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
And soft Belinda's blush forever glow.

POPE.

Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,
And with one heav'nly smile o'erpay his pains?

PRIOR.

A smile recures the wounding of a frown.

SHAKSPEARE.

Those happiest smiles
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes, which parted thence
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.

SHAKSPEARE.

SOCIETY.

Society itself, which should create
Kindness, destroys what little we had got:
To feel for none is the true social art
Of the world's stoics,—men without a heart.

BYRON.

Society is now one polish'd horde,
Form'd of two mighty tribes, the bores and bored.

BYRON.

Man in society is like a flow'r
Blown in its native bud. 'Tis there alone
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out; there only reach their proper use.

COWPER: *Task.*

She who invites
Her dear five hundred friends contemns them all,
And dreads their coming: they—what can they less?—
With shrug and grimace hide their hate of her.

COWPER: *Task.*

Among unequals, what society
Can sort, what harmony, or true delight?
Which must be mutual, in proportion due
Given and received.

MILTON.

Though few the days, the happy evenings few,
So warm with heart, so rich with mind, they flew,
That my full soul forgot its wish to roam,
And rested there, as in a dream at home!

MOORE.

Man, like the generous vine, supported lives:
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axes as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun,
So two consistent motions act the soul;
And one regards itself, and one the whole:
Thus God and nature link'd the general frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same.

POPE: *Essay on Man.*

Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common interest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here.

POPE: *Essay on Man.*

Hail, social life! into thy pleasing bounds
Again I come to pay the common stock
My share of service, and, in glad return,
To taste thy comforts, thy protected joys.

THOMSON: *Agamemnon.*

SOLDIERS.

I'll animate the soldier's drooping courage
With love of freedom and contempt of life.

ADDISON: *Cato.*

Enough of battle's minions! let them play
Their game of lives, and barter breath for fame:
Fame that will scarce reanimate their clay,
Though thousands fall to deck some single name.
In sooth, 'twere sad to thwart their noble aim
Who strike, blest hirelings! for their country's good,
And die, that living might have proved her shame.

BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

Be a good soldier, or upright trustee,
An arbitrator from corruption free.

DRYDEN.

Nearer heav'n his virtues shone more bright,
Like rising flames expanding in their height;
The martyr's glory crown'd the soldier's fight.

DRYDEN.

The country rings aloud with loud alarms,
And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;
Mouths without hands, maintain'd at vast expense,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence:
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,
And ever, but in times of need, at hand.

DRYDEN: *Cymon and Iphigenia.*

The brave abroad fight for the wise at home:
You are but camp-chameleons, fed with air;
Thin fame is all the bravest hero's share.

DRYDEN: *King Arthur.*

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.

GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village.*

Ours are no hirelings train'd to the fight,
With cymbal and clarion glittering and bright;
No prancing of chargers, no martial display,
No war-trump is heard from our silent array:
O'er the proud heads of freemen our star-banner waves,—
Men firm as their mountains and still as their graves;
To-morrow shall pour out their life-blood like rain;—
We come back in triumph, or come not again.

THOMAS GRAY.

I see them on their winding way,
About their ranks the moonbeams play;
Their lofty deeds and daring high
Blend with the notes of victory;
And waving arms and banners bright
Are glancing in the mellow light.

BISHOP HEBER.

Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
The battle is their pastime. They go forth
Gay in the morning, as to summer's sport:
When evening comes, the glory of the morn—
The youthful soldier—is a clod of clay.

HOME: *Douglas.*

Take to thee, from among the cherubim,
Thy choice of flaming warriors.

MILTON.

Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.

MILTON.

Thus ever, when I buckle on my helmet,
Thy fears afflict thee.

JOHN PHILIPS.

When by impulse from heav'n Tyrtæus sung,
In drooping soldiers a new courage sprung.

ROSCOMMON.

His death (whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp),
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops:
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.

SHAKSPEARE.

We'll see what cates you have,
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

SHAKSPEARE.

There was a soldier
Ev'n to Cato's wish; not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes.

SHAKSPEARE.

Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard;
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth.

SHAKSPEARE.

Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep.

SHAKSPEARE.

Dost thou not know the fate of soldiers?
They're but ambition's tools, to cut a way
To her unlawful ends; and when they're worn,
Hack'd, hewn with constant service, thrown aside,
To rust in peace, and rot in hospitals.

SOUTHERN: *Loyal Brothers.*

Some for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread through realms their valour saved.

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

SOLITUDE.

Sweet solitary life! lovely, dumb joy,
That need'st no warnings how to grow more wise
By other men's mishaps, nor the annoy
Which from sore wrongs done to one's self doth rise:
The morning's second mansion, truth's first friend,
Never acquainted with the world's vain broils,
When the whole day to our own use we spend,
And our dear time no fierce ambition spoils.
Most happy state, that never tak'st revenge
For injuries received, nor dost fear
The court's great earthquake, the grieved truth of change,
Nor none of falsehood's savoury lies dost hear;
Nor knows hope's sweet disease that charms our sense,
Nor its sad cure—dear-bought experience!

EARL OF ANCRUM:
Sonnet in Praise of a Solitary Life.

I mind me in the days departed
How often underneath the sun
With childish bounds I used to run
To a garden long deserted.

The beds and walks were vanish'd quite;
And wheresoe'er had struck the spade,
The greenest grasses Nature laid
To sanctify her right.

I call'd the place my wilderness;
For no one enter'd there but I.
The sheep look'd in, the grass to espy,
And pass'd it ne'ertheless.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING: *Deserted Garden.*

Perhaps there's nothing—I'll not say appalls,
But saddens more, by night as well as day,
Than an enormous room without a soul
To break the lifeless splendour of the whole.

BYRON.

Tormented with a grief he could not know,
His, like all deep grief, plunged in solitude.

BYRON.

None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd.

BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

Oh that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!

BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

In solitude, where we are least alone.

BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

If solitude succeed to grief,
Release from pain is slight relief;
The vacant bosom's wilderness
Might thank the pain that made it less.
We loathe what none are left to share;—
E'en bliss 'twere woe alone to bear:
The heart once left thus desolate
Must fly at last, for ease, to hate.

BYRON: *Giaour.*

Sorrow preys upon
Its solitude, and nothing more diverts it
From its sad visions of the other world
Than calling it at moments back to this.
The busy have no time for tears.

BYRON: *Two Foscari.*

Oh! solitude! first state of human kind!
Which bless'd remain'd till man did find
Ev'n his own helper's company:
As soon as two, alas! together join'd,
The serpent made up three.

COWLEY.

Ah! wretched and too solitary he
Who loves not his own company!
He'll feel the weight of it many a day,
Unless he calls in sin or vanity
To help to bear it away.

COWLEY.

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness—
Some boundless contiguity of space,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit
Might never reach me more! My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.
COWPER.

O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.
I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone;
Never hear the sweet music of speech:
I start at the sound of my own.
COWPER.

For solitude, however some may rave,
Seeming a sanctuary, proves a grave;
A sepulchre in which the living lie,
Where all good qualities grow sick and die.
I praise the Frenchman; his remark was shrewd:
"How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper, 'Solitude is sweet!'"
COWPER.

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own;
Tho' solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!
The world is full of horror, troubles, slights:
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.
WILLIAM DRUMMOND:
Praise of a Solitary Life.

In solitary groves he makes his moan,
Nor, mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleasure shares,
But sighs when songs and instruments he hears.
DRYDEN.

Some solitary cloister will I choose,
And there with holy virgins live immured.
DRYDEN.

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay:
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.
GOLDSMITH.

O Solitude, romantic maid!
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
Or, starting from your half-year's sleep,
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or, at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmor's marble wastes survey,
You, recluse, again I woo,
And again your steps pursue.
GRAINGER: *Ode to Solitude.*

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
GRAY: *Elegy.*

The thought,
The deadly feel of solitude. KEATS.

There oft is found an avarice in grief;
And the wan eye of sorrow loves to gaze
Upon its secret hoard of treasured woes
In pining solitude.
MASON: *Elfrida.*

O, might I here
In solitude live savage; in some glade
Obscured, where highest woods, impenetrable
To star or sunlight, spread their umbrage broad,
And brown as evening!
MILTON.

Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrivall'd love,
In blissful solitude.
MILTON.

In solitude
What happiness? Who can enjoy alone?
Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?
MILTON.

Solitude is sometimes best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.
MILTON.

Thou in thy secrecy although alone,
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not
Social communication.
MILTON.

Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude:
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled.

MILTON.

I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till fancy had her fill.

MILTON.

The silent heart which grief assails
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought, but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe.

PARNELL.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from men, with God he pass'd his days;
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

PARNELL: *Hermit.*

Bear me, some god! oh, quickly bear me hence
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense,
Where contemplation plumes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity kings.

POPE.

Thoughts which at Hyde-park corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me in the pensive grot.

POPE.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

POPE.

Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmurs of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

POPE.

What can thy imagery of sorrow mean?
Secluded from the world and all its care,
Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?

PRIOR.

No: 'tis not here that solitude is known;
Through the wide world he only is alone
Who lives not for another.

ROGERS: *Human Life.*

How use doth breed a habit in a man!
The shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
There I can sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.

SHAKSPEARE.

Life and thought have gone away,
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide:
Careless tenants they!

All within is dark as night:
In the window is no light,
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the door, the shutters close,
Or through the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark, deserted house.

TENNYSON: *Deserted House.*

All day within the dreamy house
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
The blue fly sung i' the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peep'd about;
Old faces glimmer'd through the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices call'd her from without.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said:
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

TENNYSON: *Mariana.*

Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death.

THOMSON.

In my cheerful morn of life,
When nursed by careless solitude I lived,
And sung of nature with unceasing joy,
Pleased have I wander'd through your rough dominion.

THOMSON.

I solitary court
The inspiring breeze.

THOMSON.

Then horrid silence follow'd, broke alone
By the low murmurs of the restless deep,
Mixt with the doubtful breeze, that now and then
Sigh'd through the mournful woods.
THOMSON: *Agamemnon.*

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain to cheer the woodman's toil.
THOMSON: *Seasons.*

Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And lost in lonely musing, in the dream
Confused of careless solitude, where mix
Ten thousand wand'ring images of things,
Soothe every gust of passion into peace;
All but the swelling of the soften'd heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.
THOMSON: *Seasons.*

For him who lonely loves
To seek the distant hills, and there converse
With nature.
THOMSON: *Summer.*

Along these lovely regions, where, retired
From little scenes of art, great nature dwells
In awful solitude, and naught is seen
But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fatt'ning seas;
On whose luxuriant herbage, half conceal'd,
Like a fall'n cedar, far diffused his train,
Cased in green scales, the crocodile extends.
THOMSON: *Summer.*

Hail, mildly pleasing Solitude,
Companion of the wise and good;
But from whose holy piercing eye
The herd of fools and villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts!
THOMSON: *Hymn on Solitude.*

Tell me the path, sweet wanderer, tell,
To thy unknown, sequester'd cell;
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor;
And on whose top a hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest.
JOSEPH WARTON: *Abode of Fancy.*

O sacred solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!
By the pure stream, or in the waving shade,
We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid.
YOUNG: *Love of Fame.*

Courts can give nothing to the wise and good,
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
YOUNG: *Love of Fame.*

O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
Who thinks it solitude to be alone.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

SONG.

At ev'ry close she made, th' attending throng
Replied, and bore the burden of the song.
DRYDEN.

Cits and citesses, raise a joyful strain;
'Tis a good omen to begin a reign.
DRYDEN.

Heav'n heard his song, and hasten'd his relief,
And changed to snowy plumes his hoary hair,
And wing'd his flight, to chant aloft in air.
DRYDEN.

Thy songs are sweeter to mine ear,
Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear,
Or winter porridge to the lab'ring youth,
Or bunns and sugar to the damsel's tooth.
GAY.

Confed'rate in the cheat, they draw the throng,
And cambric handkerchiefs reward the song.
GAY.

Still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
MILTON.

He, with his soft pipe, and smooth dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar.
MILTON.

O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bow'rs!
With other echo late I taught your shade
To answer, and resound far other song!
MILTON.

Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd every musk-rose of the dale.
MILTON.

Names memorable long,
If there be force in virtue or in song.
POPE.

The song too daring, and the theme too great.
PRIOR.

Raise her notes to that sublime degree
Which suits a song of piety and thee.
PRIOR.

Each morn they waked me with a sprightly lay:
Of opening heav'n they sung, and gladsome day.
PRIOR.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song, we heard last night.
SHAKSPEARE.

I heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song.
SHAKSPEARE.

A plaining song plain-singing voice requires;
For warbling notes from inward cheering flow.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

Of singing thou hast got the reputation,
Good Thyrsis, mine I yield to thy ability;
My heart doth seek another estimation.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

He, like a copious river, pour'd his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground.
THOMSON.

Lend me your song, ye nightingales: O pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse!
THOMSON.

You by the help of tune and time
Can make that song which was but rhyme.
WALLER.

SORROW.

Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.
ADDISON.

Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes?
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?
ADDISON.

Let us not aggravate our sorrows,
But to the gods permit th' event of things.
ADDISON.

Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instead
Of kind condoling cares and friendly sorrow?
ADDISON.

All are not taken: there are left behind
Living Beloveds, tender looks to bring,
And make the daylight still a happy thing,
And tender voices, to make soft the wind.
But if it were not so—if I could find
No love in all the world for comforting,
Nor any path but hollowly did ring,
Where "dust to dust" the love from life disjoin'd,
And if, before those sepulchres unmoving,
I stood alone (as some forsaken lamb
Goes bleating up the moors, in weary dearth),
Crying, "Where are ye, O my loved and loving?"
I know a voice would sound, "Daughter, I AM.
Can I suffice for HEAVEN, and not for earth?"
MRS. E. B. BROWNING: *Consolation.*

"There is no God," the foolish saith,
But none, "There is no sorrow;"
And nature oft the cry of faith
In bitter need will borrow:
Eyes which the preacher could not school,
By wayside graves are raised,
And lips say, "God be pitiful!"
Who ne'er said, "God be praised!"
Be pitiful, O God!
MRS. E. B. BROWNING: *Cry of the Human.*

My life is not dated by years,—
There are moments which act as a plough,
And there is not a furrow appears
But is deep in my soul as my brow.
BYRON.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
No traveller ever reach'd that blest abode
Who found not thorns and briers in his road.
COWPER.

Man is a child of sorrow, and this world
In which we breathe, hath cares enough to plague us;
But it hath means withal to soothe those cares;
And he who meditates on others' woes
Shall in that meditation lose his own.
CUMBERLAND: *Timocles.*

Know, he that
Foretells his own calamity, and makes
Events before they come, twice over doth
Endure the pains of evil destiny.
SIR W. DAVENANT: *Distresses.*

Since in dark sorrow I my days did spend,
I could not silence my complaints.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Why should we
Anticipate our sorrows? 'tis like those
That die for fear of death.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Grief conceal'd, like hidden fire, consumes;
Which, flaming out, would call in help to quench it.
SIR J. DENHAM: *Sophy.*

Alas! I have not words to tell my grief;
To vent my sorrow would be some relief;
Light sufferings give us leisure to complain;
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.
DRYDEN.

My loss is such as cannot be repair'd;
And to the wretched, life can be no mercy.
DRYDEN.

With shame and sorrow fill'd:
Shame for his folly; sorrow out of time
For plotting an unprofitable crime.
DRYDEN.

Dry mourning will decay more deadly bring,
As a north wind burns a too forward spring;
Give sorrow vent, and let the sluices go.
DRYDEN.

Some other hour I will to tears allow,
But, having you, can show no sorrow now.
DRYDEN.

When graceful sorrow in her pomp appears,
Sure she is dress'd in Melefinda's tears;
Your head reclined, as hiding grief from view,
Droops like a rose surcharged with morning dew.
DRYDEN.

O that I could but weep, to vent my passion!
But this dry sorrow burns up all my tears.
DRYDEN.

Of crowds afraid, yet anxious when alone,
You'll sit and brood your sorrows on a throne.
DRYDEN.

Those clouds that overcast our morn shall fly,
Dispell'd to farthest corners of the sky.
DRYDEN.

Mute solemn sorrow, free from female noise,
Such as the majesty of grief destroys.
DRYDEN.

You saw but sorrow in its waning form,
A working sea remaining from a storm;
When the now weary waves roll o'er the deep,
And faintly murmur ere they fall asleep.
DRYDEN.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
GRAY: *Eton College.*

Whole years of joy glide unperceived away,
While sorrow counts the minutes as they pass.
HAVARD: *Scanderbeg.*

Sorrow dogging sin,
Afflictions sorted.
GEORGE HERBERT.

True earnest sorrows, rooted miseries,
Anguish in grain, vexations ripe and blown,
Sure-footed griefs, solid calamities.
GEORGE HERBERT.

Sorrow more beautiful than beauty's self.
KEATS: *Hyperion.*

What besides
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring.
MILTON.

With tears
Wat'ring the ground, and with our sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.
MILTON.

No light, but rather darkness visible,
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell.
MILTON.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow which throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes:
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm, and affliction no sting!
MOORE.

O Thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!
MOORE.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish:
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
MOORE.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That, ev'n in sorrow, were sweet?
Does Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear?—
Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.
MOORE:
Has Sorrow thy Young Days Shaded?

In joy and in sorrow, through praise and through blame,
Thus still let me, living and dying the same,
In thy service bloom and decay,—
Like some lone altar, whose votive flame
In holiness wasteth away.
MOORE: *Oh, Teach Me to Love Thee.*

I am as dull as solemn sorrow ought to be;
Could my griefs speak, the tale would have no end.
OTWAY: *Caius Marius.*

Ulysses veil'd his pensive head;
Again unmann'd, a shower of sorrows shed.
POPE.

To him experienced Nestor thus rejoin'd:
O friend! what sorrows dost thou bring to mind!
POPE.

The hoary fool, who many days
Has struggled with continual sorrow,
Renews his hope, and blindly lays
The desp'rate bet upon to-morrow.
PRIOR.

Who breathes, must suffer; and who thinks, must mourn;
And he alone is bless'd who ne'er was born.
PRIOR.

But is no rank, no station, no degree,
From this contagious taint of sorrow free?
PRIOR.

Free and familiar with misfortune grow,
Be used to sorrow, and inured to woe.
PRIOR.

Will he for sacrifice our sorrows ease?
And can our tears reverse his firm decrees?
PRIOR.

We sicken soon from her contagious care,
Grieve for her sorrows, groan for her despair.
PRIOR.

Nearer care supplies
Sighs to my breast, and sorrow to my eyes.
PRIOR.

Here tell me, if thou dar'st, my conscious soul,
What different sorrows did within thee roll.
PRIOR.

Do not cheat thy Heart, and tell her,
"Grief will pass away,
Hope for fairer times in future,
And forget to-day."
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
Need not come in vain;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
Far outweighs the pain.
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *Friend Sorrow.*

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow:
So each day begin again.
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *Friend Sorrow.*

A Sorrow, wet with early tears,
Yet bitter, had been long with me;
I wearied of this weight of years,
And would be free.

I tore my Sorrow from my heart,
I cast it far away in scorn;
Right joyful that we two could part,
Yet most forlorn.

I sought (to take my Sorrow's place)
Over the world for flower or gem;
But she had had an ancient grace
Unknown to them.

I took once more with strange delight
My slighted Sorrow; proudly now
I wear it, set with stars of light,
Upon my brow.
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER:
A Crown of Sorrow.

What memory of past sorrow,
What stab of present pain,
Brought that deep look of anguish,
That watch'd the dismal rain,—
That watch'd (with the absent spirit
That looks, yet does not see)
The dead and leafless branches
Upon the Judas-Tree?
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *Wayside Inn.*

Till now thy soul has been
All glad and gay:
Bid it awake, and look
At grief to-day!

No shade has come between
Thee and the sun;
Like some long childish dream
Thy life has run:

But now the stream has reach'd
A dark, deep sea,
And Sorrow, dim and crown'd,
Is waiting thee.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *A First Sorrow.*

Half my life is full of sorrow,
Half of joy, still fresh and new;
One of these lives is a fancy,
But the other one is true.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *Dream-Life.*

The good are better made by ill:
As odours crush'd are sweeter still!

ROGERS: *Jacqueline.*

Her streaming eyes bent ever on the earth,
Except when in some bitter pang of sorrow
To heav'n she seem'd in fervent zeal to raise,
And beg that mercy man denied her here.

ROWE: *Jane Shore.*

I droop, with struggling spent;
My thoughts are on my sorrows bent.

SANDYS.

Come weep with me: past hope, past care, past help!

SHAKSPEARE.

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects.

SHAKSPEARE.

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.

SHAKSPEARE.

Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man.

SHAKSPEARE.

Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
Heart's discontent and sour affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company!

SHAKSPEARE.

Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath raised me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me: for my particular grief
Engluts and swallows other sorrows.

SHAKSPEARE.

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

SHAKSPEARE.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions!

SHAKSPEARE.

Why should calamity be full of words?
Windy attornies to their client woes,
Poor breathing orators of miseries.

SHAKSPEARE.

To weep with them that weep, doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

SHAKSPEARE.

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

SHAKSPEARE.

What and if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?

SHAKSPEARE.

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief
And wear a golden sorrow.

SHAKSPEARE.

Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.

SHAKSPEARE.

Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this submission.

SHAKSPEARE.

Joy being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow.

SHAKSPEARE.

A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
If unprevented, to your timeless grave.

SHAKSPEARE.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read:
No deeper wrinkles yet! Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?
SHAKSPEARE.

Gloster's show
Beguiles him; as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers.
SHAKSPEARE.

I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears.
SHAKSPEARE.

Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low:
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.
SHAKSPEARE.

The incessant weeping of my wife,
And piteous pleadings of the pretty babes,
Forced me to seek delays.
SHAKSPEARE.

There's matter in these sighs; these profound heaves
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.
SHAKSPEARE.

If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As is so spoke, she never will admit me.
SHAKSPEARE.

Be sad, good brothers;
Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on.
SHAKSPEARE.

False sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.
SHAKSPEARE.

It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
To think their sorrows others have endured.
SHAKSPEARE.

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.
SHAKSPEARE.

What greater ills have the heavens in store,
To couple coming harms with sorrow past?
SIR P. SIDNEY.

Thus is our thought with pain of thistle till'd,
Thus be our noblest parts dried up with sorrow,
Thus is our mind with too much minding spill'd.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

For what can breed more peevish incongruities
Than man to yield to female lamentations?
SIR P. SIDNEY.

Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her spight,
And thrilling sorrow thrown his utmost dart.
SPENSER.

What world's delight, or joy of living speech,
Can heart so plunged in sea of sorrows deep,
And heaped with so huge misfortunes reach?
SPENSER.

When I awoke and found her place devoid,
And not but pressed grass where she had lyen,
I sorrow'd all so much as erst I joy'd.
SPENSER.

Young mother! what can feeble friendship say
To soothe the anguish of this mournful day?
They, they alone, whose hearts like thine have bled,
Know how the living sorrow for the dead:
Each tutor'd voice that seeks such grief to cheer
Strikes cold upon the weeping parent's ear;
I've felt it all—alas! too well I know
How vain all earthly power to hush thy woe!
CHARLES SPRAGUE:
Lines to a Young Mother.

There are a thousand joyous things in life,
Which pass unheeded in a life of joy,
As thine hath been, till breezy sorrow comes
To ruffle it; and daily duties, paid
Hardly at first, at length will bring repose
To the sad mind that studies to perform them.
TALFOURD.

Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.
TENNYSON.

O Sorrow, cruel fellowship!
O Priestess in the vaults of Death!
O sweet and bitter in a breath,
What whispers from thy lying lip?
TENNYSON: *In Memoriam.*

O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me,
No casual mistress, but a wife,
My bosom-friend and help of life,
As I confess it needs must be;

O Sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood,
Be sometimes lovely like a bride,
And put thy harsher moods aside,
If thou wilt have me wise and good.
TENNYSON: *In Memoriam.*

If life be heavy on your hands,
  Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh, teach the orphan boy to read,
  Or teach the orphan girl to sew;
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
  And let your selfish sorrow go.
TENNYSON.

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone?
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm!"
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?
TENNYSON: *Lotos-Eaters.*

Sweet source of virtue,
O sacred sorrow! he who knows not thee
Knows not the best emotions of the heart,—
Those tender tears that harmonize the soul,
The sigh that charms, the pang that gives delight.
THOMSON: *Agamemnon.*

Through all the air his sounding strings dilate
Sorrow, like that which touch'd our hearts of late.
WALLER.

May you be happy, and your sorrows past
Set off those joys I wish may ever last.
WALLER.

Not from the dust my sorrows spring,
Nor drops my comfort from the lower skies;
Let all the baleful planets shed
Their mingled curses on my head,
How vain their curses, if th' eternal King
Look through the clouds and bless me with his eyes!
Creatures with all boasted sway
Are but his slaves, and must obey;
They wait his orders from above,
And execute his word, the vengeance or the love.
DR. ISAAC WATTS: *Divine Judgments.*

Sorrows are lost in vast delight
  That brightens all the soul;
As deluges of dawning light
  O'erwhelm the dusky pole.

Pleasures in long succession reign,
  And all my pow'rs employ;
Friendship but shifts the pleasing scene,
  And fresh repeats the joy.
DR. ISAAC WATTS: *The Reverse.*

Past sorrows, let us mod'rately lament them;
For those to come, seek wisely to prevent them.
WEBSTER: *Duchess of Malfy.*

Never to blend our pleasure, or our pride,
With sorrow of the meanest thing that lives.
WORDSWORTH.

Oh! the tender ties,
Close twisted with the fibres of the heart!
Which, broken, break them, and drain off the soul
Of human joy, and make it pain to live.
YOUNG.

Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
And stifled groans frequent the ball and play.
YOUNG.

A tender smile, our sorrow's only balm.
YOUNG.

Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft in life form one perpetual chain;
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
Till life and sorrow meet one common end.
YOUNG: *Force of Religion.*

The smoothest course of nature has its pains;
And truest friends, through error, wound our rest:
Without misfortunes, what calamities!
And what hostilities, without a foe!
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

SOUL.

It must be so! Plato, thou reason'st well:
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
ADDISON: *Cato.*

The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point;
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds!
ADDISON: *Cato.*

Where dwells this sov'reign arbitrary soul,
Which does the human animal control,
Inform each part, and agitate the whole?
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

With stammering lips and insufficient sound
I strive and struggle to deliver right
The music of my nature, day and night
With dream and thought and feeling inter-
wound,
And inly answering all the senses round
With octaves of a mystic depth and height,
Which step out grandly to the infinite
From the dark edges of the sensual ground!
This song of soul I struggle to outbear
Through portals of the sense, sublime and whole,
And utter all myself into the air.
But if I did it,—as the thunder-roll
Breaks its own cloud,—my flesh would perish
there,
Before that dread apocalypse of soul.
MRS. E. B. BROWNING: *Soul's Expression.*

I dwell amid the city,
And hear the flow of souls in act and speech,
For pomp or trade, for merry-make or folly.
I hear the confluence and sum of each,
And that is melancholy!—
Thy voice is a complaint, O crowned city,
The blue sky covering thee like God's great
pity.
MRS. E. B. BROWNING: *Soul's Travelling.*

Through her flesh methinks is seen
The brighter soul that dwells within;
Our eyes the subtle covering pass,
And see the lily through its glass.
COWLEY.

Our souls but like unhappy strangers come
From heav'n, their country, to this world's bad
coast;
They land, then straight are backward bound
for home,
And many are in storms of passion lost!
They long with danger sail through life's vext
seas,
In bodies as in vessels full of leaks;
Walking in veins, their narrow galleries,
Shorter than walks of seamen on their decks.
SIR W. DAVENANT,
Philosopher to the Christian.

The soul in all hath one intelligence;
Though too much moisture in an infant's
brain,
And too much dryness in an old man's sense,
Cannot the prints of outward things retain:
Then doth the soul want work, and idle sit;
And this we childishness and dotage call.
SIR J. DAVIES.

For why should we the busy soul believe,
When boldly she concludes of that and this,
When of herself she can no judgment give,
Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what
she is?
SIR J. DAVIES.

And thou, my soul, which turn'st with curious
eye
To view the beams of thine own form divine,
Know, that thou canst know nothing perfectly
While thou art clouded with this flesh of mine.
SIR J. DAVIES.

If she the body's nature did partake,
Her strength would with the body's strength
decay;
But when the body's strongest sinews slake,
Then is the soul most active, quick, and gay.
SIR J. DAVIES.

None are so gross as to contend for this,
That souls from bodies may traduced be;
Between whose natures no proportion is,
When root and branch in nature still agree.
SIR J. DAVIES.

To these high pow'rs a storehouse doth pertain,
Where they all arts and gen'ral reasons lay;
Which in the soul, ev'n after death, remain,
And no Lethean flood can wash away.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Since then the soul works by herself alone,
Springs not from sense, nor humours well
agreeing,
Her nature is peculiar, and her own:
She is a substance, and a perfect being.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Some think one gen'ral soul fills ev'ry brain,
As the bright sun sheds light in ev'ry star.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Fair soul, since to the fairest body join'd
You give such lively life, such quick'ning pow'r,
An influence of such celestial kind
As keeps it still in youth's immortal flow'r.
SIR J. DAVIES.

As the sharpest eye discerneth nought
Except the sunbeams in the air do shine,
So the best soul, with her reflecting thought,
Sees not herself without some light divine.
SIR J. DAVIES.

For when she sorts things present with things past,
And thereby things to come doth oft foresee,
When she doth doubt at first, and choose at last,
These acts her own, without her body, be.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Perhaps for want of food the soul may pine:
But that were strange, since all things bad and good,
Since all God's creatures, mortal and divine,
Since God himself, is her eternal food.
SIR J. DAVIES.

When in th' effects she doth the causes know,
And seeing the stream, thinks where the spring doth rise;
And seeing the branch, conceives the root below:
These things she views without the body's eyes.
SIR J. DAVIES.

We, that acquaint ourselves with ev'ry zone,
And pass the tropics, and behold each pole,
When we come home are to ourselves unknown,
And unacquainted still with our own soul.
SIR J. DAVIES.

And when thou think'st of her eternity,
Think not that death against her nature is;
Think it a birth: and when thou go'st to die,
Sing like a swan, as if thou went'st to bliss.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Sense outside knows, the soul through all things sees;
Sense, circumstance, she doth the substance view.
SIR J. DAVIES.

One thinks the soul is air; another, fire;
Another, blood diffused about the heart;
Another saith, the elements conspire,
And to her essence each doth give a part.
SIR J. DAVIES.

In the body's prison so she lies,
As through the body's prison she must look,
Her divers powers of sense to exercise
By gath'ring notes out of the world's great book.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Heav'n waxeth old, and all the spheres above
Shall one day faint, and their swift motion stay;
And time itself, in time, shall cease to move;
But the soul still survives, and lives for aye.
SIR J. DAVIES.

When in heav'n she shall his essence see,
This is her sov'reign good, and perfect bliss:
Her longings, wishings, hopes, all finish'd be:
Her joys are full, her motions rest in this.
SIR J. DAVIES.

As then the soul a substance hath alone
Besides the body, in which she is confined,
So hath she not a body of her own,
But is a spirit, and immaterial mind.
SIR J. DAVIES.

How can she love a foreign emperor,
Whom of great worth and pow'r she hears to be,
If she be woo'd but by ambassador,
Or but his letters or his pictures see?
So while the virgin soul on earth doth stay,
She woo'd and tempted is ten thousand ways
By those great pow'rs which on the earth bear sway,—
The wisdom of the world, wealth, pleasure, praise.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Doubtless there is in man a nature found
Beside the senses, and above them far;
Though most men being in sensual pleasures drown'd,
It seems their souls but in their senses are.
SIR J. DAVIES.

To the soul time doth perfection give,
And adds fresh lustre to her beauty still,
And makes her in eternal youth to live,
Like her which nectar to the gods doth fill.
The more she lives, the more she feeds on truth;
The more she feeds, her strength doth more increase;
And what is strength, but an effect in youth,
Which if time nurse, how can it ever cease?
SIR J. DAVIES.

Her only end is never-ending bliss,
Which is the eternal face of God to see,
Who last of ends and first of causes is;
And to do this, she must eternal be.
SIR J. DAVIES.

From this desire, that main desire proceeds
Which all men have surviving fame to gain,
By tombs, by books, by memorable deeds:
For she that this desires doth still remain.
SIR J. DAVIES.

If then the soul another soul do make,
Because her pow'r is kept within a bound,
She must some former stuff or matter take;
But in the soul there is no matter found.
SIR J. DAVIES.

When death's form appears, she feareth not
An utter quenching or extinguishment;
She would be glad to meet with such a lot,
That so she might all future ill prevent.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Are they not senseless, then, that think the soul
Nought but a fine perfection of the sense?
SIR J. DAVIES.

Then is the soul from God? so pagans say,
Which saw by nature's light her heavenly kind;
Naming her kin to God, and God's bright ray,
A citizen of heaven, to earth confined.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Our wit is given Almighty God to know;
Our will is given to love him being known;
But God could not be known to us below
But by his works, which through the sense are shown.
So in our little world this soul of ours,
Being only one, and to our body tied,
Doth use on divers objects divers powers,
And so are her effects diversified.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Again, how can she but immortal be,
When, with the motions of both will and wit,
She still aspireth to eternity,
And never rests till she attain to it?
SIR J. DAVIES.

The slow-paced soul, which late did cleave
T' a body, and went but by the body's leave,
Twenty perchance or thirty mile a day,
Despatches in a minute all the way
'Twixt heav'n and earth.
DONNE.

Who is sure he hath a soul, unless
It see and judge and follow worthiness,
And by deeds praise it? He who doth not this
May lodge an innate soul, but 'tis not his.
DONNE.

Though absent, present in desires they be;
Our souls much further than our eyes can see.
DRAYTON.

Our souls, not yet prepared for upper light,
Till doomsday wander in the shades of night:
This only holiday of all the year,
We privileged in sunshine may appear.
DRYDEN.

The soul, pure fire, like ours, of equal force,
But pent in flesh, must issue by discourse.
DRYDEN.

He made us to his image all agree;
That image is the soul, and that must be,
Or not the Maker's image, or be free.
DRYDEN.

Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,
The mighty soul how small a body holds.
DRYDEN.

That, unrememb'ring of its former pain,
The soul may suffer mortal flesh again.
DRYDEN.

Th' ethereal vigour is in all the same,
And ev'ry soul is fill'd with equal flame.
DRYDEN.

Can it be that souls sublime
Return to visit our terrestrial clime,
And that the gen'rous mind, released by death,
Can cover lazy limbs?
DRYDEN.

Once more the fleeting soul came back,
T' inspire the mortal frame,
And in the body took a doubtful stand,
Hov'ring like expiring flame,
That mounts and falls by turns.
DRYDEN.

They are happy when
No speck is left of their habitual stains,
But the pure ether of the soul remains.
DRYDEN.

Time, that changes all, yet changes us in vain,
The body, not the mind; nor can control
Th' immortal vigour, or abate the soul.
DRYDEN.

O souls in whom no heav'nly fire is found,
Fat minds, and ever grov'ling on the ground.
DRYDEN.

Yours is a soul irregularly great,
Which, wanting temper, yet abounds with heat.
DRYDEN.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But when the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives.
GEORGE HERBERT.

O mighty brother soul of man,
Where'er thou art, in low or high,
Thy skyey arches with exulting span
O'er-roof infinity!

All thoughts that mould the age begin
Deep down within the primitive soul,
And from the many slowly upward win
To one who grasps the whole.
J. R. LOWELL.

This attracts the soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
That other o'er the body only reigns.
MILTON.

Unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions, hold
Th' immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook!
MILTON: *Il Penseroso.*

The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast;
A spark which upwards tends by nature's force;
A stream diverted from its parent source;
A drop dissever'd from the boundless sea;
A moment parted from eternity;
A pilgrim panting for the rest to come;
An exile anxious for his native home.
HANNAH MORE.

Even so the soul in this contracted state,
Confined to these strait instruments of sense,
More dull and narrowly doth operate:
At this hole hears, the sight may ray from thence,
Here tastes, there smells: but when she's gone from hence,
Like naked lamp, she is one shining sphere,
And round about hath perfect cognizance
Whatever in the horizon doth appear:
She is one orb of sense: all eye, all touch, all ear.
HENRY MORE: *Platonical Song of the Soul.*

Soul, dwelling oft in God's infinitude,
And sometimes seeming no more part of me—
This me, worms' heritage—than that sun can be
Part of the earth he has with warmth imbued,—
Whence camest thou? Whither goest thou? I, subdued
With awe of mine own being, thus sit still,
Dumb, on the summit of this lonely hill,
Whose dry November-grasses dew-bestrew'd
Mirror a million suns. That sun, so bright,
Passes, as thou must pass, Soul, into night!
Art thou afraid, who solitary hast trod
A path I know not, from a source to a bourn
Both which I know not? fear'st thou to return
Alone, even as thou camest alone, to God?
D. M. MULOCH: *Sonnets.*

On their own axes as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun,
So two consistent motions act the soul,
And one regards itself, and one the whole.
POPE.

For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements the souls retire.
POPE.

In some fair body, thus the secret soul
With spirit feeds, with vigour fills the whole;
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains,
Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
POPE.

As in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind.
POPE.

He looks in heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
Amidst her kindred stars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confess her home.
POPE.

The soul, immortal substance, to remain
Conscious of joy, and capable of pain.
PRIOR.

I think if thou couldst know,
O soul that wilt complain,
What lies conceal'd below
Our burden and our pain,—
How just our anguish brings
Nearer those long'd-for things
We seek for now in vain,—
I think thou wouldst rejoice, and not complain.
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER:
If Thou Couldst Know.

Pleasure enchants, impetuous rage transports,
And grief dejects and wrings the tortured soul.
ROSCOMMON.

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men.
SHAKSPEARE.

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit.
SHAKSPEARE.

Those, with the fineness of their souls,
By reason guide his execution.
SHAKSPEARE.

The delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice.
SHAKSPEARE.

Ah, then, my hungry soule! which long hast fed
On idle fancies of thy foolish thought,
And with false beautie's flattering bait misled
Hast after vaine deceitfull shadowes sought,
Which all are fled, and now have left thee nought
But late repentance through thy follies brief;
Ah, cease to gaze on matter of thy grief,
And looke at last up to that soveraine light
From whose pure beams al perfect beauty springs;
That kindleth love in every godly spright,
Even the love of God; which loathing brings
Of this vile world and those gay-seeming things;
With whose sweet pleasures being so possest,
Thy straying henceforth shall forever rest.
SPENSER: *Hymn of Heavenly Beautie.*

When nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
Nor second chaos bound thy endless reign;
Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot shall brave,
Baffle destruction, and elude the grave.
TICKELL.

"Retire, my soul, within thyself retire,
Away from sense and every outward show:
Now let my thoughts to loftier themes aspire;
My knowledge now on wheels of fire
May mount and spread above, surveying all below."

The Lord grows lavish of his heavenly light,
And pours whole floods on such a mind as this:
Fled from the eyes, she gains a piercing sight;
She dives into the infinite,
And sees unutterable things in that unknown abyss.
DR. ISAAC WATTS: *Lyrics.*

Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
For human weal, heaven husbands all events,
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.
YOUNG.

The joys of sense to mental joys are mean;
Sense on the present only feeds; the soul
On past and present forages for joy;
'Tis hers, by retrospect, through time to range,
And forward, time's great sequel to survey.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

SPIRITS.

All things are but unalter'd; nothing dies;
And here and there th' unbodied spirit flies.
DRYDEN.

With chalk I first describe a circle here,
Where those ethereal spirits must appear.
DRYDEN.

Spirits that live throughout,
Vital in every part, not, as frail man,
In intrails, head, or heart, liver, or reins,—
Cannot but by annihilating die.
MILTON.

Spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air.
MILTON.

For spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure;
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb.
MILTON.

All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all sense; and as they please
They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.
MILTON.

The spirits perverse
With easy intercourse pass to and fro,
To tempt or punish mortals.
MILTON.

For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
POPE: *Rape of the Lock.*

Beware what spirit rages in your breast;
For ten inspired, ten thousand are possess'd.
ROSCOMMON.

At his warning
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine.
SHAKSPEARE.

Whither are they vanish'd?
Into the ear, and what seem'd corporal
Melted, as breath into the wind.
SHAKSPEARE.

Now is the time of night
That, the graves all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the churchway paths to glide.
SHAKSPEARE.

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this wondrous apparition:
It comes upon me!
SHAKSPEARE.

Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bow'rs of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.
TICKELL.

How must a spirit, late escaped from earth,
The truth of things new blazing in its eye,
Look back, astonish'd, on the ways of men,
Whose lives' whole drift is to forget their graves.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

SPLEEN.

In noble minds some dregs remain,
Not yet purged off, of spleen and sour disdain.
POPE.

Charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul.
SHAKSPEARE.

Sickness and pains are quite forgot,
The spleen itself is gone;
Plunged in your woes, I feel them not,
Or feel them all in one.
DR. ISAAC WATTS: *Afflictions of a Friend.*

SPRING.

Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
Hoar Winter's blooming child, delightful Spring!
Whose unshorn locks with leaves
And swelling buds are crown'd;
From the green islands of eternal youth
(Crown'd with fresh blooms and ever-springing shade),
Turn, hither turn thy step.
MRS. BARBAULD: *Ode to Spring.*

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
For many a long month lost in snow profound,
When Sol from Cancer sends the seasons bland,
And in their northern cave the storms hath bound;
From silent mountains, straight, with startling sound,
Torrents are hurl'd, green hills emerge, and, lo,
The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are crown'd;
Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go,
And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart o'erflow.
BEATTIE.

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or calls an icy cream
Upon the silver lake or crystal stream;
But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth,
And makes it tender; gives a second birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo, and the humble-bee:
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
In triumph to the world, the youthful spring;
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the long'd-for May:
Now all things smile.
THOMAS CAREW.

The spring-scented buds all around me are swelling,
There are songs in the stream, there is health in the gale;
A sense of delight in each bosom is dwelling,
As float the pure day-beams o'er mountain and vale:
The desolate reign of old Winter is broken,
The verdure is fresh upon every tree;
Of Nature's revival the charm—and a token
Of love, O thou Spirit of Beauty! to thee.

The sun looketh forth from the halls of the morning,
And flushes the clouds that begirt his career;
He welcomes the gladness and glory returning
To rest on the promise and hope of the year.
He fills with rich light all the balm-breathing flowers,
He mounts to the zenith, and laughs on the wave;
He wakes into music the green forest-bowers,
And gilds the gay plains which the broad rivers lave.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK: *A Song of May.*

'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the spring comes slowly up this way.

COLERIDGE.

About the mossy brooks and springs,
And all inferior beauteous things.

COWLEY.

As where the sun is present all the year,
And never doth retire his golden ray,
Needs must the spring be everlasting there,
And every season like the month of May.

SIR J. DAVIES.

O ye Pegasian nymphs that, hating viler things,
Delight in lofty hills and in delicious springs!

DRAYTON.

When rising spring adorns the mead,
A charming scene of nature is display'd.

DRYDEN.

The tender blades of grass appear;
And buds, that yet the blast of Eurus fear,
Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the year.

DRYDEN.

Unbidden earth shall wreathing ivy bring,
And fragrant herbs, the promises of spring.

DRYDEN.

Ask not the cause why sullen spring
So long delays her flow'rs to bear,
And winter storms invert the year.

DRYDEN.

This gentle knight, inspired by jolly May,
Forsook his easy couch at early day.

DRYDEN.

Then summer, autumn, winter did appear;
And spring was but a season of the year.

DRYDEN.

Departing spring could only stay to shed
Her bloomy beauties on the genial bed,
But left the manly summer in her stead.

DRYDEN.

Eternal spring, with smiling verdure, here
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year,
The tuberose ever breathes, and violets blow.

GARTH.

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer ling'ring blooms delay'd.

GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village.*

I come, I come! ye have call'd me long;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song:
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers;
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains.
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

MRS. HEMANS: *Voice of Spring.*

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows you have your closes,
And all must die.

GEORGE HERBERT: *The Church.*

Now Heaven seems one bright, rejoicing eye,
And Earth her sleeping vesture flings aside,
And with a blush awakes, as does a bride;
And Nature speaks, like thee, in melody.
The forest, sunward, glistens, green and high;
The ground each moment, as some blossom springs,
Puts forth, as does thy cheek, a lovelier dye,
And each new morning some new songster brings.
And hark! the brooks their rocky prisons break,
And echo calls on echo to awake,
Like nymph to nymph. The air is rife with wings
Rustling through wood or dripping over lake.
Herb, bud, and bird return—but not to me
With song or beauty, since they bring not thee.

GEORGE HILL: *Spring.*

Gentle Spring, in sunshine clad,
  Well dost thou thy power display!
For Winter maketh the light heart sad,
  And thou—thou makest the sad heart gay.
He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train,
The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and the rain,
And they shrink away, and they flee in fear,
When thy merry step draws near.

LONGFELLOW: *from the French.*

Else had the spring
Perpetual smiled on earth, with vernant flow'rs,
Equal in days and nights.

MILTON.

Along the crisped shades and bow'rs
Revels the spruce and jocund spring.

MILTON.

Airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves.

MILTON.

In that soft season when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
When opening buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray.

POPE.

Fain would my muse the flowing treasure sing,
And humble glories of the youthful spring.

POPE.

In the churchyard of that city
  Rose a tomb of marble rare,
Deck'd, as soon as Spring awaken'd,
  With her buds and blossoms fair,—
And a humble grave beside it,—
  No one knew who rested there.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *Angel's Story.*

Hark! the hours are softly calling,
  Bidding Spring arise,
To listen to the rain-drops falling
  From the cloudy skies,
To listen to Earth's weary voices,
  Louder every day,
Bidding her no longer linger
  On her charmed way,
But hasten to her task of beauty
  Scarcely yet begun.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *Spring.*

Thou gentle Spring!—the brooding sky
  Looks welcome all around;
The moon looks down with a milder eye,
  And the stars with joy abound;
And the clouds come up with softer glow,
  Up to the zenith blown,
And float in pride o'er the earth below,
  Like banners o'er a throne.

Thou smiling Spring!—again thy praise
  Is on the lip of streams;
And the waterfalls loud anthems raise,
  By day, and in their dreams;
The lakes that glitter on the plain
  Sing with the stirring breeze;
And the voice of welcome sounds again
  From the surge upon the seas.

J. O. ROCKWELL: *Spring.*

Springs through the pleasant meadows pour their rills,
Which snake-like glide between the bordering hills.

SANDYS.

To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

SHAKSPEARE.

The spring, the summer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries.

SHAKSPEARE.

So forth issew'd the seasons of the yeare:
First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowres
That freshly budded and new bloomes did beare,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowres,
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours;
And in his hand a iaelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A gilt engraven morion he did weare;
That as some did him love, so others did him feare.

SPENSER.

And when the shining sun laugheth once,
You deemen the spring cometh at once;
But eft, when you count you freed from fear,
Comes the breine winter, with chamfred brows,
Full of wrinkles, and frosty furrows.

SPENSER.

The sweet season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale;
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale:
Summer is come, for every spray now springs:

The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
The fishes fleet with new repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies small;
The busy bee her honey how she mings!
Winter is worn, that was the flowers' bale;
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays; and yet my sorrow springs.

EARL OF SURREY: *Spring.*

I dreamed there would be Spring no more,
That Nature's ancient power was lost:
The streets were black with smoke and frost,
They chatter'd trifles at the door.

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam.*

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;
In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

TENNYSON: *Locksley Hall.*

Come, gentle spring, ethereal mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowy roses, on our plains descend.

THOMSON.

Still let my song a nobler note assume,
And sing th' infusive force of spring on man.

THOMSON.

But why so fair excursive, when at hand
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace,
Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first?

THOMSON.

Great spring before
Green'd all the year; and fruits and blossoms blush'd
In social sweetness on the self-same bough.

THOMSON.

Lend me your song, ye nightingales! Oh, pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse! while I deduce,
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
The symphony of spring.

THOMSON.

Spring does to flow'ry meadows bring
What the rude winter from them tore.

WALLER.

There is a voice in the western breeze,
As it floats o'er Spring's round roses,
Or sighs among the blossoming trees
Where the spirit of love reposes:
It tells of hopes unblighted yet,
And of hours the soul can ne'er forget.

KATHERINE AUGUSTA WARE: *Voice of the Seasons.*

O Spring, thou fairest season of the year,
How lovely soft, how sweet dost thou appear!
What pleasing landskips meet the gazing eye!
How beauteous nature does with nature vie:
Gay scenes around the fancy does invite,
And universal beauty prompts to write.
But chiefly that proud Dome on Delaware's stream,
Of this my humble song the nobler theme,
Claims all the tribute of these rural lays,
And tunes e'en my harsh voice to sing its praise.

GEORGE WEBB: *Batchelor's Hall, a Poem.*

'Tis spring-time on the eastern hills!
Like torrents gush the summer rills;
Through winter's moss and dry dead leaves
The bladed grass revives and lives,
Pushes the mouldering waste away,
And glimpses to the April day.
In kindly shower and sunshine bud
The branches of the dull gray wood;
Out from its sunn'd and shelter'd nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks;
The southwest wind is warmly blowing,
And odors from the springing grass,
The pine-tree and the sassafras,
Are with it on its errands going.

WHITTIER: *Mogg Megone.*

STARS.

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

ADDISON.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years.

ADDISON.

All shun the raging dog-star's sultry heat,
And from the half-unpeopled town retreat.

ADDISON.

By what elastic engines did she rear
The starry roof, and roll the orbs in air.

SIR R. BLACKMORE.

The stars, which grace the high expansion bright,
By their own beams, and unprecarious light,
At a vast distance from each other lie.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Their number, counting those th' unaided eye
Can see, or by invented tubes descry,
The widest stretch of human thought exceeds.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

The old and new astronomers in vain
Attempt the heav'nly motions to explain.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

The sad and solemn night
Has yet her multitude of cheerful fires;
The glorious host of light
Walk the dark hemisphere till she retires:
All through her silent watches, gliding slow,
Her constellations come, and climb the heavens, and go.

Day, too, hath many a star
To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright as they:
Through the blue fields afar,
Unseen, they follow in his flaming way:
Many a bright lingerer, as the eve grows dim,
Tells what a radiant troop arose and set with him.
WILLIAM C. BRYANT:
Hymn to the North Star.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars
Till he had peopled them with beings bright
As their own beams.
BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

Ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.
BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

Despond not: wherefore wilt thou wander thus
To add thy silence to the silent night,
And lift thy tearful eye unto the stars?
They cannot aid thee.
BYRON: *Heaven and Earth.*

The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky.
CAMPBELL: *Soldier's Dream.*

Ask me no more, where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night:
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.
CAREW: *Song.*

The moon arose clad o'er in light,
With thousand stars attending on her train;
With her they rise, with her they set again.
COWLEY.

Several lights will not be seen,
If there be nothing else between;
Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th' sky,
If those be stars that paint the galaxy.
COWLEY.

The stars, no longer overlaid with weight,
Exert their heads from underneath the mass,
And upward shoot, and kindle as they pass,
And with diffusive light adorn their heav'nly place.
DRYDEN.

Whether, adopted to some neighb'ring star,
Thou roll'st above us in thy wand'ring race;
Or, in procession fix'd and regular,
Mov'st with the heav'n's majestic pace;
Or, call'd to more celestial bliss,
Thou tread'st with seraphims the vast abyss.
DRYDEN.

Before tempestuous wings arise,
Stars shooting through the darkness gild the night
With sweeping glories and long trails of light.
DRYDEN.

Fair Leda's twins, in time to stars decreed,
One fought on foot, one curb'd the fiery steed.
DRYDEN.

'Tis like the milky way, all over bright,
But sown so thick with stars, 'tis undistinguish'd light.
DRYDEN.

A way there is in heav'n's expanded plain,
Which, when the skies are clear, is seen below,
And mortals by the name of milky know;
The groundwork is of stars.
DRYDEN.

If thou ken'st from far
Among the Pleiades a new-kindled star;
If any sparkles from the rest more bright,
'Tis she that shines in that propitious light.
DRYDEN.

The rains arise, and fires their warmth dispense;
And fix'd and erring stars dispose their influence.
DRYDEN.

In fear of this, observe the starry signs,
Where Saturn houses, and where Hermes joins.
DRYDEN.

As when the stars in their ethereal race
At length have roll'd around the liquid space,
From the same point of heav'n their course advance,
And move in measures of their former dance.
DRYDEN.

Not Sirius shoots a fiercer flame,
When with his pois'nous breath he blasts the sky.
DRYDEN.

No star appears to lend his friendly light;
Darkness and tempest make a double night.
DRYDEN.

Observe what stars arise or disappear,
And the four quarters of the rolling year.
DRYDEN.

Not far from hence, if I observed aright
The southing of the stars and polar light,
Sicilia lies.
DRYDEN.

After show'rs
The stars shine smarter, and the moon adorns,
As with unborrow'd beams, her sharpen'd horns.
DRYDEN.

The sun was set; and Vesper, to supply
His absent beams, had lighted up the sky.
DRYDEN.

They danced by starlight and the friendly moon.
DRYDEN.

Ye lamps of heav'n, he said (and lifted high
His hands, now free), thou venerable sky!
Ye sacred altars, from whose flames I fled!
Inviolable pow'rs adored with dread,
Be all of you adjured.
DRYDEN.

Conquests he strew'd where'er he came,
Thick as the galaxy with stars is sown.
DRYDEN.

Ev'ry fix'd and ev'ry wand'ring star,
The Pleïds, Hyads, and the Northern Car.
DRYDEN.

The blessed minister his wings display'd,
And, like a shooting star, he cleft the night.
DRYDEN.

Describe the stars and planetary way,
And trace the footsteps of eternal day.
GRANVILLE.

Day hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom button'd it with stars.
O. W. HOLMES: *Evening, by a Tailor.*

A star has left the kindling sky,—
A lovely northern light;
How many planets are on high!
But that has left the night.
L. E. LANDON.

Hark, the bell! it sounds midnight! all hail, thou new heaven!
How soft sleep the stars on their bosom of night;
While o'er the full moon, as they gently are driven,
Slowly floating, the clouds bathe their fleeces in light.
M. G. LEWIS.

Just above yon sandy bar,
As the day grows fainter and dimmer,
Lonely and lovely, a single star
Lights the air with a dusky glimmer.

Into the ocean faint and far
Falls the trail of its golden splendor,
And the gleam of that single star
Is ever refulgent, soft, and tender.
LONGFELLOW: *Evening Star.*

The night is come, but not too soon;
And, sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
Oh, no! from that blue tent above,
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.
LONGFELLOW: *Light of Stars.*

Lo! in the painted oriel of the West,
Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines,
Like a fair lady at her casement, shines
The evening star, the star of love and rest;
And then anon she doth herself divest
Of all her radiant garments, and reclines
Behind the sombre screen of yonder pines,
With slumber and soft dreams of love oppress'd.
O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus!
My morning and my evening star of love!
My best and gentlest lady! even thus,

As that fair planet in the sky above,
Dost thou retire into thy rest at night,
And from thy darken'd window fades the light.
LONGFELLOW: *Evening Star.*

Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!
LONGFELLOW: *Spanish Student.*

Amplitude almost immense, with stars
Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
Of destined habitation.
MILTON.

They, as they move
Their starry dance, in numbers that compute
Days, months, and years, tow'rds his all-cheering lamp
Turn swift their various motions.
MILTON.

And now of love they treat, till th' evening star,
Love's harbinger, appear'd.
MILTON.

Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Towards heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
MILTON.

So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.
MILTON.

How could nature on their orbs impose
Such restless revolution, day by day
Repeated.
MILTON.

We, that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry quire,
Who in their nightly watchful spheres
Lead in swift rounds the months and years.
MILTON.

Such vast room in nature unpossess'd
By living soul, desert and desolate,
Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute
Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far
Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
MILTON.

Brightest seraph! tell
In which of all these orbs hath man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell!
MILTON.

While the heav'n, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch.
MILTON.

In the galaxy, that milky way
Which nightly, as a circling zone, thou see'st
Powder'd with stars.
MILTON.

Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
MILTON.

Mystical dance! which yonder starry sphere
Of planets, and of fix'd, in all her wheels
Resembles nearest,—mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolved, yet regular,
Then most, when most irregular they seem.
MILTON.

Heav'n's youngest teamed star
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
Her sleeping lord with handmaid lamp attending.
MILTON.

He made the stars,
And set them in the firmament of heav'n,
T' illuminate the earth and rule the night.
MILTON.

She shines,
Revolved on heav'n's great axle, and her reign
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand stars.
MILTON.

The star that bids the shepherd fold
Now the top of heav'n doth hold.
MILTON.

In part shed down
Their stellar virtue, on all kinds that grow
On earth; made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
MILTON.

Swift as a sparkle of a glancing star
I shoot from heav'n to give him safe convoy.
MILTON.

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn.
MILTON.

Thou shalt not long
Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal star,
Or lightning, thou shalt fall.
MILTON.

He sow'd with stars the heav'n, thick as a field.
MILTON.

A shooting star
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired
Impress the air, and shows the mariner
From what point of his compass to beware
Impetuous winds.
MILTON.

Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof. MILTON.

Nor walk by moon
Or glittering starlight, without thee, is sweet.
MILTON.

And for the heavens wide-circuit, let it speak
The Maker's high magnificence.
MILTON.

The Pleiades before him danced,
Shedding sweet influence. .
MILTON.

The heav'ns and all the constellations rung.
MILTON.

Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries
Officious; but to thee, earth's habitant.
MILTON.

A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,
Seen in the galaxy.
MILTON.

Unmuffle, ye faint stars; and thou, pale moon,
That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness, and of shades.
MILTON.

An host
Innumerable as the stars of night,
Or stars of morning, dewdrops which the sun
Impearls on ev'ry leaf and ev'ry flower.
MILTON.

Unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion; such as, to set forth
Great things by small, if nature's concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung.
MILTON.

The unsought diamonds
Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inured to light.
MILTON.

Then appear'd
Spangling the hemisphere then first adorn'd
With their bright luminaries that set and rose.
MILTON.

Ye quenchless stars! so eloquently bright,
Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night,
While half the world is lapp'd in downy dreams,
And round the lattice creep your midnight beams,
How sweet to gaze upon your placid eyes,
In lambent beauty looking from the skies!
ROBERT MONTGOMERY:
The Starry Heavens.

Draw me no constellations there,
Nor dog, nor goat, nor bull, nor bear;
Nor any of that monstrous fry
Of animals that stock the sky.
OLDHAM.

Lo! the small stars, above the silver wave,
Come wandering up the sky, and kindly lave
The thin clouds with their light, like floating sparks
Of diamonds in the air; or spirit barks,
With unseen riders, wheeling in the sky.
ALBERT PIKE: *Hymn to Ceres.*

Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Hover, and catch the shooting stars by night.
POPE.

Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky.
POPE.

Here clearer stars glow round the frozen pole.
POPE.

Could he whose laws the rolling planets bind
Describe or fix one movement of the mind.
POPE.

Ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove.
POPE.

A sudden star it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
POPE.

Of those stars which our imperfect eye
Has doom'd and fix'd to one eternal sky,
Each, by a native stock of honour great,
May dart strong influence, and diffuse kind heat.
PRIOR.

Each sees his lamp with different lustre crown'd,
Each knows his course with different periods bound;
And, in his passage through the liquid space,
Nor hastens nor retards his neighbour's race.
PRIOR.

These great orbs thus radically bright,
Primitive founts, and origins of light,
Enliven worlds denied to human sight.
PRIOR.

Now shine these planets with substantial rays?
Does innate lustre gild their measured days?
PRIOR.

Starry crowns of heaven,
Set in azure night!
Linger yet a little
Ere you hide your light:—
Nay; let starlight fade away,
Heralding the day!
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *Give Place.*

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
On a world of pain!
See old Time destroying
All our hoarded grain;
All our sweetest flowers,
Every stately shrine,
All our hard-earn'd glory,
Every dream divine!

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
On the rolling years!
See how Time, consoling,
Dries the saddest tears;
Bids the darkest storm-clouds
Pass in gentle rain,
While uprise in glory
Flowers and dreams again!
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *Shining Stars.*

How many a mighty ship
The stormy waves o'erwhelm!
Yet our frail bark floats on,
Our Angel holds the helm:
Dark storms are gathering round,
And dangerous winds arise;
Yet see! one trembling star
Is shining in the skies;
And we are safe who trust in thee,
Star of the Sea!
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *Star of the Sea.*

But the day is spent,
And stars are kindling in the firmament,
To us how silent—though, like ours, perchance,
Busy and full of life and circumstance.
SAMUEL ROGERS: *Human Life.*

Stars of the many-spangled heaven!
Faintly this night your beams are given,
Though proudly where your hosts are driven
Ye rear your dazzling galaxy;
Since far and wide a softer hue
Is spread across the plains of blue,
Where in bright chorus, ever true,
Forever swells your harmony.
ROBERT C. SANDS.

He fashion'd those harmonious orbs, that roll
In restless gyres about the arctic pole.
SANDYS.

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings;
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.
SHAKSPEARE.

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty
As those two eyes become that heavenly face!
SHAKSPEARE.

I am as constant as the northern star;
Of whose true, fix'd, and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
SHAKSPEARE.

Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach?
SHAKSPEARE.

The unfolding star calls up the shepherd.
SHAKSPEARE.

As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up all in one loose adieu.
SHAKSPEARE.

All of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star.
SHAKSPEARE.

Now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen.
SHAKSPEARE.

Kings are like stars—they rise and set—they have
The worship of the world, but no repose.
SHELLEY: *Hellas.*

By this, the northern wagoner had set
His sevenfold team behind the stedfast star
That was in ocean waves yet never wet.
SPENSER.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Do burn, that to us, wretched earthly clods,
In dreadful darkness lend desired light.
SPENSER.

Is not from hence the way that leadeth right
To that most glorious house, that glist'reth bright
With burning stars and ever-living fires?
SPENSER.

Such is his will, that paints
The earth with colours fresh,
The darkest skies with store
Of starry lights.
SPENSER.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.
TENNYSON.

"The stars," she whispers, "blindly run;
A web is woven across the sky;
From out waste places comes a cry,
And murmurs from the dying sun."
TENNYSON: *In Memoriam.*

Informer of the planetary train!
Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlively mass, inert and dead.
THOMSON.

Thus in a starry night fond children cry
For the rich spangles that adorn the sky.
WALLER.

The formal stars do travel so,
As we their names and courses know;
And he that on their changes looks
Would think them govern'd by our books.
WALLER.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the sun shall rise?
WOTTON.

O what a confluence of ethereal fires,
From urns unnumber'd, down the steep of heaven,
Streams to a point, and centres in my sight!
Nor tarries there; I feel it at my heart.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

STATUE.

So stands the statue that enchants the world.
THOMSON: *Summer.*

Theron, amongst his travels, found
A broken statue on the ground;
And searching onward, as he went,
He traced a ruin'd monument.
Mould, moss, and shades had overgrown
The sculpture of the crumbling stone;
Yet ere he past, with much ado,
He guess'd, and spell'd out Sci-pi-o.

"Enough," he cried; "I'll drudge no more
In turning the dull Stoics o'er."
DR. ISAAC WATTS:
Hero's School of Morality.

STORMS.

So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
ADDISON.

A murky storm deep low'ering o'er our heads
Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom
Opposed itself to Cynthia's silver ray.
ADDISON.

Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burst upon it.
ADDISON.

The combat thickens, like the storm that flies
From westward, when the show'ry winds arise.
ADDISON.

There she assembles all her blackest storms,
And the rude hail in rattling tempest forms.
ADDISON.

See, and revere th' artillery of heav'n,
Drawn by the gale, or by the tempest driven:
A dreadful fire the floating batt'ries make,
O'erturn the mountain, and the forest shake.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

The Mariner that on smooth waves doth glide
Sings merrily, and steers his barque with ease,
As if he had command of wind and tide,
And now become great Master of the seas;
But suddenly a storm spoils all the sport,
And makes him long for a more quiet port,
Which 'gainst all adverse winds may serve for fort.
ANNE BRADSTREET: *Contemplations.*

Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue;
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!
BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

Every pilot
Can steer the ship in calms; but he performs
The skilful part, can manage it in storms.
SIR J. DENHAM.

What at first was call'd a gust, the same
Hath now a storm's, anon a tempest's name.
DONNE.

At his command the storms invade;
The winds by his commission blow,
Till with a nod he bids them cease.
DRYDEN.

Behold how high the foamy billows ride!
The winds and waves are on the juster side.
DRYDEN.

He saw the Trojan fleet, dispersed, distress'd,
By stormy winds and wintry heaven oppress'd.
DRYDEN.

As wintry winds contending in the sky
With equal force of lungs their titles try,
They rage, they roar: the doubtful rack of heav'n
Stands without motion, and the tide undriv'n.
DRYDEN.

There fierce winds over dusky valleys blow,
Whose ev'ry puff bears empty shades away.
DRYDEN.

When the rival winds their quarrel try,
South, east, and west, on airy coursers borne,
The whirlwind gathers, and the woods are torn.
DRYDEN.

And chaff with eddy winds is whirl'd around,
And dancing leaves are lifted from the ground.
DRYDEN.

Both house and homestead into seas are borne,
And rocks are from their own foundations torn.
DRYDEN.

Nor were those blust'ring brethren left at large,
On seas and shores their fury to discharge.
DRYDEN.

My sire in caves constrains the winds,
Can with a breath their clam'rous rage appease;
They fear his whistle, and forsake the seas.
DRYDEN.

Around the field did nimble lightnings play,
Which offer'd us by fits, and snatch'd the day:
'Midst this was heard the shrill and tender cry
Of well-pleased ghosts, which in the storm did fly.
DRYDEN.

Red lightnings play'd along the firmament,
And their demolish'd works to pieces rent.
DRYDEN.

Like a rock unmoved, a rock that braves
The raging tempest and the rising waves.
DRYDEN.

When black clouds draw down the lab'ring skies,
An horrid stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence we the tempest fear.
DRYDEN.

When ocean, air, and earth at once engage,
And rooted forests fly before their rage,
At once the clashing clouds to battle move.
DRYDEN.

When gath'ring clouds o'ershadow all the skies,
And shoot quick lightnings, Weigh, my boys, he cries.
DRYDEN.

The noise increases as the billows roar,
When rolling from afar they threat the shore.
DRYDEN.

If ere night the gath'ring clouds we fear,
A song will help the beating storm to bear.
DRYDEN.

Palinurus cried aloud,
What gusts of weather from that gathering cloud
My thoughts presage! ere that the tempest roars,
Stand to your tackles, mates, and stretch your oars.

DRYDEN.

In vain the master issues out commands,
In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands;
The tempest unforeseen prevents their care.

DRYDEN.

Fierce Boreas drove against his flying sails,
And rent the sheets.

DRYDEN.

When some dreadful thunderclap is nigh,
The winged fire shoots swiftly through the sky;
Strikes and consumes ere scarce it doth appear,
And by the sudden ill prevents the fear.

DRYDEN.

Perhaps thy fortune doth control the winds,
Doth loose or bind their blasts in secret cave.

FAIRFAX.

How heat and thunder mingle in a maze,
Or belch in thunder, or in lightning blaze;
Why nimble coruscations strike the eye,
And bold tornadoes bluster in the sky.

GARTH.

Careless of thunder from the clouds that break,
My only omens from your looks I take.

GRANVILLE.

And storms with rival fury heaving,
From land to sea, from sea to land,
Still as they rave, a chain are weaving
Of deepest efficacy grand.
There burning desolation blazes,
Precursor of the thunder's way;
But, Lord, thy servants own with praises
The milder movement of thy day.

DR. F. H. HEDGE: *Trans. from The Angels' Song in Goethe's Faust.*

When the sun's orb both even and morn is bright,
Then let no fear of storms thy mind affright.

THOMAS MAY.

And the Storm is abroad in the mountains! He fills
The crouch'd hollows and all the oracular hills
With dread voices of power. A round million or more
Of wild echoes reluctantly rise from their hoar
Immemorial ambush, and roll in the wake
Of the cloud, whose reflection leaves livid the lake.

OWEN MEREDITH: *Lucile.*

The thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps has spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.

MILTON.

Meanwhile the south wind rose, and with black wings,
Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove.

MILTON.

The dusky clouds o'erspread
Heaven's cheerful face; the low'ring element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow or show'r.

MILTON.

Teach us further by what means to shun
Th' inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow.

MILTON.

He launch'd the fiery bolt from pole to pole,
Broad burst the lightnings, deep the thunders roll.

POPE.

From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
And broken lightnings flash from ev'ry cloud.

POPE.

I stand,
Naked, defenceless, on a foreign land:
Propitious to my wants, a vest supply,
To guard the wretched from th' inclement sky.

POPE.

Twice ten tempestuous nights I roll'd, resign'd
To roaring billows and the warring wind.

POPE.

Crete's ample fields diminish to our eye;
Before the Boreal blasts the vessels fly.

POPE.

The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,
And first to light exposed the sacred shade.

POPE.

Then stays my child! storms beat, and rolls the main.
Oh, beat those storms, and roll the seas, in vain!

POPE.

The wild winds whistle, and the billows roar;
The splitting raft the furious tempest tore.
POPE.

For eight slow-circling years by tempests tost.
POPE.

As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way and that the wav'ring sails they bend,
While freezing Boreas and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw.
POPE.

The winds grow high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies, the thunder roars,
And big waves lash the frighted shores.
PRIOR.

As empty clouds by rising winds are tost,
Their fleeting forms scarce sooner found than lost.
PRIOR.

Striking her cliff, the storm confirms her pow'r,
The waves but whiten her triumphant shore.
PRIOR.

The tempest rages wild and high,
The waves lift up their voice and cry
Fierce answers to the angry sky,—
Miserere, Domine.

Through the black night and driving rain
A ship is struggling, all in vain,
To live upon the stormy main.
Miserere, Domine.

The thunders roar, the lightnings glare;
Vain is it now to strive or dare;
A cry goes up of great despair,—
Miserere, Domine.
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *The Storm.*

I love to list your midnight voices float
In the dread storm that o'er the ocean rolls,
And, while their charm the angry waves controls,
Mix with its sullen roar, and sink remote.
MRS. RADCLIFFE: *Mysteries of Udolpho.*

When through the gloom the glancing lightnings fly,
Heavy the rattling thunders roll on high.
ROWE.

Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspired; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy, that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach of it.
SHAKSPEARE.

I have seen tempests when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
SHAKSPEARE.

Things that love night
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wand'rers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard.
SHAKSPEARE.

Was this a face
To be exposed against the warring winds;
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder,
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick cross lightning?
SHAKSPEARE.

The tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there.
SHAKSPEARE.

When splitting winds
Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thou thinkest much that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thou all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world.
SHAKSPEARE.

We hear this fearful tempest ring,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm.
SHAKSPEARE.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone.
SHAKSPEARE.

As far as I could ken the chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm.
SHAKSPEARE.

Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches.
SHAKSPEARE.

Now happy he whose cloak and cincture
Hold out this tempest.
SHAKSPEARE.

The southern wind,
Now by his hollow whistling in the trees,
Foretells a tempest.
SHAKSPEARE.

As we do often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heav'ns, the rack stands still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death.
SHAKSPEARE.

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise?
SHAKSPEARE.

The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous main,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear;
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.
SHAKSPEARE.

The king,
Contending with the fretful elements,
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters.
SHAKSPEARE.

Such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest;
As loud and to as many tunes.
SHAKSPEARE.

The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death;
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events,
New hatched to the woeful time.
The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night:
Some say the earth was feverous and did shake.
SHAKSPEARE.

After long storms,
In dread of death and dangerous dismay,
With which my silly bark was tossed sore,
I do at length descry the happy shore.
SPENSER.

O turn thy rudder hitherward awhile,
Here may thy storm-beat vessel safely ride.
SPENSER.

So now he storms with many a sturdy stoure;
So now his blust'ring blast each coast doth scour.
SPENSER.

He cried, as raging seas are wont to roar,
When wintry storm his wrathful wreck doth threat.
SPENSER.

The soveraigne of seas he blames in vaine,
That once sea-beate will to sea againe.
SPENSER.

To-night the winds begin to rise
And roar from yonder dropping day;
The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
The rooks are blown about the skies;

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,
The cattle huddled on the lea;
And wildly dash'd on tower and tree
The sunbeam strikes along the world.
TENNYSON: *In Memoriam.*

From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage,
Till, in the furious elemental war
Dissolved, the whole precipitated mass
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pour.
THOMSON.

Along the moorish fens
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm.
THOMSON.

Nature from the storm
Shines out afresh; and through the lighten'd air
A higher lustre, and a clearer calm,
Diffusive tremble.
THOMSON.

By the touch ethereal roused,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious spring.
THOMSON.

No sulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth.
THOMSON.

Every flexile wave
Obeys the blast, th' aerial tumult swells.
THOMSON.

The circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm.
THOMSON.

His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravaged vale.
THOMSON.

With clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Thou humblest nature with thy northern blast.
THOMSON.

'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all:
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud;
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds: till overhead a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

THOMSON: *Summer.*

When loud winds from diff'rent quarters rush,
Vast clouds encount'ring one another crush.

WALLER.

Though winds do rage, as winds were woo'd,
And cause spring-tides to raise great flood,
And lofty ships leave anchor in mud,
Bereaving many of life and of blood,
Yet true it is as cow chews cud,
And tree at spring doth yield forth bud,
Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

STREAMS.

The first time I beheld thee, beauteous stream,
How pure, how smooth, how broad thy bosom heaved!
What feelings rush'd upon my heart!—a gleam
As of another life my kindling soul received.

MARIA BROOKS: *To the River St. Lawrence.*

Broad are these streams—my steed obeys,
Plunges and bears me through the tide;
Wide are these woods—I thread the maze
Of giant stems, nor ask a guide.
I hunt till day's last glimmer dies
O'er woody vale and grassy height;
And kind the voice, and glad the eyes,
That welcome my return at night.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT:
Hunter of the Prairies.

The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd youth gazed here,
So fatally deceived he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.

SIR J. DENHAM.

Where in a plain, defended by the wood,
Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood.

DRYDEN.

Shallow brooks that flow'd so clear,
The bottom did the top appear.

DRYDEN.

Down through the crannies of the living walls
The crystal streams descend in murmuring falls.

DRYDEN.

Of ancient streams presume no more to tell,
The famed Castalian or Pierian well.
Fresh pond superior must those rills confess,
As much as Cambridge yields to Rome or Greece.
More limpid water can no fountain show,
A fairer bottom, or a smoother brow;
A painted world its peaceful gleam contains,—
The heavenly arch, the bord'ring groves and plains.

FRANCIS KNAPP: *A New England Pond.*
(*New Eng. Weekly Jour.*, June 28, 1731.)

One, whose drought
Yet scarce allay'd, still eyes the current stream,
Whose liquid murmurs heard new thirst excite.

MILTON.

The swain, in barren deserts, with surprise
See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise:
And starts amid the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.

POPE.

The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills.

POPE.

Fast beside there trickled softly down
A gentle stream, whose murm'ring wave did play
Amongst the puny stones, and made a sound
To lull him soft asleep that by it lay.

SPENSER.

Within this wood, out of a rock did rise
A spring of water mildly tumbling down;
Whereto approached not in any wise
The homely shepherd, nor the ruder clown.

SPENSER.

The fountain's
Bubbling wave did ever freshly wade,
Ne ever would through fervent summer fade.

SPENSER.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some through wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flush'd; and, dew'd with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

TENNYSON: *Lotos-Eaters.*

Th' adjoining brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Gently diffused into a limpid plain;
In brighter mazes the relucent stream
Plays o'er the mead.

THOMSON.

STUDY.

Will the pedant name her next?
Crabbed with a crabbed text,
Sits he in his study nook,
With his elbow on a book,
And with stately crossed knees,
And a wrinkle deeply thrid
Through his lowering brow,
Caused by making proofs enow
That Plato in 'Parmenides'
Meant the same Spinoza did,—
Or, that an hundred of the groping
Like himself, had made one Homer,
Homeros being a misnomer?

MRS. E. B. BROWNING:
Earth and her Praises.

My midnight lamp is weary as my soul,
And, being unimmortal, has gone out.
And now alone yon moony lamp of heaven,
Which God lit, and not man, illuminates
These volumes others wrote in weariness
As I have read them; and this cheek and brow,
Whose paleness, burned in with heats of thought,
Would make an angel smile to see how ill
Clay thrust from Paradise consorts with mind,—
If angels could, like men, smile bitterly.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING: *Student.*

From hence that gen'ral care and study springs,
That launching and progression of the mind.

SIR J. DAVIES.

Alas! when all our lamps are burn'd,
Our bodies wasted, and our spirits spent,
When we have all the learned volumes turn'd
Which yield men's wits both help and ornament,
What can we know, or what can we discern?

SIR J. DAVIES.

In vain on study time away we throw,
When we forbear to act the things we know.

SIR J. DENHAM.

His body thus adorn'd, he next design'd
With lib'ral arts to cultivate his mind:
He sought a tutor of his own accord,
And studied lessons he before abhorr'd.

DRYDEN.

Thou art pale in mighty studies grown,
To make the Stoic institutes thy own.

DRYDEN.

This grave advice some sober student bears,
And loudly rings it in his fellow's ears.

DRYDEN.

Youth, ere it sees the world, here studies rest;
And age, returning thence, concludes it best.

DRYDEN.

Grant some of knowledge greater store,
More learned some in teaching;
Yet few in life did lighten more,
None thunder'd more in preaching.

THOMAS FULLER:
Trans. of Latin Epitaph on Samuel Ward.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.

HERRICK.

Here blind old Homer teaches lofty song;
The Lesbian sings of Cupid's pinions furl'd,
And how the heart is wither'd up by wrong;
Dante depictures an infernal world,
Wide opening many a purgatorial aisle;
Torquato sings the woes of Palestine,
Alphonso's rage, and Leonora's smile—
Love, Beauty, Genius, Glory, all divine;
Milton depicts the bliss of Paradise,
Then flings apart the ponderous gates of Hell,
Where Satan on the fiery billow lies,
"With head uplift," above his army fell;
And Avon's Bard, surpassing all in art,
Unlocks the portals of the human heart.

ESTELLE ANNA LEWIS: *My Study.*

Longinus, Livy, famed Thucydides,
Quintilian, Plato, and Demosthenes,
Persuasive Tully, and Corduba's sage,
Who fell by Nero's unrelenting rage:
Him whom ungrateful Athens doom'd to bleed,
Despised when living, and deplored when dead;
Raleigh I'd read with ever fresh delight,
While ages past rise present to my sight.

WILLIAM LIVINGSTON:
Philosophic Solitude, a Poem.

This is the great School of Salern!
A land of wrangling and of quarrels,
Of brains that seethe and hearts that burn;
Where every emulous scholar hears,
In every breath that comes to his ears,
The rustling of another's laurels.

LONGFELLOW: *Golden Legend.*

Quite an extensive catalogue;
Mostly, however, books of our own;
As Gariopontus' Passionarius,
And the writings of Matthew Platearius;
And a volume universally known
As the Regimen of the School of Salern,
For Robert of Normandy written in terse
And very elegant Latin verse.

LONGFELLOW: *Golden Legend.*

Over an ancient scroll I bent,
Steeping my soul in wise content,
Nor paused a moment, save to chide
A low voice whispering at my side.
I wove beneath the stars' pale shine
A dream, half human, half divine,
And shook off (not to break the charm)
A little hand laid on my arm.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *A Student.*

In books a prodigal, they say;
A living cyclopædia;
Of histories of church and priest
A full compendium at least;
A table-talker rich in sense,
And witty without wit's pretence.

COTTON MATHER:
Trans. of Epitaph on Anne Bradstreet.

His classical reading is great: he can quote
Horace, Juvenal, Ovid, and Martial by rote.
He has read metaphysics—Spinoza and Kant;
And theology too: I have heard him descant
Upon Basil and Jerome. Antiquities, art,
He is fond of. He knows the old masters by heart,
And his taste is refined.

OWEN MEREDITH: *Lucile.*

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I ponder'd, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore.

EDGAR A. POE: *The Raven.*

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.

SHAKSPEARE.

I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind.

SHAKSPEARE.

Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

SHAKSPEARE.

Him for the studious shade
Kind nature form'd.

THOMSON.

Lie still, my Plutarch, then, and sleep;
And you, good Seneca, may keep
Your volumes closed forever too;
I have no further use for you:
For when I feel my virtue fail,
And my ambitious thoughts prevail,
I'll take a turn among the tombs,
And see whereto all glory comes:
There the vile foot of every clown
Tramples the sons of honour down,
Beggars with awful ashes sport,
And tread the Cæsars in the dirt.

DR. ISAAC WATTS:
Hero's School of Morality.

In a melancholy study,
None but myself,
Methought my Muse grew muddy;
After seven years' reading
And costly breeding,
I felt, but could find no pelf:
Into learned rags
I've rent my plush and satin,
And now am fit to beg
In Hebrew, Greek, and Latin;
Instead of Aristotle,
Would I had got a patten:
Alas, poor scholar! whither wilt thou go?

DR. ROBERT WILD: *Iter Boreale.*

If not to some peculiar end assign'd,
Study's the specious trifling of the mind;
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chase for sport alone, and not for game.
YOUNG.

STYLE.

What numerous volumes scatter'd from his hand
Lighten'd his own and warm'd each foreign land!
What pious breathings of a glowing soul
Live in each page, and animate the whole!
The breath of heaven the savoury pages show,
As we Arabia from its spices know.
The beauties of his style are careless strew'd,
And learning with a liberal hand bestow'd:
So, on the field of heav'n, the seeds of fire
Thick-sown, but careless, all the wise admire.
JOHN ADAMS, of Newport, R. I.:
On the Death of Cotton Mather.

How he apes his sire,
Ambitiously sententious!
ADDISON.

But ill expression sometimes gives allay
To noble thoughts, whose flame shall ne'er decay.
BUCKINGHAM.

But seldom (as if fearful of expense)
Vouchsafes to man a poet's just pretence,—
Fervency, freedom, fluency of thought,
Harmony, strength, words exquisitely sought;
Fancy, that, from the bow that spans the sky,
Brings colours, dipp'd in heaven, that never die;
A soul exalted above earth, a mind
Skill'd in the characters that form mankind.
COWPER.

The just is clearly to be seen
Not in the words, but in the gap between:
Manner is all in all, whate'er is writ:
The substitute for genius, sense, and wit.
COWPER.

Vast is my theme, yet unconceived, and brings
Untoward words, scarce loosen'd yet from things.
CREECH.

Express thyself in plain, not doubtful words,
That ground for quarrels or disputes affords.
SIR J. DENHAM.

To fit my sullenness,
He to another key his style doth dress.
DONNE.

And as his actions rose, so raise they still their vein
In words whose weight best suits a sublimated strain.
DRAYTON.

Whose verses they deduced from those first golden times,
Of sundry sorts of feet, and sundry suits of rhymes.
DRAYTON.

Enquire from whence this motley style
Did first our Roman purity defile.
DRYDEN.

Studious to please the genius of the times,
With periods, points, and tropes he slurs his crimes;
He robb'd not, but he borrow'd from, the poor.
DRYDEN.

At every sentence set his life at stake,
Though the discourse were of no weightier things
Than sultry summers or unhealthful springs.
DRYDEN.

To raw numbers and unfinish'd verse
Sweet sound is added now to make it terse.
DRYDEN.

Poor clinches the suburban muse affords,
And Panton waging harmless war with words.
DRYDEN.

But write thy best and top, and in each line
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine.
DRYDEN.

He was too warm on picking work to dwell,
But fagoted his notions as they fell,
And if they rhymed and rattled, all was well.
DRYDEN.

Pride often guides the author's pen;
Books as affected are as men;
But he who studies nature's laws
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And those, without our schools, suffice
To make men moral, good, and wise.
GAY: *Fables.*

As veils transparent cover, but not hide,
Such metaphors appear when right applied:
When through the phrase we plainly see the sense,
Truth with such obvious meanings will dispense.
GRANVILLE.

Hyperboles, so daring and so bold,
Disdaining bounds, are yet by rules controll'd;
Above the clouds, but yet within our sight,
They mount with truth, and make a tow'ring flight.

GRANVILLE.

Diversified 'midst unison of chime,
Freer than air, yet manacled with rhyme.

HARTE.

Various of numbers, new in ev'ry strain;
Diffused, yet terse; poetical, though plain.

HARTE.

To sow a jangling noise of words unknown.

MILTON.

To after-age thou shalt be writ the man
That with smooth air could humour best our tongue.

MILTON.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar;
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow:
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.

POPE.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd.

POPE.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And curious thoughts struck out at ev'ry line,—
Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit,
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.

POPE.

Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still, "The style is excellent;"
The sense they humbly take upon content.

POPE.

What woeful stuff this madrigal would be
In some starved hackney-sonnetteer or me!
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!

POPE.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, and languishingly slow.

POPE.

He who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad.

POPE.

True expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon:
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

POPE.

Oft their aid the open vowels tire,
While expletives their feeble aid do join.

POPE.

But fill their purse, our poets' work is done:
Alike to them by pathos or by pun.

POPE.

They ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still-expected rhymes.

POPE.

Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.

POPE.

Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tired nation breathed from civil war.

POPE.

Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art;
No language but the language of the heart.

POPE.

He speaks reservedly, but he speaks with force;
Nor can a word be changed but for a worse.

POPE.

Then at the last, an only couplet, fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, draws its slow length along.

POPE.

Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.

POPE.

One simile that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines.
POPE.

Happy who in his verse can gently steer
From grave to gay, from pleasant to severe.
POPE.

First follow nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same;
Unerring nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art.
POPE.

Easy in words thy style, in sense sublime;
'Tis like the ladder in the patriarch's dream,
Its foot on earth, its height above the skies.
PRIOR.

Thy even thoughts with so much plainness flow,
Their sense untutor'd infancy may know:
Yet to such height is all that plainness wrought,
Wit may admire, and letter'd pride be taught.
PRIOR.

If Cupid throws a single dart,
We make him wound the lover's heart;
But if he takes his bow and quiver,
'Tis sure he must transfix the liver;
For rhyme with reason may dispense,
And sound has right to govern sense.
PRIOR.

To speak one thing, mix'd dialects they join;
Divide the simple, and the plain define.
PRIOR.

Some that with care true eloquence shall teach,
And to just idioms fix our doubtful speech.
PRIOR.

Similes are like songs in love:
They much describe, they nothing prove.
PRIOR.

Let us not write at a loose rambling rate,
In hope the world will wink at all our faults.
ROSCOMMON.

Abstruse and mystic thoughts you must express
With painful care, but seeming easiness;
For truth shines brightest through the plainest dress.
ROSCOMMON.

Sublime ideas and apt words infuse;
The muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire the muse.
ROSCOMMON.

Degrading prose explains his meaning ill,
And shows the stuff, and not the workman's skill.
ROSCOMMON.

Others that affect
A lofty style, swell to a tympany.
ROSCOMMON.

The weighty bullion of one sterling line
Drawn to French wire would through whole pages shine.
ROSCOMMON: *Translated Verse.*

All men will try, and hope to write as well,
And not without much pains be undeceived.
ROSCOMMON.

You gain your point if your industrious art
Can make unusual words easy.
ROSCOMMON.

Affected noise is the most wretched thing
That to contempt can empty scribblers bring.
ROSCOMMON.

Sublime or low, unbended or intense,
The sound is still a comment to the sense.
ROSCOMMON.

They in most grave and solemn wise unfolded
Matter which little purported, but words
Rank'd in right learned phrase.
ROWE.

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter.
SHAKSPEARE.

Never will I trust to speeches penn'd;
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperboles.
SHAKSPEARE.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.
SHEFFIELD: *Essay on Poetry.*

You write with ease to show your breeding;
But easy writing's cursed hard reading.
SHERIDAN: *Clio's Protest.*

Not the desk with silver nails,
Nor bureau of expense,
Nor standish well japann'd, avails
To writing of good sense.
SWIFT.

In modern wit, all printed trash is
Set off with num'rous breaks and dashes.
SWIFT.

Oft wide of nature must he act a part,
Make love in tropes, in bombast break his heart.
TICKELL.

Poets lose half the praise they should have got
Could it be known what they discreetly blot.
WALLER.

Our lines reform'd, and not composed in haste,
Polish'd like marble, would like marble last.
WALLER.

I never yet the tragic strain essay'd,
Deterr'd by that inimitable maid;
And when I venture at the comic style,
Thy scornful lady seems to mock my toil.
WALLER.

Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
And save me on the brink from writing ill?
YOUNG.

SUCCESS.

'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius,—we'll deserve it.
ADDISON: *Cato.*

Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can always hit;
For, whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, we're steer'd by fate.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Nor do the boldest 'tempts bring forth
Events still equal to their worth,
But sometimes fail, and in their stead
Fortune and cowardice succeed.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Dream after dream ensues,
And still they dream that they shall still succeed,
And still are disappointed.
COWPER: *Task.*

Wisdom he has, and to his wisdom courage;
Temper to that, and unto all success.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Virtue without success
Is a fair picture shown by an ill light;
But lucky men are favourites of heaven:
All own the chief when fortune owns the cause.
DRYDEN.

Our toils, my friends, are crown'd with sure success:
The greater part perform'd, achieve the less.
DRYDEN.

But who shall tax successful villany,
Or call the rising traitor to account?
HAVARD.

Had I miscarried, I had been a villain;
For men judge actions always by events:
But when we manage by a just foresight,
Success is prudence, and possession right.
HIGGONS.

So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of success.
MILTON.

Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon.
SHAKSPEARE.

With the losers let it sympathize;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.
SHAKSPEARE.

It is success that colours all in life;
Success makes fools admired, makes villains honest.
All the proud virtue of this vaunting world
Fawns on success and power, howe'er acquired.
THOMSON.

SUFFERING.

Her suff'ring ended with the day;
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun in all his state
Illumed the eastern skies,
She pass'd through glory's morning gate,
And walk'd in Paradise!
JAMES ALDRICH (*from The New World*).

The face which, duly as the sun,
Rose up for me with life begun,
To mark all bright hours of the day
With daily love, is dimm'd away,—
And yet my days go on, go on.

The tongue which, like a stream, could run
Smooth music from the roughest stone,
And every morning with "Good-day"
Made each day good, is hush'd away,—
And yet my days go on, go on.
MRS. E. B. BROWNING: *De Profundis.*

Light suff'rings give us leisure to complain;
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.
DRYDEN.

As if with sports my suff'rings I could ease.
DRYDEN.

If Arcite thus deplore
His suff'rings, yet Palamon suffers more.
DRYDEN.

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!
LONGFELLOW: *Footsteps of Angels.*

Oh, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.
LONGFELLOW: *Light of the Stars.*

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors:
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but dim funereal tapers
May be Heaven's distant lamps.
LONGFELLOW: *Resignation.*

If aught in my ability may serve
To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
Thy mind with what amends is in my pow'r.
MILTON.

Of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
MILTON.

Prepared I stand; I was but born to try
The lot of man,—to suffer and to die.
POPE.

Be strong to bear, O Heart!
Nothing is vain:
Strive not, for life is care,
And God sends pain;
Heaven is above, and there
Rest will remain!
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *Be Strong.*

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.
SHELLEY: *Julian and Maddolo.*

Then patient bear the sufferings you have earn'd,
And by these sufferings purify the mind;
Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd,
Or pious die, with penitence resign'd;
And to a life more happy and refined
Doubt not you shall, new creatures, yet arise.
THOMSON: *Castle of Indolence.*

And there's a voice—a still small voice,
That comes when the storm is past;
It bids the sufferer's heart rejoice,
In the haven of peace at last!
It tells of joys beyond the grave,
And of Him who died a world to save.
KATHERINE AUGUSTA WARE:
Voice of the Seasons.

SUICIDE.

Our time is fix'd; and all our days are number'd;
How long, how short, we know not: this we know:
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till heaven shall give permission.
BLAIR: *Grave.*

Beware of desperate steps! the darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away.
COWPER.

Take heed
How you do threaten heav'n by menacing
Yourself; as we have no authority
To take away the being of another whom
Our pride contemns, so we have less t' annihilate
Our own when it is fall'n in our dislike.
SIR W. DAVENANT: *Distresses.*

Death may be call'd in vain, and cannot come;
Tyrants may tie him up from your relief;
Nor has a Christian privilege to die.
Brutus and Cato might discharge their souls,
And give them furloughs for another world,
But we, like sentries, are obliged to stand
In starless nights, and wait th' appointed hour.
DRYDEN.

With late repentance now they would retrieve
The bodies they forsook, and wish to live.
DRYDEN.

The next in place and punishment are they
Who prodigally threw their lives away;
Fools, who, repining at their wretched state,
And loathing anxious life, suborn'd their fate.
DRYDEN.

Shall nature, erring from her first command,
Self-preservation, fall by her own hand?
GRANVILLE.

'Tis not courage, when the darts of chance
Are thrown against our state, to turn our backs
And basely run to death; as if the hand
Of heaven and nature had lent nothing else
T' oppose against mishap, but loss of life:
Which is to fly, and not to conquer it.
BEN JONSON: *Adraste.*

What torments are allotted those sad spirits
Who, groaning with the burden of despair,
No longer will endure the cares of life,
But boldly set themselves at liberty,
Through the dark caves of death to wander on,
Like wilder'd travellers, without a guide:
Eternal rovers in the gloomy maze,
Where scarce the twilight of an infant morn,
By a faint glimmer check'ring through the trees,
Reflects to dismal view the walking ghosts
That never hope to reach the blessed fields.
LEE.

O deaf to nature, and to Heaven's command,
Against thyself to lift the murdering hand!
O damn'd despair!—to shun the living light,
And plunge thy guilty soul in endless night!
LUCRETIUS.

Unlicensed to eternity! Think! think!
And let the thought restrain thy impious hand.
MASON.

He
That kills himself t' avoid misery, fears it,
And at the best shows but a bastard valour:
This life's a fort committed to my trust,
Which I must not yield up, till it be forced;
Nor will I: he's not valiant that dares die;
But he that boldly bears calamity.
MASSINGER: *Maid of Honour.*

Child of despair, and suicide my name.
SAVAGE.

Venture not rashly on an unknown being:
E'en the most perfect shun the brink of death,
And shudder at the prospect of futurity.
SAVAGE: *Sir Thomas Overbury.*

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.
DR. G. SEWELL: *The Suicide.*

Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not set
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!
SHAKSPEARE.

Is wretchedness deprived that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Tis yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage
And frustrate his proud will.
SHAKSPEARE.

To be? or, Not to be? that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or, to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?
SHAKSPEARE.

The dread of something after death,
That undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
SHAKSPEARE.

Gods! take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please.
SHAKSPEARE.

'Gainst self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand.
SHAKSPEARE.

If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow;
We make misfortunes, suicides in woe!
YOUNG.

He who, superior to the checks of nature,
Dares make his life the victim of his reason,
Does in some sort that reason deify,
And take a flight at heav'n.
YOUNG: *Revenge.*

SUMMER.

The summer, how it enripen'd the year;
And autumn, what our golden harvests were.
DONNE.

When winter past, and summer scarce begun,
Invites them forth to labour in the sun.
DRYDEN.

The ladies gasp'd, and scarcely could respire;
The breath they drew, no longer air, but fire:
The fainty knights were scorch'd, and knew not where
To run for shelter; for no shade was near.
DRYDEN.

Our summer such a russet livery wears
As in a garment often dyed appears.
DRYDEN.

Hither in summer evenings you repair,
To taste the freshness of the purer air.
DRYDEN.

Go forth at eventide,
The eventide of summer, when the trees
Yield their frail honors to the passing breeze,
And woodland paths with autumn tints are dyed:
When the mild sun his paling lustre shrouds
In gorgeous draperies of golden clouds:
Then wander forth, mid beauty and decay,
To meditate alone—alone to watch and pray.
EMMA C. EMBURY: *Autumn Evening.*

Dust on thy mantle! dust,
Bright Summer, on thy livery of green!
A tarnish, as of rust,
Dims thy late brilliant sheen;
And thy young glories,—leaf, and bud, and flower,—
Change cometh over them with every hour.

Thee hath the August sun
Look'd on with hot, and fierce, and brassy face;
And still and lazily run,
Scarce whispering in their pace,
The half-dried rivulets, that lately sent
A shout of gladness up, as on they went.
WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER: *August.*

Stillness of summer noontide over hill,
And deep-embowering wood, and rock, and stream,
Spread forth her downy pinions, scattering sleep
Upon the drooping eyelids of the air.
No wind breathed through the forest that could stir
The lightest foliage. If a rustling sound
Escaped the trees, it might be nestling bird,
Or else the polish'd leaves were turning back
To their own natural places, whence the wind
Of the last hour had flung them.
FRANCES H. GREEN:
New England Summer in the Ancient Time.

Thou art bearing hence thy roses,
Glad Summer, fare thee well!
Thou art singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell.
MRS. HEMANS.

When the summer harvest was gather'd in,
And the sheaf of the gleaner grew white and thin,
And the ploughshare was in its furrow left,
Where the stubble land had been lately cleft,
An Indian hunter, with unstrung bow,
Look'd down where the valley lay stretch'd below.
LONGFELLOW: *Indian Hunter.*

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!
LONGFELLOW: *Spanish Student.*

Frail as summer's flower we flourish:
Blows the wind, and it is gone;
But while mortals rise and perish,
God endures unchanging on:
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the High Eternal One.
HENRY FRANCIS LYTE: *Praise to God.*

In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride.
MILTON.

Small wren, mute pecking at the last red plum,
Or twittering idly at the yellowing boughs,
Fruit-emptied, over thy forsaken house,—
Birdie, that seems to come
Telling, we too have spent our little store,
Our summer's o'er:

Poor robin, driven in by rain-storms wild
To lie submissive under household hands
With beating heart that no love understands,
And scared eye, like a child
Who only knows that he is all alone,
And summer's gone.
MISS D. M. MULOCH: *Summer Gone.*

How sweet the summer gales of night,
That blow when all is peaceful round,
As if some spirit's downy flight
Swept silent through the blue profound!

How sweet at midnight to recline
Where flows the cool and fragrant stream,
There half repeat some glowing line,
There court each wild and fairy dream!
ANDREWS NORTON: *A Summer Night.*

'Twas when the dog-star's unpropitious ray
Smote ev'ry brain, and wither'd ev'ry bay;
Sick was the sun.
POPE.

The dazzling roofs,
Resplendent as the blaze of summer noon,
Or the pale radiance of the midnight moon.
POPE.

Oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer suns roll unperceived away.
POPE.

Where summer's beauty 'midst of winter stays,
And winter's coolness, spite of summer's rays.
POPE.

Moan, O ye Autumn Winds!
Summer has fled,
The flowers have closed their tender leaves, and die;
The lily's gracious head
All low must lie,
Because the gentle Summer now is dead.

Grieve, O ye Autumn Winds!
Summer lies low;
The rose's trembling leaves will soon be shed,
For she that loved her so,
Alas! is dead,
And one by one her loving children go.
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER:
Lament for the Summer.

Who loves not more the night of June
Than cold December's gloomy noon?
SIR W. SCOTT: *Marmion.*

The Summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine's blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kiss'd the lake, just stirr'd the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled, but dimpled not, for joy.
SIR W. SCOTT: *Lady of the Lake.*

Short summer lightly has a forward spring.
SHAKSPEARE.

Take heed, have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds affright.
SHAKSPEARE.

There is so hot a summer in my brain
That all my bowels crumble up to dust.
SHAKSPEARE.

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?
SHAKSPEARE.

'Tis the summer prime, when the noiseless air
In perfumed chalice lies,
And the bee goes by with a lazy hum,
Beneath the sleeping skies:
When the brook is low, and the ripples bright,
As down the stream they go,
The pebbles are dry on the upper side,
And dark and wet below.
MRS. E. OAKES SMITH: *Midsummer.*

The Summer, the divinest Summer burns,
The skies are bright with azure and with gold;
The mavis and the nightingale, by turns,
Amid the woods a soft enchantment hold:
The flowering woods, with glory and delight,
Their tender leaves unto the air have spread;
The wanton air, amid their alleys bright,
Doth softly fly, and a light fragrance shed:
The nymphs within the silver fountains play,
The angels on the golden banks recline,
Wherein great Flora, in her bright array,
Hath sprinkled her ambrosial sweets divine:
Or, else, I gaze upon that beauteous face,
O Amoret! and think these sweets have place.
WILLIAM SOTHEBY.

Then came the iolly Sommer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light:
And on his head a girlond well beseene
He wore, from which, as he had chauffed been,
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A bowe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene
Had hunted late the libbard or the bear,
And now would bathe his limbes with labour heated sore.
SPENSER.

Now the summer's in prime
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming,
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey thegither,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.
ROBERT TANNAHILL:
The Braes o' Balquhither.

Till all the hundred summers pass,
The beams that through the oriel shine
Make prisms in every carven glass
And beaker brimm'd with noble wine.
Each baron at the banquet sleeps,
Grave faces gather'd in a ring;

His state the king reposing keeps:
He must have been a jovial king.
TENNYSON: *Sleeping Palace.*

All-conquering Heat, oh, intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for Night;
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
THOMSON: *Summer.*

From bright'ning fields of ether, fair disclosed,
Child of the sun, refulgent Summer comes;
In pride of youth, and felt through nature's depth,
He comes, attended by the sultry hours
And ever-fanning breezes on his way.
THOMSON: *Seasons.*

Hope waits upon the flow'ry prime;
And summer, though it be less gay,
Yet is not look'd on as a time
Of declination or decay.
WALLER.

There is a voice in the summer gale,
Which breathes among regions of bloom,
Or murmurs soft through the dewy vale
In moonlight's tender gloom:
It tells of hopes unblighted yet,
And of hours the soul can ne'er forget.
KATHERINE AUGUSTA WARE:
Voice of the Seasons.

I love to wander through the woodlands hoary
In the soft gloom of an autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory,
And, like a dream of beauty, glides away.

How through each loved, familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers,
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst,—

Kindling the faint stars of the hazel, shining,
To light the gloom of Autumn's mouldering halls,
With hoary plumes the clematis entwining,
Where o'er the rocks her wither'd garland falls.
SARAH HELEN WHITMAN:
Still Day in Autumn.

Bland as the morning breath of June
The southwest breezes play;
And, through its haze, the winter noon
Seems warm as summer's day.
The snow-plumed Angel of the North
Has dropp'd his icy spear;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hill-side cell forsakes,
The muskrat leaves his nook,
The bluebird in the meadow-brakes
Is singing with the brook.
"Bear up, O mother Nature!" cry
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free;
"Our winter voices prophesy
Of summer days to thee!"

So in these winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear
O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear.
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the winter's snow
Lie germs of summer flowers!

The Night is mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left his Hope with all.
J. G. WHITTIER: *Dream of Summer.*

SUN.

Of heat and light what ever-during stores,
Brought from the sun's exhaustless golden shores,
Through gulfs immense of intervening air,
Enrich the earth, and every loss repair!
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

See how the rising fruits the gardens crown,
Imbibe the sun, and make his light their own.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Does not this wise philosopher assert
That the vast orb, which casts so far his beams,
Is such, or not much bigger than he seems?
That the dimensions of his glorious face
Two geometric feet do scarce surpass?
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

How can judicious atomists conceive
Chance to the sun could his just impulse give?
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Why earth or sun diurnal stages keep,
In spiral tracts why through the Zodiac creep.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Then, higher, on the glittering sun I gazed,
Whose beams were shaded by the leavie tree;
The more I look'd, the more I grew amazed,
And softly said, What glory's like to thee?
Soule of this world, this Universe's eye,
No wonder some made thee a deity:
Had I not better known (alas), the same had I.

Thou as a bridegroom from thy chamber rushest,
And as a strong man joyes to run a race;
The morn doth usher thee, with smiles and blushes,
The earth reflects her glances in thy face;
Birds, insects, animals, with vegetive,
Thy heat from death and dulness doth revive:
And in the darksome womb of fruitful nature dive.

Thy swift annual, and diurnal course,
Thy daily straight, and yearly oblique path,
Thy pleasing fervour, and thy scorching force,
All mortals here the feeling knowledge hath.
Thy presence makes it day, thy absence night;
Quaternal seasons caused by thy might:
Hail creature, full of sweetness, beauty, and delight!

Art thou so full of glory, that no eye
Hath strength thy shining rayes once to behold?
And is thy splendid throne erect so high
As to approach it can no earthly mould?
How full of glory then must thy Creator be,
Who gave this bright light lustre unto thee!
Admired, adored forever, be that Majesty!
ANNE BRADSTREET: *Contemplations.*

Joy kneels, at morning's rosy prime,
In worship to the rising sun;
But Sorrow loves the calmer time,
When the day-god his course hath run:
When Night is in her shadowy car,
Pale Sorrow wakes while Joy doth sleep;
And, guided by the evening star,
She wanders forth to muse and weep.

Joy loves to cull the summer-flower
And wreathe it round his happy brow;
But when the dark autumnal hour
Hath laid the leaf and blossoms low,
When the frail bud hath lost its worth,
And Joy hath dash'd it from his crest,—
Then Sorrow takes it from the earth,
To wither on her wither'd breast.
JAMES GORDON BROOKS: *Joy and Sorrow.*

How beauteous art thou, O thou morning sun!
The old man, feebly tottering forth, admires
As much thy beauty, now life's dream is done,
As when he moved exulting in his fires.
MARIA BROOKS: *Zophiel.*

The sun now rose upon the right,
Out of the sea came he;
Still hid in mist, and on the left,
Went down into the sea.
COLERIDGE: *Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*

The self-same sun
At once doth slow and swiftly run.
Swiftly his daily journey he goes,
But treads his annual with a statelier pace,
And does three hundred rounds enclose
Within one yearly circle's space.
Thus with a double course, in the same sphere,
He runs the day, and walks the year.
COWLEY.

All the world's bravery that delights our eyes
Is but thy several liveries;
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou go'st.
COWLEY.

There no dear glimpse of the sun's lovely face
Strikes through the solid darkness of the place.
COWLEY.

As the world's sun doth effects beget
Diff'rent in divers places ev'ry day;
Here autumn's temperature, there summer's heat,
Here flow'ry spring-tide, and there winter gray.
SIR J. DAVIES.

The sun, like this, from which our sight we have,
Gazed on too long, resumes the light he gave.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Nor can the sun
Perfect a circle, or maintain his way
One inch direct; but where he rose to-day
He comes no more, but with a cozening line
Steals by that point, and so is serpentine.
DONNE.

So when the sun by day, or moon by night,
Strike on the polish'd glass their trembling light,
The glittering species here and there divide,
And cast their dubious beams from side to side:
Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
And to the ceiling flash the glaring day.
DRYDEN.

Th' unerring sun by certain signs declares
What the late ev'n or early morn prepares,
Both when the south projects a stormy day,
And when the clearing north will puff the clouds away.
DRYDEN.

If dusky spots are varied on his brow,
And streak'd with red, a troubled colour show,
That sullen mixture shall at once declare
Winds, rain, and storms, and elemental war.
DRYDEN.

If fiery red his glowing globe descends,
High winds and furious tempests he portends;
But if his cheeks are swoln with livid blue,
He bodes wet weather by his wat'ry hue.
DRYDEN.

If through mists he shoots his sullen beams,
Frugal of light, in loose and struggling streams,
Suspect a drizzling day.
DRYDEN.

The sun was set, and Vesper, to supply
His absent beams, had lighted up the sky.
DRYDEN.

He with his tepid rays the rose renews,
And licks the dropping leaves, and dries the dews.
DRYDEN.

The disk of Phœbus, when he climbs on high,
Appears at first but as a bloodshot eye;
And when his chariot downward draws to bed,
His ball is with the same suffusion red.
DRYDEN.

The clouds dispell'd, the sky resumes her light,
And nature stood recover'd of her fright.
DRYDEN.

Five girdles bind the skies, the torrid zone
Glows with the passing and repassing sun.
DRYDEN.

Nature stands aghast;
And the fair light which gilds this new-made orb,
Shorn of his beams, shrinks in.
DRYDEN.

Sev'n times the sun has either tropic view'd,
The winter banish'd, and the spring renew'd.
DRYDEN.

You are not for obscurity design'd,
But, like the sun, must cheer all human kind.
DRYDEN.

Go forth at morning's birth,
When the glad sun, exulting in his might,
Comes from the dusky-curtain'd tents of night,
Shedding his gifts of beauty o'er the earth;
When sounds of busy life are on the air,
And man awakes to labor and to care,
Then hie thee forth: go out amid thy kind,
Thy daily tasks to do, thy harvest-sheaves to bind.
EMMA C. EMBURY: *Autumn Evening.*

Not with more glories in th' ethereal plain
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Reclining soft in blissful bow'rs
Purpled sweet with springing flow'rs.
FENTON.

The youth, transported, asks without delay
To guide the sun's bright chariot for a day.
GARTH.

The radiant sun
Sends from above ten thousand blessings down,
Nor is he set so high for show alone.
GRANVILLE.

The sun is still forever sounding
With brother spheres a rival song,
And on his destined journey bounding,
With thunder-step he speeds along.
The sight gives angels strength, though greater
Than angels' utmost thought sublime;
And all thy wondrous works, Creator,
Are grand as in creation's prime.
DR. F. H. HEDGE:
Trans. from the Angels' Song in Goethe's Faust.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.
HERRICK: *To the Virgins.*

I stood upon the hills when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brighten'd, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.
LONGFELLOW: *Sunrise on the Hills.*

Whether the sun, predominant in heav'n,
Rise on the earth, or earth rise on the sun;
He from the east his flaming road begin,
Or she from west her silent course advance
With inoffensive pace, that spinning sleeps
On her soft axle, while she paces ev'n
And bears thee soft with the smooth air along,
Solicit not thy thoughts.
MILTON.

Thou sun! of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
MILTON.

In his east the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day; and all th' horizon round,
Invested with bright rays.
MILTON.

O thou, that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice; and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in heav'n against heav'n's matchless King.
MILTON.

As when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations.
MILTON.

Then in the east her turn she shines,
Revolved on heav'n's great axis.
MILTON.

When the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walls of twilight groves.
MILTON.

The great luminary
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far.
MILTON.

In the fruitful earth
His beams, unactive else, their vigour find.
MILTON.

With one virtuous touch,
The arch-chemic sun, so far from us remote,
Produces, with terrestrial humour mix'd,
Here in the dark so many precious things,
Of colour glorious and effect so rare.
MILTON.

The setting sun
Slowly descended; and, with right aspect,
Against the eastern gate of Paradise
Levell'd his ev'ning rays.
MILTON.

And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream. MILTON.

The sun,
Declined, was hasting now with prone career
To th' ocean isles; and, in th' ascending scale
Of heav'n, the stars that usher evening rose.
MILTON.

Of light the greater part he took, and placed
In the sun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light; firm to retain
Her gather'd beams; great palace now of light.
MILTON.

They in numbers that compute
Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering lamp
Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam.
MILTON.

First the sun,
A mighty sphere! he framed, unlightsome first,
Though of ethereal mould.
MILTON.

What if the sun
Be centre to the world, and other stars,
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
MILTON.

Blest power of sunshine! genial day!
What balm, what life, are in thy ray!
To feel thee is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,
It were a world too exquisite
For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep cold shadow, of the tomb.
MOORE: *Lalla Rookh.*

Morning breaks! the kingly sun
Issueth forth, a glorious one!
Fount of gladness, nature's crown,
Now, at noon, or going down!

First and universal light,
Make my shadowy spirit bright!

Morning breathes! the sleeping flowers
Wake before her gentle powers,
And the dewy plants inhale
Blessings from the sunny gale:
Thou that breakest nature's rest,
Stir and animate my breast.

DR. ALEXANDER S. PATTERSON:
Morning Hymn.

Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day.

POPE.

When first the sun too pow'rful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays:
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

POPE.

Our old solemnities
From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise;
But, saved from death, our Argives yearly pay
These grateful honours to the god of day.

POPE.

Heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

POPE.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair;
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air.

POPE.

Heaven seems improved with a superior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day.

POPE.

Pale suns, unfelt at distance, roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play.

POPE.

The sacred sun, above the waters raised,
Through heaven's eternal brazen portals blazed,
And wide o'er earth diffused his cheering ray.

POPE.

Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun.

POPE.

Thus till the sun had travell'd half the skies,
Ambush'd we lie, and wait the bold emprise.

POPE.

The sun ne'er views th' uncomfortable seats
When radiant he advances or retreats.

POPE.

Falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd every shade.

POPE.

The setting sun now shone serenely bright.

POPE.

He now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm sunset of thy various day.

POPE.

From the middle of the world
The sun's prolific rays are hurl'd;
'Tis from that seat he darts those beams
Which quicken earth with genial flames.

PRIOR.

Reason our guide, what can she more reply
Than that the sun illuminates the sky;
Than that night rises from his absent ray,
And his returning lustre kindles day?

PRIOR.

Hail to the sun! from whose returning light
The cheerful soldier's arms new lustre take.

ROWE.

He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole.

SHAKSPEARE.

How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill!

SHAKSPEARE.

When the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates.

SHAKSPEARE.

The golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glist'ring coach.

SHAKSPEARE.

King Richard doth appear
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east.

SHAKSPEARE.

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows;
Nor shines the silver moon one-half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light.

SHAKSPEARE.

Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles.
SHAKSPEARE.

May never glorious sun reflect his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
SHAKSPEARE.

The glorious planet Sol,
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
Amidst the rest, whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil.
SHAKSPEARE.

As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer.
SHAKSPEARE.

The sun is in the heaven; and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton.
SHAKSPEARE.

Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
In this the heaven figures some event.
SHAKSPEARE.

The glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist,
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre, cloddy earth to glittering gold.
SHAKSPEARE.

The self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on both alike.
SHAKSPEARE.

The envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory and to stain the tract
Of his bright passage to the occident.
SHAKSPEARE.

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.
SHAKSPEARE.

When streaming from the eastern skies
The morning light salutes my eyes,
O Sun of righteousness Divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine:
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.
WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, JUN.: *Daily Duties.*

Day dawns, the twilight gleam dilates,
The sun comes forth, and, like a god,
Rides through rejoicing heaven.
SOUTHEY: *Thalaba.*

I marvel not, O sun! that unto thee
In adoration man should bow the knee
And pour the prayer of mingled awe and love;
For like a god thou art, and on thy way
Of glory sheddest, with benignant ray,
Beauty, and life, and joyance from above.
SOUTHEY.

Now fair Phœbus 'gan decline in haste
His weary wagon to the western vale.
SPENSER.

As the great lamp of day
Through diff'rent regions does his course pursue,
And leaves one world but to revive a new;
While, by a pleasing change, the queen of night
Relieves his lustre with a milder light.
STEPNEY.

Wherever I shine
I forward the grass and I ripen the vine.
SWIFT.

So the sun's heat, with different powers,
Ripens the grape, the liquor sours.
SWIFT.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay; and yet, His will be done.
But still I think it can't be long before I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.
TENNYSON: *New Year's Eve.*

See, how at once the bright effulgent sun,
Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
The short-lived twilight, and with ardent blaze
Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air:
He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
Issuing from out the portals of the morn,
The general breeze, to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
THOMSON: *Summer.*

But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain brow,
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad.
THOMSON.

There sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,
Inhaling healthful the descending sun.
THOMSON.

Attemper'd suns arise,
Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft through lucid clouds
A pleasing calm. THOMSON.

The sun
Shakes from his noonday throne the scattering clouds.
THOMSON.

At thy command the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds.
THOMSON.

The sun hath lost his rage: his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth
And vital lustre.
THOMSON.

The downward sun
Looks out effulgent, from amid the flash
Of broken clouds.
THOMSON.

Who, in the spring, from the new sun
Already has a fever got,
Too late begins those shafts to shun
Which Phœbus through his veins has shot.
WALLER.

One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine,
And light us deep into the Deity;
How boundless in magnificence and might!
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

SUPERSTITION.

Dark power! with shudd'ring, meek, submitted thought,
Be mine to read the visions old
Which thy awak'ning bards have told,
And, lest they meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true.
COLLINS: *Ode to Fear.*

Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in charnel-vaults and sepulchres,
Ling'ring and sitting by a new-made grave.
MILTON.

Of aëry tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
MILTON.

O nymph! who lov'st to float on the green wave
When Neptune sleeps beneath the moonlight hour,
Lull'd by the music's melancholy pow'r,
O nymph, arise from out thy pearly cave!

For Hesper beams amid the twilight shade,
And soon shall Cynthia tremble o'er the tide,
Gleam on these cliffs that bound the ocean's pride,
And lonely silence all the air pervade.

Then let thy tender voice at distance swell,
And steal along this solitary shore,
Sink on the breeze, till dying—heard no more—
Thou wak'st the sudden magic of thy shell.

While the long coast in echo sweet replies,
Thy soothing strains the pensive heart beguile,
And bid the vision of the future smile:
O nymph! from out thy pearly cave arise!
MRS. RADCLIFFE: *To a Sea-Nymph.*

There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
SHAKSPEARE.

SYMPATHY.

In the same beaten channel still have run
The blessed streams of human sympathy;
And though I know this ever hath been done,
The why and wherefore I could never see:
Why some such sorrow for their griefs have won,
And some, unpitied, bear their misery,
Are mysteries which thinking o'er and o'er
Has left me nothing wiser than before.
What bitter tears of agony have flow'd
O'er the sad pages of some old romance!
How Beauty's cheek beneath those drops has glow'd,
That dimm'd the sparkling lustre of her glance,
And on some love-sick maiden is bestow'd,
Or some rejected, hapless knight, perchance,
All her deep sympathies, until her moans
Stifle the nearer sound of living groans.
PHŒBE CARY: *Sympathy.*

No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,
No gem that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising sun that gilds the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows
Down virtue's manly cheek for others' woes.
DR. DARWIN.

But since the brain doth lodge the pow'rs of sense,
How makes it in the heart those passions spring?
The mutual love, the kind intelligence
'Twixt heart and brain, this sympathy doth bring.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Can kindness to desert like yours be strange?
Kindness by secret sympathy is tied;
For noble souls in nature are ally'd.
DRYDEN.

Diffusive of themselves, where'er they pass
They make that warmth in others they expect:
Their valour works like bodies on a glass,
And does its image on their men project.
DRYDEN.

Like the sweet melody which faintly lingers
Upon the wind-harp's strings at close of day,
When, gently touch'd by evening's dewy fingers,
It breathes a low and melancholy lay:

So the calm voice of sympathy meseemeth;
And while its magic spell is round me cast,
My spirit in its cloister'd silence dreameth,
And vaguely blends the future with the past.

But vain such dreams while pain my bosom thrilleth,
And mournful memories around me move;
E'en friendship's alchemy no balm distilleth,
To soothe th' immedicable wound of love.

Alas, alas! passion too soon exhaleth
The dewy freshness of the heart's young flowers;
We water them with tears, but naught availeth—
They wither on through all life's later hours.
EMMA C. EMBURY: *Sympathy.*

Oh! ask not, hope not thou too much
Of sympathy below;
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountain flow.
MRS. HEMANS.

But in disparity,
The one intense, the other still remiss,
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
Tedious alike.
MILTON.

My heart, which by a secret harmony
Still moves with thine, join'd in connection sweet.
MILTON.

Or sympathy, or some connat'ral force,
Pow'rful at greatest distance to unite,
With secret amity, things of like kind,
By secretest conveyance.
MILTON.

Long since with woe
Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load.
MILTON.

So perish all whose breasts ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.
POPE.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard before.
ROGERS: *Human Life.*

United by this sympathetic bond,
You grow familiar, intimate, and fond.
ROSCOMMON.

It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.
SIR W. SCOTT.

Let our finger ache, and it endues
Our other healthful members with a sense
Of pain.
SHAKSPEARE.

The thing of courage,
As roused with rage, with rage doth sympathize.
SHAKSPEARE.

Yet should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain,
How many a message would he send!
What hearty prayers that I should mend!
Enquire what regimen I kept,
What gave me ease, and how I slept?
SWIFT.

Oh! who the exquisite delights can tell,
The joy, which mutual confidence imparts?
Or who can paint the charm unspeakable
Which links in tender bands two faithful hearts?
MRS. TIGHE: *Psyche.*

TALES.

Oh, if there were one who loved me—
A kindly and gray-hair'd sire—
To sit and rehearse old stories
To-night by my cabin fire,

The winds as they chose might rattle
The boughs of the ancient trees:
In the tale of a stirring battle
My heart would forget all these.

Or if by the embers dying
We talk'd of the past the while,
I should see bright spirits flying
From the Pyramids and the Nile.

ALICE CARY: *Old Stories.*

A story in which native humour reigns
Is often useful, always entertains;
A graver fact, enlisted on your side,
May furnish illustration, well applied;
But sedentary weavers of long tales
Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.

COWPER.

Could you with patience hear, or I relate,
O nymph! the tedious annals of our fate,
Through such a train of woes if I should run,
The day would sooner than the tale be done!

DRYDEN.

But since you take such int'rest in our woe,
And Troy's disastrous end desire to know,
I will restrain my tears, and briefly tell
What in our last and fatal night befell.

DRYDEN.

He whose tale is best, and pleases most,
Should win his supper at our common cost.

DRYDEN.

Call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold.

MILTON.

Reduce, my muse, the wand'ring song:
A tale should never be too long.

PRIOR.

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say:
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the word that must be spoken.

SHAKSPEARE.

A mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words
That aged ears play truant at his tales.

SHAKSPEARE.

Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

SHAKSPEARE.

In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid.

SHAKSPEARE.

I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,
To th' very moment that he bade me tell it.

SHAKSPEARE.

The sweetest tales of human weal and sorrow,
The fairest trophies of the limner's fame,
To my fond fancy, Mary, seem to borrow
Celestial halos from thy gentle name:
The Grecian artist glean'd from many faces,
And in a perfect whole the parts combined:
So have I counted o'er dear woman's graces
To form the Mary of my ardent mind.

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN: *Mary.*

Sweet were the tales she used to tell
When summer's eve was dear to us,
And, fading from the darkening dell,
The glory of the sunset fell
On wooded Agamenticus,—
When, sitting by our cottage wall,
The murmur of the Saco's fall
And the south wind's expiring sighs
Came, softly blending on my ear
With the low tones I loved to hear:
Tales of the pure—the good—the wise—
The holy men and maids of old,
In all the sacred pages told.

WHITTIER: *Mogg Megone.*

TALK.

His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul,
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

ADDISON.

Then we talk'd—oh, how we talk'd! her voice,
so cadenced in the talking,
Made another singing—of the soul! a music
without bars—
While the leafy sounds of woodlands, humming
round where we were walking,
Brought interposition worthy—sweet,—as
skies about the stars.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING: *Courtship.*

When with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease,
And with its everlasting clack
Set all men's ears upon the rack.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
When he engaged in controversy,
Not by the force of carnal reason,
But indefatigable teasing;
With volleys of eternal babble,
And clamour more unanswerable.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Unless thou find occasion, hold thy tongue;
Thyself or others careless talk may wrong.
SIR J. DENHAM.

The time before the fire they sat,
And shorten'd the delay by pleasing chat.
DRYDEN.

She stammers; oh, what grace in lisping lies!
If she says nothing, to be sure she's wise.
DRYDEN.

My ears still ring with noise; I'm vext to death,
Tongue-kill'd; and have not yet recover'd breath.
DRYDEN.

He who would hear what ev'ry fool could say
Would never fix his thought, but trim his time away.
DRYDEN.

Who think too little, and who talk too much.
DRYDEN.

I never with important air
In conversation overbear;
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much must talk in vain.
GAY: *Fables.*

He said,
Or right, or wrong, what came into his head.
HORACE.

What delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues and be their talk,
Of whom to be despised were no small praise?
MILTON.

Be silent always when you doubt your sense,
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence.
POPE.

Snuff, or the fan, supplies each pause of chat;
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
POPE.

They never taste who always drink:
They always talk who never think.
PRIOR.

As I listen'd to thee,
The happy hours pass'd by us unperceived,
So was my soul fix'd to the soft enchantment.
ROWE.

It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme:
In company, I often glanced it:
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
SHAKSPEARE.

My lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out:
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift.
SHAKSPEARE.

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
SHAKSPEARE.

I speak too long; but 'tis to piece the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.
SHAKSPEARE.

Talkers are no good doers: be assured
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.
SHAKSPEARE.

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain.
SHAKSPEARE.

Fie, fie, how franticly I square my talk!
SHAKSPEARE.

The deep of night is crept upon our talk.
SHAKSPEARE.

He left nothing fitting for the purpose
Untouch'd, or slightly handled in discourse.
SHAKSPEARE.

How hard soe'er it be to bridle wit,
Yet memory oft no less requires the bit.
How many, hurried by its force away,
Forever in the land of gossips stray!

BENJ. STILLINGFLEET.

Sets of phrases, cut and dry,
Evermore thy tongue supply.

SWIFT.

She gives her tongue no moment's rest,
In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite.

SWIFT.

When nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal the mind.

YOUNG: *Love of Fame.*

TASTE.

What then is taste, but those internal powers
Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
For things deform'd or disarranged or gross
In species? This nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture, can bestow;
But God alone, when first his active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.

AKENSIDE: *Pleasures of Imagination.*

A taste which plenty does deprave,
Loathes lawful good, and lawless ill does crave.

DRYDEN.

Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From head to ears, and now from ears to eyes.

POPE.

Talk as you will of taste, my friend, you'll find
Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.

POPE: *Imitations.*

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to show how many tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
Some demon whisper'd, Visto has a taste.

POPE: *Moral Essays.*

TEARS.

Ask the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he loved
So often fills his arms, so often draws
His lonely footsteps, at the silent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?

Oh! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes,
With virtue's kindest looks, his aching heart,
And turns his tears to rapture.

AKENSIDE.

So bright a tear in beauty's eye,
Love half regrets to kiss it dry.

BYRON.

Happy places have grown holy:
  If ye went where once ye went,
Only tears would fall down slowly,
  As at solemn sacrament.
Merry books once read for pastime,
  If ye dared to read again,
Only memories of the last time
  Would swim darkly up the brain;
Household names, which used to flutter
  Through your laughter unawares,—
God's divinest ye could utter
  With less trembling in your prayers!

MRS. E. B. BROWNING: *Fourfold Aspect.*

Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
  More grief than ye can weep for. That is well—
  That is light grieving! lighter, none befell
Since Adam forfeited the primal lot.
Tears! what are tears? The babe weeps in its cot,
  The mother singing,—at her marriage-bell
  The bride weeps,—and before the oracle
Of high-faned hills, the poet has forgot
Such moisture on his cheeks. Thank God for grace,
  Ye who weep only! If, as some have done,
Ye grope tear-blinded in a desert place
  And touch but tombs,—look up! those tears will run
Soon in long rivers down the lifted face,
  And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING: *Tears.*

O! too convincing-dangerously dear
In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!
That weapon of her weakness she can wield,
To save, subdue,—at once her spear and shield.
Avoid it! virtue ebbs and wisdom errs,
Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers!
What lost a world, and made a hero fly?
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.

BYRON.

What gem hath dropp'd, and sparkles o'er his chain?
The tear most sacred shed for others' pain,
That starts at once—bright, pure—from pity's mine,
Already polish'd by the hand divine.
BYRON: *Corsair.*

For beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile.
CAMPBELL.

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which love and pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!
COLLINS: *Death of Thomson.*

These are not dew-drops; these are tears,
And tears by Sally shed
For absent Robin, who she fears,
With too much cause, is dead.

One morn he came not to her hand,
As he was wont to come,
And, on her finger perch'd, to stand
Picking his breakfast-crumb.

Alarm'd she call'd him, and perplext
She sought him, but in vain:
That day he came not, nor the next,—
Nor ever came again.
COWPER: *Epitaph on a Redbreast.*

Eyes are vocal, tears have tongues,
And there be words not made with lungs;
Sententious showers! O let them fall!
Their cadence is rhetorical.
CRASHAW.

No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,
No gem that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising sun that gilds the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows
Down virtue's manly cheek for others' woes.
DR. DARWIN.

Some pause and respite only I require,
Till with my tears I shall have quench'd my fire.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Tears, for a stroke foreseen, afford relief;
But unprovided for a sudden blow,
Like Niobe we marble grow,
And petrify with grief. DRYDEN.

Pardon my tears, 'tis joy which bids them flow.
DRYDEN.

I'll hoard up ev'ry moment of my life,
To lengthen out the payment of my tears.
DRYDEN.

I would cry now, my eyes grow womanish;
But yet my heart holds out.
DRYDEN.

What precious drops are those
Which silently each other's track pursue,
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew!
DRYDEN: *Conquest of Granada.*

His dauntless heart would fain have held
From weeping, but his eyes rebell'd.
DRYDEN.

His woes broke out, and begg'd relief
With tears, the dumb petitioners of grief.
DRYDEN.

The kind oblation of a falling tear.
DRYDEN.

While his falling tears the stream supplied,
Thus mourning to his mother goddess cried.
DRYDEN.

Laughter is easy; but the wonder lies,
What store of brine supplied the weeper's eyes.
DRYDEN.

Not all her od'rous tears can cleanse her crime:
The plant alone deforms the happy clime.
DRYDEN.

Spare my sight the pain
Of seeing what a world of tears it costs you.
DRYDEN.

Why mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears?
DRYDEN.

Oh! what a timid watch young Love was keeping
When thou wert fashion'd in such gentle guise!
How was thy nature nursed with secret sighs!
What bitter tears thy mother's heart were steeping!
Within the crystal depth of thy blue eyes
A world of troubled tenderness lies sleeping,
And on thy full and glowing lip there lies
A shadow that portends thee future weeping.
EMMA C. EMBURY:
Two Portraits from Life.

To see the tears
Force through her snowy lids their melting course,
To lodge themselves on her red murm'ring lips,
That talk such mournful things; when straight a gale
Of starting sighs carry those pearls away,
As dews by winds are wafted from the flow'rs.
LEE.

The tear which thou upbraidest,
Thy falsehood taught to flow;
The misery which thou madest,
Thy cheek hath blighted so:
The charms, alas! that won me,
I never can forget:
Although thou hast undone me,
I own I love thee yet.
WILLIAM LEGGETT: *Song.*

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
HENRY FRANCIS LYTE: *Eventide.*

Denied her sight, he often crept
Beneath the hawthorn shade,
To mark the spot in which she wept—
In which she wept and pray'd.
MALLET.

She silently a gentle tear let fall.
MILTON.

Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wiped them soon.
MILTON.

Two other precious drops, that ready stood
Each in their crystal sluice, he, ere they fell,
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse,
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.
MILTON.

She weeps, and words address'd seem tears dissolved,
Wetting the borders of her silken veil.
MILTON.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.
JAMES MONTGOMERY: *Prayer.*

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt may know!
MOORE: *Lalla Rookh.*

Come, chase that starting tear away
Ere mine to meet it springs;
To-night, at least to-night be gay,
Whate'er to-morrow brings.
Like sunset gleams, that linger late
When all is dark'ning fast,
Are hours like those we snatch from hate,—
The brightest and the last.
Then chase that starting tear, etc.
MOORE: *Come, Chase that Starting Tear away.*

O Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If when deceived and wounded here
We could not fly to thee!

The friends who in our sunshine live
When winter comes are flown;
And he who has but tears to give
Must weep those tears alone.
MOORE: *God the Only Comforter.*

How often in the hour
Of weariness would I have succour'd thee!
But thou didst spurn the power,
And scorn the heart that loved so tenderly.

Oh, what on earth appears
To comfort thy distress and heal thy grief,
To dry thy bitter tears,
And offer thy poor sinking soul relief?
MRS. ELIZA FANNY MORRIS:
The Father's Voice.

The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears.
POPE.

Muse! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed;
Those tears eternal that embalm the dead.
POPE.

Desires composed, affections ever ev'n,
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.
POPE.

Take these tears, mortality's relief,
And, till we share your joys, forgive our grief.
POPE.

But why, ah, tell me, ah too dear!
Steals down my cheek th' involuntary tear?
POPE.

Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe.
POPE.

Patient permit the sadly-pleasing strain:
Familiar now with grief, your tears refrain.
POPE.

Before her face her handkerchief she spread,
To hide the flood of tears she did not shed.
POPE.

Oh name forever sad, forever dear!
Still breathed in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
POPE.

A melancholy tear affects my eye;
And my heart labours with a sudden sigh.
PRIOR.

That eye dropp'd sense distinct and clear
As any muse's tongue could speak;
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.
PRIOR.

The gods shall to his vot'ries tell
Each conscious tear, each blushing grace
That deck'd dear Eloisa's face.
PRIOR.

By his distortions he reveals his pains;
He by his tears and by his sighs complains.
PRIOR.

Happy they who reach that place,—
In those regions find their home;
Tears are wiped from every face;
Toil and danger never come.
They no pain nor sorrow know,
Ransom'd from this world of woe.

To that festival on high,
To that banquet of the skies,
To that glorious company,
May we all at length arise;
Mingle with the joyful throng,
Join the everlasting song.
DR. THOMAS RAFFLES: *Marriage.*

Oh that the chemist's magic art
Could crystallize this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell—
The spring of Sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light,
In thee the rays of Virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
Who ever fliest to bring relief
When first we feel the rude control
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age;
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.
SAMUEL ROGERS: *On a Tear.*

Her tears her only eloquence.
ROGERS: *Jacqueline.*

With a shriek heart-wounding loud she cried,
While down her cheeks the gushing torrents ran,
Fast falling on her hands.
ROWE.

She never sees the sun but through her tears,
And wakes to sigh the livelong nights away.
ROWE: *Jane Shore.*

My cheeks are gutter'd with my fretting tears.
SANDYS.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.
SCOTT: *Lady of the Lake.*

Till the tears she shed
Like envious floods o'errun her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world.
SHAKSPEARE.

Shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
SHAKSPEARE.

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.
SHAKSPEARE.

I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
SHAKSPEARE.

But for my tears,
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke.
SHAKSPEARE.

Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity.
SHAKSPEARE.

I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.
SHAKSPEARE.

Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy,
Constrains them weep.
SHAKSPEARE.

One whose eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum.
SHAKSPEARE.

Her sighs will make a batt'ry in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart.
SHAKSPEARE.

Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew.
SHAKSPEARE.

Let us seek some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
SHAKSPEARE.

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,—
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
SHAKSPEARE.

This distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eyes.
SHAKSPEARE.

Let me wipe off this honourable dew
That silverly doth progress on my cheeks.
SHAKSPEARE.

Can you behold
My tears, and not once relent?
SHAKSPEARE.

Tears had dimm'd the lustre of her starry eyes.
SHAKSPEARE.

And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift!
SHAKSPEARE.

The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan with interest,
Oftentimes double gain of happiness.
SHAKSPEARE.

Like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine.
SHAKSPEARE.

Then, fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.
SHAKSPEARE.

Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit.
SHAKSPEARE.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Shamed their aspects with store of childish drops.
SHAKSPEARE.

So came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes.
SHAKSPEARE.

This napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
SHAKSPEARE.

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek.
SHAKSPEARE.

Touch me with noble anger!
O let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks.
SHAKSPEARE.

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodged here which burns
Worse than tears drown.
SHAKSPEARE.

My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This show'r, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heav'n
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.
SHAKSPEARE.

A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears;
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd.
SHAKSPEARE.

Neither deep groans nor silver-shedding tears
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire.
SHAKSPEARE.

Heav'n's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless coursers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.
SHAKSPEARE.

Heav'n, that knows
The weakness of our natures, will forgive,
Nay, must applaud, love's debt, when decent paid;
Nor can the bravest mortal blame the tear
Which glitters on the bier of fallen worth.
SHIRLEY: *Parricide.*

Oh for the robes of whiteness!
Oh for the tearless eyes!
Oh for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies!

Oh for the no more weeping
Within the land of love,
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above!
CHARITIE LEES SMITH:
Heavenly Anticipations.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.
SMOLLETT: *Tears of Scotland.*

Your tears, a heart of flint
Might tender make.
SPENSER.

Now forced to overflow with brackish tears,
The troublous noise did dull their dainty ears.
SPENSER.

Her heart did melt in great compassion,
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.
SPENSER.

No briny tear has furrow'd her smooth cheek.
SIR J. SUCKLING.

Endless tears flow down in streams.
SWIFT.

Her cheeks, on which this streaming nectar fell,
Still'd through the limbec of her diamond eyes.
TASSO, *by* FAIRFAX.

My guiltless blood must quench the ceaseless fire
On which my endless tears were bootless spent.
TASSO, *by* FAIRFAX.

Where none attends, what boots it to complain?
Men's froward hearts are moved with women's tears,
As marble stones are pierced with drops of rain:
No plaints find passage through unwilling ears.
TASSO, *by* FAIRFAX.

Tears, idle tears,—I know not what they mean,—
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.
TENNYSON: *The Princess.*

As through the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,—
O, we fell out, I know not why,—
And kiss'd again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave—
O, there above the little grave—
We kiss'd again with tears.
TENNYSON: *The Princess.*

Come not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save.
There let the wind sweep and the plover cry;
But thou, go by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime
I care no longer, being all unblest;
Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of Time,
And I desire to rest.
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie:
Go by, go by.
TENNYSON:
"*Come Not when I am Dead.*"

Tears of the widower, when he sees
A late-lost form that sleep reveals,
And moves his doubtful arm, and feels
Her place is empty, fall like these,

Which weep a loss forever new,
A void where heart on heart reposed,
And where warm hands have press'd and closed
Silence, till I be silent too.

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam.*

The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the opening flowers;
Or when she thought
Of what her faithless fortune promised once,
They, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears.

THOMSON.

How came her eyes so bright? not with salt tears?
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.

WALLER.

To this great loss a sea of tears is due;
But the whole debt not to be paid by you.

WALLER.

Madam, persuade me tears are good
To wash our mortal cares away,—
These eyes shall weep a sudden flood,
And stream into a briny sea.

Or if these orbs are hard and dry
(These orbs that never use to rain),
Some star direct me where to buy
One sov'reign drop for all my pain.

Were both the golden Indies mine,
I'd give both Indies for a tear:
I'd barter all but what's divine:
Nor shall I think the bargain dear.

But tears, alas! are trifling things;
They rather feed than heal our woe;
From trickling eyes new sorrow springs,
As weeds in rainy seasons grow.

DR. ISAAC WATTS: *Against Tears.*

TEMPTATION.

The billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call,—
My fears are great, my strength is small.

O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guard and guide me through the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill;
Control the waves; say, "Peace! be still."

Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

COWPER: *Temptation.*

So fatal 'twas to seek temptation out!
Most confidence has still most cause to doubt.

DRYDEN.

'Tis wisdom to beware,
And better shun the bait than struggle in the snare.

DRYDEN.

Th' encroaching ill you early should oppose:
Flatter'd, 'tis worse, and by indulgence grows.

DRYDEN.

To shun th' allurement is not hard
To minds resolved, forewarn'd, and well prepared;
But wondrous difficult, when once beset,
To struggle through the straits, and break th' involving net.

DRYDEN.

So tempt they him, and emulously vie
To bribe a voice that empires would not buy.

GRANVILLE.

Though temptations round thy path
Lift their serpent-heads in wrath,—
Though the heavy tear-drops start,
Whilst the cloud is on thy heart,—
Though thy hope sends not a glance
From his hidden countenance,—
Jesus can thy trials see:
He was tempted once like thee.

MARY ANNE GRAY: *Looking unto Jesus.*

I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE: *Eventide.*

Ah! there the wild tempest forever shall cease,
No billow shall ruffle that haven of peace:
Temptation and trouble alike shall depart,—
All tears from the eye, and all sin from the heart.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE:
Saint's Aspirations.

Evil into the mind
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
No spot or blame behind.

MILTON.

Stand fast; and all temptation to transgress repel.

MILTON.

Secure of outward force, within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his pow'r:
Against his will he can receive no harm.

MILTON.

With manlier objects we must try
His constancy, with such as have more show
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise:
Rocks whereon greatest men have often wreck'd.

MILTON.

A grove hard by sprung up with this their change,
(His will, who reigns above!) to aggravate
Their penance; laden with fruit, like that
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve,
Used by the tempter.

MILTON.

He, glad
Of her attention, gain'd with serpent tongue,
His fraudulent temptation thus began.

MILTON.

I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
Who, with a grain of manhood well resolved,
Might easily have shook off all her snares.

MILTON.

What is faith, love, virtue, unassay'd,
Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?

MILTON.

If you're idle, you're destroy'd;
All his force on you he tries:
Be but watchful and employ'd,
Soon the baffled tempter flies.

MOTTEUX.

Nor be with all these tempting words abused;
Those tempting words were all to Sappho used.

POPE.

The devil was piqued such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him.

POPE.

Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue.

SHAKSPEARE.

The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles to betray us
In deepest consequence.

SHAKSPEARE.

When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heav'nly shows.

SHAKSPEARE.

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts not, they tempt heav'n.

SHAKSPEARE.

For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.

SHAKSPEARE.

Thou temptest me in vain
To tempt the thing which daily yet I rue,
And the old cause of my continued pain
With like attempts to like end to renew.

SPENSER.

Plead, when the tempter's art
To each fond hope of mine
Denies this faithless heart
Can e'er be thine.
If slander whisper, too,
The sin I never knew,
Thou who wouldst urge the true,
Plead thou my cause.

SAMUEL MILLER WARING:
Plead Thou My Cause.

Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

CHARLES WESLEY: *In Temptation.*

THOUGHT.

Who can mistake great thoughts?
They seize upon the mind; arrest, and search,
And shake it; bow the tall soul as by wind;
Rush over it like rivers over reeds,
Which quaver in the current; turn us cold,

And pale, and voiceless; leaving in the brain
A rocking and a ringing,—glorious,
But momentary; madness might it last,
And close the soul with Heaven as with a seal.
PHILIP JAMES BAILEY: *Great Thoughts.*

Thought, to the man that never thinks, may seem
As natural as when asleep to dream;
But reveries (for human minds will act),
Specious in show, impossible in fact,
Those flimsy webs that break as soon as wrought,
Attain not to the dignity of thought;
Nor yet the swarms that occupy the brain
Where dreams of dress, intrigue, and pleasure reign.
COWPER: *Retirement.*

I scarcely understand my own intent,
But, silk-worm like, so long within have wrought,
That I am lost in my own web of thought.
DRYDEN.

So truly, faithfully, my heart is thine,
Dear Thought! that when I am debarr'd from thee
By the vain tumult of vain company,
And when it seems to be the fix'd design
Of heedless hearts, who never can incline
Themselves to seek thy rich though hidden charms,
To keep me daily from thy outstretch'd arms,—
My soul sinks faint within me, and I pine
As lover pines when from his love apart,
Who, after having been long loved, long sought,
At length has given to his persuasive art
Her generous soul with hope and fear full fraught:
For thou'rt the honor'd mistress of my heart,
Pure, quiet, bountiful, beloved Thought.
CAROLINE MAY: *Thought.*

Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought.
POPE.

Search for some thoughts, thy own suggesting mind,
And others, dictated by heav'nly pow'r,
Shall rise spontaneous.
POPE.

One only couplet, fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought.
POPE.

Various discussions tear our heated brain:
Opinions often turn, still doubts remain;
And who indulges thought, increases pain.
PRIOR.

In the remotest wood and lonely grot,
Certain to meet that worst of evils, thought.
PRIOR.

And cards are dealt, and chessboards brought,
To ease the pain of coward thought.
PRIOR.

Thus with imagined wings our swift scene flies,
In motion with no less celerity
Than that of thought.
SHAKSPEARE.

Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroach?
Good sense will stagnate. Thoughts, shut up, want air,
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.
YOUNG.

Thought in the mind may come forth gold or dross;
When coin'd in words, we know its real worth.
YOUNG.

Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon;
And put good works on board; and wait the wind
That shortly blows us into worlds unknown.
YOUNG.

THUNDER.

See where it smokes along the sounding plain,
Blown all aslant, a driving dashing rain;
Peal upon peal, redoubling all around,
Shakes it again and faster to the ground;
Now flashing wide, now glancing as in play,
Swift beyond thought the lightnings dart away:
Ere yet it came, the traveller urged his steed,
And hurried, but with unsuccessful speed;
Now drench'd throughout, and hopeless of his case,
He drops the rein, and leaves him to his pace.
COWPER: *Truth.*

For weeks the clouds had raked the hills
And vex'd the vales with raining,
And all the woods were sad with mist,
And all the brooks complaining.

At last a sudden night-storm tore
  The mountain-veils asunder,
And swept the valleys clean before
  The besom of the thunder.

WHITTIER.

TIME.

What does not fade? The tower that long had
    stood
The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base,
And flinty pyramids and walls of brass
Descend.

DR. JOHN ARMSTRONG:
Wrecks and Mutations of Time.

Still thinking I had little time to live,
My fervent heart to win men's souls did strive;
I preach'd as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men!

RICHARD BAXTER:
True and False Preachers.

Time flows from instants, and of these each one
Should be esteem'd as if it were alone:
The shortest space, which we so highly prize
When it is coming, and before our eyes,
Let it but slide into th' eternal main,
No realms, no worlds, can purchase it again:
Remembrance only makes the footsteps last,
When winged time, which fix'd the prints, is past.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

Why slander we the times?
    What crimes
Have days and years, that we
Thus charge them with iniquity?
  If we would rightly scan,
It's not the times are bad, but man.

If thy desire it be
    To see
The times prove good, be thou
But such thyself, and surely know
  That all thy days to thee
Shall, spite of mischief, happy be.

DR. JOSEPH BEAUMONT: *Original Poems.*

Time! thou destroyest the relics of the past,
  And hidest all the footprints of thy march
  On shatter'd column and on crumbled arch,
By moss and ivy growing green and fast.
Hurl'd into fragments by the tempest blast,
  The Rhodian monster lies; the obelisk,
  That with sharp line divided the broad disc
Of Egypt's sun, down to the sands was cast;
And where these stood, no remnant trophy
    stands;
  And even the art is lost by which they rose:
Thus, with the monuments of other lands,
  The place that knew them now no longer
    knows.
Yet triumph not, O Time; strong towers decay,
But a great name shall never pass away!

PARK BENJAMIN: *A Great Name.*

O Time, who know'st a lenient hand to lay
  Softest on sorrow's wounds, and slowly
    thence
  (Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealest unperceived away:
On thee I rest my only hopes at last,
  And think, when thou hast dried the bitter
    tear
  That flows in vain o'er all my hope holds
    dear,
I may look back on many a sorrow past,
And greet life's peaceful evening with a smile:
  As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
  Sings in the sunshine of the transient shower,
Forgetful though its wings be wet the while.
But, ah! what ills must that poor heart endure
Who hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure?

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES: *To Time.*

O Time! the fatal wrack of mortal things,
That draws oblivion's curtains over kings:
Their sumptuous monuments, men know them
    not;
Their names without a Record are forgot.
Their parts, their posts, their pomps, all laid in
    th' dust,
Nor wit, nor gold, nor buildings 'scape Time's
    rust:
But he whose name is graved in the white stone
Shall last and shine when all of these are gone.

ANNE BRADSTREET: *Contemplations.*

Time! Time! in thy triumphal flight
  How all life's phantoms fleet away;
The smile of hope, and young delight,
  Fame's meteor beam, and Fancy's ray:
They fade; and on the heaving tide,
  Rolling its stormy waves afar,
Are borne the wreck of human pride,
  The broken wreck of Fortune's war.

There, in disorder dark and wild,
  Are seen the fabrics once so high,

Which mortal vanity had piled
As emblems of eternity,
And deem'd the stately piles, whose forms
Frown'd in their majesty sublime,
Would stand unshaken by the storms
That gather'd round the brow of Time.
JAMES GORDON BROOKS:
To the Dying Year.

The beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin, comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled,—
Time! the corrector when our judgments err,
The test of truth, love; sole philosopher;
For all beside are sophists.
BYRON.

Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?
It doth; but actions are our epochs: mine
Have made my days and nights imperishable,
Endless and all alike.
BYRON: *Manfred.*

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently,—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are We,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost,—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things:
Humble voyagers are We
O'er life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime:
Touch us gently, gentle Time!
BARRY CORNWALL (BRYAN W. PROCTER).

Oh, if venerable time
Slain at the foot of pleasure be no crime,
Then, with his silver beard and magic wand,
Let Comus rise Archbishop of the land;
Let him your rubric and your feasts prescribe,
Grand metropolitan of all the tribe.
COWPER: *Progress of Error.*

The lapse of time and rivers is the same;
Both speed their journey with a restless stream;
The silent pace with which they steal away,
No wealth can bribe, no prayers persuade to stay;
Alike irrevocable both when past,
And a wide ocean swallows both at last.

Though each resemble each in every part,
A difference strikes at length the musing heart:
Streams never flow in vain; where streams abound,
How laughs the land, with various plenty crown'd!
But time, that should enrich the nobler mind,
Neglected, leaves a dreary waste behind.
COWPER: *A Comparison.*

No, no; unsparing Time will proudly send
A warrant unto Wrath, that with one frown
Will all these mockeries of vain-glory rend,
And make them (as before) ungraced, unknown:
Poor idle honours, that can ill defend
Your memories, that cannot keep their own!
DANIEL: *Musophilus.*

We, that measure time by first and last,
The sight of things successively do take;
When God on all at once his view doth cast,
And of all times doth but one instant make.
SIR J. DAVIES.

But old god Saturn, which doth all devour,
Doth cherish her, and still augments her might.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Time glides with undiscover'd haste;
The future but a length behind the past.
DRYDEN.

And now time's whiter series is begun,
Which in soft centuries shall smoothly run.
DRYDEN.

She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,
And seems to have renew'd her charter's date,
Which heav'n will to the death of time allow.
DRYDEN.

Time seems not now beneath his years to stoop,
Nor do his wings with sickly feathers droop.
DRYDEN.

Time is lost, which never will renew,
While we too far the pleasing path pursue,
Surveying nature.
DRYDEN.

Then down the precipice of time it goes,
And sinks in minutes which in ages rose.
DRYDEN.

For sepulchres themselves must crumbling fall
In time's abyss, the common grave of all.
DRYDEN.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.
GRAY: *Elegy.*

Time! where didst thou those years inter
Which I have seene decease?
My soule's at war, and truth bids her
Finde out their hidden sepulcher,
To give her troubles peace.
W. HABINGTON.

Poor Banckrout conscience! where are those
Rich houres but farm'd to thee?
How carelessly I some did lose,
And others to my lust dispose,
As no rent-day should be!
W. HABINGTON.

The present point of time is all thou hast:
The future doubtful, and the former past.
HARTE.

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may;
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.
HERRICK: *To the Virgins.*

Wait thou for Time: the slow-unfolding flower
Chides man's impatient haste with long delay;
The harvest ripening in the autumnal sun,
The golden fruit of Suffering's weighty power,
Within the soul like soft bells' silvery chime
Repeat the tones: if fame may not be won,
Or if the heart where thou shouldst find a shrine
Breathe forth no blessing on thy lonely way,—

Wait thou for Time: it hath a sorcerer's power
To dim life's mockeries that gayly shine,
To lift the veil of seeming from the real,
Bring to thy soul a rich or fearful dower,
Write golden tracery on the sands of life,
And raise the drooping heart from scenes ideal
To a high purpose in the world of strife:
Wait thou for Time!
LUCY HOOPER: "*Time, Faith, Energy.*"

Years, following years, steal something every day;
At last they steal us from ourselves away.
HORACE.

The vicious count their years; virtuous, their acts.
DR. S. JOHNSON.

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe—
"Forever!—never!
Never!—forever!"
LONGFELLOW: *Old Clock on the Stairs.*

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.
H. W. LONGFELLOW: *Psalm of Life.*

Time, the prime minister of death,
There's naught can bribe his honest will;
He stops the richest tyrant's breath,
And lays his mischief still.
MARVELL.

With what a leaden and retarding weight
Does expectation load the wing of time!
MASON: *Alfrida.*

Fly, envious time,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace.
MILTON.

Time, though in eternity, applied
To motion, measures all things durable
By present, past, and future.
MILTON.

Time's wing but seem'd, in stealing o'er,
To leave her lovelier than before.
MOORE.

Old Time, who changes all below,
To wean men gently for the grave,
Hath brought us no increase of woe,
And leaves us all he ever gave:
For I am still a helpless thing,
Whose darken'd world is cheer'd by thee—
And thou art she whose beauty's spring
The blind man vainly yearn'd to see!
MRS. NORTON:
The Blind Man to his Bride.

E'en times are in perpetual flux, and run
Like rivers from their fountains, rolling on:
For time, no more than streams, is at a stay;
The flying hour is ever on her way;
And as the fountains still supply their store,
The wave behind impels the wave before;
Thus in successive course the minutes run,
And urge their predecessor minutes on,

Still moving ever new: for former things
Are laid aside, like abdicated kings;
And every moment alters what is done,
And innovates some act till then unknown.
OVID.

I no more complain:
Time, health, and fortune are not lost in vain.
POPE.

Ev'n a romance, a tune, a rhyme,
Help thee to pass the tedious time,
Which else would on thy hand remain;
Though flown, it ne'er looks back again.
PRIOR.

Linger, O gentle Time,
Linger, O radiant grace of bright to-day!
Let not the hours' chime
Call thee away,
But linger near me still with fond delay.

Linger, for thou art mine!
What dearer treasures can the future hold?
What sweeter flowers than thine
Can she unfold?
What secrets tell my heart thou hast not told?
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER:
Linger, O Gentle Time.

Now Time has fled—the world is strange,
Something there is of pain and change;
My books lie closed upon my shelf:
I miss the old heart in myself.

I miss the sunbeams in my room—
It was not always wrapp'd in gloom:
I miss my dreams—they fade so fast,
Or flit into some trivial past.
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *A Student.*

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
On a world of fear!
See how Time, avenging,
Bringeth judgment here:
Weaving ill-won honours
To a fiery crown;
Bidding hard hearts perish;
Casting proud hearts down.

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
On the hours' slow flight!
See how Time, rewarding,
Gilds good deeds with light;
Pays with kingly measure;
Brings earth's dearest prize;
Or, crown'd with rays diviner,
Bids the end arise!
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *Shining Stars.*

"Linger," I cried, "O radiant Time! thy power
Has nothing more to give; life is complete:
Let but the perfect Present, hour by hour,
Itself remember and itself repeat.

"And love,—the future can but mar its splendour,
Change can but dim the glory of its youth;
Time has no star more faithful or more tender
To crown its constancy or light its truth."

But Time pass'd on, in spite of prayer or pleading,
Through storm and peril; but that life might gain
A Peace through strife all other peace exceeding,
Fresh joy from sorrow, and new hope from pain.
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *Past and Present.*

I wept that all must die:
"Yet Love," I cried, "doth live, and conquer death"—
And Time pass'd by,
And breathed on Love, and kill'd it with his breath,
Ere death was nigh.

More bitter far than all
It was to know that Love could change and die!
Hush! for the ages call,
"The love of God lives through eternity,
And conquers all!"
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *Triumph of Time.*

Even such is time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!
SIR W. RALEIGH.

Time sensibly all things impairs;
Our fathers have been worse than theirs,
And we than ours; next age will see
A race more profligate than we,
With all the pains we take, have skill enough to be.
ROSCOMMON.

The greatest schemes that human wit can forge,
Or bold ambition dares to put in practice,
Depend upon our husbanding a moment.
ROWE.

Why sitt'st thou by that ruin'd hall,
Thou aged carle so stern and gray?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it pass'd away?

"Know'st thou not me?" the Deep Voice cried,
"So long enjoy'd, so oft misused—
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused?
Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away,
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

"Redeem mine hours—the space is brief
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief
When Time and thou shalt part forever."

SIR WALTER SCOTT: *The Antiquary.*

Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand,
But with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And Farewell goes out sighing.

SHAKSPEARE.

The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile.

SHAKSPEARE.

Meeting with Time, Slack thing, said I,
Thy scythe is dull; whet it for shame.

SHAKSPEARE.

Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time.

SHAKSPEARE.

Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them.

SHAKSPEARE.

Come what come may,
Time and the hour run through the roughest day.

SHAKSPEARE.

The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

SHAKSPEARE.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phœnix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleets,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

SHAKSPEARE: *Sonnet XIX.*

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;
And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

SHAKSPEARE: *Sonnet LXIII.*

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometimes lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store:
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

SHAKSPEARE: *Sonnet LXIV.*

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.

Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;
And rather make them born to our desire,
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past;
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste:
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.
SHAKSPEARE: *Sonnet CXXIII.*

Shun delays, they breed remorse;
Take thy time while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force,
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought;
Linger'd labours come to naught.

Time wears all his locks before;
Take thy hold upon his forehead;
When he flies, he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked.
Works adjourn'd have many stays;
Long demurs breed new delays.
SOUTHWELL: *Loss in Delay.*

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower:
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
No endless night, yet not eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay:
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.
SOUTHWELL: *Times Go by Turns.*

Too late I stay'd—forgive the crime:
Unheeded flew the hours:
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
That only treads on flowers!
HON. W. R. SPENCER.

How swiftly pass a thousand years!
And chivalry and faith are strong;
And through devotion's humble tears
Is seen high help for earthly wrong:
Fair gleams the cross with mystic light
Beneath an arch of woven gloom,
The burgher's pledge of civil right,
The sign that marks the monarch's tomb.

How swift the years! how great the chain
That drags along our slight to-day!
Before that sound returns again,
The present will have stream'd away,
And all our world of busy strength
Will dwell in calmer halls of time,
And then with joy will own at length,
Its course is fix'd, its end sublime.
JOHN STERLING: *The Ages.*

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm, and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep, and a surge sublime,
As it blends in the ocean of years!
B. F. TAYLOR.

Come, Time, and teach me many years
I do not suffer in a dream;
For now so strange do these things seem,
Mine eyes have leisure for their tears.
TENNYSON: *In Memoriam.*

Their only labour was to kill the time;
And labour dire it was, and weary woe:
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme;
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering steps and slow:
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclined,
And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in the wind.
THOMSON: *Castle of Indolence.*

Yes, gentle Time, thy gradual, healing hand
Hath stolen from sorrow's grasp the envenom'd dart;
Submitting to thy skill, my passive heart
Feels that no grief can thy soft power withstand.
MRS. TIGHE.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.
WALLER.

Our time consumes like smoke, and posts away;
Nor can we treasure up a month or day:
The sand within the transitory glass
Doth haste, and so our silent minutes pass.
R. WATKYNS.

Desire not to live long, but to live well;
How long we live, not years, but actions, tell.
R. WATKYNS.

Thus while I wondering pause o'er Shakspeare's page,
I mark in visions of delight the sage,
High o'er the wrecks of man, who stand sublime,
A column in the melancholy waste
(Its cities humbled, and its glories past),
Majestic 'mid the solitude of time.

WOLCOTT: *To my Candle.*

Naught treads so silent as the foot of time:
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime.

YOUNG.

While I a moment name, a moment's past;
I'm nearer death in this verse than the last.
What then is to be done? Be wise with speed:
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

YOUNG.

Each moment has its sickle, emulous
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes empires from the root: each moment plies
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

YOUNG.

Time wasted is existence, used is life.

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep decrepit with his age;
Behold him when past by: what then is seen,
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all mankind in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast, cry out on his career.

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor:
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment but in purchase of its worth;
And what it's worth, ask death-beds: they can tell!

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

O Time! than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead to fools, and fools reputed wise.
What moment granted man without account?
What years are squander'd, wisdom's debt unpaid!
Our wealth in days all due to that discharge.

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

TO-MORROW.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom;
That is not ours which is to come.
The present moment's all our store:
The next should heaven allow,
Then this will be no more:
So all our life is but one instant now.

CONGREVE.

To-day is ours: why do we fear?
To-day is ours: we have it here:
Let's banish bus'ness, banish sorrow:
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

COWLEY.

Our yesterday's to-morrow now is gone,
And still a new to-morrow does come on.
We by to-morrows draw out all our store,
Till the exhausted well can yield no more.

COWLEY.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry:
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far-fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say:
To-day itself's too late; the wise lived yesterday.

MARTIAL.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty space from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.

SHAKSPEARE.

In human hearts what bolder thoughts can rise
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world:
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none; and yet on this "perhaps,"
This "peradventure," infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountain hopes.

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

TRANSLATION.

This selected piece, which you translate,
Foretells your studies may communicate,
From darker dialect of a strange land,
Wisdom that here th' unlearn'd shall understand.

SIR W. DAVENANT.

A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make translations and translators too.
SIR J. DENHAM.

They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame;
Fording his current, where thou find'st it low,
Let'st in thine own to make it rise and flow.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Nor ought a genius less than his that writ,
Attempt translation; for transplanted wit
All the defects of air and soil doth share,
And colder brains like colder climates are.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Were it meant that in despite
Of art and nature such dull clods should write,
Bavius and Mævius had been saved by fate
For Settle and for Shadwell to translate.
DUKE.

The genuine sense, intelligibly told,
Shows a translator both discreet and bold.
ROSCOMMON.

Nor word for word too faithfully translate.
ROSCOMMON.

How shall our author hope a gentle fate
Who dares most impudently not translate?
It had been civil, in these ticklish times,
To fetch his fools and knaves from foreign climes.
SWIFT.

TRAVEL.

At the approach of night,
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn.
ADDISON.

While I this unexampled task essay,
Pass awful gulfs, and beat my painful way,
Celestial dove! divine assistance bring.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Though long the wanderer may depart,
And far his footsteps roam,
He clasps the closer to his heart
The image of his home.
To that loved land, where'er he goes,
His tenderest thoughts are cast,
And dearer still, through absence, grows
The memory of the past.
JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS.

I can't but say it is an awkward sight
To see one's native land receding through
The growing waters: it unmans one quite,—
Especially when life is rather new.
BYRON.

Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
And marvel men should quit their easy-chair,
The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,
Oh, there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life, that bloated ease can never hope to share.
BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

Beneath each lamp that through the lattice gleams,
Their fancy paints the friends that trim the beams.
Oh, who can sanctify the joys of home
Like hope's gay glance from ocean's troubled foam?
BYRON: *Corsair.*

Returning, he proclaims by many a grace,
By shrugs and strange contortions of his face,
How much a dunce that has been sent to roam
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.
COWPER: *Progress of Error.*

Nature, like a weak and weary traveller,
Tired with a tedious and rugged way.
SIR J. DENHAM.

To roam
Giddily, and be everywhere but at home,
Such freedom doth a banishment become.
DONNE.

What length of lands, what oceans have you pass'd,
What storms sustain'd, and on what shores been cast!
DRYDEN.

Since toss'd from shores to shores, from lands to lands,
Inhospitable rocks, and barren sands.
DRYDEN.

Twelve long years of exile borne,
Twice twelve we number'd since his blest return;
So strictly wert thou just to pay,
Even to the driblet of a day.
DRYDEN.

Yet if thou go'st by land, tho' grief possess
My soul even then, my fears would be the less:
But, ah! be warn'd to shun the wat'ry way.
DRYDEN.

Round the world we roam,
Forced from our pleasing fields and native home.
DRYDEN.

He's proud, fantastic, apt to change,
Restless at home, and ever prone to range.
DRYDEN.

Under heavy arms the youth of Rome
Their long laborious marches overcome;
Cheerly their tedious travels undergo.
DRYDEN.

By his command we boldly cross'd the line,
And bravely fought where southern stars arise:
We traced the far-fetch'd gold unto the mine,
And that which bribed our fathers made our prize.
DRYDEN.

With much good will the motion was embraced
To chat awhile on their adventures pass'd.
DRYDEN.

But that broad causeway will direct your way,
And you may reach the town by noon of day.
DRYDEN.

I will conduct thee on thy way
When next the southern sun inflames the day.
DRYDEN.

What can thy mind to this long journey move?
Or need'st thou absence to renew thy love?
DRYDEN.

The watchful traveller,
That by the moon's mistaken light did rise,
Lay down again, and closed his weary eyes.
DRYDEN.

But most she fear'd, that travelling so late,
Some evil-minded beasts might lie in wait,
And, without witness, wreak their hidden hate.
DRYDEN.

The fearful passenger, who travels late,
Shakes at the moonshine shadow of a rush,
And sees a redcoat rise from every bush.
DRYDEN.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee.
GOLDSMITH: *Traveller.*

He returns, his travel spent,
Less knowing of himself than when he went.
Who knowledge hunt, kept under foreign locks,
May bring home wit to hold a paradox,
Yet be fools still.
BISHOP HENRY KING.

For not the ceaseless change of shifted place
Can from the heart a settled grief erase;
Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
Heal the distemper'd mind of aching care.
LORD LYTTELTON.

The land was beautiful:
Fair rose the spires, and gay the buildings were,
And rich the plains, like dreams of blessed isles;
But when I heard my country's music breathe,
I sigh'd to be among her wilds again.
MATURIN: *Fredolfo.*

Moon! if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush-candle from the wicker-hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light.
MILTON.

Where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
MILTON.

Since last, with spirits wild and free,
I press'd my native strand,
I've wander'd many miles at sea,
And many miles on land;
I've seen fair realms of the earth
By rude commotion torn,
Which taught me how to prize the worth
Of that where I was born.
GEORGE P. MORRIS:
I'm with You Once Again.

You first came home
From travel with such hopes as made you look'd on,
By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation;
Pleased with your growing virtue, I received you.
OTWAY.

To distant lands Vertumnus never roves;
Like you, contented with his native groves.
POPE.

Oft with some favour'd traveller they stray,
And shine before him all the desert way.
POPE.

Wand'ring from clime to clime observant stray'd,
Their manners noted, and their states survey'd.
POPE.

Ah! hope not yet to breathe thy native air;
Far other journey first demands thy care.
POPE.

I view'd th' effects of that disastrous flame,
Which, kindled by th' imperious queen of love,
Constrain'd me from my native realms to rove.
POPE.

Rough from the tossing surge Ulysses moves,
Urged on by want; and recent from the storms,
The brackish ooze his manly grace deforms.
POPE.

Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows,
Whose seats the weary traveller repose.
POPE.

He for the promised journey bids prepare
The smooth-hair'd horses and the rapid car.
POPE.

He wand'ring long a wider circle made,
And many languaged nations has survey'd.
POPE.

One day, I think, in Paradise he lived;
Destined the next his journey to pursue,
Where wounding thorns and cursed thistles grew.
PRIOR.

Slow o'er the Apennine, with bleeding feet,
A patient Pilgrim wound his lonely way,
To deck the Lady of Loretto's seat,
With all the little wealth his zeal could pay:
From mountain-tops cold died the evening ray,
And stretch'd in twilight slept the vale below;
And now the last, last purple streaks of day
Along the melancholy west fade slow.
High o'er his head the restless pines complain,
As on their summit rolls the breeze of night;
Beneath, the hoarse stream chides the rocks in vain:
The Pilgrim pauses on the dizzy height,
Then to the vale his cautious step he press'd:
For there a hermit's cross was dimly seen,
Cresting the rock, and there his limbs might rest,
Cheer'd in the good man's cave by fagot's sheen,
On leafy beds, nor guile his sleep molest.
Unhappy Luke! he trusts a treacherous clue!
Behind the cliff the lurking robber stood!
No friendly moon his giant shadow threw
Athwart the road, to save the Pilgrim's blood:
On as he went a vesper hymn he sung,—
The hymn that nightly soothed him to repose.
Fierce on his harmless prey the ruffian sprung!
The Pilgrim bleeds to death, his eyelids close:
Yet his meek spirit knew no vengeful care,
But, dying, for his murd'rer breathed—a sainted pray'r.
MRS. RADCLIFFE: *The Pilgrim.*

The weary traveller, who all night long
Has climb'd among the Alps' tremendous steeps,
Skirting the pathless precipice, where throng
Wild forms of danger; as he onward creeps,
If chance his anxious eye at distance sees
The mountain shepherd's solitary home,
Peeping from forth the moon-illumined trees,
What sudden transports to his bosom come!
But if between some hideous chasm yawn,
Where the cleft pine a doubtful bridge displays,
In dreadful silence, on the brink, forlorn
He stands, and views in the faint rays,
Far, far below, the torrent's rising surge,
And listens to the wild impetuous roar;
Still eyes the depth, still shudders on the verge,
Fears to return, nor dares to venture o'er:
Desperate, at length the tottering plank he tries;
His weak steps slide, he shrieks, he sinks—he dies!
MRS. RADCLIFFE: *Mysteries of Udolpho.*

Thou that to passe the world's foure parts dost deeme
No more than 'twere to goe to bed, or drinke.
ED. ROBINSON: *To Captain Smith of Virginia.*

How have we wander'd a long dismal night,
Led through blind paths by each deluding light.
ROSCOMMON.

Let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
SHAKSPEARE.

Rather see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardized at home
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
SHAKSPEARE.

I drew from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage delate;
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not distinctively.
SHAKSPEARE.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the 'lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn.

SHAKSPEARE.

Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

SHAKSPEARE.

I've watch'd and travell'd hard:
Some time I shall sleep out; the rest I'll whistle.

SHAKSPEARE.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek—my weary travel's end—
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
"Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!"
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

SHAKSPEARE: *Sonnet L.*

Long tost with storms, and beat with bitter winds,
High over hills, and low adown the dale,
She wander'd many a wood, and measured many a vale.

SPENSER.

From sea to sea, from realm to realm I rove,
And grow a mere geographer by love.

TICKELL.

The dust is old upon my "sandal-shoon,"
And still I am a pilgrim; I have roved
From wild America to spicy Ind,
And worshipp'd at innumerable shrines
Of beauty; and the painter's art, to me,
And sculpture, speak as with a living tongue;
And of dead kingdoms I recall the soul,
Sitting amid their ruins.

N. P. WILLIS: *Little Florence Gray.*

TREASON.

His virtues have undone his country;
Such popular humanity is treason.

ADDISON.

Oh, Portius, is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the store of heav'n,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

ADDISON.

When such paltry slaves presume
To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by; but if it fails,
They're sure to die like dogs.

ADDISON.

The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up, and see their fellow-traitors
Stuck on a fork, and black'ning in the sun.

ADDISON.

Treasons are acted
As soon as thought; though they are ne'er believed
Until they come to act.

SIR J. DENHAM.

How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
When none can sin against the people's will:
Where crowds can wink and no offence be known,
Since in another's ill they find their own.

DRYDEN.

'Tis policy
For son and father to take different sides;
Then lands and tenements commit no treason.

DRYDEN.

He frets within, froths treason at his mouth,
And churns it through his teeth.

DRYDEN.

You have already quench'd sedition's brand,
And zeal, which burnt it, only warms the land.

DRYDEN.

Then those whom form of laws
Condemn'd to die, when traitors judged their cause.

DRYDEN.

Hanging supposes human soul and reason:
This animal's below committing treason:
Shall he be hang'd who never could rebel?
That's a preferment for Achitophel.

DRYDEN.

The traitor's odious name
I first return, and then disprove thy claim.

DRYDEN.

Treason doth never prosper: what's the reason?
For if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

SIR J. HARRINGTON: *Of Treason.*

Permitted oft, though not inspired, by Heaven,
Successful treasons punish impious kings.
DR. JOHNSON: *Irene.*

Keep still your former face, and mix again
With these lost spirits; run all their mazes with 'em;
For such are treasons.
BEN JONSON.

Let no court sycophant pervert my sense,
Nor sly informer watch these words to draw
Within the reach of treason.
POPE.

Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a nat'ral cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them.
SHAKSPEARE.

I have this day received a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; yet heav'n bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Ev'n as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
SHAKSPEARE.

Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed, and yielder-up of breath.
SHAKSPEARE.

Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier.
SHAKSPEARE.

Know, thy name is lost,
By treason's tooth bare gnawn and canker-bit.
SHAKSPEARE.

Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.
SHAKSPEARE.

He
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
SHAKSPEARE.

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord!
That would reduce these bloody days again.
SHAKSPEARE.

Was not thy father for treason 'headed?
And by his treason stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
SHAKSPEARE.

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would.
SHAKSPEARE.

Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well:
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.
SHAKSPEARE.

If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear't.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thy life, Melantius! I am come to take,
Of which foul treason does a forfeit make.
WALLER.

TREES.

Brothers, the day declines;
Above, the glacier brightens;
Through hills of waving pines
The "vesper-halo" lightens!
Now wake the welcome chorus
To Him our sires adored;
To Him who watcheth o'er us,—
Ye shepherds, praise the Lord!
DR. WILLIAM BEATTIE:
Evening Hymn of the Alpine Shepherds.

All ye woods, and trees, and bow'rs,
All ye virtues and ye pow'rs
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground
With his honour and his name
That defends our flock from blame.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER:
Faithful Shepherdess.

There's a hill by the Schuylkill, the river of hearts,
And a beech-tree that grows on its side,
In a nook that is lovely when sunshine departs
And twilight creeps over the tide:
How sweet at that moment to steal through the grove,
In the shade of that beech to recline,
And dream of the maiden who gave it her love,
And left it thus hallow'd in mine!

ROBERT M. BIRD: *The Beech-Tree.*

Earth's tall sons, the cedar, oak, and pine,
Their parent's undecaying strength declare.

SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Could eat the tender plant, and, by degrees,
Browse on the shrubs, and crop the budding trees.

SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms.

BLAIR: *Grave.*

Then on a stately oak I cast mine eye,
Whose ruffling top the clouds seem'd to aspire;
How long since thou wast in thine infancy?
Thy strength and stature, more thy years admire.
Hath hundred winters past since thou wast born?
Or thousands since thou brak'st thy shell of horn?
If so, all these, as nought, eternity doth scorn.

ANNE BRADSTREET: *Contemplation.*

Under the cooling shadow of a stately elm
Close sate I by a goodly river's side,
Where gliding streams the rocks did overwhelm;
A lonely place, with pleasure dignified.
I once that loved the shady woods so well,
Now thought the rivers did the trees excel,
And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.

ANNE BRADSTREET: *Contemplation.*

Beautiful isles! beneath the sunset skies
Tall silver-shafted palm-trees rise between
Full orange-trees that shade
The living colonnade:
Alas! how sad, how sickening is the scene
That were ye at my side would be a paradise!

MARIA BROOKS: *Ode on Revisiting Cuba.*

With what free growth the elm and plane
Fling their huge arms across my way,
Gray, old, and cumber'd with a train
Of vines, as huge, and old, and gray!
Free stray the lucid streams, and find
No taint in these fresh lawns and shades;
Free spring the flowers that scent the wind
Where never scythe has swept the glades.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT: *Hunter of the Prairies.*

Let other poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines and wines and drunken Bacchus.

BURNS.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

BURNS: *First Psalm.*

These blasted pines,
Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless,
A blighted trunk upon a cursed root.

BYRON: *Manfred.*

I sit where the leaves of the maple,
And the gnarl'd and knotted gum,
Are circling and drifting around me,
And think of the time to come.

For the human heart is the mirror
Of the things that are near and far;
Like the wave that reflects in its bosom
The flower and the distant star.

ALICE CARY: *The Time To Be.*

Oh, leave this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!
Though bush or floweret never grow
My dark, unwarming shade below;
Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush or yellow hue;
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn;
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
Th' ambrosial amber of the hive;
Yet leave this barren spot to me:
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green;
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour;
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made,
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carved many a long-forgotten name.
Oh! by the sighs of gentle sound,
First breathed upon this sacred ground;

By all that love has whisper'd here,
Or beauty heard with ravish'd ear;
As love's own altar honour me:
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!
CAMPBELL: *Beech-Tree's Petition.*

All fell upon the high-hair'd oaks, and down their curled brows
Fell bustling to the earth; and up went all the boles and boughs.
CHAPMAN.

The tree at once both upward shoots,
And just at once grows downward to the roots.
JOHN CLEAVELAND.

A grove born with himself he sees,
And loves his old contemporary trees.
COWLEY.

By the thunderer's stroke it from the root is rent;
So sure the blows which from high heaven are sent.
COWLEY.

Thou magic lyre, whose fascinating sound
Seduced the savage monsters from their cave,
Drew rocks and trees, and forms uncouth around,
And bade wide Hebrus hush his listening wave,
No more thy undulating warblings flow
O'er Thracian wilds of everlasting snow!
COWPER: *Ode.*

Survivor sole, and hardly such, of all
That once lived here, thy brethren, at my birth
(Since which I number threescore winters past),
A shatter'd veteran, hollow-trunk'd perhaps,
As now, and with excoriate forks deform'd,
Relics of ages! Could a mind, imbued
With truth from Heaven, created thing adore,
I might with reverence kneel, and worship thee;
It seems idolatry with some excuse
When our forefather Druids in their oaks
Imagined sanctity.
COWPER: *Yardley Oak.*

Hence lastly springs care of posterities;
For things their kind would everlasting make:
Hence is it that old men do plant young trees,
The fruit whereof another age shall take.
SIR J. DAVIES.

So lopp'd and pruned trees do flourish fair.
SIR J. DAVIES.

As when fierce northern blasts from th' Alps descend,
From his firm roots with struggling gusts to rend
An aged sturdy oak.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so low and cold.
The walls must be crumbled, the stones decay'd,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mould'ring dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.
CHARLES DICKENS.

There were dark cedars, with loose, mossy tresses,
White-powder'd dog-trees, and stiff hollies flaunting,
Gaudy as rustics in their May-day dresses,
Blue pelloret from purple leaves upslanting
A modest gaze, like eyes of a young maiden
Shining beneath dropp'd lids the evening of her wedding.
JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE: *Bronx.*

The beech, the swimming alder, and the plane,
Hard box, and linden of a softer grain.
DRYDEN.

Thus mastful beech the bristly chestnut bears,
And the wild ash is white with bloomy pears.
DRYDEN.

Here rise the branching beech and vocal oak,
Where Jove of old oraculously spoke.
DRYDEN.

The winding wood:
Black was the forest, thick with beech it stood.
DRYDEN.

The birch, the myrtle, and the bay,
Like friends did all embrace;
And their large branches did display
To canopy the place. DRYDEN.

Nor box nor limes without their use;
Smooth-grain'd, and proper for the turner's trade,
Which curious hands may carve, and steel with ease invade.
DRYDEN.

Black ebon only will in India grow,
And od'rous frankincense on the Sabæan bough.
DRYDEN.

Full in the midst of this infernal road,
An elm displays her dusky arms abroad.
DRYDEN.

The trees were unctuous fir, and mountain ash.
DRYDEN.

Tall Norway fir their masts in battle spent,
And English oaks sprung leaks and planks restore.
DRYDEN.

Why sit we not beneath the grateful shade
Which hazels, intermix'd with elms, have made?
DRYDEN.

Near the hearth a laurel grew,
Dodder'd with age, whose boughs encompass round
The household gods, and shade the holy ground.
DRYDEN.

Deep in the palace, of long growth, there stood
A laurel's trunk of venerable wood.
DRYDEN.

This plant Latinus, when his town he wall'd,
There found, and from the tree Laurentum call'd:
And last, in honour of his new abode,
He vow'd the laurel to the laurel's god.
DRYDEN.

The boughs of Lotos, form'd into a wreath,
This monument thy maiden beauty's due,
High on a plane-tree shall be hung to view.
DRYDEN.

The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees;
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays
Supreme in state; and in three more decays.
DRYDEN.

Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain,
And spread in solemn majesty supinely reign.
DRYDEN.

Take a plant of stubborn oak,
And labour him with many a sturdy stroke.
DRYDEN.

He bared an ancient oak of all her boughs;
Then on a rising ground the trunk he placed,
Which with the spoils of his dead foe he graced.
DRYDEN.

Straight as a line, in beauteous order, stood,
Of oaks unshorn, a venerable wood.
DRYDEN.

Two neighbouring trees with walls encompass'd round,
One a hard oak, a softer linden one.
DRYDEN.

I saw Petreus' arms employ'd around
A well-grown oak, to root it from the ground;
This way and that he wrench'd the fibrous bands;
The trunk was like a sapling in his hands.
DRYDEN.

Hard hailstones lie not thicker on the plain,
Nor shaken oaks such show'rs of acorns rain.
DRYDEN.

From veins of valleys milk and nectar broke,
And honey sweating through the pores of oak.
DRYDEN.

Had I not been blind, I might have seen
Yon riven oak, the fairest of the green.
DRYDEN.

Nor will the wither'd stock be green again,
But the wild olive shoots, and shades th' ungrateful plain.
DRYDEN.

Old stakes of olive-trees in plants revive;
But nobler vines by propagation thrive.
DRYDEN.

His palms, though under weights they did not stand,
Still thrived; no winter could his laurels fade.
DRYDEN.

A sapling pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
The readiest weapon that his fury found.
DRYDEN.

For thee the bubbling springs appear'd to mourn,
And whispering pines made vows for thy return.
DRYDEN.

The mountain trees in distant prospect please,
Ere yet the pine descended to the seas,
Ere sails were spread new oceans to explore.
DRYDEN.

The peasants were enjoin'd
Sere-wood, and firs, and dodder'd oaks to find.
DRYDEN.

Sycamores with eglantine were spread,
A hedge about the sides, a covering overhead.
DRYDEN.

The mourner yew and builder oak were there.
DRYDEN.

He drew
And almost join'd the horns of the tough yew.
DRYDEN.

Thick woods and gloomy night
Conceal the happy plant from human sight.
One bough it bears; but, wondrous to behold!
The ductile rind and leaves of radiant gold.
DRYDEN.

A lofty pile they rear;
The fabric's front with cypress twigs they strew,
And stick the sides with boughs of baleful yew.
DRYDEN.

Some peasants
Of the same soil their nursery prepare
With that of the plantation; lest the tree
Translated should not with the soil agree.
DRYDEN.

New leaves on ev'ry bough were seen;
Some ruddy-colour'd, some of lighter green.
DRYDEN.

Full in the midst of his own strength he stands,
Stretching his brawny arms and leafy hands;
His shade protects the plains.
DRYDEN.

Much labour is required in trees, to tame
Their wild disorder, and in ranks reclaim.
DRYDEN.

Look round to see
The lurking gold upon the fatal tree;
Then rend it off.
DRYDEN.

On the smooth rind the passengers shall see
Thy name engraved, and worship Helen's tree.
DRYDEN.

While trees the mountain-tops with shades supply,
Your honour, name, and praise shall never die.
DRYDEN.

His growth is but a wild and fruitless plant:
I'll cut his barren branches to the stock,
And graft you on to bear.
DRYDEN.

Like some tall tree, the monster of the wood,
O'ershading all that under him would grow.
DRYDEN.

With his pruning-hook disjoin
Unbearing branches from their head,
And graft more happy in their stead.
DRYDEN.

But when the smoother bole from knots is free,
We make a deep incision in the tree.
DRYDEN.

The winds within the quiv'ring branches play'd,
And dancing trees a mournful music made.
DRYDEN.

The leaves on trees not more,
Nor bearded ears in fields, nor sands upon the shore.
DRYDEN.

Some search for hollow trees, and fell the woods.
DRYDEN.

The native energy
Turns all into the substance of the tree,
Starves and destroys the fruit, is only made
For brawny bulk, and for a barren shade.
DRYDEN.

Let thy hand supply the pruning-knife,
And crop luxuriant stragglers, nor be loth
To strip the branches of their leafy growth.
DRYDEN.

Vile shrubs are shorn for browse: the tow'ring height
Of unctuous trees are torches for the night.
DRYDEN.

They wing'd their flight aloft, then, stooping low,
Perch'd on the double tree that bears the golden bough.
DRYDEN.

The spreading branches made a goodly show,
And full of opening blooms was ev'ry bough.
DRYDEN.

Huge trunks of trees, fell'd from the steepy crown
Of the bare mountains, roll with ruin down.
DRYDEN.

Balm trickles through the bleeding veins
Of happy shrubs in Idumean plains.
DRYDEN.

The object I could first distinctly view
Was tall straight trees, which on the waters flew.
DRYDEN.

View well this tree, the queen of all the grove:
How vast her bole, how wide her arms are spread,
How high above the rest she shoots her head!
DRYDEN.

Behold the trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful, in various dyes;
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sombre yew,

The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
DYER.

High, high above the tree-tops
The lark is soaring free;
Where streams the light through broken clouds,
His speckled breast I see:
Beneath the might of wicked men
The poor man's worth is dying;
But, thank'd be God! in spite of them,
The lark still warbles flying.
EBENEZER ELLIOTT: *Forest Worship.*

The shooter eugh, the broad-leaved sycamore,
The barren plantane, and the walnut sound;
The myrtle, that her foul sin doth still deplore;
Alder, the owner of all waterish ground.
FAIRFAX.

Thus fell the trees, with noise the deserts roar;
The beasts their caves, the birds their nests forbore.
FAIRFAX.

The dead tree bears; each dried-up bough
With leaves is overgrown,
And wears a living drapery now
Of verdure not his own.

The worthless stock a use has found,
The unsightly branch a grace;
As, climbing first, then dropp'd around,
The green shoots interlace.

So round that Grecian mystic rod
To Hermes' hand assign'd,—
The emblem of a helping God,—
First leaves, then serpents, twined.

In thee a holier sign I view
Than in Hebrew rods of power,
Whether they to a serpent grew,
Or budded into flower.
DR. N. L. FROTHINGHAM:
To a Dead Tree with a Vine trained over it.

Tediously pass the hours,
And vegetation wilts, with blister'd root,
And droop the thirsting flowers,
Where the slant sunbeams shoot;
But of each tall old tree the lengthening line,
Slow-creeping eastward, marks the day's decline.
WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER: *August.*

No gale disturb the trees,
Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze.
GAY.

Here pullies make the pond'rous oak ascend.
GAY.

Then shall the yew her sable branches spread,
And mournful cypress rear her fringed head;
From thence shall thyme and myrtle send perfume,
And laurel evergreen o'ershade the tomb.
GAY: *Dione.*

No stately larch-tree there expands a shade
O'er half a rood of Larissean glade.
WALTER HARTE.

One lilac only, with a statelier grace,
Presumes to claim the oak's and cedar's place,
And, looking round him with a monarch's care,
Spreads his exalted boughs to wave in air.
WALTER HARTE.

No theatres of oaks around him rise,
Whose roots earth's centre touch, whose heads the skies.
WALTER HARTE.

When the broad sea roll'd between them
And their own far native land,
Thou wert the faithful ally
Of the hardy pilgrim band.
They bore no warlike eagles,
No banners swept the sky,
Nor the clarion, like a tempest,
Swell'd its fearful notes on high.

But the ringing wild re-echoed
Thy bold resistless stroke,
Where, like incense, on the morning
Went up the cabin smoke:
The tall oaks bow'd before thee
Like reeds before the blast;
And the earth put forth in gladness
Where the axe in triumph past.
MARY E. HEWITT: *Axe of the Settler.*

A glorious tree is the old gray oak:
He has stood for a thousand years,
Has stood and frown'd
On the trees around,
Like a king among his peers;
As round their king they stand, so now,
When the flowers their pale leaves fold,
The tall trees round him stand, array'd
In their robes of purple and gold.

He has stood like a tower
Through sun and shower,
And dared the winds to battle;

He has heard the hail,
As from plates of mail,
From his own limbs shaken, rattle;
He has toss'd them about, and shorn the tops
(When the storm had roused his might)
Of the forest trees, as a strong man doth
The heads of his foes in fight.
GEORGE HILL: *Fall of the Oak.*

By every hill whose stately pines
Wave their dark arms above
The home where some fair being shines,
To warm the wilds with love,
From barest rock to bleakest shore
Where fairest sail unfurls,
That stars and stripes are streaming o'er,—
God bless our Yankee girls!
O. W. HOLMES: *Our Yankee Girls.*

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
HOOD.

The tallest pines feel most the power
Of wintry blast; the loftiest tower
Comes heaviest to the ground;
The bolts that spare the mountain's side,
His cloud-capt eminence divide
And spread the ruin round.
HORACE (*by* COWPER).

Black walnuts, in low meadow ground,
Are dropping now their dark-green balls,
And on the ridge, with rattling sound,
The deep-brown chestnut falls.
When comes a day of sunshine mild,
From childhood, nutting in the wild,
Outbursts a shout of glee,
And high the pointed shells are piled
Under the hickory-tree.
WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER: *October.*

Various the trees and passing foliage here,—
Wild pear, and oak, and dusky juniper,
While briony between in trails of white,
And ivy, and the suckle's streaky light,
And moss, warm gleaming with a sudden mark,
Like growths of sunshine left upon the bark;
And still the pine, flat-topp'd, and dark, and tall,
In lordly right predominant o'er all.
LEIGH HUNT: *Ravenna Pine Forest.*

With his gnarl'd old arms, and his iron form,
Majestic in the wood,
From age to age, in the sun and storm,
The live-oak long hath stood·
With his stately air, that grave old tree,
He stands like a hooded monk,
With the gray moss waving solemnly
From his shaggy limbs and trunk.

And the generations come and go,
And still he stands upright,
And he sternly looks on the wood below,
As conscious of his might.
But a mourner sad is the hoary tree,
A mourner sad and lone,
And is clothed in funeral drapery
For the long since dead and gone.
HENRY R. JACKSON: *The Live-Oak.*

The forest trees are transient things and frail:
(So the book told me, ere I closed the page:)
Last year the willow-leaves were wan and pale:
I'll make to their last place a pilgrimage,
And changed, dead trees shall read a lesson sage
Of change and death. No paler than before
I found the willow-leaves, nor sign of age
Within the woods; immortal green they wore,
And the strong, mighty roots the giant trunks upbore.
SARAH S. JACOBS: *The Changeless World.*

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be,
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.
A lily of a day
Is fairer far, in May;
Although it fall and die that night:
It was the plant and flower of light!
In small proportions we just beauties see:
And in short measures life may perfect be.
BEN JONSON: *Good Life, Long Life.*

Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir.
KEATS: *Hyperion.*

I sought at noon the beechen bower,
Thy verdant grot;
It came,—it went,—the promised hour,—
I found thee not.
Light zephyrs from the quivering boughs
Soon brush'd the transient dew;
Then first I fear'd that Dove's own vows
Were transient too.
JOHN KENYON: *Broken Appointment.*

And now in the forest the woodman doth stand;
His eye marks the victims to fall by his hand,

While true to its aim is the ready axe found,
And quick do its blows through the woodland resound.

The proud tree low bendeth its vigorous form,
Whose freshness and strength have braved many a storm;
And the sturdy oak shakes that ne'er trembled before,
Though the years of its glory outnumber threescore.

They fall side by side,—just as man in his prime
Lies down with the locks that are whiten'd by time:
The trees which are fell'd into ashes will burn,
As man, by Death's blow, unto dust must return.

ELIZABETH C. KINNEY: *The Woodman.*

If, when thou dost recall that vine-clad grove
The moonbeams fill'd with checker'd light and shading,
Where first we breathed our trembling vows of love,
And linger'd till the stars' soft rays were fading,
Thy fancy paints me wandering sad and slow
Through those dim paths that once thy footsteps press'd,
With deep regrets and signs of lonely woe,
That find no echo in thy alter'd breast,—
Believe it.

MARY LOCKHART LAWSON: *Believe It.*

Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plume-like
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by China-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.

LONGFELLOW: *Evangeline.*

I always enter this sacred place
With a thoughtful, solemn, and reverent pace,
Pausing long enough on each stair
To breathe an ejaculatory prayer,
And a benediction on the vines
Which produce these various sorts of wines.

LONGFELLOW: *Golden Legend.*

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashion'd country seat;
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,—
"Forever!—never
Never!—forever!"

LONGFELLOW: *Old Clock on the Stairs.*

There is a lonely homestead
In a green and quiet vale,
With its tall trees sighing mournfully
To every passing gale:
There are many mansions round it,
In the sunlight gleaming fair;
But moss-grown is that ancient roof,
Its walls are gray and bare.

MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD: *Deserted Homestead.*

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that dreadful stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

LORD MACAULAY: *Lays of Ancient Rome.*

I know a forest vast and old,—
A shade so deep, so darkly green,
That morning sends her shaft of gold
In vain to pierce its leafy screen:
I know a brake where sleeps the fawn,
The soft-eyed fawn, through noon's repose;
For noon with all the calm of dawn
Lies hush'd beneath those dewy boughs.

Oh, proudly then the forest kings
Their banners lift o'er vale and mount;
And cool and fresh the wild grass springs,
By lonely path, by sylvan fount;
There, o'er the fair leaf-laden rill,
The laurel sheds her cluster'd bloom,
And throned upon the rock-wreathed hill
The rowan waves his scarlet plume.

EDITH MAY: *A Forest Scene.*

He many a walk traversed
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm.

MILTON.

Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene! and as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view.

MILTON.

There will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with shade
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm.

MILTON.

As when heav'n's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath.

MILTON.

Whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high and sturdiest oaks,
Bow'd their stiff necks.

MILTON.

Cover me, ye pines,
Ye cedars! with innumerable boughs.
Hide me where I may never see them more.

MILTON.

Of all the trees
In Paradise, that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life.

MILTON.

In heav'n the trees
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar.

MILTON.

Amidst them stood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold.

MILTON.

The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to their soft lays.

MILTON.

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays.

MILTON.

Under some concourse of shades,
Whose branching arms thick intertwined might shield
From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head.

MILTON.

Then laid him down
Under the hospitable covert nigh
Of trees thick interwoven.

MILTON.

'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,
In this close dungeon of innumerous boughs.

MILTON.

Nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint.

MILTON.

Overhead upgrew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade.

MILTON.

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High overarch'd embow'r.

MILTON.

When the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine or monumental oak.

MILTON.

Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees;
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighboring eyes.

MILTON.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it shelter'd me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot:
There, woodman, let it stand;
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

GEORGE P. MORRIS:
Woodman, Spare that Tree.

'Tis beautiful to see a forest stand,
Brave with its moss-grown monarchs and the pride
Of foliage dense, to which the south wind bland
Comes with a kiss, as lover to his bride;

To watch the light grow fainter, as it streams
Through arching aisles, where branches interlace,
Where sombre pines rise o'er the shadowy gleams
Of silver birch, trembling with modest grace.

But they who dwell beside the stream and hill
Prize little treasures there so kindly given:
The song of birds, the babbling of the rill,
The pure unclouded light and air of heaven.
They walk as those who seeing cannot see,
Blind to this beauty even from their birth:
We value little blessings ever free;
We covet most the rarest things of earth.

But rising from the dust of busy streets
These forest children gladden many hearts;
As some old friend their welcome presence greets
The toil-worn soul, and fresher life imparts.
Their shade is doubly grateful when it lies
Above the glare which stifling walls throw back;
Through quivering leaves we see the soft blue skies,
Then happier tread the dull, unvaried track.

ALICE B. NEAL: *Trees in the City.*

I crush'd the dewy leaves
Of the pale violets, and drank their breath,—
Though I had heard that at each flow'ret's death
A sister blossom grieves.
I did not care to see their glorious hues,
Fearing the richer perfume I might lose.

Then in the dim old wood
I laid me down beneath a bending tree,
And dream'd, dear mother, waking dreams of thee.
I thought how just and good
The Power that had so gently seal'd mine eyes,
Yet bade new pleasures and new hopes arise.

EMILY NEAL.

The morning sun, with cloudless rays,
His powerless splendour round us streams;
From crusted boughs and twinkling sprays
Fly back unloosed the rainbow beams.

With more than summer beauty fair,
The trees in winter's garb are shown:
What a rich halo melts in air,
Around their crystal branches thrown!

ANDREWS NORTON: *A Winter Morning.*

We stand among the fallen leaves
In manhood's haughty prime,—
When first our pausing hearts begin
To love "the olden time,"

And, as we gaze, we sigh to think
How many a year hath pass'd
Since 'neath these cold and faded trees
Our footsteps wander'd last;

And old companions—now perchance
Estranged, forgot, or dead—
Come round us, as those autumn leaves
Are crush'd beneath our tread.

MRS. NORTON: *Fallen Leaves.*

Like an oak
That stands secure, though all the winds employ
Their ceaseless roar, and only sheds its leaves,
Or mast, which the revolving spring restores.

JOHN PHILIPS.

Now the sappy boughs
Attire themselves with blooms.

JOHN PHILIPS.

Here aged trees cathedral walks compose,
And mount the hill in venerable rows.

POPE.

None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improved the vegetable care.

POPE.

Poplars and alders ever quivering play'd,
And nodding cypress form'd a fragrant shade.

POPE.

This fair vine, but that her arms surround
Her married elm, had crept along the ground.

POPE.

So falls a poplar, that in wat'ry ground
Raised high the head.

POPE.

Cedar and frankincense, an od'rous pile,
Flamed on the hearth, and wide perfumed the isle.

POPE.

Now the cleft rind inserted graffs receives,
And yields an offspring more than nature gives.

POPE.

Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watch'd by the sylvan genius of the place.

POPE.

The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze.

POPE.

Dancing sunbeams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.
POPE.

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees in every plain and wood
Her fate re-murmur to the silver flood.
POPE.

The whisp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
POPE.

Trees on trees o'erthrown
Fall crackling round him, and the forests groan;
Sudden full twenty on the plain are strow'd,
And lopp'd and lighten'd of their branchy load.
POPE.

Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn.
POPE.

Ye darksome pines, that, o'er yon rocks inclined,
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind.
POPE.

To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
POPE.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
Or trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Let India boast her groves, nor envy we
The weeping amber, and the balmy tree;
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which these trees adorn.
POPE.

Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half express'd and half conceal'd his flame
Upon this tree; and as the tender mark
Grew with the tree, and widen'd with the bark,
Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
That as the wound the passion might increase.
PRIOR.

Why the changing oak should shed
The yearly honour of his stately head;
Whilst the distinguish'd yew is ever seen,
Unchanged his branch, and permanent his green.
PRIOR.

Envied Britannia, sturdy as the oak
Which on her mountain-top she proudly bears,
Eludes the axe, and sprouts against the stroke,
Strong from her wounds, and greater by her wars.
PRIOR.

But that look of childish sorrow
On your tender child-heart fell,
And you pluck'd the reddest roses
From the tree you loved so well,
Pass'd them through the stern cold grating,
Gently bidding them "Farewell!"
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *Angel's Story.*

Within this sober realm of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tann'd reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns, looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellow'd, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seem'd farther, and the streams sang low;
As in a dream the distant woodman hew'd
His winter log with many a muffled blow.
THOMAS BUCHANAN READ: *The Closing Scene.*

All he described was present to their eyes,
And as he raised his verse, the poplars seem'd to rise.
ROSCOMMON.

With every change his features play'd,
As aspens show the light and shade.
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

When fruitful Clydesdale's apple bowers
Are mellowing in the noon;
When sighs round Pembroke's ruin'd towers
The sultry breath of June;
When Clyde, despite his sheltering wood,
Must leave his channel dry;
And vainly o'er the limpid flood
The angler guides his fly.
SIR WALTER SCOTT: *Bothwell Castle.*

'Tis noon: against the knotted oak
The hunters rest the idle spear;
Curls through the trees the slender smoke,
Where yeomen dight the woodland cheer.
SIR WALTER SCOTT: *Cadyow Castle.*

Through groves of palm
Sigh gales of balm:
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling;
While through the gloom
Comes soft perfume,
The distant beds of flowers revealing.
SIR WALTER SCOTT: *Cleveland's Songs.*

His unblest feet his native seat,
'Mid Eske's fair woods, regain;
Through woods more fair no stream more sweet
Rolls to the eastern main.
SIR WALTER SCOTT: *Gray Brother.*

'Tis merry in greenwood—thus runs the old lay—
In the gladsome month of lively May,
When the wild birds' song on stem and spray
Invites to forest bower:
Then rears the ash his airy crest,
Then shines the birch in silver vest,
And the beech in glistening leaves is drest,
And dark between shows the oak's proud breast,
Like a chieftain's frowning tower.
SIR WALTER SCOTT:
Harold the Dauntless.

Harp of the North! that mouldering long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,—
O Minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep?
SIR WALTER SCOTT:
Lady of the Lake.

And all around was verdure meet
For pressure of the fairies' feet.
The glossy holly loved the park,
The yew-tree lent its shadow dark,
And many an old oak, worn and bare,
With all its shiver'd boughs, was there.
SIR WALTER SCOTT: *Lord of the Isles.*

Ytene's oaks—beneath whose shade
Their theme the merry minstrels made,
Of Aspacart, and Bevis bold,
And that Red King, who, while of old
Through Boldrewood the chase he led,
By his loved huntsman's arrow bled,—
Ytene's oaks have heard again
Renew'd such legendary strain.
SIR WALTER SCOTT: *Marmion.*

And near the spot that gave me name,
The moated mound of Risingham,
Where Reed upon her margin sees
Sweet Woodburne's cottages and trees,
Some ancient sculptor's art has shown
An outlaw's image on the stone.
SIR WALTER SCOTT: *Rokeby.*

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms give shelter to the princely eagle.
SHAKSPEARE.

There want not many that do fear,
In deep of night, to walk by this Herne's oak.
SHAKSPEARE.

As he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this road.
SHAKSPEARE.

An oak whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity.
SHAKSPEARE.

Knots, by the conflux of the meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain,
Tortive and errant, from his course of growth.
SHAKSPEARE.

You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make a noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heav'n.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her younger days!
SHAKSPEARE.

The grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city side.
SHAKSPEARE.

Pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine,
That droops his sapless branches to the ground.
SHAKSPEARE.

Slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse.
SHAKSPEARE.

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root?
SHAKSPEARE.

I have a tree which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it.
SHAKSPEARE.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
SHAKSPEARE.

The trees
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not.
SHAKSPEARE.

Will these moss'd trees,
That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels
And skip when thou point'st out?

SHAKSPEARE.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard.

SHAKSPEARE: *Sonnet XII.*

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

SHELLEY: *The Cloud.*

Strephon, with leavy twigs of laurel-tree,
A garland made, on temples for to wear.

SIR P. SIDNEY.

In winter, when the dismal rain
Came down in slanting lines,
And Wind, that grand old harper, smote
His thunder-harp of pines.

ALEXANDER SMITH: *Life Drama.*

Up grew the twig, with a vigor bold,
In the shape of the parent tree,
And the old oak knew that his doom was told,
When the sapling sprang so free.
Then the fierce winds came, and they raging tore
The hollow limbs away,
And the damp moss crept from the earthy floor
Round the trunk time-worn and gray.

The young oak grew, and proudly grew,
For its roots were deep and strong;
And a shadow broad on the earth it threw,
And the sunshine linger'd long
On its glossy leaf, where the flickering light
Was flung to the evening sky;
And the wild bird sought to its airy height,
And taught her young to fly.

MRS. E. OAKES SMITH: *The Acorn.*

The tree that stood where the soil's athirst,
And the mulleins first appear,
Hath a dry and rusty-color'd bark.
And its leaves are curl'd and sere;
But the dogwood and the hazel-bush
Have cluster'd round the brook,—
Their roots have stricken deep beneath,
And they have a verdant look.

MRS. E. OAKES SMITH: *Midsummer.*

A tree grew in Java whose pestilent rind
A venom distill'd of the deadliest kind:
The Dutch sent their felons its juices to draw,
And who return'd safe, pleaded pardon by law.

JAMES SMITH:
The Upas in Marybone Lane.

O Reader, hast thou ever stood to see
The holly-tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Order'd by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize;
And in this wisdom of the holly-tree
Can emblem see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme;
One which may profit in the after-time.

ROBERT SOUTHEY: *The Holly-Tree.*

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The dryest soil suck in some moistening shower:
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL:
Times Go by Turns.

Like to an almond-tree mounted high
On top of Green Selenis, all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one,
At every little breath that under heav'n is blown.

SPENSER.

The dureful oak, whose sap is not yet dried,
Is long ere it conceive the kindling fire;
But when it once doth burn, it doth divide
Great heat, and makes his flames to heav'n aspire.

SPENSER.

The oak for nothing ill,
The osier good for twigs, the poplar for the mill.

SPENSER.

The sailing Pine; the Cedar, proud and tall;
The vine-prop Elm; the Poplar never dry;
The builder Oak, sole king of forests all;
The Aspen, good for staves; the Cypress funeral;
The Laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
And poets sage; the Fir, that weepeth still;
The Willow, worn of hopeless paramours;
The Yew, obedient to the bender's will;
The Birch, for shafts; the Sallow, for the mill;
The Myrrh, sweet bleeding in the bitter wound;
The warlike Beech; the Ash, for nothing ill;
The fruitful Olive, and the Plantane round;
The carver Holm; the Maple, seldom inward sound.

SPENSER.

As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy branches of an oak half dead.

SPENSER.

The mighty trunk, half rent with rugged rift,
Doth roll adown the rocks, and fall with fearful drift.

SPENSER.

A pleasant grove
Was shut up high, full of the stately tree
That dedicated is to Olympic Jove,
And to his son Alcides.

SPENSER.

The warlike elf much wonder'd at this tree,
So fair and great, that shadow'd all the ground.

SPENSER.

Whose lofty trees, yclad with summer's pride,
Did spread so broad that heaven's light did hide.

SPENSER.

There grew an aged tree on the green,
A goodly Oak some time had it been,
With arms full strong and largely display'd,
But of their leaves they were disarray'd:
The body big and mightily plight,
Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous height;
Whilom had been the king of the field,
And mochel mast to the husband did yield,
And with his nuts larded many a swine;
But now the gray moss marred his rine,
His bared boughs were beaten with storms,
His top was bald, and wasted with worms,
His honour decay'd, his branches sere.

SPENSER:
Fable of the Oak and the Brier.

Another like fair tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof whoso did eat eftsoons did know
Both good and evil: O mournful memory!
That tree, through one man's fault, hath done us all to die.

SPENSER.

The paths which wound 'mid gorgeous trees,
The streams whose bright lips kiss'd their flowers,
The winds that swell'd their harmonies
Through those sun-hiding bowers,
The temple vast, the green arcade,
The nestling vale, the grassy glade,
Dark cave and swampy lair;
These scenes and sounds majestic made
His world, his pleasures, there.

ALFRED B. STREET: *The Settler.*

What planter will attempt to yoke
A sapling with a falling oak?

SWIFT.

The scene, a wood, produced no more
Than a few scrubby trees before.

SWIFT.

There, in the wondering airs of the Tropics,
Shivers the Aspen, still dreaming of cold:
There stretches the Oak, from the loftiest ledges,
His arms to the far-away lands of his brothers,
And the Pine-tree looks down on his rival the Palm.

BAYARD TAYLOR: *Kilimandjaro.*

All outward wisdom yields to that within,
Whereof nor creed nor canon holds the key:
We only feel that we have ever been
And evermore shall be;

And thus I know, by memories unfurl'd
In rarer moods, and many a nameless sign,
That once in Time, and somewhere in the world,
I was a towering Pine,

Rooted upon a cape that overhung
The entrance to a mountain gorge; whereon
The wintry shadow of a peak was flung,
Long after rise of sun.

BAYARD TAYLOR:
Metempsychosis of the Pine.

Next to thee, O fair gazelle,
O Beddowee girl, beloved so well;

Next to the fearless Nedjidee,
Whose fleetness shall bear me again to thee;

Next to ye both I love the Palm,
With his leaves of beauty, his fruit of balm;

Next to ye both I love the Tree
Whose fluttering shadow wraps us three
With love, and silence, and mystery!
BAYARD TAYLOR: *The Arab to the Palm.*

"And here she came, and round me play'd,
And sang to me the whole
Of those three stanzes that you made
About my 'giant bole.'

"And in a fit of frolic mirth
She strove to span my waist:
Alas! I was so broad of girth
I could not be embraced.

"I wish'd myself the fair young beech
That here beside me stands,
That round me, clasping each in each,
She might have lock'd her hands."
TENNYSON: *Talking Oak.*

Broad o'er my head the verdant cedars wave,
And high palmettos lift their graceful shade.
THOMSON.

The rural seat,
Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
In early spring, his airy city builds.
THOMSON.

Sit beneath the shade
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
Thrown graceful round.
THOMSON.

Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul.
THOMSON.

Black from the stroke above, the smould'ring pine
Stands as a shatter'd trunk.
THOMSON.

The hollow-whisp'ring breeze, the pliant rills,
Purl down amid the twisted roots.
THOMSON.

O'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
Luxuriant shoot.
THOMSON.

Save elms, ash, and crab-tree for cart and for plough;
Save step for a stile of the crotch and the bough.
TUSSER.

I love thee when thy swelling buds appear,
And one by one their tender leaves unfold,
As if they knew that warmer suns were near,
Nor longer sought to hide from winter's cold;
And when with darker growth thy leaves are seen
To veil from view the early robin's nest,
I love to lie beneath thy waving screen,
With limbs by summer's heat and toil oppress'd;
And when the autumn winds have stript thee bare,
And round thee lies the smooth, untrodden snow,
When naught is thine that made thee once so fair,
I love to watch thy shadowy form below,
And through thy leafless arms to look above
On stars that brighter beam when most we need their love.
JONES VERY: *The Tree.*

For those who worship thee there is no death,—
For all they do is but with thee to dwell;
Now, while I take from thee this passing breath,
It is but of thy glorious name to tell:
Nor words nor measured sounds have I to find,
But in them both my soul doth ever flow:
They come as viewless as the unseen wind,
And tell thy noiseless steps where'er I go:
The trees that grow along thy living stream,
And from its springs refreshment ever drink,
Forever glittering in thy morning beam,
They bend them o'er the river's grassy brink;
And as more high and wide their branches grow,
They look more fair within the depths below.
JONES VERY: *Trees of Life.*

So the fair tree, which still preserves
Her fruit and state while no wind blows,
In storms from that uprightness swerves,
And the glad earth about her strows
With treasure from her yielding boughs.
WALLER.

May they increase as fast, and spread their boughs,
As the higher fame of their great owner grows!
May he live long enough to see them all
Dark shadows cast, and as his palace tall!
Methinks I see the love that shall be made,
The lovers walking in that am'rous shade.
WALLER.

As when loud winds a well-grown oak would rend
Up by the roots, this way and that they bend
His reeling trunk, and with a boist'rous sound
Scatter his leaves, and strew them on the ground.
WALLER.

All with a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd,
Whose loaded branches hide the lofty mound.
WALLER.

Each morning, when my waking eyes first see,
Through the wreathed lattice, golden day appear,
There sits a robin on the old elm-tree,
And with such stirring music fills my ear,
I might forget that life had pain or fear,
And feel again as I was wont to do
When hope was young, and joy and life itself were new.
ANNA MARIA WELLS: *The Old Elm-Tree.*

Yet green are Saco's banks below,
And belts of spruce and cedar show,
Dark fringing round those cones of snow.
WHITTIER: *Funeral Tree of the Sokokis.*

Around Sebago's lonely lake
There lingers not a breeze to break
The mirror which its waters make.

The solemn pine, along its shore,
The firs which hang its gray rocks o'er,
Are painted on its glassy floor.
WHITTIER: *Funeral Tree of the Sokokis.*

Fire and the axe have swept it bare,
Save one lone beech, unclosing there
Its light leaves in the vernal air.

With grave, cold looks, all sternly mute,
They break the damp turf at its foot,
And bare its coil'd and twisted root.

They heave its stubborn trunk aside,
The firm roots from the earth divide—
The rent beneath yawns dark and wide.

And there the fallen chief is laid,
In tassell'd garb of skins array'd,
And girded with his wampum-braid.
WHITTIER: *Funeral Tree of the Sokokis.*

Trees both in hills and plains in plenty be:
The long-lived oak, and mournful cypris tree;
Sky-tow'ring pines, and chestnuts coated rough;
The lasting cedar, with the walnut tough;
The rosin-dropping fir for masts in use;
The boatmen seek for oares light, neat, growne sprewse;
The brittle ash, the ever-trembling aspes,
The broad-spread elm, whose concave harbours wasps;
The water-spungie alder, good for nought;
Small elderne, by the Indian fletchers sought;
The knottie maples, pallid birch, hawthornes,
The horne-bound tree that to be cloven scornes,
Which from the tender vine oft takes his spouse,
Who twines embracing arms about his boughs.
Within this Indian orchard fruits be some:
The ruddie cherrie, and the jetty plume,
Snake-murthering hazell, with sweet saxaphrage,
Whose spurnes in beere allays hot fever's rage;
The dyer's shumach, with more trees there be,
That are both good to use and rare to see.
WILLIAM WOOD: *New England's Prospect.*

TRIALS.

Till from the straw the flail the corn doth beat,
Until the chaff be purged from the wheat,
Yea, till the mill the grain in pieces tear,
The richness of the flour will scarce appear.
So, till men's persons great afflictions touch,
If worth be found, their worth is not so much;
Because, like wheat in straw, they have not yet
That value which in threshing they may get.
For, till the bruising flails of God's corrections
Have thrashed out of us our vain affections,
Till those corruptions which do misbecome us
Are by thy sacred Spirit winnow'd from us;
Until from us the straw of worldly treasures,
Till all the dusty chaff of empty pleasures,
Yea, till his flail upon us he doth lay,
To thrash the husk of this our flesh away,
And leave the soul uncover'd; nay, yet more,
Till God shall make our very spirit poor,
We shall not up to highest wealth aspire;
But then we shall; and that is my desire.

Did we think of the light and sunshine,
Of the blessings left us still,
When we sit and ponder darkly
And blindly o'er life's ill,
How should we dispel the shadows
Of still and deep despair,
And lessen the weight of anguish
Which every heart must bear!

The clouds may rest on the present,
And sorrow on days that are gone,
But no night is so utterly cheerless
That we may not look for the dawn;
And there is no human being
With so wholly dark a lot,
But the heart by turning the picture
May find some sunny spot:

For, as in the days of winter,
When the snow-drifts whiten the hill,
Some birds in the air will flutter,
And warble to cheer us still:
So, if we would hark to the music,
Some hope with a starry wing,
In the days of our darkest sorrow,
Will sit in the heart and sing.

PHŒBE CARY: *Light in Darkness.*

How easy 'tis, when destiny proves kind,
With full-spread sails to run before the wind!
But those that 'gainst stiff gales laveering go
Must be at once resolved and skilful too.

DRYDEN.

Cold, hunger, prisons, ills without a cure,
All these he must, and guiltless oft, endure.

DRYDEN.

What if he hath decreed that I shall first
Be tried in humble state, and things adverse;
By tribulation, injuries, insults,
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence?

MILTON.

After life
Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined
By faith and faithful works.

MILTON.

That close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast.

SHAKSPEARE.

Our works are naught else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men.

SHAKSPEARE.

As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend:
Teach me thy precepts, all Divine,
And be thy great example mine.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, JUN.: *Daily Duties.*

TRIFLES.

I view with anger and disdain
How little gives thee joy or pain:
A print, a bronze, a flow'r, a root.

PRIOR.

The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.

SHAKSPEARE.

Triflers not ev'n in trifles can excel;
'Tis solid bodies only polish well.

YOUNG.

Brunetta's wise in actions great and rare,
But scorns on trifles to bestow her care.
Thus ev'ry hour Brunetta is to blame,
Because th' occasion is beneath her aim:
Think naught a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountains, moments make the year;
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die before you truly live.

YOUNG: *Love of Fame.*

TRUTH.

O truth divine! enlighten'd by thy ray,
I grope and guess no more, but see my way.

ARBUTHNOT.

Night brings out stars as sorrows show us truths;
Though many, yet they help not; bright, they light not;
They are too late to serve us; and sad things
Are aye too true. We never see the stars
Till we can see naught but them. So with truth.
And yet if one would look down a deep well,
Even at noon, we might see these same stars,
Far fairer than the blinding blue: the truth
Shines in the water like a dark bright eye.
But there are other eyes men better love
Than truth's: for when we have her she's so cold
And proud, we know not what to do with her.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY: *Truth and Sorrow.*

Truth is fair: should we forego it?
Can we sigh right for a wrong?
God himself is the best Poet,
And the Real is his song.
Sing His truth out fair and full,
And secure His beautiful.
Let Pan be dead.

Truth is large. Our aspiration
Scarce embraces half we be.
Shame, to stand in His creation,
And doubt Truth's sufficiency!—
To think God's song unexcelling
The poor tales of our own telling—
When Pan is dead.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING: *Dead Pan.*

Truth, crush'd to earth, shall rise again:
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.
W. C. BRYANT: *The Battle-Field.*

Wise poets, that wrap truth in tales,
Know her themselves through all her veils.
CAREW.

Peace to the True Man's ashes! weep for those
Whose days in old delusions have grown dim;
Such lives as his are triumphs, and their close
An immortality: weep not for him.

As feathers wafted from the eagle's wings
Lie bright among the rocks they cannot warm,
So lie the flowery lays that Genius brings,
In the cold turf that wraps his honour'd form.

A practical rebuker of vain strife,
Bolder in deeds than words, from beardless youth
To the white hairs of age, he made his life
A beautiful consecration to the Truth.
ALICE CARY: *Hymn of the True Man.*

Man fearlessly his voice for truth should raise,
When truth would force its way in deed or word,
Whether for him the popular voice of praise
Or the cold sneer of unbelief is heard:
Like the First Martyr, when his voice arose
Distinct above the hisses of his foes.
PHŒBE CARY:
"*Equal to Either Fortune.*"

When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
Men will believe because they love the lie;
But truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
Must have some solemn proof to pass her down.
CHURCHILL.

Let authors write for glory or reward,
Truth is well paid when she is sung and heard.
BISHOP CORBET.

All truth is precious, if not all divine,
And what dilates the pow'rs must needs refine.
COWPER.

Then ceremony leads her bigots forth,
Prepared to fight for shadows of no worth;
While truths, on which eternal things depend,
Find not, or hardly find, a single friend.
COWPER.

The only amaranthine flow'r on earth
Is virtue; th' only lasting treasure, truth.
COWPER.

Muse, hang this harp upon yon aged beech,
Still murmuring with the solemn truths I teach,
And while at intervals a cold blast sings
Through the dry leaves, and pants upon the strings,
My soul shall sigh in secret, and lament
A nation scourged, yet tardy to repent.
COWPER: *Expostulation.*

These are thy glorious works, eternal Truth,
The scoff of wither'd age and beardless youth;
These move the censure and illiberal grin
Of fools that hate thee and delight in sin:
But these shall last when night has quench'd the pole,
And heaven is all departed as a scroll:
And when, as Justice has long since decreed,
This earth shall blaze, and a new world succeed,
Then these thy glorious works, and they that share
That Hope which can alone exclude despair,
Shall live, exempt from weakness and decay,
The brightest wonders of an endless day.
COWPER: *Hope.*

Hear the just law, the judgment of the skies!
He that hates truth shall be the dupe of lies,
And he that will be cheated to the last,
Delusions, strong as Hell, shall bind him fast.
But if the wanderer his mistake discern,
Judge his own ways, and sigh for a return,
Bewilder'd once, must he bewail his loss
Forever and forever? No—the Cross!
COWPER: *Progress of Error.*

The great mocking master mock'd not then,
When he said Truth was buried here below.
SIR J. DAVIES.

For how can that be false which ev'ry tongue
Of ev'ry mortal man affirms for true?
Which truth hath in all ages been so strong,
As, loadstone-like, all hearts it ever drew.
SIR J. DAVIES.

But let inviolate truth be always dear
To thee: even before friendship truth prefer.
SIR J. DENHAM.

Truth, modesty, and shame the world forsook
Fraud, avarice, and force their places took.
DRYDEN.

Whatever fortune, good or bad, betide,
No time shall find me wanting to my truth.
DRYDEN.

He, full of fraudful arts,
This well-invented tale for truth imparts.
DRYDEN.

Slow to resolve, but in performance quick;
So true, that he was awkward at a trick.
DRYDEN.

Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promised him sincere.
DRYDEN.

His promise Palamon accepts, but pray'd
To keep it better than the first he made.
DRYDEN: *Fables.*

The ambiguous god, who ruled her lab'ring breast,
In these mysterious words his mind exprest;
Some truths reveal'd, in terms involved the rest.
DRYDEN.

In all the changes of his doubtful state,
His truth, like heav'n's, was kept inviolate.
DRYDEN.

As some to witness truth heav'n's call obey,
So some on earth must, to confirm it, stay.
DRYDEN.

To believe his wiles my truth can move,
Is to misdoubt my reason or my love.
DRYDEN.

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow:
He who would search for pearls must dive below.
DRYDEN.

Important truths still let your fables hold,
And moral mysteries with art unfold.
GRANVILLE.

Banish'd from courts and love,
Abandon'd truth seeks shelter in the grove.
GRANVILLE.

And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
GRAY: *Bard.*

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie:
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.
GEORGE HERBERT.

If truth be with thy friend, be with them both:
Share in the conquest, and confess a truth.
GEORGE HERBERT.

With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,
And lend a lie the confidence of truth.
DR. S. JOHNSON: *London.*

Convince the world that you're devout and true,
Be just in all you say, in all you do,
Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be
A peer of the first quality to me.
JUVENAL.

Thou for the testimony of the truth hast borne,
Universal reproach; far worse to bear
Than violence; for this was all thy care
To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds
Judged thee perverse.
MILTON.

Truth, and peace, and love shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of Him, t' whose happy-making sight alone
Our heav'nly-guided souls shall climb.
MILTON.

Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell:
For strength from truth divided, and from just,
Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise
And ignominy; yet to glory aspires,
Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:
Therefore eternal silence be their doom.
MILTON.

Servant of God, well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd
Against revolted multitudes the cause of truth.
MILTON.

Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind.
MILTON.

Wert thou that sweet-smiling youth?
Or that crown'd matron sage, white-robed Truth?
MILTON.

Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen
That labour up the hill of heavenly truth.
MILTON.

That indecision marks its path with tears;
That want of candor darkens future years;
That perfect truth is virtue's safest friend,
And that to shun the wrong is better than to mend.
DR. J. K. MITCHELL: *Indecision.*

I shut my eyes, in grief and shame,
Upon the dreary past;
My heart, my soul pour'd recklessly
On dreams that could not last:

My bark was drifted down the stream
  At will of wind or wave,—
An idle, light, and fragile thing,
  That few had cared to save.

Henceforth the tiller Truth shall hold,
  And steer as Conscience tells,
And I will brave the storms of Fate,
  Though wide the ocean swells.
I know my soul is strong and high,
  If once I give it sway;
I feel a glorious power within,
  Though light I seem and gay.

FRANCES S. OSGOOD: *Aspirations.*

Truth, like a single point, escapes the sight,
And claims attention to perceive it right;
But what resembles truth is soon descried,
Spreads like a surface, and expanded wide.

POMFRET.

Let envy howl, while heaven's whole chorus sings,
And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
Let flatt'ry, sick'ning, see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies:
Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal verses mean as mine.

POPE.

Farewell then verse, and love, and ev'ry toy,
The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy:
What right, what true, what fit, we justly call,
Let this be all my care; for this is all.

POPE.

A sacred weapon; left for truth's defence;
To all but heav'n-directed hands denied:
The muse may give it, but the gods must guide.

POPE.

Truth needs no flowers of speech.

POPE.

All, all but truth drops dead-born from the press,
Like last gazette, or like the last address.

POPE.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true:
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do.

POPE.

Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

POPE.

Ask you what provocation I have had?
The strong antipathy of good to bad.
When truth or virtue an affront endures,
Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.

POPE.

Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth.

POPE.

Together out they fly,
Inseparable now, the truth and lie:
And this or that unmix'd no mortal ear shall find.

POPE.

Holy Ghost, with light Divine
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.
Let me see my Saviour's face,
Let me all His beauties trace:
Show those glorious truths to me
Which are only known by Thee.

DR. ANDREW REED:
Hymn to the Holy Spirit.

The first great work
Is that yourself may to yourself be true.

ROSCOMMON.

He who is perfect, and abhors untruth,
With heavenly influence inspires my youth.

SANDYS.

This above all, to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

SHAKSPEARE.

I charge thee,
As heav'n shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

SHAKSPEARE.

The truth appears so naked on my side
That any purblind eye may find it out.

SHAKSPEARE.

I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth.

SHAKSPEARE.

But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

SHAKSPEARE.

While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I, with great truth, catch mere simplicity.
SHAKSPEARE.

If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die.
SHAKSPEARE.

All delights are vain, but that most vain
Which with pain purchased doth inherit pain;
As painfully to pore upon a book
To seek the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight.
SHAKSPEARE.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses.
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade,
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, by verse distils your truth.
SHAKSPEARE: *Sonnet LIV.*

Love and Truth, whose light and blessing every reverent heart may know,
Mercy, Justice, which are pillars that support this life below,—
These, in sorrow and in darkness, in the inmost soul we feel,
As the sure undying impress of the Almighty's burning seal.
WILLIAM W. STORY: *Midnight.*

There is a wreath for him whose hand
The crimson tide of battle leads;
The triumph of the victor's brand
Death with its slaughter'd thousands feeds:
Is there no wreath for Christian worth,
For him that fights for truth on earth?
CHARLES SWAIN: *There is a Wreath.*

Low-cowering shall the Sophist sit;
Falsehood shall bare her plaited brow:
Fair-fronted Truth shall droop not now
With shrilling shafts of subtle wit.
Nor martyr-flames nor trenchant swords
Can do away that ancient lie:
A gentler death shall Falsehood die,
Shot through and through with cunning words.

Weak Truth, a-leaning on her crutch,
Wan, wasted Truth, in her utmost need,
Thy kingly intellect shall feed,
Until she be an athlete bold,
And weary with a finger's touch
Those writhed limbs of lightning speed;
Like that strange angel which of old,
Until the breaking of the light,
Wrestled with wandering Israel,
Past Yabbok brook the livelong night,
And heaven's mazed signs stood still
In the dim tract of Penuel.
TENNYSON: *To* ———.

Though truths in manhood darkly join,
Deep-seated in our mystic frame,
We yield all blessing to the name
Of Him that made them current coin.

For Wisdom dealt with mortal powers,
Where Truth in closest words shall fail
When Truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors.
TENNYSON: *In Memoriam.*

Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being and unfolds his power.
THOMSON.

Why heavenly truth,
And moderation fair, were the red marks
Of superstition's scourge.
THOMSON.

Their charms, if charms they have, the truth supplies,
And from the theme unlabour'd beauties rise.
TICKELL.

Such truth in love as th' antique world did know;
In such a style as courts might boast of now.
WALLER.

There, lives cannot be good,
There, faith cannot be sure,
Where truth cannot be quiet,
Nor ordinances pure.
No king can king it right,
Nor rightly sway his rod,
Who truly loves not Christ
And truly fears not God.
NATHANIEL WARD:
Simple Cobbler of Aggawam.
(See *Monthly Anthology*, Boston, May, 1809, by DR. J. G. COGSWELL.)

"Infinite Truth, the life of my desires,
Come from the sky, and join thyself to me:
I'm tired with hearing, and this hearing tires:
But never tired of telling thee,
'Tis thy fair face alone my spirit burns to see."
DR. ISAAC WATTS: *Lyrics.*

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow;
After-hands shall sow the seed,
After-hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the Future borrow;
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And on midnight's sky of rain
Paint the golden morrow.
WHITTIER: *Barclay of Ury.*

What is truth?—A staff rejected.
WORDSWORTH.

TWILIGHT.

From each tower's embattled crest
The vesper bell has toll'd;
'Tis the hour that bringeth rest
To the shepherd and his fold:
From hamlet, rock, and chalet
Let our evening song be pour'd,
Till mountain, rock, and valley
Re-echo—"Praise the Lord!"
DR. WILLIAM BEATTIE:
Evening Hymn of the Alpine Shepherds.

Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow.
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorch'd land, thou wanderer of the sea.
WM. C. BRYANT: *To the Evening Wind.*

Bless'd be the hour,
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer.
BYRON.

A paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,—
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.
BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.
BYRON: *Parisina.*

For there no twilight of the sun's dull ray
Glimmers upon the pure and native day.
COWLEY.

The sunset hues are fading fast
From the fair western sky away,
And floating clouds which gather'd round
Have vanish'd with their colors gay.

All, save one streak that lingers there,
Retaining still a rosy hue,
Bright at the verge, but pale above,
Soft blending with celestial blue.

So lovely were those brilliant clouds
Which floated in the evening air,
It well might seem that angel forms
Such fabrics for their robes would wear.
MARY ANN H. DODD: *Twilight.*

A rift there was, which from the mountain's height
Convey'd a glimmering and malignant light,
A breathing-place to draw the damps away,
A twilight of an intercepted day.
DRYDEN.

The sun is set, the day is o'er,
And labor's voice is heard no more;
On high the silver moon is hung;
The birds their vesper hymns have sung,
Save one who oft breaks forth anew,
To chant another sweet adieu
To all the glories of the day,
And all its pleasures past away.

Her twilight robe all nature wears,
And evening sheds her fragrant tears,
Which every thirsty plant receives,
While silence trembles on its leaves.
E. L. FOLLEN: *Evening.*

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.
GRAY: *Elegy.*

There is an evening Twilight of the heart,
When its wild passion-waves are lull'd to rest,
And the eye sees life's fairy scenes depart,
As fades the day-beam in the rosy west.
'Tis with a nameless feeling of regret
We gaze upon them as they melt away,
And fondly would we bid them linger yet,
But Hope is round us with her angel lay,
Hailing afar some happier moonlight hour:
Dear are her whispers still, though lost their early power.
FITZ-GREENE HALLECK: *Twilight.*

As one who, walking in the twilight gloom,
Hears round about him voices as it darkens,
And, seeing not the forms from which they come,
Pauses from time to time, and turns and hearkens;

So, walking here in twilight, O my friends!
I hear your voices, soften'd by the distance,
And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends
His words of friendship, comfort, and assistance.
LONGFELLOW:
The Seaside and the Fireside: Dedication.

The twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.
LONGFELLOW: *Twilight.*

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky, and water, and forest,
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
LONGFELLOW: *Evangeline.*

When the hours of day are number'd,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumber'd,
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlour-wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more.
LONGFELLOW: *Footsteps of Angels.*

Can Music's voice, can Beauty's eye,
Can Painting's glowing hand, supply
A charm so suited to my mind
As blows this hollow gust of wind;
As drops this little weeping rill,
Soft tinkling down the moss-grown hill?
While through the west, where sinks the crimson day,
Meek Twilight slowly sails, and weaves her banners gray.
MASON.

When twilight skies look faintly down,
When noon lies hush'd on leaf and spray,
When midnight casts her silver crown
Before the throne of godlike day,—

There, still, to earth's perpetual choir,
The same sweet harmony is given:
For angels wake her sacred lyre,
And every chord is strung by Heaven.
EDITH MAY: *A Forest Scene.*

Twilight gray
Hath in her sober livery all things clad.
MILTON.

The sun was sunk, and after him the star
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter
'Twixt day and night; and now from end to end
Night's hemisphere had veil'd th' horizon round.
MILTON.

When the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves.
MILTON.

Darkness now rose
As daylight sunk, and brought in lowering night,
Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,
Privation mere of light and absent day.

MILTON.

Ambrosial night, with clouds exhaled
From that high mount of God, whence light and shade
Spring both, the face of brightest heav'n had changed
To grateful twilight.

MILTON.

In the June twilight, in the soft gray twilight,
The yellow sun-glow trembling through the rainy eve,
As my love lay quiet, came the solemn fiat,
"All these things forever — forever — thou must leave."

MISS D. M. MULOCH:
In the June Twilight.

The long northern twilight between the day and the night,
When the heat and the weariness of the world are ended quite,
When the hills grow dim as dreams, and the crystal river seems
Like that River of Life from out the Throne where the blessed walk in white.

MISS D. M. MULOCH:
Twilight in the North.

Slowly fades the misty twilight
O'er the throng'd and noisy town;
Storms are gather'd in the distance,
And the clouds above it frown.
Yet before me leaves sway lightly
In the hush'd and drowsy air,
And the trees new-clothed in verdure
Have no summer of despair.

I have gazed into the darkness,
Seeking in the busy crowd
For a form once passing onward
With a step as firm and proud;
For a face upturn'd in gladness
To the window where I lean'd,
Smiling with an eager welcome,
Though a step but intervened.

EMILY NEAL: *A Memory.*

No one hastens home at twilight,
Watching for my hand to wave:
For the form I seek so vainly
Sleepeth in the silent grave;
And the eyes have smiled in dying,
Blessing me with latest life—
Oh, my friend! above the discord
Of the last wild earthly strife.

EMILY NEAL: *A Memory.*

The twilight hour is over!
In busier homes than mine
I can see the shadows crossing
Athwart the taper's shine;
I hear the roll of chariots
And the tread of homeward feet,
And the lamps' long rows of splendour
Gleam through the misty street.
No more I mark the objects
In my cold and cheerless room;
The fire's unheeded embers
Have sunk—and all is gloom.

MRS. NORTON: *Twilight.*

It is the twilight hour;
The daylight toil is done,
And the last rays are departing
Of the cold and wintry sun.

It is the time when friendship
Holds converse fair and free;
It is the time when children
Dance round the mother's knee.

But my soul is faint and heavy,
With a yearning sad and deep:
By the fireside lone and dreary
I sit me down and weep!

MRS. NORTON: *Twilight.*

O Twilight! Spirit that does render birth
To dim enchantments, melting heaven with earth,
Leaving on craggy hills and running streams
A softness like the atmosphere of dreams:
Thy hour to all is welcome! Faint and sweet
Thy light falls round the peasant's homeward feet,
Who, slow returning from his task of toil,
Sees the low sunset gild the cultured soil,
And, though such radiance round him brightly glows,
Marks the small spark his cottage window throws.

MRS. NORTON: *Picture of Twilight.*

Down sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with dusky gray.

PARNELL.

The approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck the glade,
And the low sun has lengthen'd every shade.
POPE.

The shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie:
Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day:
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *Evening Hymn.*

Last of the hours that track the fading day,
I move along the realms of twilight air,
And hear, remote, the choral song decay
Of sister-nymphs who dance around his car.

Then, as I follow through the azure void,
His partial splendour from my straining eye
Sinks in the depths of space; my only guide
His faint ray dawning on the farthest sky:

Save that sweet, lingering strain of gayer hours
Whose close my voice prolongs in dying notes,
While mortals on the green earth own its powers,
As downward on the evening gale it floats.
MRS. RADCLIFFE: *Song of the Evening Hour.*

Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village green,
With magic tints to harmonize the scene.
Still'd is the hum that through the hamlet broke
When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peasants flock'd to hear the minstrel play,
And games and carols closed the busy day.
ROGERS: *Pleasures of Memory.*

Now the soft hour
Of walking comes; for him who lonely loves
To seek the distant hills, and there converse
With nature; there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic song to breathe around
The harmony to others.
THOMSON: *Seasons.*

Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
All ether softening, sober evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air;
A thousand shadows at her beck.
THOMSON.

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed away,
And deeper in the brightening noon the tranquil shadows lay,
From many a brown old farm-house and hamlet without name,
Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry huskers came.
WHITTIER: *The Huskers.*

Pale Memory's favor'd child thou art,
And many dreams are thine;
With their existence all the past
Returning seems to twine.

Thou bringest to the souls bereaved
The look and tone they miss;
Thou callest from another world
The best-beloved of this.

Thou comest like a veiled nun,
With footsteps sad and slow;
Thou summonest the solemn prayer
From heart and lip to flow.
JANE T. WORTHINGTON: *To Twilight.*

TYRANNY.

But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her bloomy mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
ADDISON.

Curse on the unpard'ning prince, whom tears can draw
To no remorse; who rules by lion's law;
And deaf to pray'rs, by no submission bow'd,
Rends all alike, the penitent and proud.
DRYDEN.

Condemn'd to live with subjects ever mute,
A salvage prince, unpleased, though absolute.
DRYDEN.

His sons, who seek the tyrant to sustain,
And long for arbitrary lords again,
He dooms to death, asserting public right.
DRYDEN.

The fiend with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.
MILTON.

God in judgment just
Subjects him from without to violent lords,
Who oft as undeservedly inthrall
His outward freedom: tyranny must be.
MILTON.

Love reigns a very tyrant in my heart;
Attended on his throne by all his guard
Of furious wishes, fears, and nice suspicions!
OTWAY.

Still when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,
Some Athens perishes, or some Tully bleeds.
POPE.

Ev'n fortune rules no more a servile land,
Where exiled tyrants still by turns command.
POPE.

No tyrants fierce that unrepenting die
E'er felt such rage as thou. POPE.

Your sacred aid religious monarchs own,
When first they merit, then ascend the throne:
But tyrants dread you, lest your just decree
Transfer the power, and set the people free.
PRIOR.

O nation miserable!
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptred;
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
SHAKSPEARE.

Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do. SHAKSPEARE.

Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure;
For goodness dares not check thee.
SHAKSPEARE.

Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless throne.
SHAKSPEARE.

Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny.
SHAKSPEARE.

I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot. SHAKSPEARE.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.
SHAKSPEARE.

Of all the tyrants that the world affords,
Our own affections are the fiercest lords.
EARL OF STIRLING: *Julius Cæsar.*

Worse than the anarchy at sea,
Where fishes on each other prey;
Where ev'ry trout can make as high rants
O'er his inferiors as our tyrants. SWIFT.

When trampling tyranny with Fate
And black Revenge gigantic goes,
Hark! how the dying infants shriek!
How hopeless age is sunk in woes!
Fly, mortals, from that fated land,
Though birds in shades of cassia sing,
Harvests and fruits spontaneous rise,
No storms disturb the smiling skies,
And each soft breeze rich odours bring.
DR. JOSEPH WARTON: *Ode to Liberty.*

UNKINDNESS.

He came too late!—Neglect had tried
Her constancy too long;
Her love had yielded to her pride
And the deep sense of wrong.
She scorn'd the offering of a heart
Which linger'd on its way
Till it could no delight impart,
Nor spread one cheering ray.
ELIZABETH BOGART: *He Came Too Late.*

And as for you, my Lady Squeamish,
Who reckon every touch a blemish,
If all the plants that can be found
Embellishing the scene around
Should droop and wither where they grow,
You would not feel at all, not you.
The noblest minds their virtue prove
By pity, sympathy, and love:
These, these are feelings truly fine,
And prove their owner half divine.
COWPER:
The Poet, the Oyster, and the Sensitive Plant.

A real joy I never knew
Till I believed thy passion true;
A real grief I ne'er can find
Till thou provest perjured or unkind.
PRIOR.

In nature there's no blemish but the mind:
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind.
SHAKSPEARE.

To the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
SHAKSPEARE.

Or, if they serve you, serve you disinclined,
And in their height of kindness are unkind.
YOUNG.

VALOUR.

For, as we see the eclipsed sun
By mortals is more gazed upon
Than when, adorn'd with all his light,
He shines in serene sky most bright,
So valour in a low estate
Is more admired and wonder'd at.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Who now my matchless valour dare oppose?
How long will Dares wait his dastard foes?
DRYDEN.

Now learn the diff'rence at your proper cost
Betwixt true valour and an empty boast.
DRYDEN.

Your valour bravely did th' assault sustain,
And fill'd the moats and ditches with the slain.
DRYDEN.

You released his courage, and set free
A valour fatal to the enemy.
DRYDEN.

His name a great example stands to show
How strangely high endeavours may be blest,
Where piety and valour jointly go.
DRYDEN.

A sad wise valour is the brave complexion
That leads the van, and swallows up the cities:
The giggler is a milkmaid, whom infection,
Or the fired beacon, frighteth from his ditties.
GEORGE HERBERT.

Two paths lead upward from below,
And angels wait above,
Who count each burning life-drop's flow,
Each falling tear of love.

Though from the Hero's bleeding breast
Her pulses' Freedom drew,
Though the white lilies in her crest
Sprang from that scarlet dew,—

While Valor's haughty champions wait
Till all their scars are shown,
Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
To sit beside the Throne.
O. W. HOLMES: *The Two Armies.*

Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour.
MILTON.

To that dauntless temper of his mind
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. SHAKSPEARE.

It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpoised. SHAKSPEARE.

His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.
SHAKSPEARE.

Mark a bounding valour in our English;
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Breaks out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapses of mortality.
SHAKSPEARE.

True valour
Lies in the mind, the never-yielding purpose,
Nor owns the blind award of giddy fortune.
THOMSON: *Coriolanus.*

Noble pity held
His hand awhile, and to their choice gave space
Which they would prove, his valour or his grace.
WALLER.

VANITY.

Let vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
Where night and desolations ever frown:
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.
BEATTIE: *The Humble Wish.*

Can you add guilt to vanity, and take
A pride to hear the conquests which you make?
DRYDEN.

O frail estate of human things,
Now to our cost your emptiness we know.
DRYDEN.

Whom Ancus follows with a fawning air,
But vain within, and proudly popular.
DRYDEN.

Why is the hearse with scutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plumes of ostrich crown'd?
No: the dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only serves to prove the living vain. GAY.

Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory, or lasting fame,
Or happiness.

MILTON.

Ah, friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thoughts, and touch the heart, be thine.

POPE.

With varying vanities from ev'ry part,
They shift the moving toy-shop of their heart.

POPE.

This course of vanity almost complete,
Tired in the field of life, I hope retreat.

PRIOR.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?

SHAKSPEARE.

Now 'gan his heart to swell in jollity,
And of himself great hope and help conceived;
That, puffed up with smoke of vanity,
And with self-loved personage deceived,
He 'gan to hope of men to be received
For such as him thought, or fain would be:
But for in court gay portance he perceived
A gallant show to be in greatest gree,
Eftsoons to court he cast t' advance his first degree.

SPENSER.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools
That vanity's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

SWIFT.

Almighty vanity! to thee they owe
Their zest of pleasure, and their balm of woe.

YOUNG.

Vain show and noise intoxicate the brain,
Begin with giddiness, and end in pain.

YOUNG.

Ye vain! desist from your erroneous strife;
Be wise, and quit the false sublime of life:
The true ambition there alone resides
Where justice vindicates, and wisdom guides.

YOUNG.

VARIETY.

What exhibitions various hath the world
Witness'd of mutability in all
That we account most durable below!
Change is the diet on which all subsist,
Created changeable, and change at last
Destroys them.

COWPER: *Yardley Oak.*

And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.

SIR J. DENHAM.

Eterne alteration
Now follows, now flies,
And under pain, pleasure,—
Under pleasure, pain lies.
Love works at the centre,
Heart heaving alway,
Forth speed the strong pulses
To the borders of day.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON: *The Sphinx.*

Variety's the source of joy below,
From which still fresh revolving pleasures flow;
In books and love the mind one end pursues,
And only change the expiring flame renews.

GAY.

Countless the various species of mankind,
Countless the shades which sep'rate mind from mind;
No general object of desire is known;
Each has his will, and each pursues his own.

GIFFORD: *Perseus.*

The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

POPE.

That each from other differs, first confess;
Next, that he varies from himself no less.

POPE.

Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: his great end the same.

POPE.

I found
The fickle ear soon glutted with the sound:
Condemn'd eternal changes to pursue,
Tired of the last, and eager of the new.

PRIOR.

Heav'n doth divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion.

SHAKSPEARE.

There rich varieties of joy
Continual feast the mind;
Pleasures which fill, but never cloy,
Immortal and refined.

No factious strife, no envy there
The sons of peace molest;
But harmony and love sincere
Fill every happy breast.

ANNE STEELE: *Promised Lana.*

VEGETATION.

Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler tastes and more exalted scents.
ADDISON.

Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.
POPE.

See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again;
All forms that perish other forms supply,
By turns we catch the vital breath and die.
POPE.

Hence vegetives receive their fragrant birth,
And clothe the naked bosom of the earth.
SANDYS.

The sun deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation sets the streaming power
At large.
THOMSON.

The sap in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
All this innumerous-colour'd scene of things.
THOMSON.

Let brutes and vegetables that cannot drink
So far as drought and nature urges, think.
WALLER.

VENGEANCE.

His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head:
Oppression, tyranny, and pow'r usurp'd
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em.
ADDISON.

Soon may kind heav'n a sure relief provide;
Soon may your sire discharge the vengeance due,
And all your wrongs the proud oppressors rue.
POPE.

Vouchsafe the means of vengeance to debate,
And plan with all thy arts the scene of fate.
POPE.

Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand;
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
SHAKSPEARE.

I home returning, fraught with foul despight,
And chawing vengeance all the way I went.
SPENSER.

And though the villain 'scape a while, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a bloodhound, at his heels.
SWIFT.

VERSE.

Good verse, recess and solitude requires,
And ease from cares, and undisturb'd desires.
DRYDEN.

But thou in clumsy verse, unlick'd, unpointed,
Hast shamefully defied.
DRYDEN.

I hasten Og and Doeg to rehearse,
Two fools that crutch their feeble sense on verse.
DRYDEN.

What verse can do, he has perform'd in this,
Which he presumes the most correct of his.
DRYDEN.

Immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.
MILTON.

VICE.

So in the wicked there's no vice
Of which the saints have not a spice.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Weak and irresolute is man:
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain;
But passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.
COWPER: *Human Frailty.*

Each noble vice
Shall bear a price,
And virtue shall a drug become:
An empty name
Was all her fame,
But now she shall be dumb.
DRYDEN.

But thou who, lately of the common strain,
Wert one of us, if still thou dost retain
The same ill habits, the same follies too,
Still thou art bound to vice, and still a slave.
DRYDEN.

For vice, through frontless and of harden'd face,
Is daunted at the sight of awful grace.
DRYDEN.

The heavenly father keep his brood
From foul infection of so great a vice.
FAIRFAX.

We have all our vices, and the best
Is he who with the fewest is opprest.
HORACE.

His thoughts were low:
To vice industrious; but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful.
MILTON.

I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
MILTON.

How awful is that hour, when conscience stings
The hoary wretch who on his death-bed hears,
Deep in his soul, the thundering voice that rings,
In one dark, damning moment, crimes of years,
And, screaming like a vulture in his ears,
Tells, one by one, his thoughts and deeds of shame!
How wild the fury of his soul careers!
His swart eye flashes with intensest flame,
And like the torture's rack the wrestling of his frame.
JAMES GATES PERCIVAL: *Prometheus.*

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
POPE.

The heart resolves this matter in a trice:
Men only feel the smart, but not the vice.
POPE.

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
POPE.

Deduct what is but vanity or dress,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness,
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,—
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain!
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts:
Then see how little the remaining sum
Which serves the past, and must the times to come!
POPE.

When noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed, the mind grown once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair.
SHAKSPEARE.

Do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtues a just equinox,
The one as long as the other.
SHAKSPEARE.

So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
He lived from all attainder of suspect.
SHAKSPEARE.

No vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
SHAKSPEARE.

The detestation you express
For vice in all its glitt'ring dress.
SWIFT.

And poor Misfortune feels the lash of Vice.
THOMSON.

Ah! from real happiness we stray,
By vice bewilder'd: vice, which always leads,
However fair at first, to wilds of woe.
THOMSON: *Agamemnon.*

VIRTUE.

If there's a power above us
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works), he must delight in virtue:
And that which he delights in must be happy.
ADDISON.

Remember all his virtues,
And show mankind that goodness is your care.
ADDISON.

When his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.
ADDISON.

The gods in bounty work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues that shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.
ADDISON.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of heaven: a happiness
That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great nature's favourites; a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd.
ARMSTRONG: *Art of Preserving Health.*

Virtue! how many as a lowly thing,
Born of weak folly, scorn thee! but thy name
Alone they know; upon thy soaring wing
They'd fear to mount; nor could thy sacred flame
Burn in their baser hearts: the biting thorn,
The flinty crag, flowers hiding, strew thy field:
Yet blest is he whose daring hides the scorn
Of the frail, easy herd, and buckles on thy shield:
Who says thy ways are bliss, trolls but a lay
To lure the infant: if thy paths to view
Were always pleasant, Crime's worst sons would lay
Their daggers at thy feet, and, from mere sloth, pursue.
MARIA BROOKS: *Zophiel.*

Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell:
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.
COLLINS.

Still in the paths of honour persevere,
And not from past nor present ills despair;
For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And, though a late, a sure reward succeeds.
CONGREVE: *Mourning Bride.*

Are domestic comforts dead?
Are all the nameless sweets of friendship fled?
Has time worn out, or fashion put to shame,
Good sense, good health, good conscience, and good fame?
All these belong to virtue, and all prove
That virtue has a title to your love.
COWPER: *Progress of Error.*

Friends, not adopted with a schoolboy's haste,
But chosen with a nice discerning taste,
Well born, well disciplined, who, placed apart
From vulgar minds, have honour much at heart,
And (though the world may think the ingredients odd)
The love of virtue, and the fear of God!
Such friends prevent what else would soon succeed,
A temper rustic as the life we lead,
And keep the polish of the manners clean
As theirs who bustle in the busiest scene.
COWPER: *Retirement.*

Numb'ring of his virtues' praise,
Death lost the reckoning of his days.
CRASHAW.

'Tis vain to think that lasting which must end;
And when 'tis past, not any part remains
Thereof, but the reward which virtue gains.
SIR J. DENHAM.

The reputation
Of virtuous actions past, if not kept up
With an access and fresh supply of new ones,
Is lost and soon forgotten.
SIR J. DENHAM: *The Sophy.*

To worthiest things,
Virtue, art, beauty, fortune, now I see
Rareness or use, not nature, value brings.
DONNE.

For of all moral virtues, she was all
That ethics speak of virtues cardinal.
DONNE.

Unsettled virtue stormy may appear;
Honour like mine serenely is severe.
DRYDEN.

Strong virtue, like strong nature, struggles still,
Exerts itself, and then throws off the ill.
DRYDEN.

O virtue! virtue! what art thou become,
That men should leave thee for that toy a woman?
DRYDEN.

My guilt thy growing virtues did defame;
My blackness blotted thy unblemish'd name.
DRYDEN.

The father banish'd virtue shall restore,
And crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.
DRYDEN.

To some new clime, or to thy native sky,
O friendless and forsaken virtue! fly:
The Indian air is deadly to thee grown;
Deceit and canker'd malice rule thy throne.
DRYDEN.

Your foes are such as they, not you, have made,
And virtue may repel, though not invade.
DRYDEN.

Since noble arts in Rome have no support,
And rugged virtue not a friend at court.
DRYDEN.

A generous virtue of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the last recesses of the mind.
DRYDEN.

Virtue, disdain, despair, I oft have tried,
And, foil'd, have with new arms my foe defied.
DRYDEN.

Heroic virtue did his actions guide;
And he the substance, not th' appearance, chose.
DRYDEN.

Think not my sense of virtue is so small;
I'll rather leap down first, and break your fall.
DRYDEN.

In deference to his virtues, I forbear
To show you what the rest in orders were;
This brilliant is so spotless and so bright,
He needs not foil, but shines by his own proper light.
DRYDEN.

The path to peace is virtue: what I show,
Thyself may freely on thyself bestow:
Fortune was never worshipp'd by the wise,
But, set aloft by fools, usurps the skies.
DRYDEN.

He whose mind
Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind;
Though poor in fortune, of celestial race;
And he commits the crime who calls him base.
DRYDEN.

Fair virtue, should I follow thee,
I should be naked and alone;
For thou art not in company,
And scarce art to be found in one.
EVELYN.

'Tis not to any rank confined,
But dwells in every honest mind;
Be justice then your sole pursuit;
Plant virtue, and content's the fruit.
GAY: *Fables.*

Fearless he sees, who is with virtue crown'd,
The tempest rage, and hears the thunder sound;
Ever the same, let fortune smile or frown:
Serenely as he lived resigns his breath,
Meets destiny half-way, nor shrinks at death.
GRANVILLE.

There is no peace in sinne: Æternal warr
Doth rage 'mong vices. But all vertues are
Friends 'mong themselves, and choisest accents be
Harsh echoes of their heavenly harmonie.
W. HABINGTON: *On G. Talbot.*

If thou dost ill, the joy fades, not the pains;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.
GEORGE HERBERT.

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave;
And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses;
A box where sweets compacted lie;
Thy music shows ye have your closes;
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.
GEORGE HERBERT.

Each must in virtue strive for to excel;
The man lives twice who lives the first life well.
HERRICK.

The heart, unalter'd in its mood,
That joys alone in doing good,
And follows in the heavenly road,
And steps where once an angel trod,—
The joys within such heart that burn,
No loss can quench, nor time o'erturn!
The stars may from their orbits bend,
The mountains rock, the heavens rend,
The sun's last ember cool and quiver,—
But virtue still shall glow forever!
JAMES HOGG: *Virtue.*

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retired to die.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure the eternal Master found
The single talent well employ'd.
DR. S. JOHNSON: *Death of Robert Levett.*

They follow virtue for reward to-day;
To-morrow vice, if she give better pay;
We are so good, or bad, just at a price;
For nothing else discerns the virtue or the vice.
BEN JONSON.

'Tis virtue which they want; and, wanting it,
Honour no garment to their backs can fit.
BEN JONSON.

Were we not better to fall once with virtue
Than draw a wretched and dishonour'd breath?
BEN JONSON.

Love virtue; she alone is free;
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphery clime.
MILTON.

Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants,
Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.
MILTON.

Virtue given for lost
Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most
When most inactive deem'd.
MILTON.

Nor think superfluous their aid:
I, from the influence of thy looks, receive
Access in every virtue; in thy sight
More wise, more watchful, stronger.
MILTON.

Wherefore should not strength and might
There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove
Where boldest, though to fight unconquerable?
MILTON.

Others in virtue placed felicity;
But virtue join'd with riches and long life,
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease.
MILTON.

Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk.
MILTON.

Virtue which breaks through opposition,
And all temptation can remove,
Most shines, and most is acceptable above.
MILTON.

From this descent
Celestial virtues rising will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall.
MILTON.

Most men admire
Virtue who follow not her lore.
MILTON.

Rely on what thou hast of virtue, summon all.
MILTON.

For him I reckon not in high estate;
But thee, whose strength, while virtue was her mate,
Might have subdued the earth.
MILTON.

Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt;
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthrall'd;
Yet even that which mischief meant most harm
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
MILTON.

He generous thoughts instils
Of true nobility; forms their ductile minds
To human virtues.
JOHN PHILIPS.

Count all th' advantage prosperous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains;
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want—which is, to pass for good,
Oh, blind to truth and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
POPE.

Each emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each virtue he inspires,
Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, are giv'n for you to hate.
POPE.

Passion and pride were to her soul unknown;
Convinced that virtue only is our own.
POPE.

Fools into the notion fall
That vice or virtue there is none at all:
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain
POPE.

Court virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
Born where Heaven's influence scarce can penetrate:
In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Though the same sun with all-diffusive rays
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his power,
And justly set the gem above the flower.
POPE.

Sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed:
What then? is the reward of virtue bread?
That vice may merit; 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it when he tills the soil.
POPE.

Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age.
POPE.

Great idol of mankind, we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!
'Tis all we beg thee to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness which themselves requite:
Oh, let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake.
POPE.

This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar, but for Titus too:
And which more blest? who chain'd his country, say?
Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?
POPE.

Thus nature gives us, let it check our pride,
The virtue nearest to our vice allied:
Reason the bias turns to good or ill.
POPE.

As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear;
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root.
POPE.

Oh heav'n-born sisters! source of art!
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart;
Who lead fair virtue's train along,
Moral truth, and mystic song.
POPE.

Go search it there where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor make all the history;
Enough that virtue fill'd the space between;
Proved by the ends of being to have been.
POPE.

What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize.
POPE.

Urged by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light;
Show'd erring pride, Whatever is, is right.
That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That Virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.
POPE: *Essay on Man* (*Address to Bolingbroke*).

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour:
Content to dwell in decencies forever.
POPE.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree.
POPE.

Virtue only makes our bliss below.
POPE.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
Virtue alone is happiness below.
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill.
POPE.

Man hath two attendant angels
Ever waiting at his side,
With him wheresoe'er he wanders,
Wheresoe'er his feet abide.
One to warn him when he darkleth,
And rebuke him if he stray,
One to leave him to his nature,
And so let him go his way.

Two recording spirits, reading
All his life's minutest part,
Looking in his soul, and listening
To the beatings of his heart.
Each, with pen of fire electric,
Writes the good or evil wrought;
Writes with truth that adds not, errs not,
Purpose, action, word, and thought.

One, the Teacher and Reprover,
Marks each heaven-deserving deed,
Graves it with the lightning's vigour,
Seals it with the lightning's speed;
For the good that man achieveth,—
Good beyond an angel's doubt,—
Such remains for aye and ever
And cannot be blotted out.

One (severe and silent Watcher!)
Noteth every crime and guile,
Writes it with a holy duty,
Seals it not, but waits awhile;
If the evil-doer cry not,
"God forgive me!" ere he sleeps,
Then the sad stern spirit seals it,
And the gentler spirit weeps.
P. PRINCE.

Those that by their strict examples taught
How much more splendid virtue was than gold,
Yet scarce their swelling thirst of fame could hide,
And boasted poverty with too much pride.
PRIOR.

Virtue, dear friend, needs no defence;
The surest guard is innocence:
Quivers and bows and poison'd darts
Are only used by guilty hearts.
ROSCOMMON.

We resolutely must
To the few virtues that we have be just.
ROSCOMMON.

True virtues, with unclouded light,
All great, all royal, shine divinely bright.
ROSCOMMON.

Our virtues
Would be proud if our faults whipt them not; and
Our crimes would despair if they were not
Cherish'd by our virtues.
SHAKSPEARE.

Let not the peace of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Shares with thy birthright.
SHAKSPEARE.

This Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off.
SHAKSPEARE.

In the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do him good.
SHAKSPEARE.

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometimes by action's dignified.
SHAKSPEARE.

Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
Her nat'ral graces that extinguish art.
SHAKSPEARE.

If I'm traduced by tongues that neither know
My faculties nor person;
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through.
SHAKSPEARE.

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.
SHAKSPEARE.

Heav'n doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.
SHAKSPEARE.

When our souls shall leave this dwelling,
The glory of one fair and virtuous action
Is above all the 'scutcheons on our tomb,
Or silken banners over us.
SHIRLEY.

No fancy mine, no other wrong suspect,
Make me, O virtuous shame, thy laws neglect.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

Sweet is thy virtue, as thyself art sweet;
For when on me thou shinedst, late in sadness,
A melting pleasance ran through every part,
And me revived with heart-robing gladness.
SPENSER.

No fort can be so strong,
No fleshly breast can armed be so sound,
But will at last be won with batt'ry long,
Or unawares at disadvantage found.
SPENSER.

Count that day lost whose low-descending sun
Sees from thy hand no worthy action done.
Stanisford's Art of Reading, 3d ed., p. 27.

Virtue, to crown her fav'rites, loves to try
Some new, unbeaten passage to the sky.
SWIFT.

I own, he hates an action base,
His virtues battling with his place.
SWIFT.

I'll search where ev'ry virtue dwells,
From courts inclusive down to cells.
SWIFT.

Where social love exerts her soft command,
And plays the passions with a tender hand,
Whence every virtue flows, in rival strife,
And all the moral harmony of life.
THOMSON.

I care not, Fortune! what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her bright'ning face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living streams, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.
THOMSON.

O virtue! virtue! as thy joys excel,
So are thy woes transcendent; the gross world
Knows not the bliss or misery of either.

THOMSON: *Agamemnon.*

What, what is virtue but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
Above the passions that this world deform,
And torture man, a proud malignant worm?

THOMSON: *Castle of Indolence.*

They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliss:
What else so fit for man to settle well?
And still their long researches met in this,
This Truth of Truths, which nothing can refel:
"From virtue's fount the purest joys outwell,"
Sweet rills of thought that clear the conscious soul;
While vice pours forth the troubled streams of hell:
The which, howe'er disguised, at last with dole
Will through the tortured breast their fiery torrent roll.

THOMSON: *Castle of Indolence.*

Virtue sole survives,
Immortal, never-fading friend of man;
His guide to happiness on high.

THOMSON: *Seasons.*

Our wealth leaves us at death,
Our kinsmen at the grave;
But virtue of the mind unto
The heavens with us we have.

Wherefore for virtue's sake
I can be well content
The sweetest time of all my life
To deem in thinking spent.

LORD VAUX: *Paradise of Dainty Devices.*

But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad
In flesh and blood.

WALLER.

If virtue's self were lost, we might
From your mind new copies write.

WALLER.

All true glory rests,
All praise of safety, and all happiness,
Upon the moral law. Egyptian Thebes;
Tyre by the margin of the sounding waves;
Palmyra central in the desert, fell!
And the arts died by which they had been raised.
Call Archimedes from his buried tomb
Upon the plains of vanish'd Syracuse:
And feelingly the sage shall make report
How insecure, how baseless in itself
Is that philosophy whose sway is framed
For mere material instruments, how weak
Those arts and high inventions, if unpropp'd
By virtue.

WORDSWORTH: *Power of Virtue.*

Virtue is the roughest way,
But proves at night a bed of down.

WOTTON.

Then, wrought into the soul, let virtue shine,
The ground eternal, as the work divine.

YOUNG.

The man who consecrates his hours
By vig'rous effort and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He walks with nature, and her paths are peace.

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

Pygmies are pygmies still, though perch'd on Alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:
Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids:
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.
Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause?
The cause is lodged in immortality.

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

VOICES.

By the firelight's fitful gleaming
I am dreaming, ever dreaming,
And the rain is slowly falling all around;
And voices that are nearest,
Of friends the best and dearest,
Appear to have a strange and distant sound.
Now the weary wind is sighing,
And the murky day is dying,
And the wither'd leaves lie scatter'd round my door;
But that voice whose gentle greeting
Set this heart so wildly beating
At each fond and frequent greeting comes no more.

All the Year Round: "Lonely."

'Tis vain to call; I once the strain have heard,
That lack'd no note to make the tune complete;
Once, waken'd by the touch of some kind word,
I found a garden fair, with flowers sweet:

There, plucking fruits from many a drooping bough,
I stray'd, untroubled by foreboding doubt;
Once have I pass'd the golden year, and now
I see it far back, like a star going out.

The daisies of the golden year are dead;
Its sunsets will not touch the west again;
Its glories are removed, its blessings fled,
And only fully known when sought in vain:
The same sweet voices I shall never hear!
For the fair forms that once my pathway cross'd
Are gone, with waters of the golden year
That now are mingled in the sea and lost.
All the Year Round: "*The Golden Year.*"

I look around, and feel the awe
Of one who walks alone
Among the wrecks of former days,
In mournful ruin strown:
I start to hear the stirring sounds
Among the cypress-trees,
For the voice of the departed
Is borne upon the breeze.

That solemn voice! it mingles with
Each free and careless strain;
I scarce can think earth's minstrelsy
Will cheer my heart again.
The melody of summer waves,
The thrilling notes of birds,
Can never be so dear to me
As their remember'd words.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles
Still on me sweetly fall,
Their tones of love I faintly hear
My name in sadness call.
I know that they are happy,
With their angel-plumage on,
But my heart is very desolate
To think that they are gone.
PARK BENJAMIN: *The Departed.*

While—O soft! her speaking is so interwound
Of the dim and the sweet, 'tis a twilight of sound,
And floats through the chamber.
MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

—A Voice reproves me thereupon,
More sweet than Nature's, when the drone
Of bees is sweetest, and more deep
Than when the rivers overleap
The shuddering pines, and thunder on.
God's Voice, not Nature's—night and noon
He sits upon the great white throne,
And listens for the Creatures' praise:
What babble we of days and days?
The Dayspring He, whose days go on.
MRS. E. B. BROWNING: *De Profundis.*

The forest, Lord! is thine;
Thy quickening voice calls forth its buds to light;
Its thousand leaflets shine,
Bathed in thy dews, and in thy sunbeams bright.

Thy voice is on the air,
Where breezes murmur through the pathless shades;
Thy universal care
These awful deserts, as a spell, pervades.
STEPHEN S. BULFINCH:
Lines on Visiting Tallulah Falls, Georgia.

Should the voice directly strike the brain,
It would astonish and confuse it much;
Therefore these plaits and folds the sound restrain,
That it the organ may more gently touch.
SIR J. DAVIES.

A voice went forth throughout the land,
And an answering voice replied,
From the rock-piled mountain fastnesses
To the surging ocean tide.

And far the blazing headlands gleam'd
With their land-awakening fires;
And the hill-tops kindled, peak and height,
With a hundred answering pyres.
MARY E. HEWITT: *The Two Voices.*

What nymph soe'er his voice but hears
Will be my rival, though she have but ears.
BEN JONSON.

Voice of the viewless spirit! that hast rung
Through the still chambers of the human heart,
Since our first parents in sweet Eden sung
Their low lament in tears,—thou voice that art
Around us and above us, sounding on
With a perpetual echo, 'tis on thee,
The ministry sublime to wake and warn!—
Full of that high and wondrous Deity
That call'd existence out from Chaos' lonely sea!

Voice that art heard through every age and clime,
Commanding like a trumpet every ear,
That lends no heeding to the sounds of Time,
Seal'd up, for aye, from cradle to the bier!
That fallest, like a watchman's through the night,
Round those who sit in joy and those who weep,
Yet startling all men with thy tones of might,—
O voice, that dwellest in the hallow'd deep
Of our own bosoms' silence—eloquent in sleep!

GRENVILLE MELLEN: *Conscience.*

The poet in his vigil hears
Time flowing through the night,—
A mighty stream, absorbing tears,
And bearing down delight:
There, resting on his bank of thought,
He listens, till his soul
The voices of the waves has caught,—
The meaning of their roll.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES: *Voices of History.*

In their motions harmony divine
So smooths her charming tones.

MILTON.

Aery tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.

MILTON.

In the hush of April weather,
With the bees in budding heather,
And the white clouds floating, floating,
And the sunshine falling broad,
While my children down the hill
Run and leap, and I sit still,—
Through the silence, through the silence art
Thou calling, O my God.

D. M. MULOCH: *The Voice Calling.*

Where are ye, merry voices,
Whose clear and bird-like tone
Some other ear now blesses,
Less anxious than my own?
Where are ye, steps of lightness,
Which fell like blossom-showers?
Where are ye, sounds of laughter,
That cheer'd the pleasant hours?

MRS. NORTON: *Twilight.*

What a bright, blessed hour, when earth's voices repeat
Their anthems at close of the day,
And the waves of the heaven in calm loveliness meet
With the waters which borrow its ray!

DR. ALEXANDER S. PATTERSON: *Sunset.*

Her every tone is music's own, like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they, and from her lips each flows,
As one may see the burden'd bee forth issue from the rose.

EDWARD C. PINKNEY: *A Health.*

It was midnight when I listen'd,
And I heard two Voices speak:
One was harsh and stern and cruel,
And the other soft and weak:
Yet I saw no Vision enter,
And I heard no steps depart,
Of this Tyrant and his Captive,—
Fate it might be, and a heart.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *The Tyrant and the Captive.*

Let us throw more logs on the fire!
We have need of a cheerful light,
And close round the hearth to gather,
For the wind has risen to-night.
With the mournful sound of its wailing
It has check'd the children's glee,
And it calls with a louder clamour
Than the clamour of the sea.
Hark to the voice of the wind!

Let us listen to what it is saying,
Let us hearken to where it has been;
For it tells, in its terrible crying,
The fearful sights it has seen.
It clatters loud at the casements,
Round the house it hurries on,
And shrieks with redoubled fury
When we say, "The blast is gone!"
Hark to the voice of the wind!

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *Voice of the Wind.*

You smile to see me turn and speak
With one whose converse you despise;
You do not see the dreams of old
That with his voice arise:
How can you tell what links have made
Him sacred in my eyes?

O, these are Voices of the past,
Links of a broken chain,

Wings that can bear me back to times
Which cannot come again:
Yet God forbid that I should lose
The echoes that remain.
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *Voices of the Past.*

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman.
SHAKSPEARE.

How silvery sweet sound lovers' tongues by night;
Like softest music to attending ears.
SHAKSPEARE.

Music when soft voices die
Vibrates in the memory!
Odours when sweet violets sicken
Live within the sense they quicken.
SHELLEY.

What strains of compassion are heard from above,
Calling sinners to flee to the bosom of Love!
'Tis the voice of the Saviour who speaks from on high—
"Turn, turn ye, poor wanderers, O why will ye die?
Turn, turn, ere ye perish; for judgment is nigh."

What a sweet invitation is heard from above,
Calling children to fly to the bosom of Love!
'Tis the voice of the Shepherd! how kind is its tone—
"Come, ye young ones, to me, ere life's spring-time be flown:
I will take you, and bless you, and make you mine own."

What accents of comfort are heard from above,
Calling mourners to rest on the bosom of Love!
'Tis the voice of our tender and faithful High Priest—
"Come to me, ye who labour, with sorrows oppress'd:
Come, and, learning of me, your tired souls shall find rest."

What songs of rejoicing are rising above,
From the blest who repose on the bosom of Love!
'Tis the voice of the ransom'd; how joyful the strain!—
"Glory, blessing, and power to the Lamb that was slain,
For He suffer'd for us, and with Him we shall reign."
JAMES G. SMALL: *Voices from Heaven.*

There is a God, all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
See, from the clouds His glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise!

The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.
ANNE STEELE: *Voice of the Creatures.*

The voice of the morning is calling to childhood,
From streamlet and valley and mountain it calls,
And Mary the loveliest nymph of the wild-wood,
Is crossing the brook where the mill-water falls.
Oh, lovely is Mary; her face like a vision
Once seen leaves a chasm that will ever endure;
From her glance and her smile there beams something elysian:
She has but one failing—sweet Mary is poor.
CHARLES SWAIN: *Voice of the Morning.*

A blockhead with melodious voice
In boarding-schools can have his choice.
SWIFT.

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fall, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound:

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and good will, good will and peace,
Peace and good will, to all mankind,
TENNYSON: *In Memoriam.*

The voice of prayer at the sable bier!
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.
It commends the spirit to God who gave;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave;
It points to the glory where He shall reign
Who whisper'd, "Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!
But gladder, purer than rose from this.
The ransom'd shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;

But a sinless and joyous song they raise,
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.
HENRY WARE, JR.: *Seasons of Prayer.*

There is a voice in the autumn blast
That wafts the falling leaf,
When the glowing scene is fading fast,
For the hour of bloom is brief:
It tells of life,—of its sure decay,
And of earthly splendors that pass away.
KATHERINE AUGUSTA WARE:
Voices of the Seasons.

VOWS.

Lo! I am here to answer to your vows:
And be the meeting fortunate! I come
With joyful tidings: we shall part no more.
AKENSIDE.

To erase it with a solemn vow,—a princely vow,—to rule;
A priestly vow,—to rule by grace of God the pitiful;
A very godlike vow,—to rule in right and righteousness,
And with the law and for the land!—so God the vower bless!
MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

She vow'd to rule, and in that oath her childhood put away;
She doth maintain her womanhood, in vowing love to-day.
O lovely lady!—let her vow! such lips become such vows;
And fairer goeth bridal wreath than crown with vernal brows!
O lovely lady!—let her vow!—yea, let her vow to love!
MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

Those who wear the woodbine on their brow
Were knights of love who never broke their vow;
Firm to their plighted faith.
DRYDEN.

The Heart!—Yes, I wore it
As sign and as token
Of a love that once gave it,
A vow that was spoken;
But a love, and a vow, and a heart,
Can be broken.

The Love?—Life and Death
Are crush'd into a day,
So what wonder that Love
Should as soon pass away,—
What wonder I saw it
Fade, fail, and decay?
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *Hearts.*

O, Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chain my soul with thine.
SHAKSPEARE.

By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever woman spoke.
SHAKSPEARE.

VOYAGE.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part:
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise
Through all his art we view,
And while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost. COWPER.

Willing we sought your shores, and, hither bound,
The port so long desired at length we found.
DRYDEN.

Go now, go trust the wind's uncertain breath,
Removed four fingers from approaching death;
Or seven at most, when thickest is the board.
DRYDEN.

So we th' Arabian coast do know
At distance, when the spices blow;
By the rich odour taught to steer,
Though neither day nor star appear.
WALLER.

VULGARITY.

The vulgar! a scarce animated clod,
Ne'er pleased with aught above 'em.
DRYDEN.

Thy ear, inured to charitable sounds
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
Of jest obscene, and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred question, and the loud reply;
Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse.
PRIOR.

WAR.

Behold, in awful march and dread array,
The long-extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching, terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
ADDISON.

A thousand glorious actions that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confused in clouds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
ADDISON.

The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a gen'ral's love of conquest glows.
ADDISON.

Ensigns that pierced the foe's remotest lines
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.
ADDISON.

My thoughts are turn'd on peace:
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans.
ADDISON.

Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome.
ADDISON.

But now the trumpet, terrible from far,
In shriller clangours animates the war;
Confed'rate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat.
ADDISON.

How can I see the brave and young
Fall in the cloud of war, and fall unsung?
ADDISON.

Shall war o'er all the earth e'er bathe his fingers
In sorrow's tears, and kiss the cheek of peace,
As was foretold of old by sacred singers,
And earth o'erflush with bountiful increase?
Is this to come?

The vainly proud, the selfishly ambitious,
Shall they o'erride the fortunes of mankind?
Or shall their teachings false, and schemes pernicious,
By honest wrath be scatter'd to the wind?
Is this to come?
All the Year Round: "*To Come.*"

But when the battle-trumpet rings,
His soul's a war-horse clad with wings!
He drinks delight in with the breath
Of battle and the dust of death!
The axes redden, spring the sparks,
Blood-radiant grow the gray mail sarks:
Such blows might batter, as they fell,
Heaven's gates, or burst the booms of hell:
So fights the fearless Norseman.
All the Year Round: "*The Norseman.*"

When swords are gleaming, you shall see
The Norseman's face flash gloriously,
With look that makes the foeman reel:
His mirror from of old was steel,
And still he wields, in battle's hour,
That old Thor's hammer of Norse power;
Strikes with a desperate arm of might,
And at the last tug turns the fight:
For never yields the Norseman.
All the Year Round: "*The Norseman.*"

Where trumpets blow and streamers flow,
Behold him, calm and proud,
Bear down upon his bravest foe,
A bursting thunder-cloud.
Foremost of all the host that strove
To crowd Death's open door,
In giant mood his way he clove,—
The Man to go before.

And though the battle-lightning blazed,
The thunders roar and roll,
He to Immortal Beauty raised
A statue with his soul.
And never did the Greeks of old
Mirror in marble rare
A Wrestler of so fine a mould,
An Athlete half so fair.
All the Year Round:
"*Robert Blake, General-at-Sea.*"

Our best beloved of all the brave
That ever for freedom fought,
All, all the wonders of the wave
For fatherland were wrought!
He was the manner of man to show
How victories may be won;
So swift, you scarcely saw the blow;
You look'd—the deed was done.

You should have seen him as he trod
The deck, our joy and pride!
You should have seen him, like a god
Of storm, his war-horse ride!

You should have seen him as he stood
Fighting for his good land,
With all the iron of soul and blood
Turn'd to a sword in hand.

All the Year Round: "*Nelson: An Old Man-o'-War's-Man's Yarn.*"

Pour forth Britannia's legions on the plain.

ARBUTHNOT.

War is honourable
In those who do their native rights maintain,
In those whose swords an iron barrier rear
Between the lawless spoiler and the weak.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth,
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then-discover'd globe;
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd
And had not room enough to do its work?

BLAIR: *Grave.*

No blood-stain'd victory, in story bright,
Can give the philosophic mind delight;
Nor triumph please, while rage and death destroy:
Reflection sickens at the monstrous joy.

BLOOMFIELD: *Farmer's Boy.*

The battle hurtles on the plains,
Earth feels new scythes upon her:
We reap our brothers for the wains,
And call the harvest—honour!
Draw face to face, front line to line,
One image all inherit,—
Then kill, curse on, by that same sign,
Clay, clay,—and spirit, spirit.
Be pitiful, O God.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING: *Cry of the Human.*

Ah me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!

BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain;
Hence timely running's no mean part
Of conduct in the martial art.

BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

No martial project to surprise
Can ever be attempted twice;
Nor cast design serve afterwards,—
As gamesters tear their losing cards.

BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

They never care how many others
They kill, without regard to mothers,
Or wives, or children, so they can
Make up some fierce dead-doing man.

BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring onward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come! they come!"

BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,—
The morn, the marshalling in arms,—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent.

BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

What boots the oft-repeated tale of strife,
The feast of vultures, and the waste of life?
The varying fortune of each separate field,
The fierce that vanquish, and the faint that yield?
The smoking ruin, and the crumbled wall?
In this the struggle was the same with all!

BYRON: *Lara.*

On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below.

CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope.*

Our bugles sang truce,—for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground, overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die;
When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.
CAMPBELL: *Soldier's Dream.*

I never knew a warryer yet but thee
From wine, tobacco, debts, dice, oaths, so free.
THOMAS CARLTON:
To Captain John Smith of Virginia.

Around me the steed and the rider are lying,
To wake at the bugle's loud summons no more;
And here is the banner that o'er them was flying,
Torn, trampled, and sullied with earth and with gore.
With morn—where the conflict the wildest was roaring,
Where sabres were clashing, and death-shot were pouring,
That banner was proudest and loftiest soaring:
Now standard and banner alike are no more.

All hush'd! not a breathing of life from the numbers
That, scatter'd around me, so heavily sleep:
Hath the cup of red wine lent its fumes to their slumbers,
And stain'd their bright garments with crimson so deep?
Ah, no! these are not like gay revellers sleeping;
The night-winds, unfelt, o'er their bosoms are sweeping;
Ignobly their plumes o'er the damp ground are creeping,
And dews, all uncared for, their bright falchions steep.
ELIZABETH M. CHANDLER: *Battle-Field.*

This fury fit for her intent she chose,
One who delights in wars and human woes.
COWLEY.

Some seek diversion in the tented field,
And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.
But war's a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings should not play at. COWPER.

But let eternal infamy pursue
The wretch to naught but his ambition true,
Who, for the sake of filling with one blast
The post-horns of all Europe, lays her waste.
COWPER.

I hate these potent madmen, who keep all
Mankind awake, while they by their great deeds
Are drumming hard upon this hollow world,
Only to make a sound to last for ages.
JOHN CROWNE: *Thyestes.*

Who sees these dismal heaps but would demand
What barbarous invader sack'd the land?
SIR J. DENHAM.

Lastly stood War, in glittering arms yclad,
With visage grim, stern look, and blackly hued:
In his right hand a naked sword he had,
That to the hilts was all with blood imbrued;
And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued)
Famine and fire he held, and therewithal
He razed towns and threw down towers and all.

Cities he sack'd, and realms (that whilom flower'd
In honour, glory, and rule, above the rest)
He overwhelm'd, and all their fame devour'd,
Consumed, destroy'd, wasted, and never ceased
Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppress'd;
His face forehew'd with wounds; and by his side
There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide.
LORD DORSET: *Mirror for Magistrates.*

I shall sing of battles, blood, and rage,
And haughty souls that, moved with mutual hate,
In fighting fields pursued and found their fate.
DRYDEN.

Then shall the war, and stern debate, and strife
Immortal, be the business of my life;
And in thy fane, the dusty spoils among,
High on the burnish'd roof my banners shall be hung,
Rank'd with my champions' bucklers; and below,
With arms reversed, th' achievements of the foe.
DRYDEN.

Our careful monarch stands in person by,
This new-cast cannon's firmness to explore,
The strength of big-corn'd powder loves to try,
And ball and cartridge sorts for every bore.
DRYDEN.

Their arms are to the last decision bent,
And fortune labours with the vast event.
DRYDEN.

The neighb'ring plain with arms is cover'd o'er;
The vale an iron harvest seems to yield
Of thick-sprung lances in a waving field.
DRYDEN.

Not thicker billows beat the Libyan main,
Not thicker harvests on rich Hermus rise,
Than stand these troops.
DRYDEN.

Then, waving high her torch, the signal made,
Which roused the Grecians from their ambuscade.
DRYDEN.

The trumpet's loud clangour
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger,
And mortal alarms. DRYDEN.

Thousands there are, in darker fame that dwell,
Whose names some nobler poem shall adorn;
For, tho' unknown to me, they sure fought well.
DRYDEN.

At land and sea, in many a doubtful fight,
Was never known a more advent'rous knight;
Who oft'ner drew his sword, and always for the right.
DRYDEN.

Unskill'd in schemes by planets to foreshow,
Like canting rascals, how the wars will go.
DRYDEN.

Go, card and spin,
And leave the business of the war to men.
DRYDEN.

He had been assured that art
And conduct were of war the better part.
DRYDEN.

No sports but what belong to war they know:
To break the stubborn colt, to bend the bow.
DRYDEN.

Or if too busily they will inquire
Into a victory which we disdain,
Then let them know, the Belgians did retire
Before the patron saint of injured Spain.
DRYDEN.

I since have labour'd
To bind the bruises of a civil war
And stop the issues of their wasting.
DRYDEN.

With such kind passion hastes the prince to fight,
And spreads his flying canvas to the sound;
Him whom no danger, were he there, could fright;
Now, absent, every little noise could wound.
DRYDEN.

He took my arms, and while I forced my way
Through troops of foes, which did our passage stay,
My buckler o'er my aged father cast,
Still fighting, still defending, as I past.
DRYDEN.

A dreadful quiet felt, and worser far
Than arms, a sullen interval of war.
DRYDEN.

Down sunk the monster bulk, and press'd the ground;
His arms and clattering shield on the vast body sound.
DRYDEN.

After or before were never known
Such chiefs; as each an army seem'd alone.
DRYDEN.

Now the sprightly trumpet from afar
Hath roused the neighing steeds to scour the fields,
While the fierce riders clatter'd on their shields.
DRYDEN.

The whole division that to Mars pertains,
All trades of death that deal in steel for gains.
DRYDEN.

From this light cause th' infernal maid prepares
The country churls to mischief, hate, and wars.
DRYDEN.

I do not doubt but I have been to blame;
But, to pursue the end for which I came,
Unite your subjects first, then let us go
And pour their common rage upon the foe.
DRYDEN.

If mirth should fail, I'll busy her with cares,
Silence her clamorous voice with louder wars;
Trumpets and drums shall fright her from the throne,
As sounding cymbals aid the lab'ring moon.
DRYDEN.

Our armours now may rust, our idle scimiters
Hang by our sides for ornament, not use.
DRYDEN.

A time will come when my maturer muse
In Cæsar's wars a nobler theme shall choose.
DRYDEN.

Amid the main two mighty fleets engage;
Actium surveys the well-disputed prize.
DRYDEN.

What clangs were heard in German skies afar,
Of arms and armies rushing to the war!
DRYDEN.

His subjects call'd aloud for war;
But peaceful kings o'er martial people set
Each other's poise and counterbalance are.
DRYDEN.

Slaughter grows murder, when it goes too far,
And makes a massacre, what was a war.
DRYDEN.

He saw in order painted on the wall
The wars that fame around the world had blown,
All to the life, and every leader known.
DRYDEN.

A sword keen-edged within his right he held,
The warlike emblem of a conquer'd field.
DRYDEN.

Before the battle joins, from afar
The field yet glitters with the pomp of war.
DRYDEN.

High o'er the gate, in elephant and gold,
The crowd shall Cæsar's Indian war behold.
DRYDEN.

His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
His high-designing thoughts, were figured there,
As when, by magic, ghosts are made appear.
DRYDEN.

How dire a tempest from Mycenæ pour'd,
Our plains, our temples, and our town devour'd!
It was the waste of war.
DRYDEN.

With mortal heat each other must pursue;
What wars, what wounds, what slaughter shall ensue!
DRYDEN.

As if earth too narrow were for fate,
On open seas their quarrels they debate;
In hollow wood their floating armies bear,
And force imprison'd winds to bring 'em near.
DRYDEN.

With joy they view the waving ensigns fly,
And hear the trumpet's clangour pierce the sky.
DRYDEN.

This helm and heavy buckler I can spare,
As only decorations of the war:
So Mars is arm'd for glory, not for need.
DRYDEN.

Upon the deck our careful general stood,
And deeply mused on the succeeding day.
DRYDEN.

Argos, now rejoice, for Thebes lies low;
Thy slaughter'd sons now smile, and think they won,
When they can count more Theban ghosts than theirs.
DRYDEN.

Already we have conquer'd half the war,
And the less dangerous part is left behind.
DRYDEN.

With wars and taxes others waste their own,
And houses burn, and household gods deface,
To drink in bowls which glittering gems enchase.
DRYDEN.

The lives of all who cease from combat, spare:
My brother's be your most peculiar care.
DRYDEN.

Such wars, such waste, such fiery tracks of dearth
Their zeal has left, and such a teemless earth.
DRYDEN.

They, short of succours, and in deep despair,
Shook at the dismal prospect of the war.
DRYDEN.

Old falchions are new-temper'd in the fires:
The sounding trumpet every soul inspires.
DRYDEN.

For I shall sing of battles, blood, and rage,
Which princes and their people did engage.
DRYDEN.

The rustic honours of the scythe and share
Give place to swords and plumes, the pride of war.
DRYDEN.

A time of war at length will come,
When Carthage shall contend the world with Rome.
DRYDEN.

These are my theme, and how the war began,
And how concluded by the godlike man.
DRYDEN.

Then change we shields, and their devices bear:
Let fraud supply the want of force in war.
DRYDEN.

Here, over-match'd in fight, in heaps they lie;
There, scatter'd o'er the field, ignobly fly.
DRYDEN.

When she found her venom spread so far,
The royal house embroil'd in civil war,
Raised on her dusky wings she cleaves the skies.
DRYDEN.

Heartless they fought, and quitted soon their ground,
While ours with easy victory were crown'd.
DRYDEN.

Embrace again, my sons! be foes no more;
Nor stain your country with her children's gore.
DRYDEN.

I wish peace, and any terms prefer
Before the last extremities of war.
DRYDEN.

I heard
The neighing coursers and the soldiers cry,
And sounding trumps that seem'd to tear the sky.
DRYDEN.

Nor trumpets summon him to war,
Nor drums disturb his morning sleep.
DRYDEN.

Strike your sails at summons, or prepare
To prove the last extremities of war.
DRYDEN.

To me the cries of fighting fields are charms;
Keen be my sabre, and of proof my arms,
I ask no other blessing of my stars;
No prize but fame, no mistress but the wars.
DRYDEN.

Of wars and bloodshed, and of dire events,
I could with greater certainty foretell.
DRYDEN.

The Roman camp
Hangs o'er us black and threat'ning, like a storm
Just breaking on our heads.
DRYDEN.

The vigour of this arm was never vain;
And that my wonted prowess I retain,
Witness these heaps of slaughter.
DRYDEN.

All turn'd their sides, and to each other spoke;
I saw their words break out in fire and smoke.
DRYDEN.

What groans of men shall fill the martial field!
How fierce a blaze his flaming pile shall yield!
What fun'ral pomp shall floating Tiber see!
DRYDEN.

A bloody Hymen shall th' alliance join
Betwixt the Trojan and th' Ausonian line.
DRYDEN.

His presence soon blows up th' unkindly fight,
And his loud guns speak thick, like angry men.
DRYDEN.

'Tis ill, though different your complexions are,
The family of heav'n for men should war.
DRYDEN.

A cloud of smoke envelops either host,
And, all at once, the combatants are lost;
Darkling they join adverse, and shock unseen,
Coursers with coursers justling, men with men.
DRYDEN.

The nations far and near contend in choice,
And send the flow'r of war by public voice.
DRYDEN.

The grateful work is done,
The seeds of discord sow'd, the war begun:
Frauds, fear, and fury have possess'd the state,
And fix'd the causes of a lasting hate.
DRYDEN.

One rally of a hero's soul
Does all the military art control:
While timorous wit goes round, or fords the shore,
He shoots the gulf, and is already o'er,
And, when the enthusiastic fit is spent,
Looks back amazed at what he underwent.
DRYDEN.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh, think it worth enjoying.
DRYDEN: *Alexander's Feast.*

If we shun
The purposed end, or here lie fixed all,
What boots it us these wars to have begun?
FAIRFAX.

They smote the glistering armies, as they stand,
With quivering beams, which dazed the wond'ring eye.
FAIRFAX.

What armies conquer'd perish'd with thy sword?
What cities sack'd?

FAIRFAX.

When a gen'ral bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain,
Thick-rising tents a canvas city build.

GAY.

No blazing beacons cast their blaze afar,
The dreadful signal of invasive war.

GAY.

Their clattering arms with the fierce shocks resound;
Helmets and broken lances spread the ground.

GRANVILLE.

As life's unending column pours,
Two marshall'd hosts are seen,—
Two armies on the trampled shores,
That Death flows black between.

One marches to the drum-beat's roll,
The wide-mouth'd clarion's bray,
And bears upon a crimson scroll,
"Our glory is to slay."

One moves in silence by the stream,
With sad yet watchful eyes,
Calm as the patient planet's gleam
That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,
No blood-red pennons wave:
Its banner bears the single line,
"Our duty is to save."

O. W. HOLMES: *The Two Armies.*

Yet reason frowns in war's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name;
And mortgaged states their grandsires' wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt.

DR. S. JOHNSON:
Vanity of Human Wishes.

When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.

LEE: *Alexander the Great.*

The tumult of each sack'd and burning village,
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns,
The soldier's revels in the midst of pillage,
The wail of famine in beleaguer'd towns;
The bursting shell, the gateway wrench'd asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade,
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestow'd on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

LONGFELLOW: *Arsenal at Springfield.*

The king is come to marshal us, all in his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest;
He look'd upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He look'd upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as roll'd from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the King!"
And "If my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,—
Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

LORD MACAULAY: *Battle of Ivry.*

Now God be praised! the day is ours! Mayenne hath turn'd his rein—
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter—the Flemish count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
"Remember Saint Bartholomew!" was pass'd from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go!"

Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship
or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord King Henry, the Soldier
of Navarre!

LORD MACAULAY: *Battle of Ivry.*

Wars, hitherto the only argument
Heroic deem'd, chief mast'ry to dissect
With long and tedious havoc fabled knights
In battles feign'd; the better fortitude
Of patience and heroic martyrdom
Unsung.

MILTON.

To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils, with infinite
Manslaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory.

MILTON.

Triumph, to be styled great conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods!
Destroyers rightlier call'd, and slayers of men.

MILTON.

They around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd.

MILTON.

Remain'd to our almighty foe
Clear victory; to our part loss and rout
Through all the empyrean.

MILTON.

How much more of pow'r
Army against army numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
Though not destroy, their happy native seat!

MILTON.

Advise how war may, best upheld,
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage.

MILTON.

The brazen throat of war had ceased to roar;
All now was turn'd to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feast and dance.

MILTON.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high up hung.

MILTON.

Fairfax, whose name in arms thro' Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,
And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings.

MILTON.

Fierce faces threat'ning wars;
Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise.

MILTON.

The cannon's hush'd!—nor drum nor clarion
sound;
Helmet and hauberk gleam upon the ground;
Horseman and horse lie weltering in their gore;
Patriots are dead, and heroes dare no more;
While solemnly the moonlight shrouds the plain,
And lights the lurid features of the slain.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY: *Picture of War.*

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers;
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was
dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-
blood ebb'd away,
And bent with pitying glances, to hear what he
might say.
The dying soldier falter'd, as he took that
comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own,
my native land;
Take a message and a token to some distant
friends of mine;—
For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the
Rhine."

MRS. NORTON.

Embattled troops with flowing banners pass
Through flow'ry meads, delighted, nor distrust
The smiling surface; whilst the cavern'd ground
Bursts fatal, and involves the hopes of war
In fiery whirls.

JOHN PHILIPS.

What do thy vines avail,
Or olives, when the cruel battle mows
The planters, with their harvest immature?

JOHN PHILIPS.

Now no more the drum
Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangour shrill
Affrights the wives, and chills the virgins' blood.

JOHN PHILIPS.

What sighs and tears
Hath Eugene caused! how many widows' curse
His cleaving falchion.

JOHN PHILIPS.

Remote thou hear'st the dire effect of war's
Depopulation.

JOHN PHILIPS.

Guns' and trumpets' clang, and solemn sound
Of drums, o'ercame their groans.

JOHN PHILIPS.

They roam
Erroneous and disconsolate, themselves
Accusing, and their chiefs improvident
Of military chance.
JOHN PHILIPS.

The great competitors for Rome,
Cæsar and Pompey, on Pharsalian plains;
Where stern Bellona, with one final stroke,
Adjudged the empire of this globe to one.
JOHN PHILIPS.

War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the muses' shades.
POPE.

And now with shouts the shocking armies closed,
To lances, lances, shields to shields opposed;
Commutual death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverse battle gored with equal wounds.
POPE.

Though triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reserved to grace the soldiers too.
POPE.

A prudent chief not always must display
His pow'rs in equal ranks and fair array;
But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay, seem sometimes to fly.
POPE.

The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
POPE.

And chiefless armies dozed out the campaign,
And navies yawn'd for orders on the main.
POPE.

He nobly seized thee in the dire alarms
Of war and slaughter, and the clash of arms.
POPE.

The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains;
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes.
POPE.

Discord! dire sister of the slaughter'd pow'r,
Small at her birth, but rising ev'ry hour;
While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,
She stalks on earth, and shakes the world around.
POPE.

The nations bleed where'er her steps she turns;
The groan still deepens, and the combat burns.
POPE.

In fighting fields as far the spear I throw
As flies the arrow from the well-drawn bow.
POPE.

Adrastus soon, with gods averse, shall join
In dire alliance with the Theban line;
Thence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed.
POPE.

Next, to secure our camp and naval pow'rs,
Raise an embattled wall with lofty tow'rs.
POPE.

Taught by this stroke, renounce the war's alarms,
And learn to tremble at the name of arms.
POPE.

The Grecian phalanx, moveless as a tow'r,
On all sides batter'd, yet resists his pow'r.
POPE.

Weeping they bear the mangled heaps of slain,
Inhume the natives in their native plain.
POPE.

Save but our army; and let Jove incrust
Swords, pikes, and guns with everlasting rust.
POPE.

Though bold in open field, they yet surround
The town with walls, and mound inject on mound.
POPE.

Intestine war no more our passions wage;
Ev'n giddy factions bear away their rage.
POPE.

Sad chance of war! now, destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor spade.
POPE.

She saw her sons with purple death expire,
Her sacred domes involved in rolling fire;
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.
POPE.

When winged deaths in whistling arrows fly,
Wilt thou, though wounded, yet undaunted stay,
Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day?
PRIOR.

They seek that joy which used to glow
Expanded on the hero's face,
When the thick squadrons prest the foe,
And William led the glorious chase.
PRIOR.

Now, Mars, she said, let fame exalt her voice,
Nor let thy conquests only be her choice.
PRIOR.

Dissembling for her sake his rising cares,
And with wise silence pond'ring vengeful wars.
PRIOR.

Show all the spoils by valiant kings achieved,
And groaning nations by their arms relieved.
PRIOR.

Gather all the smiling hours,
Such as with friendly care have guarded
Patriots and kings in rightful wars.
PRIOR.

See where he comes, the darling of the war!
See millions crowding round the gilded car!
PRIOR.

Unwilling then in arms to meet,
He strove to lengthen the campaign
And save his forces by chicane.
PRIOR.

Or march'd I chain'd behind the hostile car,
The victor's pastime, and the sport of war.
PRIOR.

To his laborious youth, consumed in war,
And lasting age, adorn'd and crown'd with peace.
PRIOR.

The bullet comes—and either
A desolate hearth may see;
And God alone to-night knows where
The vacant place may be!
The dread that stirs the peasant
Thrills the noble's heart with fear;
Yet above selfish sorrow
Both hold their country dear.
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *Lesson of the War.*

Each with a gigantic stride
Trampling on all the flourishing works of peace
To make his greatness greater, and inscribe
His name in blood.
SAMUEL ROGERS: *Italy.*

The mighty rivals, whose destructive rage
Did the whole world in civil arms engage,
Are now agreed.
ROSCOMMON.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace and glitt'ring arms,
And, when ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans,
And all that misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.
JOHN SCOTT.

Soldier, wake: the day is peeping;
Honour ne'er was won in sleeping,
Never when the sunbeams still
Lay unreflected on the hill:
'Tis when they are glinted back
From axe and armour, spear and jack,
That they promise future story
Many a page of deathless glory.
Shields that are the foeman's terror
Ever are the morning's mirror.
SIR WALTER SCOTT: *from The Betrothed.*

And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
SIR WALTER SCOTT:
Lady of the Lake.

Oh, War! thou hast thy fierce delight,
Thy gleams of joy intensely bright!
Such gleams as from thy polish'd shield
Fly dazzling o'er the battle-field!
Such transports wake, severe and high,
Amid the pealing conquest cry;
Scarce less, when, after battle lost,
Muster the remnants of a host,
And, as each comrade's name they tell
Who in the well-fought conflict fell,
Knitting stern brow o'er flashing eye,
Vow to avenge them or to die!
Warriors!—and where are warriors found,
If not on martial Britain's ground?
And who, when waked with notes of fire,
Love more than they the British lyre?
SIR WALTER SCOTT: *Lord of the Isles.*

Sound, sound the clarion! fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.
SIR WALTER SCOTT: *from Old Mortality.*

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds
In ranks and squadrons, and right form of war.
SHAKSPEARE.

This might have been prevented, and made whole
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.
SHAKSPEARE.

Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace.
For, heav'n to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.
SHAKSPEARE.

Now is the time of help: your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, and make women fight.
SHAKSPEARE.

Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince.
SHAKSPEARE.

Now, lords, if heav'n doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
SHAKSPEARE.

Oh, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good-night.
SHAKSPEARE.

France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field.
SHAKSPEARE.

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger.
SHAKSPEARE.

One Michael Cassio,
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster.
SHAKSPEARE.

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
SHAKSPEARE.

Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded, upon compromise,
That which his ancestors achieved with blows.
SHAKSPEARE.

Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front.
SHAKSPEARE.

Valiant Talbot above human thought
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
SHAKSPEARE.

Whose glorious deeds, but in the fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drove great Mars to faction.
SHAKSPEARE.

He, having scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
SHAKSPEARE.

Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him.
SHAKSPEARE.

Though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace.
SHAKSPEARE.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.
SHAKSPEARE.

Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.
SHAKSPEARE.

You maintain several factions;
And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.
SHAKSPEARE.

I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest, and to win renown
Ev'n in the jaws of danger and of death.
SHAKSPEARE.

By this scimitar,
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman.
SHAKSPEARE.

With the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
SHAKSPEARE.

Will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
SHAKSPEARE.

He whined, and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring at each other.
SHAKSPEARE.

Show a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds sick of happiness,
And purge the obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life.
SHAKSPEARE.

Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!
SHAKSPEARE.

No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces.
SHAKSPEARE.

Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpet's clang?
SHAKSPEARE.

What, shall our feasts be kept with slaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?
SHAKSPEARE.

He, as loving his own pride and purpose,
Evades them with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war.
SHAKSPEARE.

This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at, and is well prepared
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms.
SHAKSPEARE.

Our army is dispersed already:
Like youthful steers unyoked, they took their course
East, west, north, south: or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries tow'rds his home and sporting-place.
SHAKSPEARE.

Your breath first kindled the dead coal of war,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
SHAKSPEARE.

Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.
SHAKSPEARE.

Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
SHAKSPEARE.

Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.
SHAKSPEARE.

The armourers accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up.
SHAKSPEARE.

It was my breath that blew this trumpet up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope.
SHAKSPEARE.

You cast th' event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd th' account of chance, before you said,
Let us make head.
SHAKSPEARE.

France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?
SHAKSPEARE.

Arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field.
SHAKSPEARE.

England hath long been mad and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son compell'd been butcher to the sire.
SHAKSPEARE.

The painful warrior, famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd.
SHAKSPEARE: *Sonnet XXV.*

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant with laurels where they kill:
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still.
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.
JOHN SHIRLEY: *Contention of Ajax and Ulysses.*

"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory."
SOUTHEY: *Battle of Blenheim.*

Woe worth the man
That first did teach the cursed steel to bite
In his own flesh, and make way to the living spirit.
SPENSER.

Fly from wrath:
Sad be the sights and bitter fruits of war,
And thousand furies wait on wrathful swords.
SPENSER.

So by him Cæsar got the victory,
Through great bloodshed, and many a sad assay.
SPENSER.

Soon as thy dreadful trump begins to sound,
The god of war, with his fierce equipage,
Thou dost awake, sleep never he so sound.
SPENSER.

The Saracen, this hearing, rose amain,
And catching up in haste his three-square shield
And shining helmet, soon him buckled to the field.
SPENSER.

The famous warriors of the antique world
Used trophies to erect in stately wise,
In which they would the records have enroll'd
Of their great deeds and valorous emprise.
SPENSER.

Was never man who most conquests achieved,
But sometimes had the worse, and lost by war.
SPENSER.

But battle-shout and waving plume,
The drum's heart-stirring beat,
The glittering pomp of prosperous war,
The rush of million feet,
The magic of the minstrel's song,
Which told of victories o'er,
Are sights and sounds the dying king
Shall see—shall hear—no more!

It was the hour of deep midnight,
In the dim and quiet sky,
When, with sable cloak and 'broider'd pall,
A funeral train swept by:
Dull and sad fell the torches' glare
On many a stately crest:
They bore the noble warrior king
To his last dark home of rest.
CHARLES SWAIN: *Death of the Warrior King.*

Tiger with tiger, bear with bear, you'll find
In leagues offensive and defensive join'd;
But lawless man the anvil dares profane,
And forge that steel by which a man is slain,
Which earth at first for ploughshares did afford,
Nor yet the smith had learn'd to form a sword.
TATE: *Juvenal.*

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volley'd and thunder'd:
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode, and well:
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.
TENNYSON: *Charge of the Light Brigade.*

Most Christian kings, inflamed by black desire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour:
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were before,
Till, for new scenes of woe, peace shall their force restore.
THOMSON: *Castle of Indolence.*

Where whole brigades one champion's arms o'er throw,
And cleave a giant at a random blow.
TICKELL.

Ingenious to their ruin, ev'ry age
Improves the art and instruments of rage.
WALLER.

Which leader shall the doubtful vict'ry bless,
And give an earnest of the war's success?
WALLER.

Shed Christian blood, and populous cities raze,
Because they're taught to use some different phrase.
WALLER.

At the first shock, with blood and powder stain'd,
Nor heav'n, nor sea, their former face retain'd:
Fury and art produce effects so strange,
They trouble nature, and her visage change.
WALLER.

The flags of war like storm-birds fly,
The charging trumpets blow;
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
No earthquake strives below.

And, calm and patient, Nature keeps
Her ancient promise well,
Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps
The battle-breath of hell.

WHITTIER.

One to destroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,—
War's glorious art,—and gives immortal fame.

YOUNG: *Love of Fame.*

WATER.

Till taught by pain,
Men really know not what good water's worth:
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
Or with a famish'd boat's crew had your berth,
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
You'd wish yourself where truth is—in a well.

BYRON.

And is this the old mill-stream that ten years ago
Was so fast in its current, so pure in its flow;
Whose musical waters would ripple and shine
With the glory and dash of a miniature Rhine?

Can this be its bed?—I remember it well
When it sparkled like silver through meadow and dell;
When the pet lamb reposed on its emerald side,
And the minnow and perch darted swift through its tide.

ELIZA COOK: *The Old Water-Mill.*

Sweet stream, that winds through yonder glade,
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid:—
Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay, busy throng;
With gentle, yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course;
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and bless'd where'er she goes;
Pure-bosom'd as that watery glass,
And heaven reflected in her face.

COWPER:
A Comparison, addressed to a Young Lady.

The modest water saw its God, and blush'd.

CRASHAW.

Water in conduit-pipes can rise no higher
Than the well-head from whence it first doth spring.

SIR J. DAVIES.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen.

MRS. HEMANS.

Birds and flowers, song and beauty,
Seem'd this rugged realm to fill;
That which was my soul's entrancing
Was the music and the glancing
Of a rock-born plashing rill.
Lingering there, I was delighted,
Musing on the days gone by,
Watching its bright spray-pearls sprinkled;
Every silvery tone that tinkled
Touch'd some chord of memory.

'Twas as if sweet spirit-voices
Threw a spell around me there:
Now in lightest notes of gladness,
Now in deeper tones of sadness,
Wafting whispers to my ear.
Memory, hope, imagination,
Seem'd to have usurp'd my will;
And my thoughts kept on a-dreaming
Till the bright stars were a-gleaming
To the music of the rill.

What a world of strange reflections
Came upon me then unsought!
Strange, that sounds should find responses—
Where e'en mystery ensconces—
In the corridors of thought!
Then emotions were awaken'd,
Making my heart wildly thrill,
As I linger'd there and listen'd,
Whilst the dew around me glisten'd,
To the music of the rill.

Household Words: "*Water-Music.*"

Down in valleys green and lowly,
Murmuring not, and gliding slowly;
Up in mountain-hollows wild,
Fretting like a peevish child;
Through the hamlet, where all day
In their waves the children play;
Running west or running east,
Doing good to man and beast,—
Always giving, weary never,
Little streams, I love you ever.

MARY HOWITT: *Little Streams.*

A murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain; then stood unmoved,
Pure as th' expanse of heav'n.

MILTON.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on:
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,—
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

MOORE.

The Water! the Water!
The joyous brook for me,
That tuneth through the quiet night
Its ever-living glee.
The Water! the Water!
That sleepless, merry heart,
Which gurgles on unstintedly,
And loveth to impart,
To all around it, some small measure
Of its own most perfect pleasure.

The Water! the Water!
The gentle stream for me,
That gushes from the old gray stone
Beside the alder-tree.
The Water! the Water!
That ever-bubbling spring
I loved and look'd on while a child,
In deepest wondering,
And ask'd it whence it came and went,
And when its treasures would be spent!

MOTHERWELL: *The Water! The Water!*

Then when a fountain's gurgling waters play,
They rush to land, and end in feasts the day.

POPE.

How beautiful the water is!
Didst ever think of it,
When down it tumbles from the skies,
As in a merry fit?
It jostles, ringing as it falls,
On all that's in its way—
I hear it dancing on the roof,
Like some wild thing at play.

'Tis rushing now adown the spout,
And gushing out below,
Half frantic in its joyousness,
And wild in eager flow.
The earth is dried and parch'd with heat,
And it hath long'd to be
Released from out the selfish cloud
To cool the thirsty tree.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH: *Water.*

On each hand the gushing waters play,
And down the rough cascade white dashing fall.

THOMSON.

So water, trembling in a polish'd vase,
Reflects the beam that plays upon its face;
The sportive light, uncertain where it falls,
Now strikes the roof, now flashes on the walls.

VIRGIL: *Æneid*, viii.

Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And waste their music on the savage race.

YOUNG.

WEALTH.

Whate'er she meant, this truth divine
Is legible and plain:
'Tis power Almighty bids him shine,
Nor bids him shine in vain.

Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme
Teach humble thoughts to you,
Since such a reptile has its gem
And boasts its splendour too.

VINCENT BOURNE:
On the Glow-Worm, by Cowper.

State and wealth, the business and the crowd,
Seems, at this distance, but a darker cloud,
And is to him who rightly things esteems
No other in effect than what it seems.

SIR J. DENHAM.

When wealthy, show thy wisdom not to be
To wealth a servant, but make wealth serve thee.

SIR J. DENHAM.

Compared to thee,
All honour's mimic, all wealth alchymy is.

DONNE.

Heav'n from all ages wisely did provide
This wealth, and for the bravest nation hide;
Who with four hundred foot and forty horse
Dare boldly go a new-found world to force.

DRYDEN.

And fry'rs, that through the wealthy regions run,
Resort to farmers rich, and bless their halls,
And exorcise the beds, and cross the walls.

DRYDEN.

That other on his friends his thoughts bestows:
The covetous worldling, in his anxious mind,
Thinks only on the wealth he left behind.

DRYDEN.

"And why should such within herself," she cried,
"Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?"

PARNELL.

Behold the man for generous deeds renown'd,
Who in remotest regions won his fame:
With wise munificence he scatter'd round
The wealth that o'er the sea from India came.

From western realms he bids dark ignorance fly
As flies the night before the dawning rays:
So long as grateful bosoms beat shall high
YALE'S sons and pious fathers sing his praise.

J. G. PERCIVAL:
Imitated from a Latin inscription on a Portrait of Governor Elihu Yale.

Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffused;
As poison heals, in just proportions used;
In heaps, like ambergris, a sink it lies,
And well dispersed is incense to the skies.

POPE.

Get place and wealth,—if possible, with grace;
If not, by any means get wealth and place.

POPE.

Now, in such exigencies not to need,
Upon my word you must be rich indeed:
A noble superfluity it craves,
Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves.

POPE.

Their country's wealth our mightier misers drain,
Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main.

POPE.

I feel no care of coin;
Well-doing is my wealth;
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.

SOUTHWELL: *Content and Rich.*

In all that rowme was nothing to be seene
But huge great yron chests, and coffers strong,
All barr'd with double bends, that none could weene
Them to enforce by violence or wrong:
On every side they placed were along.
But all the grownd with souls were scattered
And dead men's bones, which round about were flong;
Whose lives it seemed whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcases now left unburied.

SPENSER.

Is time the treasury of life,
And nothing to be won beyond?
Is earth alone with riches rife,
And heavenly wealth a broken bond?
No: hearts that have with Jesus trod
Shall find robe, crown, and wealth with God!

CHARLES SWAIN: *There is a Wreath.*

Had he thought it fit
That wealth should be the appanage of wit,
The God of light could ne'er have been so blind,
To deal it to the worst of human kind.

SWIFT.

Since by your greatness you
Are nearer heaven in place, be nearer it
In goodness: rich men should transcend the poor,
As clouds the earth; raised by the comfort of
The sun, to water dry and barren grounds.

TOURNEUR.

Mylo, forbear to call him blest
That only boasts a large estate,
Should all the treasures of the west
Meet, and conspire to make him great.
I know thy better thoughts; I know
Thy reason can't descend so low.
Let a broad stream with golden sands
Through all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.

DR. ISAAC WATTS: *False Greatness.*

Glitt'ring stones, and golden things,
Wealth and honours that have wings,
Ever fluttering to be gone,
I could never call my own:
Riches that the world bestows,
She can take, and I can lose:
But the treasures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my spacious soul,
And survey myself a whole,
And enjoy myself alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.

DR. ISAAC WATTS: *True Riches.*

Can wealth give happiness? look round and see,
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
I envy none their pageantry and show,
I envy none the gilding of their woe.

YOUNG.

WEEPING.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home!
  Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.
  HORATIUS BONAR: *A Little While.*

  Oh, weep not for the dead!
Rather, oh, rather give the tear
To those who darkly linger here,
  When all besides are fled:
Weep for the spirit withering
In its cold, cheerless sorrowing;
Weep for the young and lovely one
That ruin darkly revels on;
  But never be a tear-drop shed
  For them, the pure enfranchised dead.
    MARY E. BROOKS:
    "Weep Not for the Dead."

Do not weep so, dear-heart-warm!
  It was best as it befell!
If I say he did me harm,
  I speak wild—I am not well.
All his words were kind and good—
He esteem'd me! Only blood
Runs so faint in womanhood.
    MRS. E. B. BROWNING:
    Bertha in the Lane.

On that grave drop not a tear!
  Else, though fathom deep the place,
Through the woollen shroud I wear
  I shall feel it on my face.
Rather smile there, blessed one,
Thinking of me in the sun—
Or forget me—smiling on!
    MRS. E. B. BROWNING.
    Bertha in the Lane.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
  Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
  And that cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
  The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
  The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brother,
  They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
  In the country of the free.
    MRS. E. B. BROWNING:
    Cry of the Children.

When from thee, weeping, I removed,
  And from my land for years,
I thought not to return, Beloved,
  With those same parting tears.
    I come again to hill and lea,
    Weeping for thee.
    MRS. E. B. BROWNING: *Exile's Return.*

Pray, pray, thou who also weepest,
  And the drops will slacken so;
Weep, weep,—and the watch thou keepest
  With a quicker count will go.
Think,—the shadow on the dial,
  For the nature most undone,
Marks the passing of the trial,
  Proves the presence of the sun.
    MRS. E. B. BROWNING: *Fourfold Aspect.*

For me, my heart, that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
  That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,—
Would, childlike, on His love repose
  Who "giveth His beloved sleep."

And friends!—dear friends!—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
  And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall:
  He giveth His beloved sleep."
    MRS. E. B. BROWNING: *The Sleep.*

Henceforward human eyes of lovers be
The only sweetest sight that I shall see,
With tears between the looks raised up to me:
When, having wept all night, at break of day
Above the folded hills they shall survey
My light, a little trembling, in the gray.
    MRS. E. B. BROWNING:
    Song of the Morning Star to Lucifer.

Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt, the godless dwell.

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet,
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest?

The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave.

BYRON: *Hebrew Melodies.*

Say, wherefore should we weep, and wherefore pour
On scented airs the unavailing sigh,—
While sun-bright waves are quivering to the shore,
And landscapes blooming,—that the loved should die?

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK:
Lines written at Laurel Hill Cemetery, near Philadelphia.

Ah! wherefore should my weeping maid suppress
Those gentle sighs of undissembled woe?
When from soft love proceeds the deep distress,
Ah! why forbid the willing tears to flow?

Since for my sake each dear translucent drop
Breaks forth, best witness of thy truth sincere,
My lips should drink the precious mixture up,
And, ere it falls, receive the trembling tear.

COWPER.

Still with his soul severe account he kept,
Weeping all debts out ere he slept;
Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
Like the sun's laborious light,
Which still in water sets at night,
Unsullied with the journey of the day.

COWPER.

Tears flow, and cease not, when the good man dies,
Till all who know him follow to the skies.
Tears therefore fall where Chester's ashes sleep;
Him, wife, friends, brothers, children, servants weep,—
And justly: few shall ever him transcend
As husband, parent, brother, master, friend.

COWPER:
On Mr. Chester, of Chichely.

Thou weepest for a sister! In the bloom
And spring-time of her years to Death a prey,
Shrouded from love by the remorseless tomb,
Taken from all life's joys and griefs away.
'Tis hard to part with one so sudden call'd,
So young, so happy, and so dearly loved;
To see the arrow at our idol hurl'd,
And vainly pray the shaft may be removed.

MARY ANN H. DODD: *The Mourner.*

Weep you no more, sad fountains:
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste.
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,—
A rest that peace begets;
Doth not the sun rise smiling,
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you, then, sad eyes,
Melt not in weeping
While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies sleeping.

JOHN DOWLAND: *Sleep.*

I pray thee let me weep to-night;
'Tis rarely I am weeping;
My tears are buried in my heart,
Like cave-lock'd fountains sleeping.

But oh, to-night, those words of thine
Have brought the past before me,
And shadows of long-vanish'd years
Are passing sadly o'er me.

L. E. LANDON.

Weep on, weep on; your hour is past;
Your dreams of pride are o'er;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more.
In vain the hero's heart hath bled:
The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain:
Oh, Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again.

MOORE: *Weep on, Weep on.*

Weep not for him that dieth;
For he sleeps and is at rest,
And the couch whereon he lieth
Is the green earth's quiet breast:
But weep for him who pineth
On a far land's hateful shore,
Who wearily declineth,
Where ye see his face no more!

Weep not for him that dieth;
For friends are round his bed,
And many a young lip sigheth
When they name the early dead:
But weep for him that liveth
Where none will know or care
When the groan his faint heart giveth
Is the last sigh of despair.

MRS. NORTON:
Weep Not for Him that Dieth.

There was a time
——————— her cries and sorrows
Were not despised; when, if she chanced to sigh,
Or but look sad, a friend or parent
Would have ta'en her in his arms,
Eased her declining head upon his breast,
And never left her till he found the cause:
But now, let her weep seas,
Cry till she rend the earth, sigh till she burst
Her heart asunder, she is disregarded.

OTWAY: *Venice Preserved.*

In silence weep,
And thy convulsive sorrows inward keep.

PRIOR.

I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly.

SHAKSPEARE.

Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true love showers.

SHAKSPEARE.

This heart shall break into a thousand flaws
Or ere I weep.

SHAKSPEARE.

Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out,
And cast you with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.

SHAKSPEARE.

I weep, but not rebellious tears;
I mourn, but not in hopeless woe;
I droop, but not with doubtful fears;
For whom I've trusted, Him I know.
Lord, I believe; assuage my grief,
And help, oh! help my unbelief.

My days of youth and health are o'er;
My early friends are dead and gone;
And there are times it tries me sore
To think I'm left on earth alone.
But yet Faith whispers, "'Tis not so:
He will not leave, nor let thee go."

CAROLINE ANNE SOUTHEY:
Sanctified Afflictions.

Why should we sigh when Fancy's dream,—
The ray that shone 'mid youthful tears,—
Departing, leaves no kindly gleam
To cheer the lonely waste of years?
Why should we sigh?—The fairy charm
That bound each sense in folly's chain
Is broke, and Reason, clear and calm,
Resumes her holy rights again.

Why should we sigh that earth no more
Claims the devotion once approved?
That joys endear'd with us are o'er,
And gone are those whose hearts have loved?
Why should we sigh?—Unfading bliss
Survives the narrow grasp of time;
And those that ask'd our tears in this,
Shall render smiles in yonder clime.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN:
Why Should We Sigh?

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere I go:
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild;
You should not fret for me, mother,—you have another child.

TENNYSON: *New-Year's Eve.*

Love, Gratitude, and Pity wept at once.

THOMSON.

Thus weeping urges weeping on;
In vain our miseries hope relief;
For one drop calls another down,
Till we are drown'd in seas of grief.

Then let these useless streams be staid,
Wear native courage in your face:
These vulgar things were never made
For souls of a superior race.

DR. ISAAC WATTS: *Against Tears.*

And weep and howl, ye evil priests and mighty men of wrong;
The Lord shall smite the proud and lay his hand upon the strong.
Woe to the wicked rulers in His avenging hour!
Woe to the wolves who seek the flocks to raven and devour.

WHITTIER: *Cassandra Southwick.*

WICKEDNESS.

Few are so wicked as to take delight
In crimes unprofitable.

DRYDEN.

But since thy veins paternal virtue fires,
Go and succeed! the rival aims despise;
For never, never wicked man was wise.

POPE.

The wicked with anxiety of mind
Shall pine away, in sighs consume their breath.
SANDYS.

What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
SHAKSPEARE.

WIFE.

Men dying make their wills,
But wives escape a task so sad:
Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had?

I want (who does not want?) a wife,
Affectionate and fair,
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share;
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm yet placid mind,
With all my faults to love me still
With sentiment refined.
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS:
The Wants of Man.

Sweet, slippery silver of her talk,
And music of her laugh so dear,
Heard in home-ways and wedded walk
For many and many a golden year;
The singing soul and shining face,
Daisy-like glad, by roughest road,—
Gone! with a thousand dearnesses
That hid themselves for us and glow'd.

The waiting angel, patient wife,
All through the battle at our side,
That smiled her sweetness on our strife
For gain, and it was sanctified:
When waves of trouble beat breast-high,
And the heart sank, she pour'd a balm
That still'd them, and the saddest sky
Made clear and starry with her calm.

And when the world, with harvest ripe,
In all its golden fulness lay,
And God, it seem'd, saw fit to wipe
Even on earth, our tears away,—
The good, true heart that bravely won,
Must smile up in our face, and fall:
And all our happy days are done,
And this the end! And is this all?
All the Year Round: "*A Letter in Black.*"

Quoth Dick to Tom, The act appears
Absurd, as I'm alive,—
To take the crown at eighteen years,
The wife at twenty-five.

The mystery how shall we explain?
For sure, as wise men said,
Thus early if they're fit to reign,
They must be fit to wed.

Quoth Tom to Dick, Thou art a fool!
And little know'st of life:
Alas, 'tis easier to rule
A kingdom than a wife!
All the Year Round (*quoted*): "*Royal Marriage Act.*"

Nay, Sweet! no thought, not any thought,
At least not any thought of you
But what must thank dear love. Nor aught
Of love's mistrust between us two
Can ever creep. Thank God, we keep
Too close to let thin doubts slip through.

And leave a scar where they divide
Hearts meant by Heaven to hold together.
So, soul by soul, as side by side,
We sit. Thought wanders hither, thither
From star to star, yet not so far
But what, at end of all its tether,

It feels the beating of your heart,
To which mine bound it long ago.
Our love is perfect; every part
Love's utmost, reach'd at last, must so
Henceforth abide.
All the Year Round: "*Side by Side.*"

Then rose the captain, sternly sad, and where
the sun had set
He waved one hand, and cried, in tones which
could command them yet,
"Oh, comrades! will you see His works, and
doubt that He can still
Save e'en in the eleventh hour, if such should
be His will?

"Oh, whilst there's life, despair not! Have we
mothers, children, wives?
Does not their memory give us all the strength
of double lives?
Mind ye not how the widow's cruse, though
wasted, fill'd again?
We've yet the widow's God o'erhead, and yet
a little grain.

"Oh, tender wives, who live for us, our hearts consent to take
A little hope, a little faith, for your beloved sake.
Oh, children of our dearest love! oh, pleasant home ashore!
Our souls can brave a thousand deaths to call ye ours once more!"
All the Year Round: "The Golden Bee."

He hides, at heart of his rough life,
A world of sweetness for the wife;
From his rude breast a babe can press
Soft milk of human tenderness,
Make his eyes water, his heart dance,
And sunrise in his countenance;
In merry mood his ale he quaffs
By firelight, and his blithe heart laughs,
The mild great-hearted Norseman!
All the Year Round: "The Norseman."

The butterfly, which sports on gaudy wing,—
The brawling brooklet, lost in foam and spray,
As it goes dancing on its idle way,—
The sunflower, in broad daylight glistening,—
Are types of her who in the festive ring
Lives but to bask in fashion's vain display,
And glittering through her bright but useless day,
"Flaunts, and goes down a disregarded thing!"
Thy emblem, Lucy, is the busy bee,
Whose industry for future hours provides;
The gentle streamlet, gladding as it glides
Unseen along; the flower which gives the lea
Fragrance and loveliness, are types of thee,
And of the active worth thy modest merit hides.
BERNARD BARTON: *Sonnet to his Wife.*

Oh! hadst thou never shared my fate,
More dark that fate would prove;
My heart were truly desolate
Without thy soothing love.
But thou hast suffer'd for my sake,
Whilst this relief I found,
Like fearless lips that strive to take
The poison from a wound.

My fond affection thou hast seen;
Then judge of my regret,
To think more happy thou hadst been
If we had never met!
And has that thought been shared by thee?
Ah, no! that smiling cheek
Proves more unchanging love for me
Than labour'd words could speak.
THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY: *To his Wife.*

Oh, don't go in to-night, John!
Now, husband, don't go in!
To spend our only shilling, John,
Would be a cruel sin!
There's not a loaf at home, John;
There's not a coal, you know;
Though with hunger I am faint, John,
And cold comes down the snow.
Then don't go in to-night!

Ah, John, you must remember,
And, John, I can't forget,
When never foot of yours, John,
Was in the ale-house set.
Ah, those were happy times, John!
No quarrels then we knew,
And none were happier in our lane
Than I, dear John, and you.
Then don't go in to-night.
W. C. BENNETT: *The Wife's Appeal.*

Your wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife; ah, summers not a few,
Since I put it on your finger first, have pass'd o'er me and you;
And, love, what changes we have seen—what cares and pleasures too—
Since you became my own dear wife, when this old ring was new!

Oh, blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my life,
When, thanks to God, your low, sweet "Yes" made you my loving wife;
Your heart will say the same, I know; that day's as dear to you,—
That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this old ring was new.

How well do I remember now your young sweet face that day!
How fair you were, how dear you were, my tongue could hardly say!
Nor how I doted on you; ah, how proud I was of you!
But did I love you more than now, when this old ring was new?

No—no; no fairer were you then than at this hour to me;
And dear as life to me this day, how could you dearer be?

As sweet your face might be that day as now it is, 'tis true,
But did I know your heart as well, when this old ring was new?
W. C. BENNETT: *The Worn Wedding-Ring.*

Afar from thee! 'tis solitude!
Though smiling crowds around me be,
The kind, the beautiful, the good;
For I can only think of thee;
Of thee, the kindest, loveliest, best,
My earliest and my only one!
Without thee I am all unbless'd,
And wholly bless'd with thee alone.

Afar from thee! the words of praise
My listless ear unheeded greet;
What sweetest seem'd in better days,
Without thee seems no longer sweet.
The dearest joy fame can bestow
Is in thy moisten'd eye to see,
And in thy cheek's unusual glow,
Thou deem'st me not unworthy thee!

Afar from thee! the night is come,
But slumbers from my pillow flee:
Oh, who can rest so far from home?
And my heart's home is, love, with thee.
I kneel me down in silent prayer,
And then I know that thou art nigh;
For God, who seeth everywhere,
Bends o'er us both his watchful eye.
GEO. W. BETHUNE: *To My Wife.*

Husband, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, sir;
Though I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir.
BURNS.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonny wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The warld's wrack, we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't,
Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
And think my lot divine.
BURNS: *My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing.*

Cursed be the man, the meanest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal of a tyrant wife;
Who has no wish but by her high permission,
Who has no purse except in her possession.
Were such the wife who'd fallen to my part,
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart.
BURNS: *Tam O'Shanter.*

How blest has my time been! what joys have I known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own!
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.
Through walks grown with woodbines as often we stray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
How pleasing their sport is! the wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.
To try her sweet temper, ofttimes am I seen
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green:
Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at night with complacence and smiles.
HENRY CAREY: *The Happy Marriage.*

A good Wife was there of beside Bath,
But she was some deal deaf, and that was scath.
Of cloth-making she hadde such an haunt
She pass'd them of Ypres and of Gaunt.
In all the parish, wife ne was there none
That to the off'ring before her should gone,
And if there did, certain so wroth was she,
That she was out of alle charity.
CHAUCER: *Canterbury Tales.*

Thus died, lamented, in the strength of life,
A valued mother and a faithful wife:
Call'd not away when time had loosed each hold
On the fond heart, and each desire grew cold;
But when to all that knit us to our kind
She felt fast bound, as charity can bind;
Not when the ills of age, its pain, its care,
The drooping spirit for its fate prepare,
And each affection failing leaves the heart
Loosed from life's charm, and willing to depart:—
But all her ties the strong invader broke,
In all their strength, by one tremendous stroke!
CRABBE: *The Wife's Funeral.*

What is there in the vale of life
Half so delightful as a wife,

When friendship, love, and peace combine
To stamp the marriage-bond divine?
The stream of pure and genuine love
Derives its current from above;
And earth a second Eden shows
Where'er the healing water flows.

COWPER.

Alas! and is domestic strife,
That sorest ill of human life,
A plague so little to be fear'd
As to be wantonly incurr'd
To gratify a fretful passion,
On every trivial provocation?
The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive:
But if infirmities that fall
In common to the lot of all,
A blemish, or a sense impair'd,
Are crimes so little to be spared,
Then farewell all that must create
The comfort of the wedded state;
Instead of harmony, 'tis jar
And tumult and intestine war.

COWPER:
Mutual Forbearance Necessary to the Happiness of the Married State.

The love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Preserved by virtue from declension,
Because not weary of attention,
But lives, when that exterior grace
Which first inspired the flame decays,
'Tis gentle, delicate and kind,
To faults compassionate or blind,
And will with sympathy endure
Those evils it would gladly cure.
But angry, coarse, and harsh expression
Shows love to be a mere profession,—
Proves that the heart is none of his,
Or soon expels him if it is.

COWPER:
Mutual Forbearance Necessary to the Happiness of the Married State.

His warm but simple home, where he enjoys,
With her who shares his pleasure and his heart,
Sweet converse.

COWPER: *Task.*

I saw the young bride, in her beauty and pride,
Bedeck'd in her snowy array;
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future look'd blooming and gay:
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she anchor'd her hopes to this perishing earth,
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been sever'd in two,
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
And her bloom for the paleness of woe!
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes,
And he strengthen'd the chain he had broken in twain,
And fasten'd it firm to the skies!
There had whisper'd a voice—'twas the voice of her God!
"I love thee—I love thee! pass under the rod!"

MARY S. B. DANA: *Passing Under The Rod.*

Husband and wife! No converse now ye hold,
As once ye did in your young day of love,
On its alarms, its anxious hours, delays,
Its silent meditations and glad hopes,
Its fears, impatience, quiet sympathies;
Nor do ye speak of joy assured, and bliss
Full, certain, and possess'd. Domestic cares
Call you not now together. Earnest talk
On what your children may be moves you not.
You lie in silence, and an awful silence:
Not like to that in which ye rested once
Most happy,—silence eloquent, when heart
With heart held speech, and your mysterious frames,
Harmonious, sensitive, at every beat
Touch'd the soft notes of love.

RICHARD H. DANA:
The Husband and Wife's Grave.

I could have stemm'd misfortune's tide,
And borne the rich one's sneer,
Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
Nor shed a single tear.
I could have smiled on every blow
From life's full quiver thrown,
While I might gaze on thee, and know
I should not be "alone."

I could—I think I could—have brook'd,
E'en for a time, that thou
Upon my fading face hadst look'd
With less of love than now;
For then I should at least have felt
The sweet hope still my own
To win thee back, and, whilst thou dwelt
On earth, not been "alone."

ANNE PEYRE DINNIES: *The Wife.*

'Tis not in Hymen's gay, propitious hour,
With summer beams and genial breezes blest,
That man a consort's worth approveth best;
'Tis when the skies with gloomy tempest lower,
When cares and sorrows all their torrents pour.

GEORGE HAY DRUMMOND.

This fair defect, this helpless aid, call'd wife,
The bending crutch of a decrepit life.

DRYDEN.

A wife so hung with virtues, such a freight,
What mortal shoulders can support?

DRYDEN.

'Tis the procession of a funeral vow,
Which cruel laws to Indian wives allow,
When fatally their virtue they approve,
Cheerful in flames, and martyrs of their love.

DRYDEN.

This cursed quarrel be no more renew'd;
Be, as becomes a wife, obedient still,
Though grieved, yet subject to her husband's will.

DRYDEN.

But still he held his purpose to depart;
For, as he loved her equal to his life,
He would not to the seas expose his wife.

DRYDEN.

Can Ceyx then sustain to leave his wife,
And unconcern'd forsake the sweets of life?

DRYDEN.

Lord of yourself, uncumber'd with a wife.

DRYDEN.

Ev'n goddesses are women; and no wife
Has pow'r to regulate her husband's life.

DRYDEN.

Remember, sir, your fury of a wife;
Who, not content to be revenged on you,
The agents of your passion will pursue.

DRYDEN.

Since you deny him entrance, he demands
His wife, whom cruelly you hold in bands.

DRYDEN.

Pray but for half the virtues of this wife;
Compound for all the rest with longer life.

DRYDEN.

Bone-weary, many-childed, trouble-tried!
Wife of my bosom, wedded to my soul!
Mother of nine that live, and two that died!
This day drink health from nature's mountain bowl:
Nay, why lament the doom which mocks control?
The buried are not lost, but gone before:
Then dry thy tears, and see the river roll
O'er rocks, that crown'd yon time-dark heights of yore,
Now, tyrant-like, dethroned, to crush the weak no more.

The young are with us yet, and we with them:
O thank the Lord for all he gives or takes,—
The wither'd bud, the living flower, or gem!
And he will bless us when the world forsakes!
Lo! where thy fisher-born, abstracted, takes,
With his fix'd eyes, the trout he cannot see!
Lo! starting from his earnest dream, he wakes!
While our glad Fanny, with raised foot and knee,
Bears down at Noe's side the bloom-bow'd hawthorn-tree.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT: *The Excursion.*

That man must lead a happy life
Who is directed by a wife;
Who's free from matrimonial chains
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam could find no solid peace
Till he beheld a woman's face;
When Eve was given for a mate,
Adam was in a happy state.

Epigram on Matrimony: lines to be read alternately,—first and third, second and fourth, fifth and seventh, sixth and eighth.

You shall swear by custom of confession
If ever you made nuptial transgression.
Be you either married man or wife,
If you have brawls or contentious strife;
Or otherwise at bed, or at board,
Offended each other in deed or word;
Or since the parish clerk said "Amen"
Yo' wish'd y'rselves unmarried agen,
Or in a twelvemonth and a day
Repented not in thought any way,
But continued true in thought and desire,
As when you join'd hands in the quire.

If to these conditions, without all feare,
Of your own accord you will freely sweare,
A whole gammon of bacon you shall receive,
And bear it hence with love and good leave:
For this is our custom at Dunmow well knowne:
Though the pleasure be ours, the bacon's your own.

Form of the Oath taken by those at Dunmow who are to have the Bacon, "before Prior and Convent and the whole Town, humbly kneeling in the Church-yard upon Two Hard Pointed Stones."

Afield I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine; for so should housewives do.
GAY.

Can she be faithful to her luckless lord
Who will be absent in affliction's hour?
Is it not then the lenient hand of love
Proves its best office? then the virtuous wife
Shines in the full meridian of her truth,
And claims her part of sorrow?
HAVARD: *King Charles I.*

If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fail
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gayly would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.
BISHOP HEBER: *To his Wife.*

Be sweet to all: is thy complexion sour?
Then keep such company, make them thy allay;
Get a sharp wife, a servant that will low'r:
A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way.
GEORGE HERBERT.

Now that the first wild pang is past and over,
Now I have learn'd to accept it as a truth
That men love not as women, that the lover
To whom the woman gives herself, her youth,
Her trust, her love, her worship,—in his heart,
Just on the surface,—keeps a spot apart,

Deck'd with gay weeds, and painted flies and flowers,
Bright to the eye, all scentless though they be,
Beneath whose flaunting blooms and shadeless bowers
He can receive as flaunting company,—
I can forgive thee, knowing that I hold,
Alone of all, the key of purest gold

That locks the gate beyond, whose golden trellis
Shuts out the common herd and shuts in me,
'Mid nightingales and fountains, where a palace
Hymen hath built, and I alone with thee
Can dwell while both shall live, supreme to reign
The rightful queen of this my fair domain.

So I forgive thee, husband, yes, I pardon,
I give thee back the love I had withdrawn;
Love—ay, but not the same love! that gay garden,
With all its florid flowers, its dance-trod lawn,
Its painted butterflies, a tomb contains,
Wherein lie buried Trust's poor cold remains.
Household Words: "A Wife's Pardon."

By love directed, I would choose a wife,
To improve my bliss, and ease the load of life.
Hail, wedlock! hail, inviolable tie!
Perpetual fountain of domestic joy!
Love, friendship, honour, truth, and pure delight
Harmonious mingle in the nuptial rite.
In Eden first the holy state began,
When perfect innocence distinguish'd man.
WILLIAM LIVINGSTON:
Philosophic Solitude: a Poem.

How much the wife is dearer than the bride!
LORD LYTTELTON: *An Irregular Ode.*

The sum of all that makes a just man happy
Consists in the well-choosing of his wife;
And there, well to discharge it, does require
Equality of years, of birth, of fortune;
For beauty, being poor, and not cried up
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither.
And wealth, when there's such difference in years
And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy.
MASSINGER: *New Way to Pay Old Debts.*

"Leicester," she cried, "is this thy love
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove
Immured in shameful privity?

"No more thou com'st, with lover's speed,
Thy once beloved bride to see:
Be she alive or be she dead,
I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

"Not so the usage I received
When happy in my father's hall:
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appall.

"I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark so blithe, no flower more gay;
And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
I merrily sung the livelong day.

"If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?"
MICKLE: *Cumnor Hall.*

Favour'd of heav'n who finds
One virtuous rarely found,
That in domestic good combines:
Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth.
MILTON.

For nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.
MILTON.

To thy husband's will
Thine shall submit: he over thee shall rule.
MILTON.

What thou biddest
Unargued I obey; so God ordains:
God is thy law; thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
MILTON.

Adorn'd
She was indeed, and lovely, to attract
Thy love; not thy subjection.
MILTON.

She'll to realities yield all her shows:
Made so adorn for thy delight the more.
MILTON.

Adam, by his wife's allurement, fell.
MILTON.

This woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
That from her hand I could expect no ill.
MILTON.

The wife
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays.
MILTON.

The next I took to wife,
(O that I never had! fond wish too late!)
Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila;
That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare.
MILTON.

When first, beloved, in vanish'd hours,
The blind man sought thy love to gain,
They said thy cheek was bright as flowers
New freshen'd by the summer rain:
They said thy movements, swift yet soft,
Were such as make the winged dove
Seem, as it gently soars aloft,
The image of repose and love.

They told me, too, an eager crowd
Of wooers praised thy beauty rare,
But that thy heart was all too proud
A common love to meet or share.
Ah! thine was neither pride nor scorn,
But in thy coy and virgin breast
Dwelt preference not of passion born,—
The love that hath a holier rest!
MRS. NORTON:
The Blind Man to his Bride.

Give me, next good, an understanding wife,
By nature wise, not learned by much art;
Some knowledge on her side will, all her life,
More scope of conversation then impart,
Besides her inborn virtue fortify:
They are most firmly good that best know why.

A passive understanding to conceive,
And judgment to discern, I wish to find;
Beyond that, all as hazardous I leave:
Learning and pregnant wit, in womankind,
What it finds malleable makes frail,
And doth not add more ballast, but more sail.

Books are a part of man's prerogative;
In formal ink they thoughts and voices hold,
That we to them our solitude may give,
And make time present travel that of old
Our life fame pieceth longer at the end,
And books it farther backward doth extend.
SIR THOMAS OVERBURY: *The Wife.*

Old Time has dimm'd the lustre of her eyes that brightly shone,
And her voice has lost the sweetness of its girlhood's silvery tone,
But her heart is still as cheerful as in early days of life,
And as fondly as I prized my bride, I love my dear old wife!
J. B. PHILLIPS.

Yet why complain?—what though fond hopes
deferr'd
Have overshadow'd Youth's green paths with
gloom!
Still, joy's rich music is not all unheard,—
There is a voice sweeter than thine, sweet
bird,
To welcome me, within my humble home;
There is an eye with love's devotion bright,
The darkness of existence to illume!
Then why complain? when death shall cast his
blight
Over the spirit, then my bones shall rest
Beneath these trees, and from thy swelling
breast
O'er them thy song shall pour like a rich flood
of light.

ALBERT PIKE: *To the Mocking-Bird.*

Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair:
With matchless impudence they style a wife
The dear-bought curse and lawful plague of
life,
A bosom serpent, a domestic evil,
A night invasion, and a midday devil.
Let not the wise these sland'rous words regard,
But curse the bones of ev'ry lying bard:
All other goods by Fortune's hand are given,—
A wife is the peculiar gift of Heaven.
A wife! ah, gentle deities, can he
That has a wife e'er feel adversity?
Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper, all the world grow
wise.

POPE.

Some greedy minion or imperious wife
The trophied arches, storied halls, invades.

POPE.

By the dire fury of a trait'ress wife
Ends the sad evening of a stormy life.

POPE.

She who ne'er answers till her husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules,
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys.

POPE.

If any sins afflict our life
With that prime ill, a talking wife,
Till death shall bring the kind relief
We must be patient, or be deaf.

PRIOR.

Across the threshold led,
And every tear kiss'd off as soon as shed,
His house she enters,—there to be a light,
Shining within, when all without is night;
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing;
Winning him back, when mingling with the
throng,
Back from a world we love, alas! too long,
To fireside happiness, to hours of ease,
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.
How oft her eyes read his; her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined,
Still subject—ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow.

ROGERS.

My wife, the kindest, dearest, and the truest
That ever wore the name.

ROWE.

Fye! fye! unknit that threat'ning unkind
brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair
buds;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

SHAKSPEARE.

I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

SHAKSPEARE.

Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

SHAKSPEARE.

She is mine own!
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

SHAKSPEARE.

I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything.

SHAKSPEARE.

Were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas.
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua.

SHAKSPEARE.

The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

SHAKSPEARE.

Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

SHAKSPEARE.

You were to blame,—I must be plain with you,—
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift.

SHAKSPEARE.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance; commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?

SHAKSPEARE.

In bed he slept not, for my urging it;
At board he fed not, for my urging it.

SHAKSPEARE.

O my life!—my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd: beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

SHAKSPEARE.

Why left you wife and children,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love?

SHAKSPEARE.

I've been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike.

SHAKSPEARE.

My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
I tell you, 'twould sound harshly in her ears.

SHAKSPEARE.

I crave fit disposition of my wife,
Due preference of place and exhibition,
As levels with her breeding.

SHAKSPEARE.

Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves.

SHAKSPEARE.

All day, like some sweet bird, content to sing
In its small cage, she moveth to and fro,
And ever and anon will upward spring
To her sweet lips, fresh from the fount below,
The murmur'd melody of pleasant thought,
Unconscious utter'd, gentle-toned and low.
Light household duties, evermore inwrought
With placid fancies of one trusting heart
That lives but in her smile, and turns,
From life's cold seeming and the busy mart,
With tenderness, that heavenward ever yearns
To be refresh'd where one pure altar burns,
Shut out from hence the mockery of life:
Thus liveth she content, the meek, fond, trusting wife.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH: *The Wife.*

When the black-letter'd list to the gods was presented
(The list of what fate for each mortal intends),
At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,
And slipp'd in three blessings,—wife, children, and friends.

HON. W. R. SPENCER:
Wife, Children, and Friends.

Why is a handsome wife adored
By every coxcomb but her lord?
From yonder puppet-man inquire,
Who wisely hides his wood and wire.

SWIFT.

She was a creature framed by love divine
For mortal love to muse a life away
In pondering her perfections; so unmoved
Amidst the world's contentions, if they touch'd
No vital chord, nor troubled what she loved,
Philosophy might look her in the face,
And, like a hermit stooping to the well
That yields him sweet refreshment, might therein
See but his own serenity reflected
With a more heavenly tenderness of hue!

HENRY TAYLOR:
Philip Van Artevelde (*Artevelde's Character of his Wife*).

As through the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,—
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,—
And kiss'd again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,—
Oh, there above the little grave,—
We kiss'd again with tears.

TENNYSON: *Princess.*

Oh! Love, first love, so full of hope and truth,
A guileless maiden and a gentle youth.
Through arches of wreathed rose they take their way,
He the fresh Morning, she the better May,
'Twixt jocund hearts and voices jubilant,
And unseen gods that guard on either hand,
And blissful tears, and tender smiles that fall
On her dear head—great summer over all!
While Envy, of the triumph half afraid,
Slinks, like a dazzled serpent, to the shade.

FREDERICK TENNYSON: *The Bridal.*

It is too much, we daily hear,
To wive and thrive both in one year.

TUSSER.

A spaniel, a wife, and a walnut-tree,
The more you beat them the better they be.

TWISS'S *Eldon*, iii. 136.

You graced the several parts of life:
A spotless virgin, and a faultless wife.

WALLER.

Design or chance makes others wive,
But nature did this match contrive.

WALLER.

Is't not enough plagues, wars, and famines rise
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be wise?

YOUNG: *Love of Fame.*

WINTER.

But hoary winter, unadorn'd and bare,
Dwells in the dire retreat, and freezes there.

ADDISON.

December hung her glittering roof
Of frosty sunshine o'er the earth,
The streamers danced across the night
Like angels in a troop of mirth.

I stood in the deserted street,
A child that never saw a flower,
Till, looking upwards, God unveil'd
The face of beauty in that hour.

Around, the city, dark and dumb,
Above, the gleaming mystery,
I stood like one who views afar
The flashing of an awful sea.
Like the bright fingers of a god,
That sweep creation's mystic bars,
They seem'd on night's weird harp to wake
The song of all th' eternal stars.

Their shaking glory fill'd my trance,
With eyes turn'd upward, wonder-wide,
Till every wave of pulsing joy
Rose towering in a swell of pride.
I bless'd the night, I bless'd the stars,
I bless'd the chance that found me there,
But chief, the floods of streaming light,
Like young Aurora's golden hair.

And still their shifting glow shall warm
The winters of my life again,
Their phantom banners wave sublime
Across the night's star-flowery plain.
They fill'd my heart with wild delight,
And bade my yearning soul aspire
To Nature's altar crown'd with song
And bright with beauty's golden fire.

All the Year Round: "*Northern Lights.*"

I wander forth this chill December dawn.
Frost and his tiny elves are out, I see,
As busy as the fairy world can be,
Clothing a world asleep with fleecy lawn;
'Mid the blue silence of the evening hours
They glimmer'd duskly down from skyey bowers,
And featly have they labour'd all night long,
Cheering their labour with a half-heard rhyme—
Low as the burthen of a shepherd's song
When Echo moans it over hills of thyme.

There is a hush of music on the air,—
The white-wing'd fairies faltering everywhere;
And here and there,
Made by a sudden mingling as they fall,
There comes a softer lullaby than all,
Swept in upon the universal prayer.

All the Year Round: "*Snow.*"

Oh, where do fairies hide their heads
When snow lies on the hills,—
When frost has spoil'd their mossy beds
And crystallized their rills?

Beneath the moon they cannot trip
  In circles o'er the plain;
And draughts of dew they cannot sip,
  Till green leaves come again.

Perhaps in small, blue diving-bells,
  They plunge beneath the waves,
Inhabiting the wreathed shells
  That lie in coral caves.
Perhaps, in red Vesuvius,
  Carousals they maintain,
And cheer their little spirits thus,
  Till green leaves come again.

When they retûrn, there will be mirth,
  And music in the air,
And fairy wings upon the earth,
  And mischief everywhere:
The maids, to keep the elves aloof,
  Will bar the doors in vain;
No key-hole will be fairy-proof,
  When green leaves come again.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY:
Oh, Where Do Fairies Hide Their Heads?

The good, the brave, the beautiful,
  How dreamless is their sleep,
Where rolls the dirge-like music
  Of the ever-tossing deep!
Or where the hurrying night winds
  Pale winter's robes have spread
Above the narrow palaces,
  In the cities of the dead!

PARK BENJAMIN: *The Departed.*

'Tis Winter now—but Spring will blossom soon,
  And flowers will lean to the embracing air,—
  And the young buds will vie with them to share
Each zephyr's soft caress; and when the moon
  Bends her new silver bow, as if to fling
  Her arrowy lustre through some vapour's wing,
The streamlets will return the glance of night
  From their pure, gliding mirrors, set by Spring
Deep in rich frames of clustering chrysolite,
Instead of Winter's crumbled sparks of white.
  So, dearest! shall our loves, though frozen now
By cold unkindness, bloom like buds and flowers,
  Like fountains flash, for Hope with smiling brow
Tells of a Spring whose sweets shall all be ours.

PARK BENJAMIN: *To ———.*

Poor Robin sits and sings alone,
  When showers of driving sleet,
By the cold winds of winter blown,
  The cottage casement beat.

Come, let us share our chimney-nook,
  And dry his dripping wing:
See, little Mary shuts her book,
  And cries, "Poor Robin, sing!"

Methinks I hear his faint reply,—
  "When cowslips deck the plain,
The lark shall carol in the sky,
  And I shall sing again.

"But in the cold and wintry day
  To you I owe a debt,
That in the sunshine of the May
  I never can forget."

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES:
Winter: "Redbreast."

Stand here by my side, and turn, I pray,
  On the lake below, thy gentle eyes;
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,
  And dark and silent the water lies;
And out of that frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow;
  Flake after flake,
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

BRYANT.

I saw him on his throne, far in the North,
Him ye call Winter, picturing him ever
An aged man, whose frame, with palsied shiver,
Bends o'er the fiery element, his foe.
But him I saw was a young god, whose brow
Was crown'd with jagged icicles, and forth
From his keen spirit-like eyes there shone a light
Broad, glaring, and intensely cold and bright.
His breath, like sharp-edged arrows, pierced the air;
The naked earth crouch'd shuddering at his feet;
His finger on all murmuring waters sweet
Lay icily,—motion nor sound was there;
Nature seem'd frozen,—dead; and still and slow
A winding-sheet fell o'er her features fair,
Flaky and white, from his wide wings of snow.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE BUTLER: *Winter.*

The leaves are rustling mournfully,
  The yellow leaves and sere;
For Winter with his naked arms
  And chilling breath is here:

The rills that all the autumn-time
  Went singing to the sea,
Are waiting in their icy chains
  For Spring to set them free;
No bird is heard the livelong day
  Upon its mates to call,
And coldly and capriciously
  The slanting sunbeams fall.

ALICE CARY: *To Lucy.*

And now there came both mist and snow,
  And it grew wondrous cold,
And ice mast-high came floating by,
  As green as emerald.

COLERIDGE.

Winter has a joy for me
  While the Saviour's charms I read,
Lowly, meek, from blemish free,
  In the snow-drop's pensive head.

Spring returns, and brings along
  Life-invigorating suns;
Hark! the turtle's plaintive song
  Seems to speak his dying groans.

Summer has a thousand charms,
  All expressive of his worth;
'Tis his sun that lights and warms,
  His the air that cools the earth.

What! has autumn left to say
  Nothing of a Saviour's grace?
Yes,—the beams of milder day
  Tell me of his smiling face.

COWPER:
I Will Praise the Lord at All Times (*Olney Hymns*).

Old Winter halting o'er the mead
  Bids me and Mary mourn;
But lovely Spring peeps o'er his head,
  And whispers your return.

Then April with her sister May
  Shall chase him from the bowers,
And weave fresh garlands every day
  To crown the smiling hours.

And if a tear that speaks regret
  Of happier times appear,
A glimpse of joy that we have met
  Shall shine, and dry the tear.

COWPER: *An Invitation into the Country.*

What Nature, alas! has denied
  To the delicate growth of our isle,
Art has in a measure supplied,
  And winter is deck'd with a smile.
See, Mary, what beauties I bring
  From the shelter of that sunny shed,
Where the flowers have the charms of the spring,
  Though abroad they are frozen and dead.

'Tis a bower of Arcadian sweets,
  Where Flora is still in her prime;
A fortress to which she retreats
  From the cruel assaults of the clime.
While earth wears a mantle of snow,
  These pinks are as fresh and as gay
As the fairest and sweetest that blow
  On the beautiful bosom of May.

See how they have safely survived
  The frowns of a sky so severe!
Such Mary's true love that has lived
  Through many a turbulent year.
The charms of the late-blowing rose
  Seem graced with a livelier hue,
And the winter of sorrow best shows
  The truth of a friend such as you.

COWPER: *Winter Nosegay.*

I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening, know.

COWPER: *Task.*

The wintry winds have ceased to blow,
  And trembling leaves appear;
And fairest flowers succeed the snow,
  And hail the infant year.

So when the world and all its woes
  Are vanish'd far away,
Fair scenes and wonderful repose
  Shall bless the new-born day.

CRABBE: *Resurrection.*

And in the depth of winter, in the night,
You plough the raging seas to coasts unknown.

SIR J. DENHAM.

Since when those frosts that winter brings,
  Which candy every green,
Renew us like the teeming springs,
  And we thus fresh are seen.

DRAYTON.

Fierce Boreas, with his offspring, issues forth
T' invade the frosty wagon of the north.

DRYDEN.

On winter seas we fewer storms behold,
Than foul diseases that infect the fold.

DRYDEN.

Liest thou asleep beneath those hills of snow?
Stretch out thy lazy limbs; awake, awake!
And winter from thy furry mantle shake.

DRYDEN.

The two beneath the distant poles complain
Of endless winter and perpetual rain.

DRYDEN.

This during winter's drizzly reign be done,
Till the new ram receives th' exalted sun.

DRYDEN.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopp'd, the courier's feet
Delay'd, all friends shut out, the house-mates sit
Around the fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON: *Snow-Storm.*

Through winter streets to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night;
How jostling crowds with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing. GAY: *Trivia.*

And winter, lingering, chills the lap of spring.

GOLDSMITH: *Traveller.*

It snows! it snows! from out the sky
The feathered flakes how fast they fly,—
Like little birds, that don't know why
They're on the chase, from place to place,
While neither can the other trace.
It snows! it snows! a merry play
Is o'er us, on this heavy day!

As dancers in an airy hall
That hasn't room to hold them all,
While some keep up and others fall,
The atoms shift, then, thick and swift,
They drive along to form the drift,
That weaving up, so dazzling white,
Is rising like a wall of light.

HANNAH F. GOULD: *It Snows.*

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepp'd,
By the light of the morning were seen
Most beautiful things: there were flowers and trees,
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers; and these
All pictured in silver sheen.

HANNAH F. GOULD: *The Frost.*

His gathering mantle of fleecy snow
The winter-king wrapp'd around him;
And flashing with ice-wrought gems below
Was the regal zone that bound him:
He went abroad in his kingly state,
By the poor man's door,—by the palace gate.

Then his minstrel winds, on either hand,
The music of frost-days humming,
Flew fast before him through all the land,
Crying "Winter—Winter is coming!"
And they sang a song in their deep, loud voice,
That made the heart of their king rejoice.

FRANCES H. GREEN: *Song of Winter.*

The well-informed philosopher
Rejoices with an wholesome fear,
And hopes in spite of pain;
If winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,
And nature laughs again.

HORACE (*by* COWPER).

Our days had begun to darken;
The shadows upon the lawn
To fall from the elm-trees early,
To linger longer for dawn;
The leaves of the elm to redden,
And tremble on the wind,
With its bitter news and whispers
Of the worse that lay behind.
And now and again would flutter
A dead leaf to the ground,
Which sun should never gladden,
Nor rain with a summer sound.
The fern was red on the mountain,
The cloud was low in the sky,
And we knew that the year was failing,
That the wintry time was nigh.

Household Words: "*The First Snow on the Fell.*"

'Tis winter, yet there is no sound,
Along the air,
Of winds upon their battle-ground,
But gently there
The snow is falling,—all around
How fair—how fair!

The jocund fields would masquerade;
Fantastic scene!
Tree, shrub, and lawn, and lonely glade,
Have cast their green,
And join'd the revel, all array'd
So white and clean.

E'en the old posts, that hold the bars,
And the old gate,
Forgetful of their wintry wars,
And age sedate,
High capp'd and plumed, like white hussars,
Stand there in state.

RALPH HOYT: *Snow, A Winter Sketch.*

How calm, how solemn, how sublime the scene!
The moon in full-orb'd glory sails above,
And stars in myriads around her move;
Each looking down with watchful eye serene
On earth, which, in a snowy shroud array'd,
And still, as in a dreamless sleep 'twere laid,
Saddens the spirit with its death-like mien:
Yet doth it charm the eye—its gaze still hold:
Just as the face of one we loved, when cold,
And pale, and lovely e'en in death 'tis seen,
Will fix the mourner's eye, though trembling fears
Fill all his soul, and frequent fall his tears.
Oh, I could watch till morn should change the sight,
This cold, this beautiful, this mournful winter night.

ELIZABETH C. KINNEY: *A Winter Night.*

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

LONGFELLOW: *Woods in Winter.*

Winter giveth the fields, and the trees so old,
Their beards of icicles and snow;
And the rain it raineth so fast and cold,
We must cower over the embers low,
And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,
Mope like birds that are changing feather;
But the storm retires, and the sky grows clear,
When thy merry step draws near.

LONGFELLOW: *Renouveau: From the French.*

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds, new-roof'd with Carrara,
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails were soften'd to swan's down,
And still flutter'd down the snow.

J. R. LOWELL: *First Snow-Fall.*

Now comes the herald of stern Winter. Hear
The blast of his loud trumpet through the air,
Bidding collected families prepare
For the fierce king, without delay or fear;
Not sea-coal fires alone, or cordial cheer
Of generous wine, or raiment thick and warm,
Though these may make the bleak and boisterous storm
A picture for the eye, and music for the ear;
But laws of kindness, simple and sincere,
Patient forbearance, and sweet cheerfulness,
And gentle charity that loves to bless—
To hide all faults as soon as they appear.
Without such stores, bought by no golden price,
Winter may freeze the human blood to ice!

CAROLINE MAY: *On the Approach of Winter.*

The sun
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
As might affect the earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call
Decrepit winter, from the south to bring
Solstitial summer's heat.

MILTON.

Let Araby boast of her soft spicy gale,
And Persia her breeze from the rose-scented vale;
Let orange-trees scatter in wildness their balm,
Where sweet summer islands lie fragrant and calm;
Give me the cold blast of my country again,
Careering o'er snow-cover'd mountain and plain,
And coming, though scentless, yet pure, to my breast,
With vigor and health from the cloudless Nor'-West.

I languish where suns in the tropic sky glow,
And gem-studded waters on golden sands flow,

Where shrubs, blossom-laden, bright birds, and sweet trees
With odors and music encumber the breeze;
I languish to catch but a breathing of thee,
To hear thy wild winter-notes, brilliant and free,
To feel thy cool touch on my heart-strings oppprest,
And gather a tone from the bracing Nor'-West.
DR. J. K. MITCHELL: *The Brilliant Nor'-West.*

Descending snows the earth o'erspread,
Keen blows the northern blast;
Condensing clouds scowl overhead,
The tempest gathers fast.

But soon the icy mass shall melt,
The winter end his reign,
The sun's reviving warmth be felt,
And nature smile again.
DR. SAMUEL L. MITCHILL.

Old Winter is coming again,—alack!
How icy and cold is he!
He cares not a pin for a shivering back;
He's a saucy old chap to white and black;
He whistles his chills with a wonderful knack,
For he comes from a cold countree!

A witty old fellow this Winter is,
A mighty old fellow for glee;
He cracks his jokes on the pretty, sweet miss,
The wrinkled old maiden unfit to kiss,
And freezes the dew of their lips: for this
Is the way with old fellows like he!
HUGH MOORE: *Old Winter is Coming.*

Loud-voiced night, with the wild wind blowing
Many a tune;
Stormy night, with white rain-clouds going
Over the moon;
Mystic night, that each minute changes,
Now as blue as the mountain-ranges
Far, far away,
Now as black as a heart where strange is
Joy, night or day.
D. M. MULOCH: *Winter Moonlight.*

The keen, clear air—the splendid sight—
We waken to a world of ice,
Where all things are enshrined in light,
As by some genii's quaint device.

'Tis winter's jubilee: this day
Her stores their countless treasures yield;
See how the diamond glances play,
In ceaseless blaze, from field to field.
ANDREWS NORTON: *A Winter Morning.*

The snow is on the mountain,
The frost is on the vale,
The ice hangs o'er the fountain,
The storm rides on the gale;
The earth is bare and naked,
The air is cold and drear,
The sky with snow-clouds flaked,
And dense foul fogs appear;
The sun shines not so brightly
Through the dark murky skies;
The night grows longer nightly,
And thus the winter dies.
THOMAS JOHN OUSELEY: *Winter.*

Inclement weather and frosty blasts deface
The blithesome year; trees of their shrivell'd fruits
Are widow'd; dreary storms o'er all prevail.
JOHN PHILIPS.

The orchard loves to wave
With winter winds, before the germs exsert
Their feeble heads.
JOHN PHILIPS.

First in the fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport in Winter's blissful plains.
POPE.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.
POPE.

Stern winter smiles on that auspicious clime;
The fields are florid with unfading prime.
POPE.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
Then Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.
SIR W. RALEIGH: *Nymph's Reply to The Passionate Shepherd* (*by* MARLOWE).

Full fifty years, harness'd in rugged steel,
I have endured the biting winter's blast,
And the severer heats of parching summer.
ROWE.

Now I see thy jolly train:
Snowy-headed winter leads;
Spring and summer next succeeds;
Yellow autumn brings the rear;
Thou art father of the year.

ROWE.

When dark December glooms the day,
And takes our autumn joys away;
When short and scant the sunbeam throws
Upon the weary waste of snows
A cold and profitless regard,
Like patron on a needy bard;
When silvan occupation's done,
And o'er the chimney rests the gun,
And hang, in idle trophy, near,
The game-pouch, fishing-rod, and spear.

SIR WALTER SCOTT: *Marmion.*

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had roll'd,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night;
On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung;
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear;
The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dress'd with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the misletoe.

SIR WALTER SCOTT: *Marmion.*

I love to rise ere gleams the tardy light,
  Winter's pale dawn; and as warm fires illume,
  And cheerful tapers shine around the room,
Through misty windows bend my musing sight
Where, round the dusky lawn, the mansions white,
  With shutters closed, peer faintly through the gloom,
  That slow recedes; while yon gray spires assume,
Rising from their dark pile, an added height
By indistinctness given. Then to decree
  The grateful thoughts to God, ere they unfold
To Friendship or the Muse, or seek with glee
  Wisdom's rich page: O hours! more worth than gold.
By whose best use we lengthen life, and, free
  From drear decays of age, outlive the old!

ANNA SEWARD: *December Morning*, 1782.

Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Ev'n till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery.

SHAKSPEARE.

You have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness!

SHAKSPEARE.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,—
Thou art not so unkind
  As man's ingratitude!
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen;
  Although thy breath be rude.

SHAKSPEARE.

Oh, these flaws and starts
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire.

SHAKSPEARE.

Being incensed, he's flint;
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flames congealed in the spring of day.

SHAKSPEARE.

For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long.

SHAKSPEARE.

On old Hyem's chin, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set.

SHAKSPEARE.

Well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads.

SHAKSPEARE.

Sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after summer evermore succeeds
The barren winter with his nipping cold.

SHAKSPEARE.

When icicles hang by the wall,
  And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
  And milk comes frozen home in pail.

SHAKSPEARE.

All around the wind doth blow,
  And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
  And Marian's rose looks red and raw.

SHAKSPEARE.

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
Oh that the earth which kept the world in awe
Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw.
SHAKSPEARE.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by-and-by black night doth take away,—
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
SHAKSPEARE: *Sonnet LXIII.*

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness everywhere!
SHAKSPEARE: *Sonnet XCVII.*

Yon gentle hill,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow,—
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam,—yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace,—all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturb'd might watch alone,—
So cold, so bright, so still.
SHELLEY: *A Calm Winter Night.*

Artist unseen! that, dipt in frozen dew,
Hast on the glittering glass thy pencil laid,
Ere from yon sun the transient visions fade,
Swift let me trace the forms thy fancy drew,
Thy towers and palaces of diamond hue,
Rivers and lakes of lucid crystal made,
And, hung in air, hoar trees of branching shade,
That liquid pearl distil: thy scenes renew
Whate'er old bards or later fictions feign
Of secret grottos underneath the wave,
Where Nereids roof with spar the amber cave;
Or bowers of bliss, where sport the fairy train,
Who, frequent by the moonlight wanderer seen,
Circle with radiant gems the dewy green.
WILLIAM SOTHEBY: *The Winter's Morn.*

Lastly came Winter, cloathed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;—
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze;
And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distill:
In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;
That scarce his loosed limbs he able was to weld.
SPENSER.

Although we boast our winter sun looks bright,
And foolishly are glad to see it at its height,
Yet so much sooner comes the long and gloomy night.
SWIFT.

Gloomy winter's now awa',
Saft the westlin breezes blaw:
'Mang the birks o' Stanley-shaw
The mavis sings fu' cheerie O.
ROBERT TANNAHILL:
Gloomy Winter's Now Awa'.

Again at Christmas did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
The silent snow possess'd the earth,
And calmly fell our Christmas-eve;

The yule-log sparkled keen with frost,
No wing of wind the region swept,
But over all things brooding slept
The quiet sense of something lost.

As in the winters left behind,
Again our ancient games had place,
The mimic picture's breathing grace,
And dance and song and hoodman-blind.
TENNYSON: *In Memoriam.*

See, winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapours, and clouds, and storms.
THOMSON.

'Tis done! dread winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! horror wide extends
Her desolate domain!
THOMSON.

Winter binds
Our strengthen'd bodies in a cold embrace
Constringent.
THOMSON.

Nor when cold winter keens the brightening
flood,
Would I weak shiv'ring linger on the brink.
THOMSON.

All nature feels the renovating force
Of winter; only to the thoughtless eye
Is ruin seen. THOMSON.

As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce
All Winter drives along the darken'd air,
In his own loose-revolving fields the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts
of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt.
THOMSON.

Through the hush'd air the whitening shower
descends,
At first thin wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white:
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow
melts
Along the mazy current.
THOMSON.

There is a voice in the wintry storm;
For the blasting spirit is there,
Sweeping o'er every vernal charm,
O'er all that was bright and fair;
It tells of death, as it moans around,
And the desolate hall returns the sound.
KATHERINE AUGUSTA WARE:
Voice of the Seasons.

Gone hath the Spring, with all its flowers,
And gone the Summer's pomp and show,
And Autumn, in his leafless bowers,
Is waiting for the Winter's snow.

I said to Earth, so cold and gray,
"An emblem of myself thou art:"
"Not so," the Earth did seem to say,
"For Spring shall warm my frozen heart."
WHITTIER: *Autumn Thoughts.*

Make we here our camp of winter;
And, through sleet and snow,
Pitchy knot and beechen splinter
On our hearth shall glow.
Here, with mirth to lighten duty,
We shall lack alone
Woman's smile and girlhood's beauty,
Childhood's lisping tone.
WHITTIER: *Lumbermen.*

When the winter hunts the bird
From his leafy home and bower;
When the bee, no longer heard,
Bides the cold, ungenial hour;
When the blossoms rise no more
From the garden, field, and glen;
When our forest joys are o'er,—
Dearest! wilt thou love me then?
HANNAH J. WOODMAN:
When Wilt Thou Love Me?

WISDOM.

O wisdom! if thy soft control
Can soothe the sickness of the soul,
Can bid the warring passions cease,
And breathe the calm of tender peace:
Wisdom! I bless thy gentle sway,
And ever, ever will obey.
MRS. BARBAULD.

A conscious, wise, reflecting cause,
That can deliberate, means elect, and find
Their due connection with the end design'd.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

If I were thou, O butterfly,
And poised my purple wing to spy
The sweetest flowers that live and die,

I would not waste my strength on those
As thou,—for summer has a close,
And pansies bloom not in the snows.
MRS. E. B. BROWNING:
Wisdom Unapplied.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM: *Essay on Poetry.*

No more to fabled names confined,
To thee, supreme, all-perfect mind,
My thoughts direct their flight:
Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force
From thee derived, unchanging source
Of intellectual light!

O send her sure, her steady ray
To regulate my doubtful way
  Through life's perplexing road,
The mists of error to control,
And through its gloom direct my soul
  To happiness and good!

ELIZABETH CARTER:
Ode to Wisdom.

O Wisdom! from the sea-beat shore,
Where, listening to the solemn roar,
  Thy loved Eliza strays,
Vouchsafe to visit my retreat,
And teach my erring, trembling feet
  Thy heaven-protected ways!

O guide me to the humble cell
Where Resignation loves to dwell,
  Contentment's bower in view!
Nor pining grief with absence drear,
Nor sick suspense, nor anxious fear,
  Shall there my steps pursue.

There let my soul to Him aspire
Whom none e'er sought with vain desire
  Nor loved in sad despair;
There to his gracious will divine
My dearest, fondest hope resign,
  And all my tenderest care.

HESTER CHAPONE:
Ode to Solitude.

It moves thee more perhaps than folly ought,
When some green heads, as void of wit as thought,
Suppose themselves monopolists of sense,
And wiser men's ability pretence.
Though time will wear us, and we must grow old,
Such men are not forgot as soon as cold:
Their fragrant memory will outlast their tomb,
Embalm'd forever in its own perfume.

COWPER: *Conversation.*

Accomplishments have taken virtue's place,
And wisdom falls before exterior grace;
We slight the precious kernel of the stone,
And toil to polish its rough coat alone:
A just deportment, manners graced with ease,
Elegant phrase, and figure form'd to please,
Are qualities that seem to comprehend
Whatever parents, guardians, schools intend.

COWPER: *Progress of Error.*

So, then, the Vandals of our isle,
  Sworn foes to sense and law,
Have burnt to dust a nobler pile
  Than ever Roman saw!
And Murray sighs o'er Pope and Swift,
  And many a treasure more,
The well-judged purchase, and the gift,
  That graced his letter'd store.

Their pages mangled, burnt, and torn,
  The loss was his alone;
But ages yet to come shall mourn
  The burning of his own.

COWPER: *On the Burning of Lord Mansfield's Library, together with his MSS., by the Mob, in the Month of June,* 1780.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have ofttimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge—a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
Till smoothed and squared and fitted to its place—
Does but encumber when it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

COWPER: *Task.*

In idle wishes fools supinely stay;
Be there a will,—and wisdom finds a way.

CRABBE.

Extremes of fortune are true wisdom's test,
And he's of men most wise who bears them best.

CUMBERLAND.

Which sight my knowledge of myself might bring,
Which to true wisdom is the first degree.

SIR J. DAVIES.

As from the senses reason's work doth spring,
  So many reasons understanding gain,
And many understandings knowledge bring,
  And by much knowledge wisdom we obtain.

SIR J. DAVIES.

'Tis not thy terrors, Lord, thy dreadful frown,
Which keep my step in duty's narrow path;
'Tis not the awful threatenings of thy wrath,—
But that in virtue's sacred smile alone
I find or peace or happiness. Thy light,
In all its prodigality, is shed
Upon the worthy and the unworthy head;
And thou dost wrap in misery's stormy night
The holy as the thankless. All is well;

Thy wisdom has to each his portion given:
Why should our hearts by selfishness be riven?
'Tis vain to murmur,—daring to rebel:
Lord, I would fear thee, though I fear'd not hell,
And love thee, though I had no hopes of heaven!

SANTA TERESA DE AVILA:
Translated by SIR JOHN BOWRING.

True wisdom must our actions so direct,
Not only the last plaudit to expect.

SIR J. DENHAM.

When any great design thou dost intend,
Think on the means, the manner, and the end.

SIR J. DENHAM.

Wisdom of what herself approves makes choice,
Nor is led captive by the common voice.

SIR J. DENHAM.

All human wisdom to divine is folly:
This truth the wisest man made melancholy.

SIR J. DENHAM.

The bold are but the instruments of the wise;
They undertake the dangers they advise.

DRYDEN.

'Twas not the hasty product of a day,
But the well-ripen'd fruit of wise delay.

DRYDEN.

When thou canst truly call these virtues thine,
Be wise and free, by heav'n's consent and mine.

DRYDEN.

Not that my verse would blemish all the fair,
But yet, if some be bad, 'tis wisdom to beware.

DRYDEN.

She's God's own mirror; she's a light whose glance
Springs from the lightning of his countenance.
She's mildest heaven's most sacred influence;
Never decays her beauties' excellence,
Aye like herself; and she doth always trace
Not only the same path, but the same pace.
Without her, honour, health, and wealth would prove
Three poisons to me. Wisdom from above
Is the only moderatrix, spring, and guide,
Organ and honour of all gifts beside.

DU BARTAS.

Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies,
Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise.

GRAY: *Eton College.*

Love built a stately house; where fortune came,
And, spinning fancies, she was heard to say
That her fine cobwebs did support the frame;
Whereas they were supported by the same;
But wisdom quickly swept them all away.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Wisdom that scorns the poet's tenderness,
That cannot love the beautiful and bright,
And is not moved by sorrow and distress,
Hath never read the page of Nature right.

And genius that would scorn the lowly way
Which leads to truth, although by millions trod,
Might humble violets twine with haughty bay,
And learn from children how to soar to God.

There's worldly wisdom, and there's poesy's art,—
Both of this earth; but in their nobler sphere
The sisters twain may teach an erring heart,
Reclaim from sin, and guide in love and fear.

Household Words: "*Poetry and Philosophy.*"

A wise man likes that best that is itself;
Not that which only seems, though it look fairer.

MIDDLETON: *Widow.*

But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end,
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom; what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
And renders us in things that most concern
Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.

MILTON.

Who therefore seeks in these
True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion.

MILTON.

Though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate; and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems.

MILTON.

Wisdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create; instead
Of spirits malign, a better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse
His good to worlds, and ages, infinite.

MILTON.

Not more almighty to resist our might,
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
MILTON.

Be not diffident
Of wisdom; she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh.
MILTON.

All is best, though oft we doubt
What th' unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
MILTON.

Thou open'st wisdom's way,
And givest access, though secret she retire.
MILTON.

This seems to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue.
MILTON.

Celestial light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her pow'rs
Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse.
MILTON.

Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all-too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
MILTON.

Wisdom, slow product of laborious years,
The only fruit that life's cold winter bears,
Thy sacred seeds in vain in youth we lay,
By the fierce storm of passion torn away.

Should some remain in a rich generous soil,
They long lie hid, and must be raised with toil;
Faintly they struggle with inclement skies,
No sooner born than the poor planter dies.
LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Ah! when did Wisdom covet length of days,
Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth, or praise?
No: Wisdom views with an indifferent eye
All finite joys, all blessings born to die:
The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast;
A spark which upward tends by nature's force;
A stream diverted from its parent source;
A drop dissever'd from the boundless sea;
A moment parted from eternity;
A pilgrim panting for a rest to come;
An exile anxious for his native home.
HANNAH MORE: *Wisdom.*

That thou may'st injure no man, dove-like be,
And serpent-like, that none may injure thee.
From the Latin of JOHN OWEN, *translated by* COWPER: *Prudent Simplicity.*

Thus from the time we first begin to know,
We live and learn, but not the wiser grow.
POMFRET: *Reason.*

In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel our own.
POPE.

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind!
Or, ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame.
POPE.

Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay;
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
POPE.

No less alike the politic and wise,
All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes;
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take:
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
POPE.

Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great.
POPE.

Urge him with truth to frame his sure replies,
And sure he will; for wisdom never lies.
POPE.

What differ more, you cry, than crown and cowl?
I'll tell you, friend: a wise man and a fool.
POPE.

Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise.
POPE.

Some positive, persisting fools we know,
Who, if once wrong, will need be always so;
But you with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last.
POPE.

Wisdom's triumph is well-timed retreat;
As hard a science to the fair as great.
POPE.

What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care; for this is all;
To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste
What every day will want, and most the last.
POPE.

Who are the wise?
They who have govern'd with a self-control
Each wild and baneful passion of the soul,—
Curb'd the strong impulse of all fierce desires,
But kept alive affection's purer fires;
They who have pass'd the labyrinth of life,
Without one hour of weakness or of strife;
Prepared each change of fortune to endure,
Humble though rich, and dignified though poor,—
Skill'd in the latent movements of the heart,
Learn'd in the lore which nature can impart,—
Teaching that sweet philosophy aloud
Which sees the "silver lining" of the cloud,—
Looking for good in all beneath the skies:—
These are the truly wise!
P. PRINCE.

Wisdom, thou say'st, from heav'n received her birth;
Her beams transmitted to the subject earth:
Yet this great empress of the human soul
Does only with imagined power control,
If restless passion, by rebellious sway,
Compels the weak usurper to obey.
PRIOR.

How shall our thought avoid the various snare?
Or wisdom to our caution'd soul declare
The different shapes thou pleasest to employ,
When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy?
PRIOR.

But wisdom peevish and cross-grain'd
Must be opposed, to be sustain'd.
PRIOR.

To guide its actions with informing care,
In peace to judge, to conquer in the war,
Render it agile, witty, valiant, sage,
As fits the various course of human age.
PRIOR.

But sacred wisdom doth apply that good
Which simple knowledge barely understood.
QUARLES.

Be wisely worldly, but not worldly wise.
QUARLES.

Can you on him such falsities obtrude,
And as a mortal the most wise delude?
SANDYS.

He who obeys, destruction shall eschew;
A wise man knows both when and what to do.
SANDYS.

There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say, "I am sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."
SHAKSPEARE.

I entreat you then,
From one that but imperfectly conjects,
Your wisdom would not build yourself a trouble.
SHAKSPEARE.

This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd for want of wisdom
Than praised for harmful mildness.
SHAKSPEARE.

Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be.
SHAKSPEARE.

Modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise.
SHAKSPEARE.

Those that I rev'rence, those I fear—the wise;
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
SHAKSPEARE.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and questions deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will.
SHAKSPEARE: *Lover's Complaint.*

There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased;
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things,
As yet not come to life.
SHAKSPEARE.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it.

SHAKSPEARE.

Wisdom's above suspecting wiles;
The queen of learning gravely smiles.

SWIFT.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.

TENNYSON.

Who wrote it, honouring your sweet faith in him,
May trust himself, and, spite of praise and scorn,
As one who feels the immeasurable world,
Attain the wise indifference of the wise.

TENNYSON.

Let no presuming impious railer tax
CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?

THOMSON: *Summer.*

What wisdom more, what better life, than pleaseth
God to send?
What worldly goods, what longer use, than
pleaseth God to lend?
What better fare than well content, agreeing
with thy wealth?
What better guest than trusty friend, in sickness
and in health?
What better bed than conscience good, to pass
the night with sleep?
What better work than daily care from sin thy-
self to keep?
What better thought than think on God, and
daily Him to serve?
What better gift than to the poor, that ready
be to sterve?
What greater praise of God and man than
mercy for to shew?
Who, merciless, shall mercy find, that mercy
shows to few?
What worse despair than loath to die, for fear to
go to hell?
What greater faith than trust in God, through
Christ in heaven to dwell?

TUSSER:
Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.

The seas are quiet when the winds are o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more:
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries;
The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks which time
has made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

WALLER.

In such green palaces the first kings reign'd,
Slept in their shades, and angels entertain'd;
With such old counsellors they did advise,
And by frequenting sacred groves grew wise.

WALLER.

With wisdom fraught,
Not such as books, but such as practice taught.

WALLER: *On the King's Return.*

Pronounce him blest, my muse, whom wisdom
guides
In her own path to her own heav'nly seat;
Through all the storms his soul securely glides,
Nor can the tempest, nor the tides,
That rise and roar around, supplant his steady
feet.

DR. WATTS.

To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race
Who best obeys thy will.

DR. WATTS.

Wise in his prime, he waited not for noon,
Convinced that mortal never lived too soon.
As if foreboding here his little stay,
He made his morning bear the heat of day:
Fix'd, while unfading glory he pursues,
No ill to hazard, and no good to lose,
No fair occasion glides unheeded by:
Snatching the golden moments as they fly,
He by few fleeting hours ensures eternity.

REV. SAMUEL WESLEY, JR.:
On the Death of Mr. Morgan.

Wisdom sits alone,
Topmost in heaven;—she is its light—its God;
And in the heart of man she sits as high,—
Though grovelling minds forget her oftentimes,
Seeing but this world's idols. The pure mind
Sees her forever; and in youth we come,
Fill'd with her sainted ravishment, and kneel,
Worshipping God through her sweet altar-fires,
And then is knowledge "good."

N. P. WILLIS.

Wisdom married to immortal verse.
WORDSWORTH: *Excursion.*

'Tis not yet too late.
Seize Wisdom ere 'tis torment to be wise;
That is, seize Wisdom ere she seizes thee.
YOUNG.

The clouds may drop down titles and estates;
Wealth may seek us, but wisdom must be sought;
Sought before all, but (how unlike all else
We seek on earth!) 'tis never sought in vain.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead:
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

Wisdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
What is she but the means of happiness?
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool;
A melancholy fool without her bells.
Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives
The precious end, which makes our wisdom wise.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

WIT.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasing fellow,
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.
ADDISON.

Sphinx was a monster that would eat
Whatever stranger she could get,
Unless his ready wit disclosed
The subtle riddle she proposed.
ADDISON.

First a charming shape enslaved me;
An eye then gave the fatal stroke;
Till by her wit Corinna saved me,
And all my former fetters broke.
ADDISON.

While, lull'd by sound, and undisturb'd by wit,
Calm and serene you indolently sit.
ADDISON.

Take it, reader,—idly passing
This, like hundred other lines;
Take it, critic, great at classing
Subtle genius' well-known sign:
But, O reader! be thou dumb;
Critic, let no keen wit come;
For the hand that wrote or blurr'd
Will not write another word,
And the soul you scorn or prize
Now than angels is more wise.
All the Year Round:
"*The Unfinished Poem.*"

True wit is everlasting, like the sun,
Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retired,
Breaks out again, and is by all admired:
A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit,
E'en something of divine, and more than wit;
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
Describing all men, but described by none.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

All wit does but divert men from the road
In which things vulgarly are understood,
And force mistake and ignorance to own
A better sense than commonly is known.
BUTLER.

For nature never gave to mortal yet
A free and arbitrary power of wit;
But bound him to his good behaviour for 't
That he should never use it to do hurt.
BUTLER.

Most men are so unjust, they look upon
Another's wit as enemy to their own.
BUTLER.

We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it,
As being loath to wear it out;
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holy-days, or so,
As men their best apparel do.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

But thou bring'st valour too and wit,
Two things that seldom fail to hit.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

We find in sullen writs,
And cross-grain'd works of modern wits,
The wonder of the ignorant.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Why should you, whose mother-wits
Are furnish'd with all perquisites,
B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
Our cully sex, and we use none?
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

The pride of nature would as soon admit
Competitors in empire as in wit;
Onward they rush at fame's imperious call,
And less than greatest, would not be at all.
CHURCHILL.

Hence 'tis a wit, the greatest word of fame,
Grows such a common name;
And wits by our creation they become,
Just so as titular bishops made at Rome:
'Tis not a tale, 'tis not a jest
Admired with laughter at a feast,
Nor florid talk, which can that title gain:
The proofs of wit forever must remain.
COWLEY.

His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But, when you knock, it never is at home.
COWPER: *Conversation.*

A Christian's wit is inoffensive light,
A beam that aids but never grieves the sight;
Vigorous in age as in the flush of youth,
'Tis always active on the side of truth;
Temperance and peace insure its healthful state,
And make it brightest at its latest date.
Oh, I have seen (nor hope perhaps in vain,
Ere life go down, to see such sights again)
A veteran warrior in the Christian field,
Who never saw the sword he could not wield:
Grave without dulness, learned without pride,
Exact but not precise, though meek, keen-eyed;
A man that would have foil'd at their own play
A dozen would-be's of the modern day;
Who, when occasion justified its use,
Had wit as bright and ready to produce;
Could fetch from records of an earlier age,
Or from philosophy's enlighten'd page,
His rich materials, and regale your ear
With strains it was a privilege to hear:
Yet above all, his luxury supreme,
And his chief glory, was the gospel theme;
There he was copious as old Greece or Rome;
His happy eloquence seem'd there at home,
Ambitious not to shine or to excel,
But to treat justly what he loved so well.
COWPER: *Conversation (on John Wesley).*

Thus reputation is a spur to wit,
And some wits flag for fear of losing it.
Give me the line that ploughs his stately course
Like a proud swan, conquering the stream by force!
That like some cottage beauty strikes the heart,
Quite unindebted to the tricks of art.

When labour and when dulness, club in hand,
Like the two figures at St. Dunstan's stand,
Beating alternately, in measured time,
The clockwork tintinnabulum of rhyme,
Exact and regular the sounds will be;
But such mere quarter-strokes are not for me.
COWPER: *Table-Talk.*

Wit and will
Can judge and choose without the body's aid;
Though on such objects they are working still
As through the body's organs are convey'd.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Will ever acts, and wit contemplates still;
And as from wit the power of wisdom riseth,
All other virtues daughters are of will.
Will is the prince, and wit the counsellor
Which doth for common good in council sit;
And when wit is resolved, will lends her power
To execute what is advised by wit.
SIR J. DAVIES.

Why doth not beauty then refine the wit,
And good complexion rectify the will?
SIR J. DAVIES.

How is it that some wits are interrupted,
That now they dazzled are, now clearly see?
SIR J. DAVIES.

Then doth the wit
Build fond conclusions on those idle grounds;
Then doth it fly the good, and ill pursue.
SIR J. DAVIES.

God, only wise, to punish pride of wit,
Among men's wits hath this confusion wrought;
As the proud tow'r, whose points the clouds did hit,
By tongues' confusion was to ruin brought.
SIR J. DAVIES.

He claims his privilege, and says 'tis fit,
Nothing should be the judge of wit, but wit.
SIR J. DENHAM.

These hymns may work on future wits, and so
May great-grandchildren of thy praises grow.
DONNE.

Wit, like tierce claret, when 't begins to pall
Neglected lies, and 's of no use at all;
But in its full perfection of decay
Turns vinegar, and comes again in play.
DORSET.

So many candidates there stand for wit,
A place at court is scarce so hard to get:
In vain they crowd each other at the door;
For e'en reversions are all begg'd before.
DRYDEN.

Searching wits, of more mechanic parts,
Who graced their age with new-invented arts;
Those who to work their bounty did extend,
And those who knew that bounty to commend.
DRYDEN.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.
DRYDEN.

The inventive god, who never fails his part,
Inspires the wit when once he warms the heart.
DRYDEN.

Our poet thinks not fit
T' impose upon you what he writes for wit.
DRYDEN.

Where could they find another form'd so fit
To poise with solid sense a sprightly wit?
DRYDEN.

She first did wit's prerogative remove,
And make a fool presume to prate of love.
DRYDEN.

The fate which governs poets thought it fit
He should not raise his fortunes by his wit.
DRYDEN.

In this pile shall reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit and flail of sense.
DRYDEN.

Had I a hundred tongues, a wit so large
As could their hundred offices discharge.
DRYDEN.

Wit in northern climates will not blow,
Except, like orange-trees, 'tis housed from snow.
DRYDEN.

To the great dons of wit
Phœbus gives them full privilege alone
To damn all others and cry up their own.
DRYDEN.

Half wits are fleas, so little and so light,
We scarce could know they live, but that they bite.
DRYDEN.

A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ;
But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
DRYDEN.

For wit and pow'r their last endeavours bend
T' outshine each other.
DRYDEN.

Heedless of verse, and hopeless of the crown,
Scarce half a wit, and more than half a clown.
DRYDEN.

Age might, what nature never gives the young,
Have taught the smoothness of thy native tongue;
But satire needs not that, and wit will shine
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.
DRYDEN.

I writ
An epigram that boasts more truth than wit.
GAY.

The thoughtless wits shall frequent forfeits pay,
Who 'gainst the sentry's box discharge their tea.
GAY.

What muse but his can Nature's beauties hit,
Or catch that airy fugitive call'd wit?
WALTER HARTE.

Poor poet ape, that would be thought our chief,
Whose works are e'en the frippery of wit,
From brocage is become so bold a thief,
As we, the robb'd, leave rage, and pity it.
BEN JONSON.

Sleights from his wit and subtlety proceed.
MILTON.

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings.
In youth alone its empty praise we boast:
But soon the short-lived vanity is lost;
Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
That gayly blooms, but e'en in blooming dies.
POPE.

True wit is nature to advantage drest;
That oft was thought, but ne'er so well exprest:
Something whose truth, convinced at sight, we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
POPE.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.
POPE.

As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors must the less commit.
POPE.

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.
POPE.

To tell them would a hundred tongues require;
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.
POPE.

No longer now the golden age appears,
When patriarch wits survived a thousand years.
POPE.

Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes.
POPE.

Some have at first for wits, then poets, pass'd;
Turn'd critics next, and proved plain fools at last.
Some neither can for wits nor critics pass:
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
POPE.

To teach vain wits a science little known,
T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own.
POPE.

Ne'er was dash'd out, at one unlucky hit,
A fool so just a copy of a wit.
POPE.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
POPE.

'Twas fit
Who conquer'd nature should preside o'er wit.
POPE.

Names fresh engraved appear'd of wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
POPE.

For envied wit, like Sol eclipsed, makes known
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
POPE.

So mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires in their doublets drest.
POPE.

The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit;
Faithless through piety, and duped through wit.
POPE.

A wit can study in the streets;
Not quite so well, however, as one ought:
A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought.
POPE.

If wit so much from ign'rance undergo,
Ah! let not learning too commence its foe!
POPE.

The tongue moved gently first, and speech was low;
Till wrangling science taught it noise and show,
And wicked wit arose, thy most abusive foe.
POPE.

Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit,
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
POPE.

But what so pure which envious tongues will spare?
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
POPE.

The gen'rous god who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines.
POPE.

Works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.
POPE.

The chief I challenged; he whose practised wit
Knew all the serpent mazes of deceit,
Eludes my search.
POPE.

Wit's what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone.
POPE.

A beau and witling perish'd in the throng;
One died in metaphor, and one in song.
POPE.

Wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise.
POPE.

Wit from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last.
POPE.

Dext'rous the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleased to 'scape from flattery to wit.
POPE.

But rebel wit deserts thee oft in vain;
Lost in the maze of words, he turns again.
POPE.

No rag, no scrap of all the beau or wit,
That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ,
POPE.

If faith itself has different dresses worn,
What wonder modes in wit should take their turn?
POPE.

What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
POPE.

As shades most sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
POPE.

Those half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our isle
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal.
POPE.

That many knotty points there are,
Which all discuss, but few can clear;
As nature slily had thought fit,
For some by-ends, to cross-bite wit.
PRIOR.

Gloomy sits the queen,
Till happy chance reverts the cruel scene,
And apish folly, with her wild resort
Of wit and jest, disturbs the gloomy court.
PRIOR.

Tell Wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness;
Tell Wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness.
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.
SIR W. RALEIGH: *Soul's Errand.*

I'll recant, when France can show me wit
As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ.
ROSCOMMON.

Since brevity's the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief.
SHAKSPEARE.

His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-loving jest.
SHAKSPEARE.

We work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
SHAKSPEARE.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.
SHAKSPEARE.

Let's leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall something into a slower method.
SHAKSPEARE.

He that has a little tiny wit—
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,
Must make content with his fortunes fit.
Though the rain it raineth every day.
SHAKSPEARE.

O help thou my weak wit, and sharpen my dull tongue.
SPENSER.

Her gentle wit she plies
To teach them truth.
SPENSER.

The rays of wit gild wheresoe'er they strike,
But are not therefore fit for all alike;
They charm the lively, but the grave offend,
And raise a foe as often as a friend;
Like the resistless beams of blazing light,
They cheer the strong, and pain the weakly sight.
BENJ. STILLINGFLEET.

Our wise forefathers, born in sober days,
Resign'd to fools the tart and witty phrase;
The motley coat gave warning for the jest,
Excused the wound, and sanctified the pest;
But we, from high to low, all strive to sneer,
Will all be wits, and not the livery wear.
BENJ. STILLINGFLEET.

The wits of the town came thither;
'Twas strange to see how they flock'd together;
Each, strongly confident of his own way,
Thought to gain the laurel that day.
SIR J. SUCKLING.

Wit, as the chief of virtue's friends,
Disdains to serve ignoble ends;
Observe what loads of stupid rhymes
Oppress us in corrupted times.
SWIFT.

Does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
SWIFT.

Men of wit
Often father'd what he writ.
SWIFT.

The Graces from the court did not provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride.
SWIFT.

Shreds of wit and senseless rhymes
Blunder'd out a thousand times.
SWIFT.

All human race would fain be wits,
And millions miss for one that hits;
Young's universal passion, pride,
Was never known to spread so wide.

SWIFT.

The glad circle round him yield their souls
To festive mirth and wit that knows no gall.

THOMSON.

Prudence protects and guides us; wit betrays;
A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways;
A certain snare to miseries immense;
A gay prerogative from common sense;
Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.

YOUNG.

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set:
Their want of edge from their offence is seen;
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

YOUNG.

Naught but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit.

YOUNG.

Who for the poor renown of being smart
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart.

YOUNG.

WOE.

The world, so pleasant to the sight,
  So full of voices blithe and brave,
With all her lamps of beauty alight
  With life!—I had forgot the grave.
And there it open'd at my feet,
  Revealing a familiar face,
Upturn'd, my whiten'd look to meet,
  And very patient in its place.

My poor bereaved friend, I know
  Not how to word it, but would bring
A little solace for your woe,
  A little love for comforting.
And yet the best that I can say
  Will only help to sum your loss:
I can but lift my look, and pray
  God help my friend to bear his cross.

I have felt something of your smart,
  And lost the dearest thing e'er wound
In love about a human heart;
  I, too, have life-roots under ground.
From out my soul hath leapt a cry
  For help, nor God himself could save;
And tears still run that naught will dry,
  Save death's hand with the dust o' the grave.

God knows, and we may some day know,
  These hidden secrets of his love;
But now the stillness stuns us so,
  Darkly as in a dream we move.
The glad life-pulses come and go
  Over our head and at our feet;
Soft airs are sighing something low;
  The flowers are saying something sweet.

All the Year Round: "*A Letter in Black.*"

Then darklingly she pined and fail'd;
  And, looking on our dead,
The father wail'd awhile and ail'd,
  Turn'd to the wall, and said,

"'Tis dark and still, our house of life;
  The fire is burning low;
Our pretty one is gone, and, wife,
  'Tis time for me to go:

"Our 'Golden-heart' has gone to sleep,
  She's happ'd in for the night;
And so to bed I'll quickly creep,
  And sleep till morning light."

All the Year Round: "*Poor Margaret.*"

In sad and ashy weeds I sigh,
  I groan, I pine, I mourn;
My oaten yellow reeds I all
  To jet and ebon turn.
My watery eyes, like winter's skies,
  My furrow'd cheeks o'erflow:
All heavens know why, men mourn as I;
  And who can blame my woe?

In sable robes of night my days
  Of joy consumed be;
My sorrow sees no light; my lights
  Through sorrow nothing see:
For now my sun his course hath run,
  And from his sphere doth go
To endless bed of folded lead;
  And who can blame my woe?

ANNE, COUNTESS OF ARUNDEL:
From Lodge's Illustrations, vol. iii.

Neither night nor dawn of day
Puts a period to thy play:
Sing, then—and extend thy span
Far beyond the date of man;

Wretched man, whose days are spent
In repining discontent,
Lives not, aged though he be,
Half a span compared with thee.
VINCENT BOURNE:
On the Cricket: Translated by COWPER.

Rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll:
For many an evil voice is near,
To chide my woe, and mock my fear;
And silent memory weeps alone
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.

For I have walk'd the happy round
That circles Zion's holy ground,
And gladly swell'd the choral lays
That hymn'd my great Redeemer's praise,
What time the hallow'd arch along
Responsive swell'd the solemn song.

Ah! why, by passing clouds oppress'd,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
Turn, turn to Him in every pain
Whom never suppliant sought in vain,—
Thy strength in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope when joy has pass'd away.
JOHN BOWDLER: *Presence of God.*

Man's at the best a creature frail and vain,
In knowledge ignorant, in strength but weak;
Subject to sorrows, losses, sickness, pain;
Each storm his state, his mind, his body break:
From some of these he never finds cessation;
But day or night, within, without, vexation,
Troubles from foes, from friends, from dearest, near'st relation.

And yet this sinful creature, frail and vain,
This lump of wretchedness, of sin and sorrow,
This weather-beaten vessel wreckt with pain,
Joyes not in hope of an eternal morrow;
Nor all his losses, crosses, and vexation,
In weight, in frequency, and long duration,
Can make him deeply groan for that divine translation.
ANNE BRADSTREET: *Contemplations.*

O Earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
And "giveth His beloved sleep!"
His dews drop mutely on the hill:
His cloud above it resteth still,
Though on its slope men toil and reap!
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved sleep!"
MRS. E. B. BROWNING: *The Sleep.*

Sorrow and sin, and suffering and strife,
Have been cast in the waters of my life;
And they have sunk deep down to the well-head,
And all that flows thence is embittered.
Yet still the fountain up towards heaven springs,
And still the brook where'er it wanders sings;
And still where'er it hath found leave to rest,
The blessed sun looks down into its breast;
And it reflects, as in a mirror fair,
The image of all beauty shining there.
FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE BUTLER.

Ever and anon of griefs subdued
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;
And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside forever: it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound;

And how and why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
But feel the shock renew'd, nor can efface
The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,
Which out of things familiar, undesign'd
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,—
The cold, the changed, perchance the dead,—anew,
The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many!—yet how few!
BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

No words suffice the secret soul to show,
And truth denies all eloquence to woe.
BYRON.

Away, away, ye notes of woe,
Be silent, thou once soothing strain,

Or I must flee from hence, for, oh!
I dare not trust those sounds again.
To me they speak of brighter days—
But lull the chords, for now, alas!
I must not think, I may not gaze
On what I am—on what I was.
LORD BYRON: *Stanzas.*

Oh, there are moments for us here, when seeing
Life's inequalities, and woe, and care,
The burdens laid upon our mortal being
Seem heavier than the human heart can bear.

For there are ills that come without foreboding,
Lightnings that fall before the thunders roll,
And there are festering cares, that, by corroding,
Eat silently their way into the soul.

And for the evils that our race inherit
What strength is given us that we may endure!
Surely the God and father of our spirit
Sends not afflictions which he cannot cure?

No! there is a Physician, there is healing,
And light that beams upon life's darkest day,
To him whose heart is right with God, revealing
The wisdom and the justice of his way.
PHŒBE CARY: *Bearing Life's Burdens.*

Alas for my weary and care-haunted bosom!
The spells of the spring-time arouse it no more;
The song in the wild-wood, the sheen of the blossom,
The fresh-welling fountain, their magic is o'er!
When I list to the streams, when I look on the flowers,
They tell of the Past with so mournful a tone,
That I call up the throngs of my long-vanish'd hours,
And sigh that their transports are over and gone.
WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK: *A Song of May.*

They parted, ne'er to meet again,
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining:
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like rocks that had been rent asunder:
A dreary sea now flows between.
COLERIDGE.

The Winter being over,
In order comes the Spring,
Which does green herbs discover,
And cause the birds to sing.

The night also expired,
Then comes the morning bright,
Which is so much desired
By all that love the light.
This may learn
Them that mourn,
To put their grief to flight:
The Spring succeedeth Winter,
And day must follow night.

He therefore that sustaineth
Affliction or distress,
Which every member paineth,
And findeth no release:
Let such therefore despair not,
But on firm hope depend,
Whose griefs immortal are not,
And therefore must have end.
ANN COLLINS: *Divine Songs and Meditations.*

Let me ask Thee, ere I sleep,
To remember those who weep,—
Those who moan with some wild sorrow,
That shall dread to meet the morrow;
Let me ask Thee to abide
At the fainting sick one's side,
Where the plaints of anguish rise
In smother'd groans and weary sighs:
Give them strength to brook and bear
Trial pain and trial care;
Let them see Thy saving light;
Be Thou "watchman of their night."
ELIZA COOK: *Sabbath Evening Song.*

From every piercing sorrow
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away;
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending
In infinite delight.
JOSEPH COTTLE: *Onward and Upward.*

Oh happy shades! to me unblest,
Friendly to peace, but not to me,
How ill the scene that offers rest,
And heart that cannot rest, agree!

This glassy stream, that spreading pine,
Those alders quivering to the breeze,
Might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,
And please, if anything could please.

But fixt unalterable care
Foregoes not what she feels within,
Shows the same sadness everywhere,
And slights the season and the scene.

For all that pleased in wood or lawn
While peace possess'd these silent bowers,
Her animating smile withdrawn,
Has lost its beauties and its powers.
COWPER:
The Shrubbery: Written in a Time of Affliction.

Thus some retire to nourish hopeless woe;
Some seeking happiness not found below;
Some to comply with humour, and a mind
To social scenes by nature disinclined;
Some sway'd by fashion, some by deep disgust;
Some self-impoverish'd, and because they must.
But few that court retirement are aware
Of half the toils they must encounter there.
COWPER: *Retirement.*

The swallows, in their torpid state,
Compose their useless wing,
And bees in hives as idly wait
The call of early spring.

The keenest frost that binds the stream,
The wildest wind that blows,
Are neither felt nor fear'd by them,
Secure of their repose.

But man, all feeling and awake,
The gloomy scene surveys;
With present ills his heart must ache,
And pant for brighter days.
COWPER:
Invitation into the Country [in Winter].

At threescore winters' end I died,
A cheerless being, sole and sad;
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wish my father never had.
From the Greek: translated by COWPER.

I've found a joy in sorrow,
A secret balm for pain,
A beautiful to-morrow
Of sunshine after rain.
I've found a branch of healing,
Near every bitter spring;
A whisper'd promise stealing
O'er every broken string.

I've found a glad hosanna
For every woe and wail,
A handful of sweet manna,
When grapes from Eshcol fail.
I've found a Rock of Ages,
When desert wells were dry;
And, after weary stages,
I've found an Elim nigh.

An Elim with its coolness,
Its fountains and its shade!
A blessing in its fulness,
When buds of promise fade!
O'er tears of soft contrition
I've seen a rainbow light;
A glory and fruition,
So near!—yet out of sight.

My Saviour! Thee possessing,
We have the joy, the balm,
The healing and the blessing,
The sunshine and the psalm;
The promise for the fearful,
The Elim for the faint,
The rainbow for the tearful,
The glory for the saint.
JANE CREWDSON: *Pilgrim Discoveries.*

Endure and conquer: Jove will soon dispose
To future good our past and present woes.
DRYDEN.

But thou, secure of soul, unbent with woes,
The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppose.
DRYDEN.

For I am now so sunk from what I was,
Thou find'st me at my lowest water-mark,
The rivers that ran in and raised my fortunes
Are all dried up, or take another course:
What I have left is from my native spring:
I've a heart still that swells in scorn of Fate,
And lifts me to my banks.
DRYDEN.

Could you hear the annals of our fate,
Through such a train of woes if I should run,
The day would sooner than the tale be done.
DRYDEN.

Can heav'nly minds such high resentment show,
Or exercise their spite in human woe?
DRYDEN.

Oh! Fortune! how thy restless wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled wit!
Witness this present prison, whither fate
Could bear me, and the joys I quit:
Thou causedest the guilty to be loosed
From bands, wherein are innocents inclosed:
Causing the guiltless to be strait reserved,
And freeing those that death had well deserved.
But by her envy can be nothing wrought,
So God send to my foes all they have thought.
QUEEN ELIZABETH:
When a Prisoner at Woodstock.

Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my heart, and turns the past to pain.
GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village.*

Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave.
HERRICK: *Hesperides.*

Now lock my chamber-door, father,
And say you left me sleeping;
But never tell my step-mother
Of all this bitter weeping.
No earthly sleep can ease my smart,
Or even a while reprieve it;
For there's a pang at my young heart
That never more can leave it!

Oh, let me lie and weep my fill
O'er wounds that heal can never;
And O, kind Heaven! were it thy will
To close these eyes forever!
For how can maid's affections dear
Recall her love mistaken?
Or how can heart of maiden bear
To know that heart forsaken?

Oh, why should vows so fondly made
Be broken ere the morrow,
To one who loves as never maid
Loved in this world of sorrow?
The look of scorn I cannot brave,
Nor pity's eye more dreary;
A quiet sleep within the grave
Is all for which I weary!
JAMES HOGG (*The Ettrick Shepherd*):
The Broken Heart.

Listen, listen to the hour!
Two strikes from the old church tower.
Ye who, though 'tis nearly day,
On your hearts let sorrow prey,—
Poor fools, repose and sleep are here,
And God cares for you: do not fear.

Listen, listen to the hour!
Three strikes from the old church tower;
The morning twilight fades away:
Ye who dare to greet the day,
Thank God, and fear not: all is well:
Now go to work, and so farewell.
Household Words: "*Watch-Cry.*"
(*From a German Patois Song.*)

Rose I then, with cold and trembling fingers
Oped the door: in robes of shining white—
Soft radiance dropping from his starry chaplet—
Stood God's messenger before my sight.

In the darken'd room the angel glided
(Moan'd no more the child upon my breast);
Soft he spake: "The Lord hath heard thy weeping,
Death is come to give thy baby rest!"

With divine compassion on his features,
Still he spake: "Forlorn one, do not weep
As without hope; our Gracious Master speaketh,
Lo! I give to my beloved—sleep!

"Death is sleep; but, O! the glorious waking
In the land where sorrow is no more!
Patiently endure, then, as expecting
Soon to join the loved ones gone before."
Household Words: "*Christmas Carol.*"

A shape of beauty beyond man's device,
Which held a precious life with us begun,
Light feet at rest, like streamlets chain'd with ice,
And folded hands whose little work is done,
Make this poor hamlet sacred to our grief:
Pass'd is the soul, which was of nobler worth,
Like fire from glow-worm, tint from wither'd leaf,
Perfume from fallen flower, or daylight from the earth.

Star, faded from our sky elsewhere to shine,
Whose beam to bless us for a while was given;
Little white hand, a few times clasp'd in mine;
Sweet face, whose light is now return'd to heaven,
With empty arms I linger where thou liest,
And pluck half-open'd flowers as types of thee,
And think that angels, amid joys the highest,
Are happier for thy love, which still they share with me.
Household Words: "*Unopened Buds.*"

When hope lies dead within the heart,
By secret sorrow long conceal'd,
We shrink lest looks or words impart
What may not be reveal'd.

'Tis hard to smile when one would weep,
To speak when one would silent be;
To wake when one would wish to sleep,
And wake to agony.

Yet such the lot for thousands cast,
Who wander in this world of care,
And bend beneath the bitter blast,
To save them from despair.

Yet Nature waits her guests to greet,
Where disappointment cannot come;
And Time leads with unerring feet
The weary wanderer home.
ANNE HUNTER: *The Lot of Thousands.*

In the dark winter of affliction's hour,
When summer friends and pleasures haste away,
And the wreck'd heart perceives how frail each power
It made a refuge, and believed a stay,
When man all wild and weak is seen to be,—
There's none like thee, O Lord! there's none like thee!

When the world's sorrow—working only death,
And the world's comfort—caustic to the wound,
Make the wrung spirit loathe life's daily breath,
As jarring music from a harp untuned;
While yet it dare not from the discord flee,—
There's none like thee, O Lord! there's none like thee!

When the toss'd mind surveys its hidden world,
And feels in every faculty a foe,
United but in strife, waves urged and hurl'd
By passion and by conscience, winds of woe,
Till the whole being is a storm-swept sea,—
There's none like thee, O Lord! there's none like thee!

Thou in adversity canst be a sun;
Thou art a healing balm, a sheltering tower,
The peace, the truth, the life, the love of One
Nor wound, nor grief, nor storm can overpower:
Gifts of a king; gifts frequent and yet free:
There's none like thee, O Lord! none, none like thee!
MARIA JANE JEWSBURY:
There is None like unto Thee.

Woe! woe! eternal woe!
Not only the whisper'd prayer
Of love,
But the imprecations of hate,
Reverberate
For ever and ever through the air
Above!
This fearful curse
Shakes the great universe.
LONGFELLOW: *Golden Legend.*

Why, man, do such sad sighs expand thy breast?
Wherefore dost thou not, like a thankful guest,
Rise cheerfully from life's abundant feast,
And with a quiet mind go take thy rest.
LUCRETIUS.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.
HENRY FRANCIS LYTE: *Eventide.*

Our present lot appears
For happy, though but ill; for ill, not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe.
MILTON.

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
MILTON.

By all the tender mercy
God hath shown to human grief,
When fate or man's perverseness
Denied and barr'd relief,—
By the helpless woe which taught me
To look to Him alone,
From the vain appeals for justice
And wild efforts of my own,—
By thy light, thou unseen future,
And thy tears, thou bitter past,
I will hope, though all forsake me,
In His mercy to the last!
MRS. NORTON: *Twilight.*

Why, thou poor mourner, in what baleful corner
Hast thou been talking with that witch—the night?
On what cold stone hast thou been stretch'd along,
Gathering the grumbling winds about thy head,
To mix with theirs the accents of thy woes?
OTWAY.

I wish thy lot, now bad, still worse, my friend;
For when at worst, they say, things always mend.
From the Latin of JOHN OWEN: *translated by* COWPER: *To a Friend in Distress.*

Oft we enhance our ills by discontent,
And give them bulk beyond what nature meant;
A parent, brother, friend deceased, to cry,
"He's dead indeed, but he was born to die"—
Such temperate grief is suited to the size
And burthen of the loss; is just and wise;
But to exclaim, "Ah! wherefore was I born,
Thus to be left forever thus forlorn?"—

Who thus laments his loss invites distress,
And magnifies a woe that might be less,
Through dull despondence to his lot resign'd,
And leaving reason's remedy behind.
PHILEMON: *Translated by* COWPER.

This clears the cloudy front of wrinkled care,
And dries the tearful sluices of despair;
Charm'd with that virtuous draught, th' exalted mind
All sense of woe delivers to the wind.
POPE.

No story I unfold of public woes,
Nor bear advices of impending foes.
POPE.

The well-sung woes shall soothe my pensive ghost;
He best can paint them who can feel them most.
POPE.

Alas! a mortal most oppress'd of those
Whom fate has loaded with a weight of woes.
POPE.

Now wasting years my former years confound,
And added woes may bow me to the ground.
POPE.

Alas! the muses now no more inspire,
Untuned my lute, and silent is my lyre;
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.
POPE.

He left his crook, he left his flocks;
And, wand'ring through the lonely rocks,
He nourish'd endless woe.
PRIOR.

She ask'd the reason of his woe;
She ask'd, but with an air and mien
That made it easily foreseen
She fear'd too much to know.
PRIOR.

By woe the soul to daring action steals;
By woe in plaintless patience it excels.
SAVAGE.

Wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
SHAKSPEARE.

So many miseries have crazed my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still.
SHAKSPEARE.

The woes to come, the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.
SHAKSPEARE.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
——Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
SHAKSPEARE.

When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
SHAKSPEARE.

Prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confused events,
New hatch'd to th' woeful time.
SHAKSPEARE.

My thoughts, imprison'd in my secret woes,
With flamy breaths do issue oft in sound.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

Tell me, when shall these weary woes have end?
Or shall their ruthless torment never cease,
But all my days in pining languor spend,
Without hope of assuagement or release?
SPENSER.

Meek Lamb of God, on Thee
In sorrow I repose;
But for Thy tenderness and grace,
How hopeless were our woes!

Though bitter is my cup,
Yet how can I repine?
It stills my every restless thought
To think that cup was Thine.

Since Thou hast hallow'd woe,
I would not shun the rod,
But bless the chastening hand that seeks
To bring me to my God.

Distress and pain I hail,
If these conform to Thee;
Be but Thy peace, Thy patience mine,
And 'tis enough for me.
HUGH STOWELL: *Resignation.*

He tasted love with half his mind,
Nor ever drank the inviolate spring
Where nighest heaven, who first could fling
This bitter seed among mankind:

That could the dead, whose dying eyes
Were closed with wail, resume their life,
They would but find in child or wife
An iron welcome when they rise:

'Twere well, indeed, when warm with wine,
To pledge them with a kindly tear,
To talk them o'er, to wish them here,
To count their memories half divine.

But if they came who pass'd away—
Behold their brides in other hands;
The hard heir strides about their lands,
And will not yield them for a day.

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam.*

Ye noble few, who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressures, yet a little while,
And all your woes are past.

THOMSON.

Dependants, friends, relations, love himself,
Savaged by woe, forget the tender tie.

THOMSON.

So many great
Illustrious spirits have conversed with woe,
Have in her school been taught, as are enough
To consecrate distress, and make ambition
Ev'n wish the frown beyond the smile of fortune.

THOMSON: *Sophonisba.*

Unthinking fool,
For a short dying joy to sell a deathless soul!
'Tis but a grain of sweetness they can sow,
And reap the long sad harvest of immortal woe.

DR. ISAAC WATTS: *Lyric Poems.*

Woe! for my vine-clad home!
That it should ever be so dark to me,
With its bright threshold, and its whispering tree!
That I should ever come
Fearing the lonely echo of a tread
Beneath the roof-tree of my glorious dead!

Lead on! my orphan boy!
Thy home is not so desolate to thee,
And the low shiver in the linden-tree
May bring to thee a joy;
But, ah! how dark is the bright home before thee
To her who with a joyous spirit bore thee!

N. P. WILLIS: *The Soldier's Widow.*

Often the clouds of deepest woe
So sweet a message bear,
Dark though they seem, 'twere hard to find
A frown of anger there.

Yes! often has adversity
A richer boon bestow'd,
Has oft bequeath'd a purer joy
Than all that men call good.

CAROLINE WILSON:
Blessings in Affliction.

Money answers every thing
But a guilty conscience' sting,
Whose immortal torments are
Quite unsupportable to bear.
Nor the silver of Peru,
Nor the wealth the East do show,
Nor the softest bed of down,
Nor the jewels of a crown,
Can give unto the mind a pow'r
To bear its twinges half an hour.

ROGER WOLCOTT:
A Wounded Spirit Who Can Bear?

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:
It never through my mind had pass'd
That time would e'er be o'er,—
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary, thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene,—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there—I lay thee in thy grave,—
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart
In thinking too of thee:
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

REV. CHARLES WOLFE:
If I Had Thought Thou Couldst Have Died.

I envy none their pageantry and show,
I envy none the gilding of their woe.
YOUNG.

Woes cluster; rare are solitary woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous, where my wreck'd, desponding thought
From wave to wave of fancied misery
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

WOMAN.

Sure, Nature form'd me of her softest mould,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me even below my own weak sex.
ADDISON.

At length I've acted my severest part!
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart: my tears will flow.
ADDISON.

Where love once pleads admission to our hearts,
In spite of all the virtue we can boast,
The woman that deliberates is lost.
ADDISON.

The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms.
ADDISON.

Woman! o'er whose sunken eyes
The last rushlight glimmer dies,
Lay thine ill-paid toil away
Till the morrow's hungry day;
Seek the respite and release
Heaven will give in dreams of peace:
Fold thy hands!
Earth denies thee food,—not rest:
Fold them o'er thy patient breast.
All the Year Round: "*Folded Hands.*"

Myriad are the phantasies
That trouble the still dreams of maidenhood,
And wonderful the radiant entities
Shaped in the passion of her brain and blood.
O Fancy! through the realm of guesses fly,
Unlock the rich abstraction of her heart
(Her soul is second in the mystery);
Trail thy gold meshes thro' the summer sky;
Question her tender breathings as they part;
Tell me, Revealer, that she thinks of me.
All the Year Round: "*Guesses.*"

An excellent thing it is when life is leaving,—
Leaving with gloom and gladness, joys and cares,—
The strong heart failing, and the high soul grieving
With strangest thoughts, and wild unwonted fears;
Then, then a woman's low soft sympathy
Comes like an angel's voice to teach us how to die.

But a most excellent thing it is in youth,
When the fond lover hears the loved one's tone,
That fears, but longs, to syllable the truth,—
How their two hearts are one, and she his own;
It makes sweet human music—oh! the spells
That haunt the trembling tale a bright-eyed maiden tells!
EDWIN ARNOLD: *Woman's Voice.*

She smiles, and smiles, and will not sigh,
While we for hopeless passion die:
Yet she could love, those eyes declare,
Were but men nobler than they are.

Eagerly once her gracious ken
Was turn'd upon the sons of men;
But light the serious visage grew—
She look'd, and smiled, and saw them through.

Our petty souls, our strutting wits,
Our labour'd puny passion-fits,—
Oh, may she scorn them still, till we
Scorn them as bitterly as she.
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

I loved thee once, I'll love no more;
Thine be the grief, as is the blame:
Thou art not what thou wast before,—
What reason I should be the same?
He that can love unloved again
Hath better store of love than brain:
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.
SIR ROBERT AYTOUN: *Woman's Inconstancy.*

Woman's grief is like a summer storm,
Short as 'tis violent.
JOANNA BAILLIE: *Basil.*

O born to soothe distress and lighten care,
Lively as soft, and innocent as fair!
Blest with that sweet simplicity of thought
So rarely found, and never to be taught;
Of winning speech, endearing, artless, kind,
The loveliest pattern of a female mind;

Like some fair spirit from the realms of rest,
With all her native heaven within her breast;
So pure, so good, she scarce can guess at sin,
But thinks the world without like that within;
Such melting tenderness, so fond to bless,
Her charity almost become excess.
Wealth may be courted, Wisdom be revered,
And Beauty praised, and brutal Strength be fear'd,
But Goodness only can affection move,
And love must owe its origin to love.

MRS. BARBAULD: *Characters.*

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.

E. S. BARRETT: *Woman.*

There is a vile, dishonest trick in man,
More than in women: all the men I meet
Appear thus to me,—are harsh and rude,
And have a subtilty in everything,
Which love could never know; but we, fond women,
Harbour the easiest and smoothest thoughts,
And think all shall go so.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

O Woman! Woman! thou art form'd to bless
The heart of restless man, to chase his care,
And charm existence by thy loveliness;
Bright as the sunbeam, as the morning fair.
If but thy foot fall on a wilderness,
Flow'rs spring, and shed their roseate blossoms there,
Shrouding the thorns that on thy pathway rise,
And scattering o'er it hues of Paradise.

Thy voice of love is music to the ear,
Soothing and soft, and gentle as the stream
That strays 'mid summer flowers; thy glittering tear
Is mutely eloquent; thy smile a beam
Of light ineffable, so sweet, so dear,
It wakes the heart from sorrow's darkest dream,
Shedding a hallow'd lustre o'er our fate,
And when it beams we are not desolate.

J. BIRD: *Woman is the Light of Love.*

Belinda and her bird! 'tis rare
To meet with such a well-match'd pair,—
The language and the tone,
Each character in every part
Sustain'd with so much grace and art,
And both in unison.
When children first begin to spell,
And stammer out a syllable,
We think them tedious creatures;
But difficulties soon abate,
When birds are to be taught to prate,
And women are the teachers.

VINCENT BOURNE:
On the Parrot: translated by COWPER.

If women I with women may compare,
Your works are solid, others light as air:
Some books of women I have heard of late,
Perused some, so witless, intricate,
So void of sense and truth, as if to err
Were only wish'd (acting above their sphere):
And all to get what (silly souls) they lack,
Esteem'd to be the wisest of the pack:
Though (for your sake) to some this be permitted
To print, yet wish I may be better witted.

Prefixed to MRS. ANNE BRADSTREET'S *Tenth Muse, and written by her sister.*

Now I believe tradition, which doth call
The Muses, Virtues, Graces, females all.
Only they are not nine, eleven, or three;
Our authoress proves them but an unity.
Mankind, take up some blushes on the score:
Monopolize perfection hence no more.
In your own arts confess yourselves outdone:
The moon hath totally eclipsed the sun;
Not with her sable mantle muffling him,
But her bright silver makes his gold look dim:
Just as his beams force our pale lamps to wink,
And earthly fires within their ashes sink.

Upon MRS. ANNE BRADSTREET'S *Tenth Muse, and written by "an ingenious person."* (COTTON MATHER, *Magnalia*, ed. 1855, i. 135.)

Oh, what makes woman lovely! virtue, faith,
And gentleness in suffering,—an endurance
Through scorn or trial,—these call beauty forth,
Give it the stamp celestial, and admit it
To sisterhood with angels!

JOHN BRENT.

Ye watchful sprites, who make e'en man your care,
And sure more gladly hover o'er the fair,
Who grave on adamant all changeless things,
The smiles of courtiers and the frowns of kings!
Say to what softer texture ye impart
The quick resolves of woman's trusting heart;
Joys of a moment, wishes of an hour,
The short eternity of Passion's power,

Breathed in vain oaths that pledge with generous zeal
E'en more of fondness than they e'er shall feel,
Light fleeting vows, that never reach above,
And all the guileless changefulness of love!
Is summer's leaf the record? Does it last
Till withering autumn blot it with his blast?
Or, frailer still, to fade ere ocean's ebb,—
Graved on some filmy insect's thinnest web,
Some day-fly's wing that dies and ne'er has slept:
Lives the light vow scarce longer than 'tis kept?
Ah, call not perfidy her fickle choice!
Ah, find not falsehood in an angel's voice!
True to one word, and constant to one aim,
Let man's hard soul be stubborn as his frame;
But leave sweet woman's form and mind at will
To bend and vary and be graceful still.

THOMAS BROWN, *the Metaphysician: Changefulness of Woman.*

But I love you, sir:
And when a woman says she loves a man,
The man must hear her, though he love her not.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING: *Aurora Leigh.*

A worthless woman! mere cold clay,
As all false things are! but so fair
She takes the breath of men away
Who gaze upon her unaware.
I would not play her larcenous tricks
To have her looks!

MRS. E. B. BROWNING: *Bianca among the Nightingales.*

True genius, but true woman! dost deny
Thy woman's nature with a manly scorn,
And break away the gauds and armlets worn
By weaker women in captivity?
Ah, vain denial! that revolted cry
Is sobb'd in by a woman's voice forlorn!
Thy woman's hair, my sister, all unshorn,
Floats back dishevell'd strength in agony,
Disproving thy man's name! and while before
The world thou burnest in a poet-fire,
We see thy woman-heart beat evermore
Through the large flame. Beat purer, heart, and higher,
Till God unsex thee on the heavenly shore,
Where unincarnate spirits purely aspire.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING: *A Recognition* (*To* GEORGE SAND).

She has laugh'd as softly as if she sigh'd,
She has counted six, and over,
Of a purse well fill'd, and a heart well tried,—
Oh, each a worthy lover!
They "give her time," for her soul must slip
Where the world has set the grooving;
She will lie to none with her fair red lip,—
But love seeks truer loving.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING: *Woman's Shortcomings.*

Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes,
Rousing elate in these degenerate times;
View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way;
With subtle Litigation's pliant tongue
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong;
Hark, injured Want recounts the unlisten'd tale,
And much-wrong'd Misery pours the unpitied wail.

BURNS.

A young maiden's heart
Is a rich soil, wherein lie many germs,
Hid by the cunning hand of nature there
To put forth blossoms in their fittest season;
And tho' the love of home first breaks the soil,
With its embracing tendrils clasping it,
Other affections, strong and warm, will grow,
While that one fades, as summer's flush of bloom
Succeeds the gentle budding of the spring.
Maids must be wives, and mothers, to fulfil
Th' entire and holiest end of woman's being.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE BUTLER.

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs;
What careth she for hearts when once possess'd?

BYRON.

In her first passion, woman loves her lover:
In all the others, all she loves is love.

BYRON.

Alas! the love of woman! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing.

BYRON.

Woe to the man who ventures a rebuke!
'Twill but precipitate a situation
Extremely disagreeable, but common
To calculators when they count on woman.

BYRON.

Like a lovely tree
She grew to womanhood, and between whiles
Rejected several suitors, just to learn
How to accept a better in his turn.

BYRON.

The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music, breathing from her face.
BYRON.

She was a soft landscape of mild earth,
Where all was harmony, and calm, and quiet,
Luxuriant, budding, cheerful without mirth,
Which if not happiness is much more nigh it
Than are your mighty passions.
BYRON.

All furious as a favour'd child
Balk'd of its wish; or, fiercer still,
A woman piqued, who has her will.
BYRON.

Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stay:
The world was sad! the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled.
CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope.*

And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun.
CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope.*

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.
THOMAS CAREW.

Ask me no more, where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauty's orient deep,
These flow'rs, as in their cases, sleep.

Ask me no more, whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars light,
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.
THOMAS CAREW.

Oh, beautiful as morning in those hours
When, as her pathway lies along the hills,
Her golden fingers wake the dewy flowers,
And softly touch the waters of the rills,
Was she who walk'd more faintly day by day,
Till silently she perish'd by the way.

It was not hers to know that perfect heav'n
Of passionate love return'd by love as deep;
Not hers to sing the cradle-song at even,
Watching the beauty of her babe asleep;
"Mother and brethren"—these she had not known,
Save such as do the Father's will alone.

Yet found she something still for which to live,—
Hearths desolate, where angel-like she came,
And "little ones" to whom her hand could give
A cup of water in her Master's name;
And breaking hearts to bind away from death
With the soft hand of pitying love and faith.
PHŒBE CARY: *The Christian Woman.*

Oh, woman's love hath fondly turn'd
To those in dungeons deep and dark,
And beacon-fires have steadily burn'd
To light a long-expected bark:
But what affection, true and tried,
Which death can shake not, nor remove,
Is hers, who feeds the lamp beside
The sepulchre of buried love!
PHŒBE CARY: *The Wife of Bessières.*

This world is full of variance;
In everything, who taketh heed,
That faith and trust, and all constance,
Exiled be, this is no drede;
And save only in womanhead,
I can ysee no sickernesse;
But for all that yet, as I read,
Beware alway of doubleness.

Also that the fresh summer flowers,
The white and red, the blue and green,
Be suddenly with winter showers
Made faint and fade, withouten ween,
That trust is none, as ye may seen
In no thing nor no steadfastness,
Except in women, thus I mean;
Yet aye beware of doubleness.
CHAUCER: *Duplicity of Women.*

For this ye know well, tho' I wouldin lie,
  For women is all truth and steadfastness;
For, in good faith, I never of them sie
  But much worship, bounty, and gentleness,
  Right coming, fair, and full of meekeness;
Good, and glad, and lowly, I you ensure,
Is this goodly and angelic creature.

And if it hap a man be in disease,
  She doth her business and her full pain
With all her might him to comfort and please,
  If fro his disease him she might restrain:
  In word ne deed, I wis, she woll not faine;
With all her might she doth her business
To bringen him out of his heaviness.

Lo, here what gentleness these women have,
  If we could know it for our rudeness!
How busye they be us to keep and save
  Both in hele and also in sickness,
  And always right sorry for our distress!
In every manere thus shew they ruth,
That in them is all goodness and all truth.

CHAUCER: *Praise of Women.*

Oh, Woman! how thy truest word is slighted!
  Thy tenderness how often met with hate!
Thy fondest, purest hopes, how often blighted!
  How man, the tyrant, lords it o'er thy fate—
  Yet feigns for thy benign behests to wait!
How jealously he guards thy faithfulness,
  And forms a censure on thy every state!

THOMAS COOPER.

As the man beholds the woman,
  As the woman sees the man,
Curiously they note each other
  As each other only can.

Never can the man divest her
  Of that wondrous charm of sex;
Ever must she, dreaming of him,
  The same mystic charm annex.

Strange, inborn, profound attraction!
  Not the poet's range of soul,
Learning, science, sexless virtue,
  Can the gazer's thought control.

But through every nerve and fancy
  Which the inmost heart reveals,
Twined, ingrain'd, the sense of difference,
  Like the subtle serpent, steals.

BARRY CORNWALL (B. W. PROCTER):
The Sexes.

Neither their sighs nor tears are true:
  Those idly blow, these idly fall,
  Nothing like to ours at all;
But sighs and tears have sexes too.

COWLEY.

Sweet stream that winds through yonder glade,
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid!
Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay busy throng,
With gentle yet prevailing force
Intent upon her destined course,
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes,
Pure-bosom'd as that watery glass,
And heaven reflected in her face.

COWPER: *A Comparison.*

Rich, thou hadst many lovers;—poor, hast none;
  So surely want extinguishes the flame,
And she who call'd thee once her pretty one,
  And her Adonis, now inquires thy name.

Where wast thou born, Sosicrates, and where,
  In what strange country, can thy parents live,
Who seem'st by thy complaints not yet aware
  That want's a crime no woman can forgive?

From the Greek: translated by COWPER:
On Female Inconstancy.

Man may the sterner virtues know,
  Determined justice, truth severe;
But female hearts with pity glow,
  And woman holds affliction dear:
For guiltless woes her sorrows flow,
  And suffering vice compels her tear;—
'Tis hers to soothe the ills below,
  And bid life's fairer views appear.
To woman's gentle kind we owe
  What comforts and delights us here:
They its gay hopes on youth bestow,
  And care they soothe, and age they cheer.

CRABBE: *Woman.*

These are great maxims, sir, it is confess'd,
Too stately for a woman's narrow breast.
Poor love is lost in men's capacious minds;
In ours, it fills up all the room it finds.

JOHN CROWNE: *Thyestes.*

She ne'er saw courts; but courts could have outdone
  With untaught loves, and an unpractised heart;
Her nets the most prepared could never shun,
  For nature spread them in the scorn of art.

SIR W. DAVENANT.

A woman's will
Is not so strong in anger as her skill.
SIR W. DAVENANT: *Albovine.*

Nothing is to man so dear
As woman's love in good manner.
A good woman is man's bliss,
Where her love right and stedfast is.
There is no solace under heaven,
Of all that a man may neven,
That should a man so much glew,
As a good woman that loveth true:
Ne dearer is none in God's hurd
Than a chaste woman with lovely wurd.
ROBERT DE BRUNNE: *Handling of Sins.*

If the world's age and death be argued well
By the sun's fall, which now towards earth doth bend,
Then we might fear that virtue, since she fell
So low as woman, should be near her end.
DONNE.

All will spy in thy face
A blushing womanly-discovering grace.
DONNE.

As in perfumes, composed with art and cost,
'Tis hard to say what scent is uppermost,
Nor this part musk or civet can we call,
Or amber, but a rich result of all;
So she was all a sweet, whose ev'ry part,
In due proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the maker's art.
DRYDEN.

What did that greatness in a woman's mind?
Ill lodged, and weak to act what it design'd.
DRYDEN.

By day the web and loom,
And homely household task, shall be her doom.
DRYDEN.

Vain privilege, poor women have a tongue;
Men can stand silent and resolve on wrong.
DRYDEN.

To so perverse a sex all grace is vain;
It gives them courage to offend again.
DRYDEN.

No single virtue we could most commend,
Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend;
For she was each in that supreme degree,
That, as no one prevail'd, so all was she.
The several parts lay hidden in the piece;
Th' occasion but exerted that or this.
DRYDEN.

Ev'n suppler than thine own, of supple kind,
More exquisite of taste, and more than man refined.
DRYDEN.

My lady liege, said he,
What all your sex desire is sovereignty.
DRYDEN.

A female softness, with a manly mind;
A duteous daughter, and a sister kind;
In sickness patient, and in death resign'd.
DRYDEN.

Their frugal father's gains they misemploy,
And turn to point and pearl, and every female toy.
DRYDEN.

As for the women, though we scorn and flout 'em,
We may live with, but cannot live without 'em.
DRYDEN.

High though her wit, yet humble was her mind,
As if she could not, or she would not, find
How much her worth transcended all her kind.
DRYDEN.

True worth shall gain me, that it may be said,
Desert, not fancy, once a woman led!
DRYDEN.

They list with women each degen'rate name
Who dares not hazard life for future fame.
DRYDEN.

You that can search those many-corner'd minds
Where woman's crooked fancy turns and winds.
DRYDEN.

Somewhat in her, excelling all her kind,
Excited a desire till then unknown;
Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.
DRYDEN.

From wars and from affairs of state abstain;
Women emasculate a monarch's reign.
DRYDEN.

But inborn worth, that fortune can control,
New-strung and stiffer bent her softer soul;
The heroine assumed the woman's place,
Confirm'd her mind, and fortified her face.
DRYDEN.

Unhappy sex! whose beauty is your snare;
Exposed to trials, made too frail to bear.
DRYDEN.

None but a woman could a man direct
To tell us women what we most affect.
DRYDEN.

Unlike the niceness of our modern dames,
Affected nymphs, with new affected names.
DRYDEN.

The question whose solution I require,
Is, what the sex of women most desire?
DRYDEN.

Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.
DRYDEN.

Degenerous passion, and for man too base,
It seats its empire in the female race;
There rages, and, to make its blow secure,
Puts flatt'ry on, until the aim be sure.
DRYDEN.

Scarcely she knew that she was great or fair,
Or wise beyond what other women are,
Or (which is better) knew, but never durst compare.
DRYDEN.

Who knows which way she points?
Doubling and turning like a hunted hare!
Find out the meaning of her mind who can.
DRYDEN.

The poorest of the sex have still an itch
To know their fortunes equal to the rich:
The dairy-maid enquires if she shall take
The trusty tailor, and the cook forsake.
DRYDEN.

O fairest of all creatures, last and best
Of what heav'n made, how art thou dispossess'd
Of all thy native glories!
DRYDEN.

Oh counterpart
Of our soft sex; well are you made our lords;
So bold, so great, so godlike are you form'd,
How can you love so silly things as women?
DRYDEN.

These bubbles of the shallowest, emptiest sorrow,
Which children vent for toys, and women rain
For any trifle their fond hearts are set on.
DRYDEN AND LEE.

Why, what a wilful wayward thing is woman!
Even in their best pursuits so loose of soul
That every breath of passion shakes their frame,
And every fancy turns them.
PHILIP FRANCIS: *Eugenia.*

Charming woman can true converts make;
We love the precepts for the teacher's sake;
Virtue in her appears so bright and gay,
We hear with pleasure, and with pride obey.
DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Waking in Eden, Adam quick descried,
By his side sleeping, what was once his side,
Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone, so close,—
And his first sleep became his last repose.
From the French.

Women are made as they themselves would choose;
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse.
GARTH.

If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears.
GAY: *Beggar's Opera.*

How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!
GAY: *Beggar's Opera.*

Most women's weak resolves, like reeds, will fly,
Shake with each breath, and bend with every sigh:
Mine, like an oak whose firm roots deep descend,
Nor breath of love can shake, nor sigh can bend.
GAY: *Dione.*

And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
GAY: *Fables.*

Sweet woman is like the fair flower in its lustre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground;
Near it the bees, in play, flutter and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolic around.
GAY: *Song.*

To hear his soothing tales she feigns delays:
What woman can resist the force of praise?
GAY: *Trivia.*

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please
With manners wondrous winning;
And never follow'd wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks or satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has follow'd her—
When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found when she was dead—
The last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore;
For Kent-street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more—
She had not died to-day.

GOLDSMITH:
An Elegy on the Glory of her Sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize.

'Tis thine to curb the passions' madd'ning sway,
And wipe the mourner's bitter tear away;
'Tis thine to soothe when hope itself has fled,
And cheer with angel smile the sufferer's bed;
To give to earth its charm, to life its zest,
One only task,—to bless, and to be blest.

JAMES GRAHAME.

Who to a woman trusts his peace of mind,
Trusts a frail bark with a tempestuous wind.

GRANVILLE.

She will, and she will not; she grants, denies,
Consents, retracts, advances, and then flies.

GRANVILLE.

You'd see, could you her inward motions watch,
Feigning delay, she wishes for despatch;
Then to a woman's meaning would you look,
Then read her backward.

GRANVILLE.

When foes the hand of menace shook,
And friends betray'd, denied, forsook,
Then Woman, meekly constant still,
Follow'd to Calvary's fatal hill;
Yes, follow'd where the boldest fail'd,
Unmoved by threat or sneer;
For faithful Woman's love prevail'd
O'er helpless Woman's fear.

THOMAS E. HANKINSON.

O woman!
Such is thy varying nature, that the waves
Are not more fluctuating than thy opinion,
Nor sooner are displaced.

HAVARD: *King Charles I.*

Trusting in God with all her heart and mind,
This woman proved magnanimously kind;
Endured affliction's desolating hail,
And watch'd a poet through misfortune's vale:
Her spotless dust angelic guards defend!
It is the dust of Unwin, Cowper's friend.
That single title in itself is fame,
For all who read his verse revere her name.

WILLIAM HAYLEY:
On the Tomb of Mrs. Unwin.

Happy—happier far than thou
With the laurel on thy brow—
She that makes the humblest hearth
Lovely to but one on earth.

MRS. HEMANS.

Her lot is on you,—silent tears to weep
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sumless riches, from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship: therefore pray!

Her lot is on you,—to be found untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain;
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And, oh, to love through all things: therefore pray!

MRS. HEMANS:
Evening Prayer at a Girls' School.

Thou hast a charmed cup, O Fame!
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earthly frame
Above mortality;
Away! to me—a woman—bring
Sweet waters from affection's spring.

Thou hast green laurel-leaves that twine
Into so proud a wreath,
For that resplendent gift of thine
Heroes have smiled in death:
Give me from some kind hand a flower,
The record of one happy hour.

MRS. HEMANS: *Women and Fame.*

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread;
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

HOOD: *Song of the Shirt.*

By custom doom'd to folly, sloth, and ease,
No wonder Pope such female triflers sees;
Nor, would the satirist confess the truth,
Nothing so like as male and female youth;
Nothing so like as man and woman old,—
Their joys, their woes, their hates, if truly told:
Though different acts seem different sexes' growth,
'Tis the same principle impels them both.

ANNE HOWARD, VISCOUNTESS IRWIN: *Answer to Pope's Characters of Women.*

A vestal priestess, proudly pure,
But of a meek and quiet spirit;
With soul all dauntless to endure,
And mood so calm that nought can stir it,
Save when a thought most deeply thrilling
Her eyes with gentlest tears is filling,
Which seem with her true words to start
From the deep fountains at her heart.

A mien that neither seeks nor shuns
The homage scatter'd in her way;
A love that hath few favour'd ones,
And yet for all can work and pray;
A smile wherein each mortal reads
The very sympathy he needs;
An eye like to a mystic book
Of lays that bard or prophet sings,
Which keepeth for the holiest look
Of holiest love its deepest things.

JULIA WARD HOWE: *Woman.*

In her was youth, beauty, with humble port,
Bounty, richesse, and womanly feature,
God better knows than my pen can report,
Wisdom, largesse, estate, and cunning sure,
In every point so guided her measure,
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That Nature might no more her child advance.

KING JAMES I.

I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great;
I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat.

BEN JONSON.

I mean she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride;
I mean each softest virtue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to reside.

BEN JONSON.

Woman! when I behold thee flippant, vain,
Inconstant, childish, proud, and full of fancies,
Without that modest softening that enhances
The downcast eye, repentant of the pain
That its mild light creates to heal again,
E'en then my soul with exultation dances
For that to love, so long, I've dormant lain:
But when I see thee meek, and kind, and tender,
Heavens! how desperately do I adore
Thy winning graces!—to be thy defender
I hotly burn—to be a Calidore—
A very Red-Cross Knight—a stout Leander—
Might I be loved by thee like those of yore.

JOHN KEATS: *True Beauty in Woman.*

Thou askest what hath changed my heart,
And where hath fled my youthful folly:
I tell thee, Tamar's virtuous art
Hath made my spirit holy.

Her eye—as soft and blue as even
When day and night are calmly meeting—
Beams on my heart like light from heaven,
And purifies its beating.

The accents fall from Tamar's lip
Like dewdrops from the rose-leaf dripping,
When honey-bees all crowd to sip,
And cannot cease their sipping.

WILLIAM KNOX: *A Virtuous Woman.*

Oh, if thou lovest,
And art a woman, hide thy love from him
Whom thou dost worship; never let him know
How dear he is; flit like a bird before him,—
Lead him from tree to tree, from flower to flower;
But be not won, or thou mayest, like that bird,
When caught and caged, be left to pine neglected,
And perish in forgetfulness.

L. E. LANDON.

And this is woman's fate:
All her affections are call'd into life
By winning flatteries, and then thrown back
Upon themselves, to perish, and her heart,
Her trusting heart, fill'd with weak tenderness,
Is left to bleed or break!

L. E. LANDON.

What story is not full of woman's falsehood?
The sex is all a sea of wide destruction:
We are vent'rous barks, that leave our home
For those sure dangers which their smiles conceal.

At first they draw us in with flattering looks
Of summer calms, and a soft gale of sighs;
Sometimes, like Sirens, charm us with their songs,
Dance on the waves, and show their golden locks;
But when the tempest comes, then leave us,
Or rather help the new calamity!
And the whole storm is one injurious woman!
The lightning, follow'd with a thunderbolt,
A marble-hearted woman. All the shelves,
The faithless winds, blind rocks, and sinking sands,
Are woman all! the wreck of wretched men.

LEE.

Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,—
Womanhood and childhood fleet.

LONGFELLOW: *Maidenhood.*

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
A woman's noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight;
Domestic worth,—that shuns too strong a light.

LORD LYTTELTON.

One only care your gentle breast should move—
The important business of your life is love.

LORD LYTTELTON.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition? To be fair.

LORD LYTTELTON: *Advice to a Lady.*

Women, like princes, find few real friends.

LORD LYTTELTON: *Advice to a Lady.*

Women who marry, seldom act but once;
Their lot is, ere they wed, obedience
Unto a father, thenceforth to a husband;
But in the one election that they make
Choice of a mate for life, or death, or heaven,
They may be said to act.

JOHN WESTLAND MARSTON.

I have no skill in woman's changeful moods,
Tears without grief, and smiles without a joy.

MATURIN: *Bertram.*

In fact,
Had Lucile found in life that communion which links
All that woman but dreams, feels, conceives of, and thinks,
With what man acts and is,—concentrating the strength
Of her genius within her affections, at length
Finding woman's full use through man's life, by man's skill
Readapted to forms fix'd for life, the strong will
And high heart which the world's creeds now recklessly braved,
From the world's crimes the man of the world would have saved;
Reconciled, as it were, the divine with the human,
And, exalting the man, have completed the woman.

OWEN MEREDITH: *Lucile.*

Her grace of motion and of look, the smooth
And swimming majesty of step and tread,
The symmetry of form and feature, set
The soul afloat, even like delicious airs
Of flute and harp.

MILMAN.

O! why did God create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine?

MILTON.

Of that skill the more thou know'st,
The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
And to realities yield all her shows:
Made so adorn for thy delight the more.

MILTON.

For nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.

MILTON.

At least on her bestow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward show
Elaborate, of inward less exact.

MILTON.

Empty of all good, wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise.

MILTON.

I understand in the prime end
Of nature her the inferior, in the mind
And inward faculties, which most excel.

MILTON.

O fairest of creation! last and best
Of all God's works! creature in whom excels
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet.

MILTON.

I shall be named amongst the famousest
Of women, sung at solemn festivals.
MILTON.

O woman! best of all things, as the will
Of God ordain'd them: his creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left.
MILTON.

She was lovely to attract
Thy love, not thy subjection, and her gifts
Were such as under government well seem'd
Unseemly to bear rule.
MILTON.

For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace.
MILTON.

Because of old
Thou thyself doat'dst on womankind, admiring
Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.
MILTON.

Under his forming hand a creature grew,
Man like, but different sex.
MILTON.

Still I see the tenor of man's woe
Holds on the same, from woman to begin.
MILTON.

Her face was veil'd; yet, to my fancied sight,
Love, sweetness, goodness in her person shined.
MILTON.

To add what wants
In female sex, the more to draw his love,
And render me more equal; and, perhaps,
A thing not undesirable, some time
Superior; for inferior, who is free?
MILTON.

It is for that such outward ornament
Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts
Were left for haste unfinish'd.
MILTON.

What she wills to do or say
Is wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
MILTON.

Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won.
MILTON.

Thus it shall befall
Him who, to worth in woman overtrusting,
Lets her will rule: restraint she will not brook,
And left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his weak indulgence will accuse.
MILTON.

Must'ring all her wiles,
With blandish'd parleys, feminine assaults,
Tongue-batteries, she surceased not day nor night
To storm me, over-watch'd, and wearied out,
At times when men seek most repose and rest,
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart.
MILTON.

While thirst of praise, and vain desire of fame,
In every age is every woman's aim;
With courtship pleased, of silly trifles proud,
Fond of a train, and happy in a crowd.
LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he stole from her youth.
EDWARD MOORE: *Happy Marriage.*

Ye are stars of the night, ye are gems of the morn,
Ye are dew-drops, whose lustre illumines the thorn;
And rayless that night is, that morning unblest,
Where no beam in your eye lights up peace in the breast.
MOORE.

Still panting o'er a crowd to reign,
More joy it gives to woman's breast
To make ten frigid coxcombs vain,
Than one true manly lover blest!
MOORE.

Raptured he quits each dozing sage,
O woman! for thy lovelier page!
Sweet book! unlike the books of art,
Whose errors are thy fairest part;
In whom the dear errata column
Is the best page in all the volume.
MOORE.

New Eves in all her daughters came,
As strong to charm, as weak to err,
As sure of man through praise or blame,
Whate'er they brought him, pride or shame,
Their still unreasoning worshipper.
MOORE: *Loves of the Angels.*

I never rested on the Muses' bed,
Nor dipt my quill in the Thessalian fountain:
My rustic muse was rudely fostered,
And flies too low to reach the double mountain.
Then do not sparks with your bright suns compare;
Perfection in a woman's work is rare;
From an untroubled mind should verses flow;
My discontent makes mine too muddy show;

And hoarse encumbrances of household care,—
Where these remain, the Muses ne'er repair.
MARY MORPETH: *Prefixed to the Poems of Drummond of Hawthornden.*

Ah, woman! in this world of ours,
What boon can be compared to thee?
How slow would drag life's weary hours,
Though man's proud brow were bound with flowers,
And his the wealth of land and sea,
If destined to exist alone
And ne'er call woman's heart his own!

My mother! at that holy name
Within my bosom there's a gush
Of feeling, which no time can tame,—
A feeling, which for years of fame
I would not, could not crush;
And, sisters! ye are dear as life:
But when I look upon my wife,
My heart-blood gives a sudden rush,
And all my fond affections blend
In mother, sister, wife, and friend.

Yes, woman's love is free from guile,
And pure as bright Aurora's ray;
The heart will melt before her smile,
And base-born passions fade away:
Were I the monarch of the earth,
Or master of the swelling sea,
I would not estimate their worth,
Dear woman! half the price of thee.
GEORGE P. MORRIS: *Woman.*

And haply, as the solemn years go by,
He will think sometimes, with regretful sigh,
The other woman was less true than I.
MISS D. M. MULOCH: *Only a Woman.*

Who trusts himself to woman, or to waves,
Should never hazard what he fears to lose:
For he that ventures all his hopes, like me,
On the frail promise of a woman's smiles,
Like me will be deceived, and curse his folly.
OLDMIXON: *Governor of Cyprus.*

O woman, lovely woman, nature form'd thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without thee.
OTWAY.

What mighty ills have not been done by woman?
Who was't betray'd the Capitol? A woman!
Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman!
Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!
OTWAY: *The Orphan.*

If women could be fair, and yet not fond,
Or that their love were firm, not fickle still,
I would not marvel that they make men bond
By service long to purchase their good will;
But when I see how frail those creatures are,
I muse that men forget themselves so far.

To mark the choice they make, and how they change,
How oft from Phœbus they do fly to Pan;
Unsettled still, like haggards wild they range,
These gentle birds that fly from man to man:
Who would not scorn and shake them from the fist,
And let them fly, fair fools, which way they list?

Yet for disport we fawn and flatter both,
To pass the time when nothing else can please,
And train them to our lure with subtle oath,
Till, weary of their wiles, ourselves we ease;
And then we say, when we their fancy try,
To play with fools, oh, what a fool was I!
EARL OF OXFORD.

Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you.
PARNELL: *Why thy Beauty Appears.*

May the man
That cheerfully recounts the female's praise
Find equal love, and love's untainted sweets
Enjoy with honour!
JOHN PHILIPS.

I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements and kindly stars have given
A form so fair that, like the air, 'tis less of earth than heaven.
EDWARD C. PINKNEY: *A Health.*

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer man;
Picks from each sex, to make the favourite blest:
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest.
Blends, in exception to all general rules,
Your taste of follies with our scorn of fools;

Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces—you.
POPE.

Hail, wayward queen,
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen;
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit;
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
POPE.

No conquests she, but o'er herself, desired;
No arts essay'd but not to be admired.
POPE.

Nothing so true as what you once let fall,
"Most women have no characters at all."
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.
POPE.

Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball.
POPE.

How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains!
That men may say, when we the front tier grace,
Behold the first in virtue, as in face.
POPE.

Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive.
POPE.

Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And, though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
POPE.

The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.
POPE.

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
POPE.

Strange graces still, and stranger flights, she had;
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad.
POPE.

Ladies like variegated tulips show;
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;
Such happy spots the nice admirer take,
Fine by defect, and delicately weak.
POPE.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen.
POPE.

She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought,
But never, never reach'd one generous thought;
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies forever.
POPE.

Our humble province is to tend the fair;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale.
POPE.

So unaffected, so composed a mind;
So firm, so soft, so strong, yet so refined;
Heav'n, as its purest gold, by tortures tried:
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.
POPE.

She went from opera, park, assembly, play,
To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a day;
To part her time twixt reading and bohea,
To muse and spill her solitary tea.
POPE.

This day black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care.
POPE.

Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
POPE.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot.
POPE.

Woman and fool are two hard things to hit,
For true no meaning puzzles more than wit.
POPE.

As once inclosed in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence by a soft transition we repair
From earthly vehicles to those of air.
POPE.

She on the quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown for sickness and for show.
POPE.

Still in constraint your suff'ring sex remains,
Or bound in formal or in real chains.
POPE.

The merchant from th' exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.
POPE.

Yet mark the fate of a whole set of queens!
Power all their end, but beauty all the means:
In youth they conquer with so wild a rage
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age.
For foreign glory, foreign joy they roam:
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
POPE.

In men we various ruling passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind:
Those only fix'd, they first or last obey,—
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.
POPE.

Oh! blest with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
She who can own a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
That never answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys;
Lets fops or fortune fly which way they will;
Disdains all loss of tickets or quadrille;
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox—above them all;
And mistress of herself, though china fall.
POPE: *Epistle to a Lady.*

And now unveil'd the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid;
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box;
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white;
Here piles of pins extend their shining rows;
Puff, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
POPE: *Rape of the Lock.*

Her face with thousand beauties blest;
Her mind with thousand virtues stored;
Her power with boundless joy confess'd;
Her person only not adored.
PRIOR.

Ten thousand trifles light as these
Nor can my rage nor anger move:
She should be humble who would please;
And she must suffer who can love.
PRIOR.

We in vain the fickle sex pursue,
Who change the constant lover for the new.
PRIOR.

Both would their little ends secure;
He sighs for freedom, she for pow'r:
His wishes tend abroad to roam,
And hers to domineer at home.
PRIOR.

The tender accent of a woman's cry
Will pass unheard, will unregarded die,
When the rough seaman's louder shouts prevail,
When fair occasion shows the springing gale.
PRIOR.

Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind.
PRIOR: *An English Padlock.*

Be to her merits kind,
And to her faults, whate'er they are, be blind.
PRIOR: *Prol. to the Royal Mischief.*

Before I trust my Fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy Future give
Colour and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the Past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy Faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge to thee?
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER:
A Woman's Question.

I will not let you say a Woman's part
Must be to give exclusive love alone:
Dearest, although I love you so, my heart
Answers a thousand claims besides your own.

I love—what do I not love? earth and air
Find space within my heart, and myriad things,
You would not deign to heed, are cherish'd there,
And vibrate on its very inmost strings.
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER:
A Woman's Answer.

Well, the links are broken,
All is past;
This farewell, when spoken,
Is the last.

I have tried and striven
All in vain;
Such bonds must be riven,
Spite of pain,
And never, never, never
Knit again.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER:
A Woman's Last Word.

Men are more eloquent than women made,
But women are more powerful to persuade.

RANDOLPH.

Assert, ye fair ones, who in judgment sit,
Your ancient empire over love and wit.

ROWE.

The bloom of opening flowers, unsullied beauty,
Softness, and sweetest innocence, she wears,
And looks like nature in the world's first spring.

ROWE.

How poor a thing is he, how worthy scorn,
Who leaves the guidance of imperial manhood
To such a paltry piece of stuff as this!
A moppet made of prettiness and pride;
That oftener does her giddy fancies change
Than glittering dew-drops in the sun do colour.

ROWE: *Jane Shore.*

O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

SIR WALTER SCOTT: *Marmion.*

Woman's faith and woman's trust,—
Write the characters in dust,
Stamp them on the running stream,
Print them on the moon's pale beam,
And each evanescent letter
Shall be clearer, firmer, better,
And more permanent, I ween,
Than the thing those letters mean.

I have strain'd the spider's thread
'Gainst the promise of a maid;
I have weigh'd a grain of sand
'Gainst her plight of heart and hand;
I told my true love of the token,
How her faith proved light, and her word was broken:
Again her word and truth she plight,
And I believed them again ere night.

SIR WALTER SCOTT: *from The Betrothed.*

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?

SHAKSPEARE.

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.

SHAKSPEARE.

I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so because I think him so.

SHAKSPEARE.

She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman; therefore to be won.

SHAKSPEARE.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love.

SHAKSPEARE.

For several virtues
I have liked several women; never any
With so full a soul.

SHAKSPEARE.

Woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention,
Such Ethiop words.

SHAKSPEARE.

Falsehood and cowardice
Are things that women highly hold in hate.

SHAKSPEARE.

I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,

SHAKSPEARE.

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

SHAKSPEARE.

The full sum of me
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn.

SHAKSPEARE.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low,—an excellent thing in woman.

SHAKSPEARE.

When a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness overruled.

SHAKSPEARE.

You're pictures out of doors,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery.
SHAKSPEARE.

A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright.
SHAKSPEARE.

If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one that in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom and constancy, hath amazed me more
Than I dare blame my weakness.
SHAKSPEARE.

Men more divine,
Indued with intellectual sense and soul,
Are masters to their females, and their lords.
SHAKSPEARE.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world.
SHAKSPEARE.

Oh, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.
SHAKSPEARE.

Nay, women are frail too;
Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.
SHAKSPEARE.

'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain.
SHAKSPEARE.

No woman's heart
So big to hold so much: they lack retention.
SHAKSPEARE.

If the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift.
SHAKSPEARE.

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
SHAKSPEARE.

We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
SHAKSPEARE.

I am ashamed that women are so simple
To seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to love, serve, and obey.
SHAKSPEARE.

Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
SHAKSPEARE.

Whose worth
Stood challenger on mount of all the age,
For her perfections.
SHAKSPEARE.

A woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire.
SHAKSPEARE.

Ah the strange difference of man and man:
To thee a woman's services are due;
My soul usurps my body.
SHAKSPEARE.

Oh undistinguish'd space of woman's will.
SHAKSPEARE.

If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.
SHAKSPEARE.

A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to tears.
SHAKSPEARE.

Women will love her that she is a woman,
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.
SHAKSPEARE.

You've too a woman's heart, which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty.
SHAKSPEARE.

However we may praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than woman's are.
SHAKSPEARE.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false woman's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which steal men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth.

SHAKSPEARE: *Sonnet XX.*

Never the earth on his round shoulders bare
A maid train'd up from high or low degree,
That in her doings better could compare
Mirth with respect, few words with courtesy.

SIR P. SIDNEY.

So easy is't t' appease the stormy wind
Of malice, in the calm of pleasant womankind.

SIR P. SIDNEY.

Simple woman
Is weak in intellect as well as frame,
And judges often from the partial voice
That soothes her wishes most.

SMOLLETT: *Regicide.*

With footstep weary and wan,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A lady was seen in a ball-room dress,
Betaking herself to bed.
Flirt—flirt—flirt!
With beauty, but wanting in tin,
This unfortunate damsel, half weeping, half pert,
Thus sang the Song of the Spin.

Song of the Spin.

Flirt—flirt—flirt!
My labour never ends;
And with what reward? An ensign raw,
Without money, talent, or friends,
A shabby buggy, a worn-out horse,
A hood—and that is all;
For an ensign's pay, in the present day,
Is unjustifiably small!

Song of the Spin.

There are three things a wise man will not trust:
The wind, the sunshine of an April day,
And woman's plighted faith.

SOUTHEY: *Madoc.*

Thereto when needed, she could weep and pray,—
And when she listed she could fawn and flatter;
Now smiling smoothly, like to summer's day,
Now glooming sadly, so to cloak her matter:
Yet were her words but wind, and all her tears but water.

SPENSER.

If her nature be so,
That she will plague the man that loves her most,
And take delight to encrease a wretch's woe,
Then all her nature's goodly gifts are lost.

SPENSER.

Ne in her speech, ne in her 'haviour,
Was lightness seen, or looser vanity,
But gracious womanhood and gravity.

SPENSER.

O who does know the bent of woman's fantasy?

SPENSER.

You that have promised to yourselves propriety in love,
Know, women's hearts like straws do move.

SIR J. SUCKLING.

If hearers are amazed from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and sense,
Which, though her modesty would shroud,
Breaks like the sun behind a cloud;
While gracefulness its art conceals,
And yet through ev'ry motion steals.

SWIFT.

She valued nothing less
Than titles, figure, shape, and dress;
That merit should be chiefly placed
In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taste.

SWIFT.

How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Against the sex to write a satire,
And brand me for a woman-hater?

SWIFT.

Love with white lead cements his wings;
White lead was sent us to repair
Two brightest, brittlest earthly things—
A lady's face, and china ware.

SWIFT.

Then to her glass; and, Betty, pray,
Don't I look frightfully to-day?

SWIFT.

A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or some worse brute in human shape,
Engross the fancies of the fair.

SWIFT.

She reason'd without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
SWIFT.

Do I, like the female tribe,
Think it well to fleer and gibe?
SWIFT.

I thought the life of every lady
Should be one continual playday,
Balls and masquerades and shows.
SWIFT.

If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So sweetly screams, if it comes near her,
She ravishes all hearts to hear her.
SWIFT.

Woman is the lesser man.
TENNYSON.

Could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference:
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness, and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
More as the double-natured poet, each;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words.
TENNYSON.

I saw, wherever light illumineth,
Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
The downward slope to death.
Those far-renowned brides of ancient song
Peopled the hollow dark, like burning stars,
And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and wrong,
And trumpets blown for wars.
TENNYSON: *Dream of Fair Women.*

And I went mourning: "No fair Hebrew boy
Shall smile away my maiden blame among
The Hebrew mothers,"—emptied of all joy,
Leaving the dance and song,

Leaving the olive-gardens far below,
Leaving the promise of my bridal bower,
The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow
Beneath the battled tower.
TENNYSON: *Dream of Fair Women.*

Ho! pretty page with the dimpled chin,
That never has known the barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win—
This is the way that boys begin:
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
Billing and cooing is all your cheer,
Sighing and singing of midnight strains
Under Bonnybell's window-panes:
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear;
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to Forty Year.
WILLIAM M. THACKERAY:
Age of Wisdom.

To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
And heighten nature's dainties; in their race
To rear the graces into second life;
To give society its highest taste;
Well-order'd home man's best delight to make;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life:
This be the female dignity and praise.
THOMSON: *Seasons.*

A grand attempt some Amazonian dames
Contrive whereby to glorify their names;
A ruff for Boston Neck of mud and turfe,
Reaching from side to side, from surf to surf,
Their nimble hands spin up like Christmas pyes;
Their pastry by degrees on high doth rise.
The wheel at home counts in an holiday,
Since while the mistress worketh it may play.
BENJAMIN TOMPSON:
On a Fortification at Boston begun by Women (*New England's Crisis*).

He's a fool, who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will.
SIR S. TUKE: *Adventures.*

Women, born to be controll'd,
Stoop to the forward and the bold.
WALLER.

Happy is she that from the world retires,
And carries with her what the world admires;
Thrice happy she, whose young thoughts fix'd above,
While she is lovely does to heav'n make love:
I need not urge your promise, ere you find
An entrance here, to leave the world behind.
WALLER.

Princes that fly, their sceptres left behind,
Contempt or pity where they travel, find;
The ensigns of our pow'r about we bear,
And ev'ry land pays tribute to the fair.

WALLER.

Were men so dull they could not see
That Lyce painted? should they flee
Like simple birds into a net,
So grossly woven and ill set?

WALLER.

She that so far the rest outshined;
Sylvia the fair, while she was kind,
Seems only not unhandsome now.

WALLER.

So in this throng bright Sacharissa fared,
Oppress'd by those who strove to be her guard;
As ships, though never so obsequious, fall
Foul in a tempest on their admiral.

WALLER.

As women yet who apprehend
Some sudden cause of causeless fear,
Although that seeming cause take end,
A shaking through their limbs they find.

WALLER.

Sweetness, truth, and ev'ry grace
  Which time and use are wont to teach,
  The eye may in a moment reach,
And read distinctly in her face.

WALLER.

They both 'gan laugh, and said it was no mar'l:
The Authoresse was a right Du Bartas girle:
Good sooth, quoth the old Don, tell me ye so?
I muse whither at length these girls will go.
It half revives my chill frost-bitten blood
To see a woman once do ought that's good;
And chode by Chaucer's boots and Homer's furs:
Let men look to't, lest women wear the spurs.

NATHANIEL WARD:
Prefatory Lines to the Poems of Anne Bradstreet.

Grief is the unhappy charter of our sex:
The gods who gave us readier tears to shed
Gave us more cause to shed them.

WHITEHEAD: *Creusa.*

May slighted woman turn,
And, as the vine the oak hath shaken off,
Bend lightly to her tendencies again?
Oh, no! by all her loveliness, by all
That makes life poetry and beauty, no!
Make her a slave; steal from her rosy cheek
By needless jealousies; let the last star
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;
Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
That makes her cup a bitterness,—yet give
One evidence of love, and earth hath not
An emblem of devotedness like hers.
But, oh, estrange her once,—it boots not how,—
By wrong or silence, any thing that tells
A change has come upon your tenderness,—
And there is not a high thing out of heaven
Her pride o'ermastereth not.

N. P. WILLIS: *Hagar in the Wilderness.*

Oh, man may bear with suffering: his heart
Is a strong thing, and godlike in the grasp
Of pain that wrings mortality; but tear
One chord affection clings to, part one tie
That binds him unto woman's delicate love,
And his great spirit yieldeth like a reed.

N. P. WILLIS.

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her merit's value known
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of best,
If she seem not good to me,
What care I how good she be?

WITHER: *Mistresse of Philarete.*

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go:
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

WITHER: *Mistress of Philarete.*

She dwelt among untrodden ways,
  Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
  And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone,
  Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
  Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown,—and few could know
  When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh!
  The difference to me.

WORDSWORTH:
She Dwelt among Untrodden Ways.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight;

A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dainty shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her, upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see, with eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel-light.

WORDSWORTH.

Your sex's glory 'tis to shine unknown;
Of all applause be fondest of your own.

YOUNG.

Women were made to give our eyes delight;
A female sloven is an odious sight.

YOUNG: *Love of Fame.*

WORDS.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell,
The chilling want of sympathy,
We feel, but never tell,
The hard repulse that chills the heart
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unfading record kept,—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass; for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love;
Be firm, and just, and true.
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
"These things shall never die!"

All the Year Round: "*Imperishable.*"

Hush! speak low; tread softly;
Draw the sheet aside:
Yes, she does look peaceful;
With that smile she died.

Yet stern want and sorrow
Even now you trace
On the wan, worn features
Of the still, white face.

Restless, helpless, hopeless,
Was her bitter part:
Now how still the violets
Lie upon her heart!

She who toil'd and labour'd
For her daily bread,—
See the velvet hangings
Of this stately bed!

Yes, they did forgive her!
Brought her home at last,
Strove to cover over
Their relentless past.

Ah! they would have given
Wealth, and name, and pride,
To see her looking happy
Once before she died!

They strove hard to please her;
But, when death is near,
All, you know, is deaden'd,—
Hope, and joy, and fear.

And, besides, one sorrow,
Deeper still,—one pain,—
Was beyond them: healing
Came to-day in vain.

If she had but linger'd
Just a few hours more,
Or had this letter reach'd her
Just one day before!

I can almost pity
Even him to-day,
Though he let this anguish
Eat her heart away.

Yet she never blamed him:
One day you shall know
How this sorrow happen'd:
It was long ago.

I have read his letter:
  Many a weary year
For one word she hunger'd:
  There are thousands here!

If she could but hear it,
  Could but understand!
See, I put the letter
  In her cold white hand.

Even those words, so long'd for,
  Do not stir her rest:
Well, I should not murmur,
  For God judges best.

She needs no more pity;
  But I mourn his fate
When he hears his letter
  Came a day too late!

All the Year Round: "*Too Late.*"

An excellent thing it is when life is leaving,—
  Leaving with gloom and gladness, joys and cares,—
The strong heart failing, and the high soul grieving
  With strangest thoughts and wild unwonted fears;
Then, then a woman's low soft sympathy
Comes like an angel's voice to teach us how to die.

But a most excellent thing it is in youth,
  When the fond lover hears the loved one's tone,
That fears, but longs, to syllable the truth,—
  How their two hearts are one, and she his own;
It makes sweet human music—oh! the spells
That haunt the trembling tale a bright-eyed maiden tells!

EDWIN ARNOLD.

Words are the notes of thought, and nothing more.
Words are like sea-shells on the shore: they show
Where the mind ends, and not how far it has been.
Let every thought, too, soldier-like, be stripp'd,
And roughly look'd over.

P. J. BAILEY.

A mist of words,
Like haloes round the moon, though they enlarge
The seeming size of thoughts, make the light less doubly.

It is the thought writ down we want,
Not its effect,—not likenesses of likenesses;
And such descriptions are not, more than gloves
Instead of hands to shake, enough for us.

P. J. BAILEY: *Festus.*

We no solution of our question find;
Your words bewilder, not direct, the mind.

SIR R. BLACKMORE.

For he could coin and counterfeit
New words with little or no wit;
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em.

BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Words so debased and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on.

BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

BYRON.

The strongest love hath yet, at times,
  A weakness in its pow'r;
And latent sickness often sends
  The madness of an hour!
To her I loved, in bitterness
  I said a cruel thing:
Ah me! how much of misery
  From idle words may spring!

I loved her then—I love her still;
  But there was in my blood
A growing fever, that did give
  Its frenzy to my mood:
I sneer'd because another's sneers
  Had power my heart to wring:
Ah me! how much of misery
  From idle words may spring!

And when, with tears of wonder, she
  Look'd up into my face,
I coldly turn'd away mine eyes,
  Avoiding her embrace;
Idly I spake of idle doubts,
  And many an idle thing:
Ah me! how much of misery
  From idle words may spring!

'Twas over soon, the cause,—not soon
  The sad effects pass'd by;

They rule beneath the winter's sun,
And 'neath the summer's sky!
I sought forgiveness,—she forgave,
But kept the lurking sting:
Alas! how much of misery
From idle words may spring!

Month after month, year after year,
I strove to win again
The heart an idle word had lost,
But strove, alas! in vain.
Oh! ye who love, beware lest thorns
Across Love's path ye fling:
Ye little know what misery
From idle words may spring.

MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL:
Idle Words (*London Keepsake*).

Where do the words of Greece and Rome excel,
That England may not please the ear as well?
What mighty magic's in the place or air,
That all perfection needs must centre there?
In states let strangers thirdly be preferr'd;
In states of letters merit should be heard.

CHURCHILL.

His words seem'd oracles
That pierced their bosoms; and each man would turn
And gaze in wonder in his neighbour's face,
That with the like dumb wonder answer'd him.
You could have heard
The beating of your pulses while he spake.

GEORGE CROLY.

Cheap vulgar art, whose narrowness affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words.

SIR J. DENHAM.

Speak gently! it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently! let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently! Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently Friendship's accents flow;
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child;
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild:
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young; for they
Will have enough to bear:
Pass through this world as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one;
Grieve not the care-worn heart:
The sands of life are nearly run:
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard:
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

GEORGE W. HANGFORD: *Speak Gently.*

Speak gently to the erring; know
They must have toil'd in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so:
Oh, win them back again!

Speak gently: He who gave His life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were fierce in strife,
Said to them, "Peace, be still!"

Speak gently: 'tis a little thing
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

GEORGE W. HANGFORD: *Speak Gently.*

One vague inflection spoils the whole with doubt;
One trivial letter ruins all, left out;
A knot can choke a felon into clay;
A knot will save him, spelt without the k;
The smallest word has some unguarded spot,
And danger lurks in i without a dot.

O. W. HOLMES.

Words that bring back the glad and peaceful hours
That watch'd our frolics in the sun and shade,
When ev'ry wind seem'd whispering to the flowers
Of lovelier worlds, where happier children play'd.

Words that recall the feelings of our youth,—
The garden where our names in emeralds grew;
The truth we loved when fairy-tales were truth,
When god and goddess, fay and fawn, were true.

The tiny words that grew from tiny acts;
The low love-language of the childish heart;
The stammer that interpreted strange facts,
Or strove some school-boy legend to impart.

The names our playmates gave in mossy bower,
  When Mab and Ariel for our sponsors stood;
Names haply borrow'd from some Greek-call'd flower,
  Or given in praise by Love when we were good.

Nor less the words our statelier years record,
  By Fancy coin'd, yet bearing Reason's stamp,
Words with which Wit has play'd, or Life adored,—
  Slaves of the king, or servants of the lamp.

The words of men who clothe our thoughts with speech,
  Gay proverb, sparkling jest, or patriot song;
Words which, like sunbeams, through the darkness reach,
  Show lowly worth, or brand imperial wrong.

The words of men that walk'd in war's red ways,
  Or spake their fireside thoughts to child or wife,
The simple words that, giving blame or praise,
  Ring down the echoing avenues of life.

Glad words that breathe of sunshine and of morn;
  Sweet words that on the wings of evening fly;
Kind words that greet the child when he is born;
  And loving words that bless us when we die.
Household Words: "*Familiar Words.*"

Words are the soul's embassadors, who go
Abroad upon her errands to and fro;
They are the sole expounders of the mind,
And correspondence keep 'twixt all mankind.
They are those airy keys that ope (and wrest
Sometimes) the locks and hinges of the breast.
By them the heart makes sallies: wit and sense
Belong to them: they are the quintessence
Of those ideas which the thoughts distil,
And so calcine and melt again, until
They drop forth into accents; in whom lies
The salt of fancy, and all faculties.
JAMES HOWELL.

But deep words shall sting thee,
  That breathe of the past;
And many things bring thee
  Thoughts fated to last;
The fond hopes that center'd
  In thee are all dead;
The iron has enter'd
  The soul where they fed.
Of the chain that once bound me
  The memory is mine,
But my words are around thee,
  Their power is on thine:
No hope, no repentance;
  My weakness is o'er;
It died with the sentence,—
  I love thee no more.
L. E. LANDON: *Weakness Ends with Love.*

Nay, speak no ill; a kindly word
  Can never leave a sting behind;
And, oh, to breathe each tale we've heard
  Is far beneath a noble mind;
For oft a better seed is sown
  By choosing thus a kinder plan;
For if but little good we've known,
  Let's speak of all the good we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide,
  Would fain another's fault efface:
How can it please our human pride
  To prove humanity but base?
No! let it reach a higher mode,
  A nobler estimate of man:
Be earnest in the search of good,
  And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill, but lenient be
  To others' feelings as your own;
If you're the first a fault to see,
  Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing flood;
  No lip can tell how brief the stay:
Be earnest in the search of good,
  And speak of all the best we may.
Living Words: "*Speak No Ill.*"

Thy words had such a melting flow,
  And spoke of truth so sweetly well,
They dropp'd like heaven's serenest snow,
  And all was brightness where they fell!
MOORE.

To those who know thee not, no words can paint;
And those who know thee, know all words are faint.
HANNAH MORE: *Sensibility.*

Words have wings, and as soon as their cage, the
Mouth, is open'd, out they fly, and mount beyond
Our reach and past recovery: like lightning,
They can't be stopt, but break their passage through

The smallest crannies, and penetrate
Sometimes the thickest walls: their nature's as
Expansive as the light.
ROBERT NEVILE: *Poor Scholar.*

A word is ringing in my brain:
It was not meant to give me pain;
It had not one to bid it stay
When other things had pass'd away;
It had no meaning more than all
Which in an idle hour fall;
It was, when first the sound I heard,
A lightly utter'd, careless word.

That word—oh! it doth haunt me now,
In scenes of joy, in scenes of woe;
By night, by day, in sun or shade,
With the half smile that gently play'd
Reproachfully, and gave the sound
Eternal power through life to wound.
There is no voice I ever heard
So deeply fix'd as that one word.
MRS. NORTON: *The Careless Word.*

It was the first, the only one
Of these which lips forever gone
Breathed in their love,—which had for me
Rebuke of harshness at my glee;
And if those lips were heard to say,
"Beloved, let it pass away,"
Ah! then, perchance—but I have heard
The last dear tone—the careless word!

O ye who, meeting, sigh to part,
Whose words are treasures to some heart,
Deal gently, ere the dark days come
When earth hath but for one a home;
Lest, musing o'er the past, like me,
They feel their hearts wrung bitterly,
And, heeding not what else they heard,
Dwell weeping on a careless word.
MRS. NORTON: *The Careless Word.*

Some by old words to fame have made pretence;
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense.
POPE.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
POPE.

These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire,
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.
POPE.

Here one poor word a hundred clinches makes.
POPE.

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
POPE.

I have known a word more gentle
Than the breath of summer air;
In a listening heart it nestled,
And it lived forever there.
Not the beating of its prison
Stirr'd it ever, night or day;
Only with the heart's last throbbing
Could it fade away.

Words are mighty, words are living:
Serpents with their venomous stings,
Or bright angels, crowding round us
With heaven's light upon their wings;
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies;
Every word man's lips have utter'd
Echoes in God's skies.
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *Words.*

Words are lighter than the cloud-foam
Of the restless ocean spray;
Vainer than the trembling shadow
That the next hour steals away.
By the fall of summer rain-drops
Is the air as gently stirr'd;
And the rose-leaf that we tread on
Will outlive a word.

Yet, on the dull silence breaking
With a lightning flash, a word,
Bearing endless desolation
On its blighting wings, I heard:
Earth can forge no keener weapon,
Dealing surer death and pain,
And the cruel echo answer'd
Through long years again.
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *Words.*

I have known one word hang starlike
O'er a dreary waste of years,
And it only shone the brighter
Look'd at through a mist of tears;
While a weary wanderer gather'd
Hope and heart on life's dark way,
By its faithful promise shining
Clearer day by day.

I have known a spirit, calmer
Than the calmest lake, and clear
As the heavens that gazed upon it,
With no wave of hope or fear;
But a storm had swept across it,
And its deepest depths were stirr'd
(Never, never more to slumber),
Only by a word.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *Words.*

What you keep by you, you may change and mend;
But words once spoke can never be recall'd.

ROSCOMMON.

Use may revive the obsoletest words,
And banish those that now are most in vogue.

ROSCOMMON.

You gain your point if your industrious art
Can make unusual words easy and plain.

ROSCOMMON.

Oh, many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word at random spoken
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

SIR W. SCOTT: *Lord of the Isles.*

I was never so bethump'd with words
Since first I call'd my brother's father dad.

SHAKSPEARE.

For each true word a blister, and each false
Be cauterizing to the root o' th' tongue,
Consuming it with speaking.

SHAKSPEARE.

One doth not know
How much an ill word doth impoison liking.

SHAKSPEARE.

How every fool can play upon the word!

SHAKSPEARE.

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words.

SHAKSPEARE.

One word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdain'd
For thee to disdain it.
One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love;
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the heavens reject not,—
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?

SHELLEY:
One Word is Too Often Profaned.

Heaps of huge words uphoarded hideously,
With horrid sound, through having little sense,
They think to be chief praise of poetry;
And thereby, wanting due intelligence,
Have marr'd the face of goodly poesie,
And made a monster of their fantasie.

SPENCER.

Some know no joy like what a word can raise,
Haul'd through a language's perplexing maze;
Till on a mate that seems t' agree they light,
Like man and wife that still are opposite:
Not lawyers at the bar play more with sense,
When brought to their last trope of eloquence,
Than they on every subject, great or small,
At clubs or councils, at a church or ball;
They cry we rob them of their tributes due:
Alas! how can we laugh and pity too?

BENJ. STILLINGFLEET:
Essay on Conversation.

Time to me this truth has taught
('Tis a treasure worth revealing),
More offend by want of thought
Than by any want of feeling.

CHARLES SWAIN.

If thou hast lost a friend
By hard or hasty word,
Go call him to thy heart again;
Let pride no more be heard.
Remind him of those happy days,
Too beautiful to last;
Ask, if a word should cancel years
Of truth and friendship past.
Oh! if thou'st lost a friend
By hard or hasty word,
Go call him to thy heart again;
Let pride no more be heard.

Oh! tell him, from thy thought
The light of joy hath fled;
That, in thy sad and silent breast,
Thy lonely heart seems dead:
That mount and vale, each path ye trod
By morn or evening dim,
Reproach you with their frowning gaze,
And ask your soul for him.

Then, if thou'st lost a friend
By hard or hasty word,
Go call him to thy heart again;
Let pride no more be heard.

CHARLES SWAIN:
If Thou Hast Lost a Friend.

As when a soul laments, which hath been blest,
Desiring what is mingled with past years,
In yearnings that can never be exprest
By sighs or groans or tears;
Because all words, though cull'd with choicest art,
Failing to give the bitter of the sweet,
Wither beneath the palate, and the heart
Faints faded by its heat.

TENNYSON: *Dream of Fair Women.*

Throughout the world if it were sought,
Fair words enough a man shall find;
They be good cheap, they cost right nought,
Their substance is but only wind:
But well to say and so to mean,
That sweet accord is seldom seen.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

What cloud is this that rests upon my spirit?
What evil tidings have I this day heard?
Ah, now I know,—and bitterly remember,—
That angry word!

How foolish thus to give a vent to passion!
There was no cause,—or one that was absurd;
And yet I fired at once, and thus escaped me
That angry word!

The dear one thus offended gazed upon me,—
Would that those ears such sounds had never heard!
What would I give could I recall forever
That angry word!

And those kind friends who, in their zeal to please me,
Have their own plans and pleasures still deferr'd,
Alas, that they should hear from me so often
The angry word!

Oh, holy Saviour! who wast ever patient,
By whom I trust my spirit hath been stirr'd,
Teach me to guard my lips, and no more utter
The angry word!

YIMMIT: *The Angry Word.*

Thought in the mind may come forth gold or dross;
When coin'd in words we know its real worth.

YOUNG.

WORLD.

'Tis something for the poor bereaven,
In such a weary world of care,
To feel that we have friends in heaven:
Who help'd us here, may aid us there.
These yearnings for them set our arc
Of being widening more and more,
In circling sweep, through outer dark,
To-day more perfect than before.

So much was left unsaid, the soul
Must live in other worlds to be;
On earth we cannot grasp the whole,
For that Love has eternity.
Love deep as death, and rich as rest,
Love that was love with all Love's might,
Level to needs the lowliest,
Will not be less love at full height.

All the Year Round: "A Letter in Black.

Dragg'd through the world's rough miry ways,
Despised and scorn'd by all,
Mementoes of its brighter days
Will linger in its fall.
The beauty that its Maker gave,
The feelings pure and high,
Can only perish in the grave,
And die when it shall die!

'Tis there, in some lone hidden spot,
Which we pass by in haste:
Each heart hath one forget-me-not
Amid its dreary waste.
However rough, and rude, and dark,
That human breast may be,
Some beauty clingeth to its bark,
Like ivy to the tree.

All the Year Round: "One Trace Left."

"Shut out from heaven, confined to duties low,
Toss'd by a restless spirit to and fro,
Like thee our wings we beat;
Our hopes, like thine, in fickle skies are shrined;
Or, turn we to this earth, like thee we find
Life's greenest spot a cheat!"

Thus spake I, troubled. 'Twas an impious thought,
Born of sick musing, and a mind o'erwrought:
True wisdom lieth deeper;
Nor bolts nor bars, nor power of human wrong,
Turning life's music to a captive song,
Can be the great soul's keeper.

Away, away to purer fields it flies,
Where tells no blossom, while it bleeding dies,
Of battle's cruel story;

Where life's true heroes, waking from their rest,
Shall view this earth, as suns the redden'd west
From whence they pass'd in glory.

The weary strife, the beating of the bars,
The torn limbs trailing 'neath the triumph-cars,
The mockery and the moan,
What boots it all to him whose path lies where
Some conquering day his soul shall mount the air
Up to a golden throne?
All the Year Round: "The Caged Lark."

Straight from the hand of God comes many a gift,
Fraught with healing and with consolation
For a world of toil and tribulation;
And yet from which we blindly shrink and shift,
As from a burden onerous to lift.
Work itself, hard, drudging occupation,
Comes in shape of blessed dispensation
To those who wisely can perceive the drift
Of such a boon t' assuage the pangs of mind,
Sadness, suspense, anxiety, or worse,
Rankle from wounding words and looks unkind,
The desolation of friends' eyes averse,
Nay, e'en the anguish of a recent loss,
Akin to what was felt beneath the Cross.
All the Year Round: Sonnets on Godsends.

O! it is beautiful to see this world,
Poised in the crystal air, with all its seas,
Mountains, and plains, majestically rolling
Around its noiseless axis, day by day,
And year by year, and century after century;
And as it turns, still wheeling through the immense
Of ether, circling the resplendent sun
In calm and simple grandeur.
EDWIN ATHERSTONE.

The world's a bubble, and the life of Man
Less than a span;
In his conception wretched; from the womb
So to the tomb;
Curst from his cradle, and brought up to years
With cares and fears:
Who, then, to frail mortality shall trust
But limns on water, or but writes in dust.

Yet, whilst with sorrow here we live opprest,
What life is best?
Courts are but only superficial schools
To dandle fools;
The rural parts are turn'd into a den
Of savage men;
And where's a city from foul vice so free
But may be term'd the worst of all the three?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
Or pains his head;
Those that live single take it for a curse,
Or do things worse;
Some would have children; those that have them moan,
Or wish them gone;
What is it, then, to have, or have no wife,
But single thraldom, or a double strife?

Our own affections still at home to please
Is a disease:
To cross the seas to any foreign soil,
Peril and toil:
Wars with their noise affright us; when they cease,
We are worse in peace:—
What, then, remains but that we still should cry
For being born, or, being born, to die?
Ascribed to FRANCIS BACON, LORD VERULAM.
(See *Spedding's Works of Bacon*, vii. 267.)

The world is just as hollow as an egg-shell;
It is a surface, not a solid, round;
And all this boasted knowledge of the world
To me seems but to mean acquaintance with
Low things, or evil, or indifferent.
P. J. BAILEY: *Festus.*

Is this the world men choose,
For which they heaven refuse,
And Christ and grace abuse?
And not receive it?
Shall I not guilty be
Of this in some degree,
If hence God would me free,
And I'd not leave it?
My soul, from Sodom fly,
Lest wrath there find thee;
Thy refuge-rest is nigh;
Look not behind thee!

There's none of this ado,
None of the hellish crew;
God's promise is most true,
Boldly believe it.
My friends are gone before,
And I am near the door,—
O Lord, receive it!
It trusts Christ and his merits,
The dead he raises;

Join it with blessed spirits,
Who sing thy praises.
RICHARD BAXTER: *The Valediction.*

The world's a lab'rinth, where unguided men
Walk up and down to find their weariness:
No sooner have we measured with much toil
One crooked path, in hope to gain our freedom,
But it betrays us to a new affliction.
BEAUMONT: *Night-Walker.*

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises
If he should chance to fall;
No, not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great roundabout,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs and its businesses,
Are no concern at all of his,
And says—what says he? "Caw."

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men,
And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.
VINCENT BOURNE:
On the Jackdaw: translated by COWPER.

So he that saileth in this world of pleasure,
Feeding on sweets, that never bit of th' sowre,
That's full of friends, of honour, and of treasure,
Fond fool! he takes this world ev'n for heav'n's bower:
But sad affliction comes, and makes him see
Here's neither honour, wealth, nor safety:
Only above is found all with security.
ANNE BRADSTREET: *Contemplations.*

The world goes whispering to its own,
This anguish pierces to the bone;
And tender friends go sighing round,
"What love can ever cure this wound?"
My days go on, my days go on.
MRS. E. B. BROWNING: *De Profundis.*

Look on this beautiful world, and read the truth
In her fair page; see, every season brings
New change to her, of everlasting youth;
Still the green soil with joyous living things
Swarms, the wide air is full of joyous wings,
And myriads still are happy in the sleep
Of Ocean's azure gulfs.
BRYANT: *The Ages.*

The world's a wood in which all lose their way,
Though by a different path each goes astray.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw
A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM: *Essay on Poetry.*

Should once the world resolve t' abolish
All that's ridiculous and foolish,
It would have nothing left to do,
T' apply in jest or earnest to,
No business of importance, play,
Or state, to pass the time away.
BUTLER.

There was an ancient sage philosopher
That had read Alexander Ross over,
And swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting and of love.
BUTLER: *Hudibras.*

Beautiful!
How beautiful is all this visible world!
How glorious in its action and itself!
But we who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar, with our mix'd essence make
A conflict of its elements, and breathe
The breath of degradation and of pride,
Contending with low wants and lofty will,
Till our mortality predominates,
And men are—what they name not to themselves,
And trust not to each other.
BYRON.

Shut up the world at large, let Bedlam out;
And you will be perhaps surprised to find
All things pursue exactly the same route
As now with those of *soi-disant* sound mind.
This I could prove beyond a single doubt,
Were there a jot of sense among mankind;
But till that *point d'appui* is found, alas!
Like Archimedes, I leave earth as 'twas.
BYRON.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
To its idolatries a patient knee,
Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles, nor cried aloud

In worship of an echo: in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such; I stood
Among them, but not of them; in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still could,
Had I not 'filed my mind, which thus itself subdued.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me,—
But let us part fair foes: I do believe,
Though I have found them not, that there may be
Words which are things, hopes which will not deceive,
And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
Snares for the failing: I would also deem
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve;
That two, or one, are almost what they seem,
That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream.

BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

The world no longer wears the same gay seeming
That shone around it once in life's first years;
And we have learn'd to mock its idle dreaming,
And bathe its brightest hopes with bitter tears.
Oh, dreary is that first most sad awaking
From the sweet confidence of early truth,
To find Hope's rosy glass, in fragments breaking,
Reflect no more the visions of our youth!

CAROLINE H. CHANDLER: *To My Brother.*

What is the world? A term which men have got,
To signify not one in ten knows what;
A term which with no more precision passes
To point out herds of men than herds of asses!
In common use no more it means, we find,
Than many fools in same opinion join'd.

CHURCHILL.

Talk who will of the world as a desert of thrall,
Yet, yet there is bloom on the waste;
Though the chalice of Life hath its acid and gall,
There are honey-drops, too, for the taste.

We murmur and droop should a sorrow-cloud stay,
And note all the shades of our lot;
But the rich rays of sunshine that brighten our way
Are bask'd in, enjoy'd, and forgot.

Those who look on Mortality's ocean aright
Will not mourn o'er each billow that rolls,
But dwell on the beauties, the glories, the might,
As much as the shipwrecks and shoals.

ELIZA COOK: *The World.*

The world's esteem is but a bribe:
To buy their peace you sell your own;
The slave of a vainglorious tribe,
Who hate you while they make you known.

The joy that vain amusements give,
Oh! sad conclusion that it brings!
The honey of a crowded hive,
Defended by a thousand stings.

'Tis thus the world rewards the fools
That live upon her treacherous smiles:
She leads them blindfold by her rules,
And ruins all whom she beguiles.

COWPER: *Olney Hymns.*

Blinded in youth by Satan's arts,
The world to our unpractised hearts
A flattering prospect shows;
Our fancy forms a thousand schemes
Of gay delights, and golden dreams,
And undisturb'd repose.

So in the desert's dreary waste,
By magic power produced in haste
(As ancient fables say),
Castles, and groves, and music sweet,
The senses of the traveller meet,
And stop him in his way.

But while he listens with surprise,
The charm dissolves, the vision dies;
'Twas but enchanted ground:
Thus, if the Lord our spirit touch,
The world, which promised us so much,
A wilderness is found.

At first we start, and feel distress'd,
Convinced we never can have rest
In such a wretched place;
But He whose mercy breaks the charm
Reveals his own almighty arm,
And bids us seek his face.

Then we begin to live indeed,
When, from our sin and bondage freed
By this beloved Friend,
We follow him from day to day,
Assured of grace through all the way,
And glory at the end.

COWPER: *The Enchantment Dissolved.*

'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls, a soft murmur, through the injured air.
COWPER.

Let the world be told
She boasts a confidence she does not hold;
That, conscious of her crimes, she feels instead
A cold misgiving and a killing dread;
That while in health the ground of her support
Is madly to forget that life is short;
That sick she trembles, knowing she must die,
Her hope presumption, and her faith a lie.
COWPER.

To them the deep recess of shady groves,
Or forest where the deer securely roves,
The fall of waters, and the song of birds,
And hills that echo to the distant herds,
Are luxuries excelling all the glare
The world can boast, and her chief favourites share.
COWPER: *Retirement.*

Whence has this world her magic power?
Why deem we death a foe,
Recoil from weary life's best hour,
And covet longer woe?

The cause is Conscience! Conscience oft
Her tale of guilt renews;
Her voice is terrible, though soft,
And dread of death ensues.

Then, anxious to be longer spared,
Man mourns his flying breath:
All evils then seem light, compared
With the approach of death.

The judgment shakes him! there's the fear
That prompts the wish to stay!
He has incurr'd a long arrear,
And must despair to pay.

Pay!—follow Christ, and all is paid;
His death your peace ensures;
Think on the grave where he was laid,
And calm descend to yours.
COWPER:
Subjoined to the Yearly Bill of Mortality, 1792.

Ah, world unknown! how charming is thy view,
Thy pleasures many, and each pleasure new!
Ah, world experienced! what of thee is told?
How few thy pleasures, and those few how old!
CRABBE: *Borough: Schools.*

The world is a great dance, in which we find
The good and bad have various turns assign'd;
But when they've ended the great masquerade,
One goes to glory, th' other to a shade.
JOHN CROWNE: *Juliana.*

Oh, cursed, troubled world!
Where nothing without sorrow can be had,
And 'tis not easy to be good nor bad!
For horror attends evil, sorrow good,
Vice plagues the mind, and virtue flesh and blood.
JOHN CROWNE: *Darius.*

'Tis the most certain sign the world's accurst
That the best things corrupted are the worst.
DENHAM.

The world contains
Princes for arms, and counsellors for brains,
Lawyers for tongues, divines for hearts, and more,
The rich for stomachs, and for backs the poor;
The officers for hands, merchants for feet,
By which remote and distant countries meet.
DONNE.

Who to the full thy vileness, world, e'er told?
What is in thee that's not extremely ill?
A loathsome shop where poison's only sold,
Whose very entrance instantly doth kill:
Nothing in thee but villany doth dwell,
And all thy ways lead headlong unto hell.
DRAYTON: *Legend of Piers of Gaveston.*

Old Rome from such a race derived her birth,
Which now on seven high hills triumphant reigns,
And in that compass all the world contains.
DRYDEN.

This wavering world's wretchedness,
The failing and fruitless business,
The misspent time, the service vain,
For to consider is ane pain.

The sliding joy, the gladness short,
The feigned love, the false comfort,
The sweir abade, the slightful train,
For to consider is ane pain.

The sluggard mouths, with minds therefra,
The figured speech, with faces tway,
The pleasing tongues, with hearts unplain,
For to consider is ane pain.
WILLIAM DUNBAR:
Vanity of Earthly Things.

This world is far too small a page,
Almighty God! to write thy praise;
And far too short its transient age,
Thou Ancient of eternal days!

Yet, oh! how lovely and how fair,
How mighty and sublime, are these,
From the sweet rose in summer air,
To Alps, and storms, and winter seas!

In streams, or meads, or hills, or dells,
Or waving groves, or gardens' bloom,
All hung with Music's magic bells,
And incensed all with rich perfume;

And all the varied world of life,
Throughout its many thousand forms,
With gushing joy, with feeling rife,
Which beauty lights and passion warms.

And when deep Science delves and seeks,
And when high genius wings and soars,
And angel-gifted language speaks,
And fervent piety adores;

The wondrous whole thy powers proclaim,
But infinite and vast thy ways!
Time is too short to tell thy name,
And earth too small to write thy praise.

JAMES EDMESTON.

Earthly things do fade, decay,
Constant to us not one day:
Suddenly they pass away,
And we cannot make them stay.

All the vast world doth contain
To content man's heart are vain,
That still justly will complain,
And unsatisfied remain.

God most holy, high, and great,
Our delight doth make complete:
When in us he takes his seat,
Only then we are replete.

Why should vain joys us transport?
Earthly pleasures are but short,
And are mingled in such sort,
Griefs are greater than the sport.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH (*Queen of Bohemia*).

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home:
Thou'rt not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean's brine,
Long I've been toss'd like the driven foam;
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur, with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go, and those who come:
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I'm going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosom'd in yon green hills alone,—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies plann'd;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod,—
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretch'd beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet!

R. W. EMERSON: *Good-Bye, Proud World.*

Of airy pomp, and fleeting joys,
What does the busy world conclude at best,
But brittle goods, that break like glass?

GRANVILLE.

Let him that will, ascend the tottering seat
Of courtly grandeur, and become as great
As are his mounting wishes: as for me,
Let sweet repose and rest my portion be;
Give me some mean obscure recess, a sphere
Out of the road of business, or the fear
Of falling lower; where I sweetly may
Myself and dear retirement still enjoy:
Let not my life or name be known unto
The grandees of the time, tost to and fro
By censures or applause; but let my age
Slide gently by; not overthwart the stage
Of public action; unheard, unseen,
And unconcern'd, as if I ne'er had been;
And thus, while I shall pass my silent days
In shady privacy, free from the noise
And bustles of the mad world, then shall I
A good old innocent plebeian die.
Death is a mere surprise, a very snare
To him that makes it his life's greatest care
To be a public pageant; known to all,
But unacquainted with himself, doth fall.

SIR MATTHEW HALE:
Paraphrase from Seneca.

The world is bright before thee;
  Its summer flowers are thine;
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee,
  Thy bosom pleasure's shrine;
And thine the sunbeams given
  To nature's morning hour,
Pure, warm, as when from heaven
  It burst on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow,
  The death-dirge of the gay,
That tells, ere dawn of morrow
  These charms may melt away,—
That sun's bright beam be shaded,
  That sky be blue no more,
The summer flowers be faded,
  And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not: though lonely
  Thy evening hour may be,
Though beauty's bark can only
  Float on a summer sea,
Though Time thy bloom is stealing,
  There's still beyond his art
The wild-flower wreath of feeling,
  The sunbeam of the heart.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK:
The World is Bright Before Thee.

Leave behind earth's empty pleasure,
  Fleeting hope, and changeful love;
Leave its soon-corroding treasure:
  There are better things above.

Leave, ah, leave thy fond aspirings,
  Bid thy restless heart be still;
Cease, oh, cease thy vain desirings,
  Only seek thy Father's will.

Leave behind thy faithless sorrow
  And thine every anxious care:
He who only knows the morrow
  Can for thee its burden bear.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL:
"The Things which are Behind."

This bitter world,
This cold unanswering world, that hath no voice
To greet the gentle spirit, that drives back
All birds of Eden, which would sojourn here
A little while,—how have I turn'd away
From its keen soulless air!

MRS. HEMANS.

How beautiful a world were ours,
  But for the pale and shadowy One
That treadeth on its pleasant flowers
  And stalketh in its sun!

Glad childhood needs the lore of time
  To show the phantom overhead;
But where the breast, before its prime,
  That carrieth not its dead,—
The moon that looketh on whose home
In all its circuit sees no tomb?

T. K. HERVEY: *Homes and Graves.*

God's world is bathed in beauty,
  God's world is steep'd in light;
It is the self-same glory
  That makes the day so bright,
Which thrills the earth with music,
  Or hangs the stars in night.

Hid in earth's mines of silver,
  Floating on clouds above,
Ringing in autumn's tempest,
  Murmur'd by every dove,
One thought fills God's creation—
  His own great name of Love!

In God's world strength is lovely,
  And so is beauty strong,
And light—God's glorious shadow—
  To both great gifts belong;
And they all meet in sweetness,
  And fill the earth with song.

God's world has one great echo,
  Whether calm blue mists are curl'd,
Or lingering dewdrops quiver,
  Or red storms are unfurl'd:
The same deep love is throbbing
  Though the great heart of God's world.

Household Words.

I mourn that this world changes not; that still
  Its beauty and its sorrows are the same;
Ever the torrent seems to wear the hill,
  And the sun dries the torrent. But I came—
  The hill was there, nor was the torrent tame,
But, sparkling cooler down the mountain-side,
  For that it scorn'd the great sun's thirsty flame,
Its eager task continually it plied,
While swell'd the lofty hill in unabated pride.

SARAH S. JACOBS:
The Changeless World.

False world, good-night, since thou hast brought
  That hour upon my morn of age;
Henceforth I quit thee from my thought,
  My part is ended on thy stage.

Do not once hope that thou canst tempt
A spirit so resolved to tread
Upon thy throat, and live exempt
From all the nets that thou canst spread.

I know thy forms are studied arts,
Thy subtil ways be narrow straits;
Thy courtesy but sudden starts,
And what thou call'st thy gifts are baits.

I know too, though thou strut and paint,
Yet art thou but shrunk up and old;
That only fools make thee a saint,
And all thy good is to be sold.

BEN JONSON:
A Farewell for a Gentlewoman, Virtuous and Noble.

Who will say the world is dying?
Who will say our prime is past?
Sparks from heaven within us lying
Flash, and will flash to the last.
Fools! who fancy Christ mistaken;
Man a tool to buy and sell;
Earth a failure, God-forsaken,
Ante-room of hell.

Still the race of hero spirits
Pass the lamp from hand to hand;
Age from age the words inherits,—
Wife and child and fatherland.
Still the youthful hunter gathers
Fiery joy from wold and wood;
He will dare as dared his fathers,
Give him cause as good.

While a slave bewails his fetters;
While an orphan pleads in vain;
While an infant lisps his letters,
Heir of all the ages' gain;
While a lip grows ripe for kissing;
While a moan from man is wrung;
Know, by every want and blessing,
That the world is young.

CHARLES KINGSLEY: *The World's Age.*

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above:
So let us choose the narrow way
Which leads no traveller astray
From realms of love.

LONGFELLOW.

O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Our days are cover'd o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts;
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs.

Coplas de Manrique: From the Spanish by H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Alas! the world is full of peril!
The path that runs through the fairest meads,
On the sunniest side of the valley, leads
Into a region bleak and sterile!

LONGFELLOW: *Golden Legend.*

Lo! the world is rich in blessings,—
Earth and Ocean, Flame and Wind,
Have unnumber'd secrets still,
To be ransack'd when you will,
For the service of mankind;
Science is a child as yet,
And her power and scope shall grow,
And her triumphs in the future
Shall diminish toil and woe,—
Shall extend the bounds of pleasure
With an ever-widening ken,
And of woods and wildernesses
Make the homes of happy men.

CHARLES MACKAY: *Three Preachers.*

In this world of sin and sorrow,
Compass'd round with many a care,
From eternity we borrow
Hope that can exclude despair.
Thee, triumphant God and Saviour,
In the glass of faith we see:
Oh, assist each faint endeavour,
Raise our earth-born souls to Thee.

Place that awful scene before us
Of the last tremendous day,
When to life Thou shalt restore us:
Lingering ages, haste away!
Then this vile and sinful nature
Incorruption shall put on;
Life-renewing, glorious Saviour,
Let thy gracious will be done.
MRS. JUDITH MADAN: *Funeral Hymn.*

And, indeed, her chief fault was this unconscious scorn
Of the world, to whose usages woman is born.
Not the world, where that word implies all human nature,
The Creator's great gift to the needs of the creature:
That large heart, with its sorrow to solace, its care
To assuage, and its grand aspirations to share;
But the world, with encroachments that chafe and perplex,
With its man against man, and its sex against sex.
OWEN MEREDITH: *Lucile.*

So shall the world go on,
To good malignant, to bad men benign.
MILTON.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow:
There's nothing true but Heaven.
MOORE.

And worldly is that heart, at best,
That beats beneath a broider'd veil;
And she who comes in glittering vest
To mourn her frailty—still is frail.
MOORE.

Oh, could we do with this world of ours
As thou dost with thy garden bowers,
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,
What a heaven on earth we'd make it!

So bright a dwelling should be our own,
So warranted free from sigh or frown,
That angels soon would be coming down,
By the week or month to take it.
MOORE:
Oh, Could We Do with this World of Ours.

To me the world's an open book
Of sweet and pleasant poetry;
I read it in the running brook
That sings its way towards the sea.
It whispers in the leaves of trees,
The swelling grain, the waving grass,
And in the cool, fresh evening breeze
That crisps the wavelets as they pass.
GEORGE P. MORRIS: *Poetry.*

'Tis a very good world that we live in
To lend, or to spend, or to give in;
But to borrow or beg, or get a man's own,
'Tis the very worst world, sir, that ever was known.
Old Song.

But still as long as we
In this low world remain,
Mishaps, our daily mutes,
Our lives do entertain;
And woes which bear no dates
Still perch upon our heads;
None go, but still will be
Some greater in their steads.

Nature made us not free
When first she made us live;
When we began to be,
To be began our woe;
Which growing evermore,
As dying life doth grow,
Do more and more us grieve,
And tire us more and more.
MARY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE:
Chorus from the Tragedy of Antony.

There's no such thing as pleasure here;
'Tis all a perfect cheat,
Which does but shine and disappear,
Whose charm is but deceit:
The empty bribe of yielding souls,
Which first betrays, and then controls.

'Tis true, it looks at distance fair;
But if we do approach,
The fruit of Sodom will impair
And perish at a touch;
It being then in fancy less,
And we expect more than possess.
KATHARINE PHILIPS:
Ode against Pleasure.

Thou scorner of all cities! Thou dost leave
The world's turmoil and never-ceasing din,
Where one from others no existence weaves,
Where the old sighs, the young turns gray and grieves,
Where misery gnaws the maiden's heart within;
And thou dost flee into the broad, green woods,
And with thy soul of music thou dost win

Their heart to harmony,—no jar intrudes
Upon thy sounding melody. Oh, where,
Amid the sweet musicians of the air,
Is one so dear as thee to these old solitudes?
ALBERT PIKE: *To the Mocking-Bird.*

You, carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost.
POPE.

See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end;
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot;
Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot!
POPE: *Moral Essays.*

Man's world is Pain and Terror;
He found it pure and fair,
And wove in nets of sorrow
The golden summer air.
Black, hideous, cold, and dreary,
Man's curse, not God's, is there.

And yet God's world is speaking:
Man will not hear it call,
But listens where the echoes
Of his own discords fall,
Then clamours back to Heaven
That God has done it all.
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *Two Worlds.*

The world's a hive,
From whence thou canst derive
No good, but what thy soul's vexation brings:
But case thou meet
Some petty, petty sweet,
Each drop is guarded with a thousand stings.
FRANCIS QUARLES.

She's empty: hark: she sounds: there's nothing there
But noise to fill thy ear;
Thy vain inquiry can at length but find
A blast of murmuring wind:
It is a cask that seems as full as fair,
But merely tunn'd with air.
Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds:
The soul that vainly founds
Her joys upon this world but feeds on empty sounds.

She's empty: hark! she sounds: there's nothing in't;
The spark-engendering flint
Shall sooner melt, and hardest raunce shall first
Dissolve and quench thy thirst,
Ere this false world shall still thy stormy breast
With smooth-faced calms of rest.
Thou mayst as well expect meridian light
From shades of black-mouth'd night,
As in this empty world to find a full delight.
FRANCIS QUARLES: *The World.*

False world, thou ly'st: thou canst not lend
The least delight:
Thy favours cannot gain a friend,
They are so slight:
Thy morning pleasures make an end
To please at night:
Poor are the wants that thou supply'st,
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st
With heaven: fond earth, thou boasts; false world, thou ly'st.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales
Of endless treasure;
Thy bounty offers easy sales
Of lasting pleasure;
Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,
And swear'st to ease her:
There's none can want where thou supply'st:
There's none can give where thou deny'st:
Alas! fond world, thou boasts; false world, thou ly'st.
FRANCIS QUARLES.

Where solid pains succeed our senseless joys,
And short-lived pleasures pass like fleeting dreams.
ROCHESTER: *Valentinian.*

The world's a stormy sea,
Whose every breath is strew'd with wrecks of wretches
That daily perish in it.
ROWE: *Ambitious Stepmother.*

Who knows the joys of friendship,
The trust, security, and mutual tenderness,
The double joys where each is glad for both,—
Friendship, our only wealth, our last retreat and strength,
Secure against ill fortune and the world?
ROWE.

A youth would marry a maiden,
For fair and fond was she;
But she was rich, and he was poor,
And so it might not be.
A lady never could wear—
Her mother held it firm—
A gown that came of an Indian plant
Instead of an Indian worm!
And so the cruel word was spoken;
And so it was two hearts were broken.

A youth would marry a maiden,
For fair and fond was she;
But he was high, and she was low,
And so it might not be.
A man who had worn a spur,
In ancient battle won,
Had sent it down with great renown,
To goad his future son!
And so the cruel word was spoken;
And so it was two hearts were broken.
J. G. SAXE: *Way of the World.*

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts.
SHAKSPEARE.

Go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world.
SHAKSPEARE.

He cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world.
SHAKSPEARE.

Thou see'st, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.
SHAKSPEARE.

You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care.
SHAKSPEARE.

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.
SHAKSPEARE.

I do fear the world
Hath tired you, and you seek a cell to rest in,
As birds that wing it o'er the sea-sick ships
Till they get breath, and then they fly away.
SHIRLEY.

But our desires' tyrannical extortion
Doth force us there to set our chief delightfulness,
Where but a baiting-place is all our portion.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

Let that man with better sense advise
That of the world least part to us is read,
And daily how, through hardy enterprise,
Many great regions are discovered.
SPENSER.

All the world by Thee at first was made,
And daily yet Thou dost the same repair;
Nor ought on earth that merry is and glad,
Nor ought on earth that lovely is and fair,
But Thou the same for pleasure didst prepare.
SPENSER.

I beheld this fickle trustless state
Of vain world's glory flirting to and fro.
SPENSER.

The girl might pass, if we could get her
To know the world a little better;
"To know the world!"—a modern phrase
For visits, ombre, balls, and plays.
SWIFT.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.
TENNYSON.

For beauty in this world of ours,
For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
For song of birds, for hum of bees,
For the refreshing summer breeze,
For hill and plain, for streams and wood,
For the great ocean's mighty flood,—
In everything give thanks!

For the sweet sleep which comes with night,
For the returning morning's light,
For the bright sun that shines on high,
For the stars glittering in the sky,—
For these, and everything we see,
O Lord! our hearts we lift to Thee:
In everything give thanks!
ELLIN ISABELLE TUPPER: *Thankfulness.*

Serve God before the world; let Him not go
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign
The whole unto Him, and remember who
Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine;
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eye to Heav'n.
HENRY VAUGHAN:
Early Rising and Prayer.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper, mix not with each fray;
Despatch necessities; life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may;
Yet keep those cares without thee: let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.
HENRY VAUGHAN:
Early Rising and Prayer.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more.
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things too certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries;
The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made:
Stronger by weakness, wiser, men become
As they draw near to their eternal home:
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

WALLER: *Old Age and Death.*

When God the new-made world survey'd,
His word pronounced the building good;
Sunbeams and light the heav'ns array'd,
And the whole earth was crown'd with food.

Colours that charm and ease the eye,
His pencil spread all nature round;
With pleasing blue he arch'd the sky,
And a green carpet dress'd the ground.

Let envious atheists ne'er complain
That nature wants or skill or care;
But turn their eyes all round in vain,
T' avoid their Maker's goodness there.

DR. ISAAC WATTS: *Miscell. Thoughts.*

No good of worth sublime will heaven permit
To light on man as from the passing air;
The lamp of genius, though by nature lit,
If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,
Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare;
And learning is a plant that spreads and towers
Slow as Columbia's aloe, proudly rare,
That 'mid gay thousands, with the suns and showers
Of half a century, grows alone before it flowers.

CARLOS WILCOX: *Cure for Melancholy.*

When the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart.

WORDSWORTH.

The world is too much with us: late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away,—a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers,—
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune:
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

WORDSWORTH:
The World is Too Much With Us.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir;
Would beauty's queen entitle me "The fair;"
Fame speak me Fortune's minion; could I vie
Angels with India; with a speaking eye
Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike justice dumb,
As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue
To stones by epitaphs; be call'd Great Master
In the loose rhymes of every poetaster;
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives,
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign
Than ever Fortune should have made them mine,
And hold one minute of this holy leisure
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

The wearisome, lone, and monotonous lot,
Where To-day's as the day that is gone,
Where To-morrow brings nothing To-day has not,
Nor evening the hopes of the morn,—
Oh, even here, in the loneliest hours,
Are there lying some fair but neglected flowers.

CHARLOTTE YOUNG: *Every-Day Heroes.*

Through all the changes of unnumber'd years
I've roll'd around the life-bestowing sun;
Yet still each season fresh and bright appears
As when my onward course was first begun!
Spring with its new-born beauty does not shun,
Awakening as of old the sleeping earth;
And Summer in its brightness loseth none
Of all its early loveliness and worth,
Still blooms the flower, and glows the ripen'd fruit,
And through the ground the tender leaflets shoot.

And yet, alas! I long have been misnamed
A desert wilderness,—a worthless clod;
And man, vain man, is not a whit ashamed
Thus to abuse the bounty of his God,
And say that, till he rests beneath the sod,

There's nothing worthy of his noble thought,
But, day by day, he still must toil and plod,
And seek, but never find the object sought;
And me he calls a waste, a fleeting show,—
A dismal charnel-house for man below.
CHARLOTTE YOUNG: *The World's Complaint.*

The world, where lucky throws to blockheads fall;
Knaves know the game, and honest men pay all!
YOUNG.

A world where lust of pleasure, grandeur, gold,
Three demons that divide its realms between them,
With strokes alternate buffet to and fro
Man's restless heart, their sport, their flying ball,
Till, with the giddy circle sick and tired,
It pants for peace, and drops into despair.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

The world's infectious: few bring back at eve
Immaculate the manners of the morn.
Something we thought, is blotted; we resolved,
Is shaken; we renounced, returns again.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

What is this world! Thy school, O misery!
Our only lesson is to learn to suffer;
And he who knows not that was born for nothing.
YOUNG: *Revenge.*

WORTH.

Fine thoughts are wealth, for the right use of which
Men are and ought to be accountable.
Grant this, we pray Thee, that all they who read
Or utter noble thoughts may make them theirs,
And thank God for them, to the betterment
Of their succeeding life.
PHILIP JAMES BAILEY: *Festus.*

Firm and resolved by sterling worth to gain
Love and respect, thou shalt not strive in vain.
SIR S. E. BRYDGES.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, and a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be, for a' that.
BURNS.

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends:
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures,—Love, and Light,
And calm Thoughts, regular as infant's breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day or night,—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.
S. T. COLERIDGE.

There is a joy in worth,
A high, mysterious, soul-pervading charm,
Which, never daunted, ever bright and warm,
Mocks at the idle, shadowy ills of earth,
Amid the gloom is bright, and tranquil in the storm.

It asks, it needs no aid;
It makes the proud and lofty soul its throne:
There, in its self-created heaven, alone,
No fear to shake, no memory to upbraid,
It sits a lesser God,—life, life is all its own!

The Stoic was not wrong:
There is no evil to the virtuous brave;
Or in the battle's rift, or on the wave,
Worshipp'd or scorn'd, alone or 'mid the throng,
He is himself—a man! not life's nor fortune's slave.

Power, and wealth, and fame,
Are but as weeds upon life's troubled tide:
Give me but these,—a spirit tempest-tried,
A brow unshrinking, and a soul of flame,
The joy of conscious worth, its courage and its pride!
ROBERT T. CONRAD: *Pride of Worth.*

We see, though order'd for the best,
Permitted laurels grace the lawless brow,
Th' unworthy raised, the worthy cast below.
DRYDEN.

My suff'rings for you make your heart my due:
Be worthy me, as I am worthy you.
DRYDEN.

Oh that simplicity and innocence
Its own unvalued work so seldom knows!
GOETHE: *Translated by* SHELLEY.

Nor are we ignorant how noble minds
Suffer too much through those indignities
Which times and vicious persons cast on them.
Ourself have ever vowed to esteem
As virtue for itself, so fortune, base;
Who's first in worth, the same be first in place.
BEN JONSON.

Oh! wouldst thou set thy rank before thyself?
Wouldst thou be honour'd for thyself or that?
Rank that excels the wearer doth degrade,
Riches impoverish that divide respect:
Oh, to be cherish'd for one's self alone!
To owe the love which cleaves to us to nought
Which fortune's summer—winter—gives or takes!

J. Sheridan Knowles.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differs more," you cry, "than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend!—a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather and prunella.

Pope.

What can ennoble fools, and sots, and cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Pope.

I know the gentleman
To be of worth and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Shakspeare.

I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.

Shakspeare.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is 't but mine own, when I praise thee?

Shakspeare: *Sonnet XXXIX.*

The worth of all men by their end esteem,
And then due praise, or due reproach, them yield.

Spenser.

Beauties that from worth arise
Are like the grace of deities,
Still present with us, though unsighted.

Sir J. Suckling.

I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit otherwhere.

Tennyson.

WRONG.

And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

Byron: *Mazeppa.*

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn:
To scorn to owe a duty overlong;
To scorn to be for benefits forborne;
To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong;
To scorn to bear an injury in mind;
To scorn a free-born heart slavelike to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind;
Do we his body from our fury save,
And let our hate prevail against our mind?
What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,
Than make his foe more worthy far than he?

Lady Elizabeth Carew:
Revenge of Injuries.

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,—
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit
Might never reach me more! My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.

Cowper.

They ever do pretend
To have received a wrong, who wrong intend.

Daniel.

Wrongs do not leave off there where they begin,
But still beget new mischiefs in their course.

Daniel.

Alas! how bitter are the wrongs of love!
Life has no other sorrow so acute;
For love is made of every fine emotion,
Of generous impulses and noble thoughts;
It looketh to the stars, and dreams of heaven;
It nestles 'mid the flowers, and sweetens earth.
Love is aspiring, yet is humble too;
It doth exalt another o'er itself,
With sweet heart-homage, which delights to raise
That which it worships, yet is fain to win
The idol to its lone and lowly home
Of deep affection. 'Tis an utter wreck
When such hopes perish. From that moment, life
Has in its depths a well of bitterness
For which there is no healing.

L. E. Landon: *The Wrongs of Love.*

Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne.

J. R. LOWELL: *Present Crisis.*

I see the right, and I approve it too,
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.

OVID.

When people once are in the wrong,
Each line they add is much too long;
Who farthest walks, but walks astray,
Is only farthest from his way.

PRIOR.

It will live. No eyes may see it:
In my soul it will lie deep,
Hidden from all; yet I shall feel it
Often stirring in its sleep.
So remember that the friendship
Which you now think poor and vain
Will endure in hope and patience
Till you ask for it again.

Perhaps in some long twilight hour,
Like those we have known of old,
When past shadows gather round you,
And your present friends grow cold,
You may stretch your hands out towards me,—
Ah! you will—I know not when:—
I shall nurse my love and keep it
Faithfully for you till then.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER: *Fidelis.*

Then old age and experience, hand in hand,
Lead him to death and make him understand,
After a search so painful and so long,
That all his life he has been in the wrong.

ROCHESTER: *Epistle to Edward Howard.*

To persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy.

SHAKSPEARE.

Be it my wrong you are from me exempt;
But wrong not that wrong with a mere contempt.

SHAKSPEARE.

It often falls in course of common life
That right long time is overborne of wrong,
Through avarice, or power, or guile, or strife,
Which weakens that, and makes this power strong.

SPENSER.

YOUTH.

The stars shall fade away:
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

ADDISON: *Cato.*

And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;
In all the pride of blooming youth I die.

ADDISON: *Ovid.*

O, give me back once more,
O, give me, Lord, one hour of youth again!
For in that time I was serene and bold,
And uncontaminate, and enraptured with
The universe. I did not know the pangs
Of the proud mind, nor the sweet miseries
Of love; and I had never gather'd yet,
After those fires so sweet in burning, bitter
Handfuls of ashes, that, with tardy tears
Sprinkled, at last have nourish'd into bloom
The solitary flower of penitence.

From the Italian of ALEARDO ALEARDI:
Translated by HOWELLS.

Oh, time was young, and life was warm,
When first I saw that fairy form,
Her dark hair tossing in the storm;

And fast and free these pulses play'd,
When last I met that gentle maid,—
When last her hand in mine was laid.

Those locks of jet are turn'd to gray,
And she is strange and far away,
That might have been mine own to-day,—

That might have been mine own, my dear,
Through many and many a happy year
That might have sat beside me here.

Ay, changeless through the changing scene,
The ghostly whisperings between,
The dark refrain of "might have been!"

The race is o'er I might have run,
The deeds are past I might have done,
And sere the wreath I might have won.

Sunk is the last faint flickering blaze:
The vision of departed days
Is vanish'd even as I gaze.

The pictures with their ruddy light
Are changed to dust and ashes white,
And I am left alone with night.
All the Year Round: "Faces in the Fire."

In the depth of an ancient casement,
Looking unto the west,
A little maiden sat and read
In the evening's golden rest.

And her bright brain teem'd with fancies
Of spiritual things,
Of breadths of silent, starry skies,
Whiten'd with angels' wings,

And fields of blowing lilies,
Radiant within the dawn,
With the branches of the tree of life
Shadowing field and lawn.

For the thin and tiny volume
Was rich with fairy lore,
And kindled her chiming fancies
As she turn'd the leaflets o'er,

Reading of knights and ladies,
Who walk'd in the forests old,
Bright as the morning planet
Ere gather'd to its fold.

And the chamber walls grew lustrous,
And the furnaced depths of fire,
That flamed on the red horizon,
Were fill'd with dome, and spire,

And minarets, from out whose tops
The bells of heaven blew
Such harmonies and melodies
That thrill'd her through and through.
All the Year Round: "Changes."

Children, who gather common flowers at will,
And leave them, withering, on the path to lie,
Dream not that sprites, in pain, cling to them still,
And cannot wander till the moon is high;
When evening's hush is felt on hill and dell,
The fairies of all flowers round them meet,
And charm the night with tones ineffable,
And circle o'er the grass with glimmering feet.

The fairies, gather'd round, with pity view
The broken flowers lying helplessly,
And trick out the crush'd leaves with diamond dew;
But when the moon is high, the sprites are free.

These, long unhappy, now at freedom set,
Yet linger for a moment quite forlorn,
Droop o'er their faded flowers with regret,
Then fly to find new homes before the morn.

Good fairies guard and guide them through the night;
To waiting buds these lonely sprites they bring,
And to the beauty yet conceal'd from sight,
Link them by magic of their wondrous ring;
The light flows round them with a happy tune,
While the uniting charm is made complete
With hands thrice waved towards the setting moon,
And the buds ope to give us flowers sweet.
All the Year Round: "Fairies and Flowers."

Glad were the children when their glowing faces
Gather'd about us in the winter night;
And now, with gleesome hearts, in verdant places
We see them leaping in the summer light:

For they remember yet the tales we told them,
Around the hearth, of fairies, long ago,
When they could only look out to behold them,
Quick dancing earthward, in the feathery snow.

But now the young and fresh imagination
Finds traces of their presence everywhere,
And peoples with a new and bright creation
The clear blue chambers of the sunny air.

For them the gate of many a fairy palace
Opes to the ringing bugle of the bee,
And every flower-cup is a golden chalice,
Wine-fill'd, in some grand elfin revelry.

Quaint little eyes from grassy nooks are peering;
Each dewy leaf is rich in magic lore;
The foam-bells down the merry brooklet steering
Are fairy-freighted to some happier shore.
All the Year Round: "Fairy Lore."

Stern theorists, with wisdom overreaching
The aim of wisdom, in your precepts cold,
And with a painful stress of callous teaching
That withers the young heart into the old,

What is the gain if all their flowers were perish'd,
Their vision-fields forever shorn and bare,
The mirror shatter'd that their young faith cherish'd,
Showing the face of things so very fair?

Time hath enough of ills to undeceive them,
And cares will crowd where dreams have dwelt before:
Oh, therefore, while the heart is trusting, leave them
Their happy childhood and their fairy lore!
All the Year Round: "*Fairy Lore.*"

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirr'd our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth,
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes,—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretch'd forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves the friend indeed,
The plea for mercy softly breathed
When justice threatens nigh,
The sorrow of a contrite heart,—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles sweet and frail
That make up love's first bliss,—
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasp'd, those lips have met,
These things shall never die.
All the Year Round: "*Imperishable.*"

"Poor little Pearl, good little Pearl!"
Sigh'd every kindly neighbour;
It was so sad to see a girl
So tender, doom'd to labour.

A wee bird flutter'd from its nest
Too soon, was that meek creature;
Just fit to rest in mother's breast,
The darling of fond Nature.

God shield poor little ones, where all
Must help to be bread-bringers!
For once afoot, there's none too small
To ply their tiny fingers.

Poor Pearl! she had no time to play
The merry game of childhood;
From dawn to dark she work'd all day,
A wooding in the wildwood.

When others play'd, she stole apart
In pale and shadowy quiet;
Too full of care was her child heart
For laughter running riot.
All the Year Round: "*Legend of Little Pearl.*"

The little ones are gone to rest,
And for awhile they will not miss
The mother-wings above the nest;
But down a dream they feel her kiss,
And in their sleep will sometimes start,
And toss wild arms for her caress,
With moanings that must thrill a heart
In heaven with divine distress.
All the Year Round: "*A Letter in Black.*"

In Manhood, in the full accomplish'd glory
And ecstasy of life,
Memories of the golden Land of Morning
Haunt us in peace and strife;

Vague visions of that fresh and happy season,
The Paradise of youth,
When earth was one unfading summer landscape,
And love a blossom'd truth.

The pipe of birds, awaking to the sunrise,
Cool shadows on the lawn,
The solemn mountains fired with eastern splendour,
The pastoral calm of dawn;

The shining quiet of the Sabbath noontide,
The musical fleet brooks,
The evening rest and ever-welcome voices
Of home-returning rooks;

The windy hands that tapp'd the frosted casements
Through the December nights;
Earth ring'd with darkness, and, above outshining,
The still, celestial lights;

Remember'd echoes of heart-treasured voices,
The blessing and the prayer,
Gentle "Good-nights" and tender parting kisses,
And slumbers calm and rare;

Return to us, with one dear recollection
Of a sweet mother's face,
Bright with angelic blessedness and quiet,
And fair domestic grace:

Rise and return from the dark burial-chambers
Of the mysterious brain,
Till the o'er-burden'd heart and pining spirit
Are faint with sense of pain.
All the Year Round: "*Longings.*"

The old old friends!
Some changed; some buried; some gone out of sight;
Some enemies, and in the world's swift fight
No time to make amends.

The old old friends!
Where are they? Three are lying in one grave;
And one from the far-off world, on the daily wave,
No loving message sends.

The old dear friends!
One passes daily; and one wears a mask;
Another, long estranged, cares not to ask
Where causeless anger ends.

The dear old friends,
So many and so fond in days of youth!
Alas that Faith can be divorced from Truth,
When love in severance ends!

The old old friends!
They hover round me still in evening shades:
Surely they shall return when sunlight fades,
And life on God depends.

All the Year Round: "*Old Friends.*"

Last night the snow was falling,
It fell throughout the night;
I woke this morning, mother,
And saw the ground was white.

White were the peaceful meadows,
And white the tall, dark pines;
And white was yonder mountain,
On which the sun first shines.

And in our own dear valley
The snow was lying deep;
And in the quiet churchyard
Where my little sisters sleep.

And o'er their little tombstones
The snow-flakes form'd a wreath:
But naught are flowers or snow-flakes,
To those who sleep beneath!

We deck'd the graves last summer
With many a primrose gem;
But whether flowers or snow-flakes
It matters not to them.

But oh! the snow is lovely,
So beautiful and bright;
Pure as the little spirits
Who wear their robes as white.

All the Year Round: "*Snow.*"

You sang the olden songs, and, sadly dreaming,
I lay and listen'd, while you thought I slept;
And if the tears were from my eyelids streaming,
You saw them not—and so I freely wept.

Round us the silent shadowy night was stealing,
You were a voice alone within the dark,
And from Life's harden'd crust a tender feeling
Broke like a blossom through the rugged bark.

You were again a young and blushing maiden,
Who lean'd upon my breast and breathed of love;
And I, no more with disappointments laden,
Seem'd as of yore beside you in the grove.

The sky above us was serenely tender,
The moon shone softly gleaming through the trees;
Clasp'd heart to heart in Love's complete surrender,
Life seem'd an island in enchanted seas.

All the Year Round: "*Twilight Dozings.*"

Now the young soul her mighty power shall prove,
And outward things around her move,
Pure ministers of purer love,
And make the heart her home;
Or to the meaner senses sink a slave,
To do their bidding, though they madly crave
Through hateful scenes of vice to roam.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON: *Tuscan Maid.*

Youth might be wise: we suffer less from pains
Than pleasures.

P. J. BAILEY: *Festus.*

Youth hath a strong and strange desire to try
All feelings on the heart: it is very wrong,
And dangerous, and deadly: strive against it.

P. J. BAILEY: *Festus.*

In the flush of youth and the spring of feeling,
When life, like a sunny stream, is stealing
Its silent steps through a flowery path,
And all the endearments that pleasure hath
Are pour'd from her full, o'erflowing horn,—
When the rose of enjoyment conceals no thorn,—
In her lightness of heart, to the cheery song
The maiden may trip in the dance along,
And think of the passing moment that lies
Like a fairy dream in her dazzled eyes,
And yield to the present that charms around,
With all that is lovely in sight or sound,
Where a thousand pleasing phantoms flit,
With the voice of mirth and the burst of wit,

And the music that steals to the bosom's core,
And the heart in its fulness flowing o'er
With a few big drops, that are soon repress'd,
For short is the stay of grief in her breast:—
In this enliven'd and gladsome hour
The spirit may burn with a brighter power:
But dearer the calm and quiet day,
When the heaven-sick soul is stealing away.

T. L. BEDDOES.

If, gracious God, in life's green, ardent year,
A thousand times thy patient love I tried;
With reckless heart, with conscience hard and sere,
Thy gifts perverted, and thy power defied:
O grant me, now that wintry snows appear
Around my brow, and youth's bright promise hide,—
Grant me with reverential awe to hear
Thy holy voice, and in thy word confide!
Blot from my book of life its early stain!
Since days misspent will never more return,
My future path do thou in mercy trace:
So cause my soul with pious zeal to burn,
That all the trust which in thy name I place,
Frail as I am, may not prove wholly vain.

From the Italian of PIETRO BEMBO:
(*U. S. Lit. Gaz.*)

By a clear well, within a little field
Full of green grass and flowers of every hue,
Sat three young girls, relating (as I knew)
Their loves. And each had twined a bough to shield
Her lovely face; and the green leaves did yield
The golden hair their shadow; while the two
Sweet colours mingled, both blown lightly through
With a soft wind forever stirr'd and still'd.
After a little while one of them said
(I heard her), "Think! if ere the next hour struck,
Each of our lovers should come here to-day,
Think you that we should fly or feel afraid?"
To whom the others answer'd, "From such luck
A girl would be a fool to run away."

BOCCACCIO:
Translated by ROSSETTI: *Early Italian Poets.*

Bereave me not of those delightful dreams
Which charm'd my youth; or 'mid her gay career
Of hope, or when the faintly-paining tear
Sat sad on memory's cheek! though loftier themes
Await the awaken'd mind, to the high prize
Of wisdom hardly earn'd with toil and pain,
Aspiring patient; yet on life's wide plain
Cast friendless, where unheard some sufferer cries
Hourly, and oft our road is lone and long,
'Twere not a crime should we awhile delay
Amid the sunny field; and happier they,
Who, as they wander, woo the charms of song
To cheer their path, till they forget to weep,
And the tired sense is hush'd, and sinks to sleep.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES:
Dreams of Youth.

Promise of youth! fair as the form
Of Heaven's benign and golden bow,
Thy smiling arch begirds the storm,
And sheds a light on every woe.

JAMES G. BROOKS.

I, writing thus, am still what men call young:
I have not so far left the coasts of life
To travel inland, that I cannot hear
That murmur of the water infinite
Which unwean'd babies smile at in their sleep,
When wonder'd at for smiling.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

Yet grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone,
Nor deem that glorious season e'er could die.
Thy pleasant youth, a little while withdrawn,
Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky;
Waits like the morn, that folds her wing and hides,
Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour;
Waits, like the vanish'd spring, that slumbering bides
Her own sweet time to waken bud and flower.

There shall he welcome thee, when thou shalt stand
On his bright morning hills, with smiles more sweet
Than when at first he took thee by the hand,
Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet.
He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,
Life's early glory to thine eyes again,
Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill
Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT: *Return of Youth.*

O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!

BURNS.

Oh! enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
To care, to guilt unknown!
How ill exchanged for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own!
Ye tiny elves, that guileless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court
When manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses,
That active men engage;
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining age!

BURNS: *Despondency.*

O Life! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.

BURNS: *Epistle to James Smith.*

Youth with swift feet walks onward in the way;
The land of joy lies all before his eyes;
Age, stumbling, lingers slower day by day,
Still looking back, for it behind him lies.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE BUTLER.

Long has the furious priest assay'd in vain
With sword and faggot infidels to gain;
But now the milder soldier wisely tries
By gentler methods to unveil their eyes.
Wonders apart, he knew 'twere vain t' engage
The fix'd preventions of misguided age:
With fairer hopes he forms the Indian youth
To early manners, probity, and truth.
The lion's whelp thus, on the Libyan shore,
Is tamed and gentled by the artful Moor:
Not the grim sire, inured to blood before.

WILLIAM BYRD, *of Virginia:*
Westover Manuscript.

The love of higher things and better days,
Th' unbounded hope, and heavenly ignorance
Of what is call'd the world, and the world's ways;
The moments when we gather from a glance
More joy than from all future pride or praise,
Which kindle manhood, but can ne'er entrance
The heart in an existence of its own,
Of which another's bosom is the zone.

BYRON.

In my youth's summer I did sing of One,
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind;
Again I seize the theme, then but begun,
And bear it with me, as the rushing wind
Bears the cloud onwards: in that Tale I find
The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,
Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,
O'er which all heavily the journeying years
Plod the last sands of life,—where not a flower appears.

Since my young days of passion, joy, or pain,
Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,
And both may jar: it may be that in vain
I would essay as I have sung to sing.
Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling:
So that it wean me from the weary dream
Of selfish grief or gladness,—so it fling
Forgetfulness around me,—it shall seem
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme.

BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

In earlier days, and calmer hours,
When heart with heart delights to blend,
Where bloom my native valley's bowers,
I had—ah! have I now?—a friend!

BYRON: *Giaour.*

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or oceans of excess:
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own;

That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of rest,
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreathe,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and gray beneath.

O could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanish'd scene,—
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,
So midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow to me!

BYRON: *Youth and Age.*

In joyous youth what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
Who hath not paused while beauty's pensive eye
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh?
Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

CAMPBELL.

While memory watches o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew.

CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope.*

The restless spirit charm'd thy sweet existence,
Making all beauteous in youth's pleasant maze,
While gladsome hope illumed the outward distance,
And lit with sunbeams thy expectant days.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Life openeth brightly to their ardent gaze;
A glorious pomp sits on the gorgeous sky;
O'er the broad world hope's smile incessant plays,
And scenes of beauty win the enchanted eye:
How sad to break the vision, and to fold
Each lifeless form in earth's embracing mould!

Yet this is life! To mark, from day to day,
Youth in the freshness of its morning prime,
Pass like the anthem of a breeze away,
Sinking in waves of death ere chill'd by time!
Ere yet dark years on the warm cheek had shed
Autumnal mildew o'er the roselike red!

And yet what mourner, though the pensive eye
Be dimly thoughtful in its burning tears,
But should with rapture gaze upon the sky,
Through whose far depths the spirit's wing careers?
There gleams eternal o'er their ways are flung
Who fade from earth while yet their years are young!

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK: *Early Dead.*

Come, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze,
Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
And joy's pure sunbeams tremble in thy ways;
Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer-buds unfolding,
Waken rich feelings in the careless breast,
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding,
Come,—and secure interminable rest!

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown;
Pleasure will fold her wing, and friend and lover
Will to the embraces of the worm have gone;
Those who now love thee will have pass'd forever,
Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee;
Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's fever,
As thy sick heart broods over years to be.

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing,
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die;
Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee throwing
Fades, like the crimson from a sunset sky;
Life hath but shadows, save a promise given,
Which lights the future with a fadeless ray:
Oh, touch the sceptre!—win a hope in heaven!
Come, turn thy spirit from the world away!

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK: *The Invitation.*

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care,
The opening bud to heaven convey'd,
And bade it blossom there.

S. T. COLERIDGE:
Epitaph on an Infant.

Oh, Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be—that thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd:—
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?
S. T. COLERIDGE: *Youth and Age.*

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O the joys that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!
S. T. COLERIDGE: *Youth and Age.*

Life went a-Maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young? Ah, woful when!
Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then!
S. T. COLERIDGE: *Youth and Age.*

'Tis well to give honour and glory to age,
With its lessons of wisdom and truth,
Yet who would not go back to the fanciful page,
And the fairy tale read but in youth?
Let time rolling on crown with fame or with gold,—
Let us bask in the kindliest beams;
Yet what hope can be cherish'd, what gift can we hold,
That will bless like our earlier dreams?
ELIZA COOK.

Let them exult: their laugh and song
Are rarely known to last too long;
Why should we strive, with cynic frown,
To knock their fairy castles down?
ELIZA COOK.

Live, that thy young and glowing breast
Can think of death without a sigh,
And be assured that life is best
Which finds us least afraid to die.
ELIZA COOK.

Youth lost in dissipation,—we deplore
Through life's sad remnant, what no sighs restore:
Our years, a fruitless loss without a prize,
Too many—yet too few to make us wise.
COWPER.

From thoughtless youth to ruminating age.
COWPER.

How bless'd the youth whom Fate ordains
A kind relief from all his pains,
In some admired fair;
Whose tenderest wishes find express'd
Their own resemblance in her breast,
Exactly copied there!
COWPER.

And to say truth, though in its early prime,
And when unstain'd with any grosser crime,
Youth has a sprightliness and fire to boast,
That in the valley of decline are lost,
And Virtue with peculiar charms appears,
Crown'd with the garland of life's blooming years;
Yet age, by long experience well inform'd,
Well read, well temper'd, with religion warm'd—
That fire abated which impels hot youth,
Proud of his speed, to overshoot the truth,—
As time improves the grape's authentic juice,
Mellows and makes the speech more fit for use,
And claims a rev'rence in its short'ning day
That 'tis an honour and a joy to pay.
COWPER: *Conversation.*

Bestow, dear Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
The voice of sov'reign love!
Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.
COWPER: *Olney Hymns.*

'Tis granted, and no plainer truth appears,
Our most important are our earliest years:
The mind, impressible and soft, with ease
Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees,
And through life's labyrinth holds fast the clue
That education gives her, false or true.
COWPER: *Progress of Error.*

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,—
We love the play-place of our early days:
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone
That feels not at that sight, and feels at home.
COWPER: *Tirocinium.*

Hear, Lord, the song of praise and prayer,
  In heaven thy dwelling-place,
From infants made the public care
  And taught to seek thy face.

Thanks for thy word and for thy day,
  And grant us, we implore,
Never to waste in sinful play
  Thy holy sabbaths more.

Thanks that we hear—but oh! impart
  To each desire sincere
That we may listen with our heart,
  And learn as well as hear.

For if vain thoughts the mind engage
  Of older far than we,
What hope that, at our heedless age,
  Our minds should e'er be free?

Much hope, if thou our spirit take
  Under thy gracious sway,
Who canst the wisest wiser make,
  And babes as wise as they.

Wisdom and bliss thy word bestows,
  A sun that ne'er declines;
And be thy mercies shower'd on those
  Who placed us where it shines.

COWPER:
For the Use of the Sunday-School at Olney.

Green as the bay-tree ever green,
  With its new foliage on,
The gay, the thoughtless, have I seen:
  I pass'd—and they were gone.

Read, ye that run, the awful truth
  With which I charge my page:
A worm is in the bud of youth,
  And at the root of age.

No present health can health ensure
  For yet an hour to come;
No medicine, though it oft can cure,
  Can always balk the tomb.

And O! that humble as my lot,
  And scorn'd as is my strain,
These truths, though known, too much forgot,
  I may not teach in vain.

COWPER:
Subjoined to the Yearly Bill of Mortality, 1787.

Alas! that youth's fond hopes should fade,
  And love be but a name,
While its rainbows, follow'd e'er so fast,
  Are distant still the same!

RUFUS DAWES.

Youth, what man's age is like to be, doth show;
We may our end by our beginning know.

SIR J. DENHAM.

Intemp'rate youth, by sad experience found,
Ends in an age imperfect and unsound.

SIR J. DENHAM.

Nature to youth hot rashness doth dispense,
But with cold prudence age doth recompense.

SIR J. DENHAM.

In age to wish for youth is full as vain
As for a youth to turn a child again.

SIR J. DENHAM.

What to the old can greater pleasure be
Than hopeful and ingenuous youth to see?

SIR J. DENHAM.

Something of youth I in old age approve,
But more the marks of age in youth I love.
Who this observes, may in his body find
Decrepit age, but never in his mind.

SIR J. DENHAM.

Oh, say, does the cottage yet peer from the shadow
  Of ancestral elms on the side of the hill?—
Its doorway of woodbine, that look'd to the meadow,
  And welcomed the sun as a guest on the sill;
The April-wing'd martin, with garrulous laughter,—
  Is he there where the mosses were thatching the eave?
And the dear little wren that crept under the rafter,
  The earliest to come, and the latest to leave?

Oh, say, is the hawthorn the hedgerow perfuming
  Adown the old lane? Are the willows still there,
Where briery thicksets in springtime were blooming,
  And breathing their life on the odorous air?
And runs yet the brook where the violets were weeping,
  Where the white lily sat like a swan on the stream,
While under the laurel the shepherd-boy, sleeping,
  Saw only the glory of life in his dream?

GEORGE W. DEWEY: *To an Old Acquaintance.*

O charming youth! in the first op'ning page:
So many graces in so green an age.

DRYDEN.

Of gentle blood, his parents' only treasure,
Their lasting sorrow and their vanish'd pleasure;
Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
A large provision for so short a race:
More moderate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
Too early fitted for a better state:
But, knowing heaven his home, to shun delay
He leap'd o'er age, and took the shortest way.
DRYDEN.

But who can youth let loose to vice restrain?
When once the hard-mouth'd horse has got the rein,
He's past thy pow'r to stop.
DRYDEN.

All this in blooming youth you have achieved;
Nor all your foil'd contemporaries grieved.
DRYDEN.

We thought our sires, not with their own consent,
Had (ere we came to age) our portion spent.
DRYDEN.

In youth alone, unhappy mortals live;
But ah! the mighty bliss is fugitive:
Discolour'd sickness, anxious labour, come,
And age, and death's inexorable doom.
DRYDEN.

When I was young, I, like a lazy fool,
Would blear my eyes with oil, to stay from school,
Averse to pains.
DRYDEN.

Well I knew
What perils youthful ardour would pursue,
That boiling blood would carry thee too far.
DRYDEN.

Some friends of vice pretend
That I the tricks of youth too roughly blame.
DRYDEN.

Youth, that with joys had unacquainted been,
Envied gray hairs, that once good days had seen.
DRYDEN.

Secure these golden early joys
That youth unsour'd with sorrow bears.
DRYDEN.

O early ripe! to thy abundant store
What could advancing age have added more?
DRYDEN.

Fair, sweet, and young, receive a prize
Reserved for your victorious eyes:
From crowds whom at your feet you see,
Oh, pity and distinguish me!
As I from thousand beauties more
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

Your face for conquest was design'd;
Your ev'ry motion charms my mind;
Angels, when you your silence break,
Forget their hymns to hear you speak;
But when at once they hear and view,
Are loth to mount, and long to stay with you.

No graces can your form improve,
But all are lost unless you love;
While that sweet passion you disdain,
Your veil and beauty are in vain:
In pity, then, prevent my fate,
For after dying all reprieve's too late.
DRYDEN.

No youth shall equal hopes of glory give,
The Trojan honour and the Roman boast,
Admired when living, and adored when lost.
DRYDEN.

If you have not enjoy'd what youth could give,
But life sunk through you like a leaky sieve,
Accuse yourself: you lived not while you might.
DRYDEN.

Yet, oh! the imperfect piece moves more delight;
'Tis gilded o'er with youth to catch the sight.
DRYDEN.

My full-blown youth already fades apace;
Of our short being 'tis the shortest space!
DRYDEN.

Yet a few days, and those which now appear
In youth and beauty like the blooming year,
In life's swift scene shall change.
DRYDEN.

But youth, the perishing good, runs on too fast,
And unenjoy'd it spends itself to waste:
Few know the use of life before 'tis past.
DRYDEN.

My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires;
My manhood, long misled by wand'ring fires,
Follow'd false lights; and when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
DRYDEN.

My youth, my youth! oh, give me back my youth!
Not the unfurrow'd brow and blooming cheek,
But childhood's sunny thoughts, its perfect truth,
And youth's unworldly feelings—these I seek:
Ah, who could e'er be sinless and yet sage?
Would that I might forget Time's dark and blotted page!

EMMA C. EMBURY: *Old Man's Lament.*

Just as a mother, with sweet pious face,
Yearns towards her little children from her seat,
Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,
Takes this upon her knees, that on her feet;
And while from actions, looks, complaints, pretences,
She learns their feelings and their various will,
To this a look, to that a word, dispenses,
And, whether stern or smiling, loves them still;—
So Providence for us, high, infinite,
Makes our necessities its watchful task,
Hearkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants,
And even if it denies what seems our right,
Either denies because 't would have us ask,
Or seems but to deny, or in denying grants.

From the Italian of VINCENZO DA FILICAJA: *Translated by* LEIGH HUNT.

The heart
Of an unsteady youth, the giddy brain,
Green indiscretion, flattery of greatness,
Rawness of judgment, wilfulness in folly,
Thoughts vagrant as the mind, and as uncertain.

JOHN FORD: *Broken Heart.*

Some wit of old,—such wits of old there were,—
Whose hints show'd meaning, whose allusions care,
By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,
Call'd clear blank paper every infant mind;
Where still, as opening sense her dictates wrote,
Fair Virtue put a seal, or Vice a blot.

The thought was happy, pertinent, and true;
Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.
I (can you pardon my presumption?) I—
No wit, no genius,—yet for once will try.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: *Paper; a Poem.*

The gentle youth who reads my hapless strain,
And ne'er hath felt the shafts of frenzied Love,
Nor knows the anguish he is doom'd to prove,
Whom vile deceit, when kept in beauty's chain,
Torments,—if than a stone less hard his heart,
Would fly the sad recital of my woes;
For faces firm the tale would discompose
Of Love's deceptions causing so much smart.
O list, ye doom'd to weep! while I display
The drear and mournful scene in saddest plaint,
The scaffold bare and platform's bloody way—
Where, dragg'd to death, behold a martyr'd saint;—
And where to shameful pain unto your view
Love faithful and sincere condemn'd I show.

From the Portuguese of P. A. C. GARCÃO: *Translated by* ADAMSON.

Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!

GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village.*

Thus wisely she makes up her time,
Misspent when youth was in its prime.

GRANVILLE.

When the bright summer sky of time
Cloudless is o'er him spread;
When love's bright wreath is in its prime,
With not one blossom dead:

Whilst o'er his hopes and prospects fair
No mist of woe hath gone,
Still he repeats his first taught-prayer,—
"Father, thy will be done."

MARY ANNE GRAY: *Thy Will Be Done.*

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his ev'ning prey.

GRAY: *Bard.*

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain:
I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

GRAY: *Distant Prospect of Eton College.*

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
  Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
  The sunshine of the breast.
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
  And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
  That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
  The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
  Nor care beyond to-day;
Yet see how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
  And black Misfortune's baleful train.
Ah! show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murth'rous band:
  Ah, tell them they are men!

GRAY: *Distant Prospect of Eton College.*

The world is bright before thee,
  Its summer flowers are thine,
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee,
  Thy bosom pleasure's shrine;
And thine the sunbeam given
  To Nature's morning hour,
Pure, warm, as when from heaven
  It burst on Eden's bower.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK: *To * * * *.*

Grieve not that I die young.—Is it not well
To pass away ere life hath lost its brightness?
Bind me no longer, sisters, with the spell
Of love and your kind words. List ye to me:
Here I am bless'd—but I would be more free;
I would go forth in all my spirit's lightness.
  Let me depart!

Ah! who would linger till bright eyes grow dim,
Kind voices mute, and faithful bosoms cold?
Till carking care, and coil, and anguish grim,
Cast their dark shadows o'er this faëry world;
Till fancy's many-colour'd wings are furl'd,
And all, save the proud spirit, waxeth old?
  I would depart!

Thus would I pass away—yielding my soul
A joyous thank-offering to Him who gave
That soul to be, those starry orbs to roll.
Thus—thus exultingly would I depart,
Song on my lips, ecstasy in my heart:
Sisters—sweet sisters, bear me to my grave—
  Let me depart!

LADY FLORA HASTINGS: *Swan Song.*

Youth and the opening rose
  May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
  That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey.

MRS. HEMANS: *Hour of Death.*

By the soft green light in the woody glade,
On the banks of moss where thy childhood play'd;
By the household tree through which thine eye
First look'd in love to the summer sky;
By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
Of the primrose tufts in the grass beneath,
Upon thy heart there is laid a spell,
Holy and precious—oh! guard it well!

By the sleepy ripple of the stream
Which hath lull'd thee into many a dream;
By the shiver of the ivy-leaves
To the wind of morn at thy casement-eaves;
By the bees' deep murmur in the limes,
By the music of the Sabbath-chimes,
By every sound of thy native shade,
Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

MRS. HEMANS: *The Spells of Home.*

Yes! when thy heart in its pride would stray
From the pure first loves of its youth away;
When the sullying breath of the world would come
O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's home;
Think thou again of the woody glade,
And the sound by the rustling ivy made;
Think of the tree at thy father's door,
And the kindly spell shall have power once more.

MRS. HEMANS: *The Spells of Home.*

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may:
  Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day
  To-morrow will be dying.

HERRICK:
To the Virgins to Make Much of Time.

To boyhood hope—to manhood fears!
  Alas! alas! that each bright home
Should be a nursing-place for tears,
  A cradle for the tomb!
If childhood seeth all things loved
  Where home's unshadowy shadows wave,
The old man's treasure hath removed—
  He looketh to the grave!—
For grave and home lie sadly blent
Wherever spreads yon firmament.

T. K. HERVEY: *Homes and Graves.*

Youth is ever apt to judge in haste,
And lose the medium in the wild extreme.
AARON HILL: *Alzira.*

The rainbow's lovely on the eastern cloud;
The rose is beauteous on the bended thorn;
Sweet is the evening ray from purple shroud,
And sweet the orient blushes of the morn:
Sweeter than all, the beauties which adorn
The female form in youth and maiden bloom.
JAMES HOGG.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn:
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets and lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is growing yet!
THOMAS HOOD: *I Remember, I Remember.*

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high—
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance;
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heav'n
Than when I was a boy!
THOMAS HOOD: *I Remember, I Remember.*

The pure and radiant eyes
Of Youth and Hope look up to thee with love;
Would it were thine, meek dweller of the skies,
To save from tears! but no! too far above
This dim, cold earth thou shinest, richly flinging
Thy soft light down on all who watch thy beam,
And to the heart of Sorrow gently bringing
The glories pictured in Life's mourning stream.
LUCY HOOPER: *Evening Thoughts.*

Grief seldom join'd with youthful bloom is seen:
Can sorrow be where knowledge scarce has been?
SIR ROBERT HOWARD: *Indian Queen.*

Give us light amid our darkness;
Let us know the good from ill;
Hate us not for all our blindness;
Love us, lead us, show us kindness,—
You can make us what you will.

We are willing; we are ready;
We would learn, if you would teach;
We have hearts that yearn towards duty;
We have minds alive to beauty;
Souls that any heights can reach!

Raise us by your Christian knowledge:
Consecrate to man our powers;
Let us take our proper station;
We, the rising generation,
Let us stamp the age as ours!

We shall be what you will make us:
Make us wise, and make us good!
Make us strong for time of trial;
Teach us temperance, self-denial,
Patience, kindness, fortitude!

Look into our childish faces;
See ye not our willing hearts?
Only love us, only lead us;
Only let us know you need us,
And we all will do our parts.

We are thousands, many thousands!
Every day our ranks increase;
Let us march beneath your banner,
We, the legion of true honour,
Combating for love and peace!
MARY HOWITT:
Lyrics of Life: The Children.

How bright to him life's opening morn!
No cloud to intercept a ray;
The rose had then no hidden thorn,
The tree of life knew no decay.
How greeted oft his wondering soul
The fairy shapes of childish joy,
As gayly on the moments stole
And still grew up the blooming boy!
RALPH HOYT: *The World-Sale.*

A fitting emblem of the helpless child
Born in the darksome cellar or the den
In some great city's low and secret haunts,
The lurking-place of low and guilty men:
Each wholesome impulse stifled in its birth,
Choked down with all the guilt and sin of earth.

Childhood without its innocent delights,
Reft of its happy mirth and healthy play,

The first and sweetest roses of its life
From cheek and heart alike have pass'd away,
The sallow face, a type of all within,
Wither'd by hunger, suffering, and sin.

They know no wanderings in the russet woods
For nuts and berries, nor can they explore
The haunts of bird and insect; closed to them
The country urchin's ever-varied store.
They have no primrose, no first violet,
Nor are their hearts upon such treasures set.

Not theirs that holy season of the heart,
That innocent childhood 'tis so sweet to see;
Early inured to poverty and toil,
Not theirs the heritage of bird and bee,
But born of sin, and rear'd 'mid guilt and crime
To a precocious evil ere their time.
Household Words: "*A Daisy on a Grave.*"

Let us read the dreams of glory
That childish fancy made;
Turn to the next few pages,
And see how soon they fade.

Here, while still waiting, dreaming,
For some ideal Life,
The young heart all unconscious
Had enter'd on the strife.

See how the page is blotted:
What—could those tears be mine?
How coolly I can read you
Each blurr'd and trembling line!

Now I can reason calmly,
And, looking back again,
Can see divinest meaning
Threading each separate pain.

Here strong resolve—how broken!
Rash hope, and foolish fear,
And prayers, which God in pity
Refused to grant or hear.

Nay—I will turn the pages
To where the tale is told
Of how a dawn diviner
Flush'd the dark clouds with gold.
Household Words: "*My Journal.*"

I pace the long-deserted rooms,
Still striving to recall
The sound of footsteps on the stairs,
Or voices in the hall.

Along the walks, and up the lawn,
I wander every day,
And sit beneath the mulberry's shade,
Where most we loved to play.

No stir of feet the stillness breaks,
No dear familiar tone;
Since, taking each her separate way,
They left me here alone.

To love them, and their love to share,
Was life and joy to me;
I was the eldest of the house;
My sisters they were three.
Household Words: "*Springs in the Desert.*"

Alone by my fireside dreaming,
Counting Life's golden sands:
Counting the years on my fingers
Since my youth and I shook hands,—
Since I stood, weak and weary,
On the shores of a troubled sea,
And my youth and its hopes went drifting
Down the ebb-tide dark and dree,—
Counting the years on my fingers,
And looking along the shore,
Back to the spot where we parted,—
Parted for evermore,—
Many a precious footprint
Trace I upon the sands,
Hence to the shadow'd waters
Where my youth and I shook hands.
Household Words: "*The Life-Shore.*

But *can* there grow cowslips and lilies
Like those that I gather'd in youth?
With my heart in the depths of their blossoms,
All steep'd in the dew-drops of truth!
MARIA JANE JEWSBURY.

The charms of youth at once are seen and past;
And nature says, "They are too sweet to last."
So blooms the rose; and so the blushing maid:
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.
SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Happy the schoolboy! Did he prize his bliss,
'Twere ill exchanged for all the dazzling gems
That gayly sparkle in ambition's eye:
His are the joys of nature, his the smile,
The cherub smile, of innocence and health:
Sorrow unknown, or, if a tear be shed,
He wipes it soon: for, hark! the cheerful voice
Of comrades calls him to the top or ball;
Away he hies, and clamours as he goes,
With glee, which causes him to tread on air.
KNOX.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days:
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!
CHARLES LAMB: *Old Familiar Faces.*

Youth has spent his wealth, and bought
The knowledge he would fain
Change for forgetfulness, and live
His dreaming life again.
L. E. LANDON.

For pleasures, vanities, and hates,
The compact we renew,
And Judas rises in our hearts,—
We sell our Saviour too.
How for some moments' vain delights
We will embitter years,
And in our youth lay up for age
Only remorse and tears!
L. E. LANDON.

Ah, tell me not that memory
Sheds gladness o'er the past:
What is recall'd by faded flowers,
Save that they did not last?
Were it not better to forget
Than but remember and regret?
Look back upon your hours of youth:
What were your early years,
But scenes of childish cares and griefs?
And say not childish tears
Were nothing; at that time they were
More than the young heart well could bear.
L. E. LANDON: *Despondency.*

The friends I loved in early youth,
The faithless and forgetting,
Whom, though they were not worth my love,
I cannot help regretting;

My feelings, once the kind, the warm,
But now the hard, the frozen;
The errors I've too long pursued,
The path I should have chosen.
L. E. LANDON:
I Pray Thee Let Me Weep To-Night.

The youth whose bark is guided o'er
A summer stream by zephyr's breath,
With idle gaze delights to pore
On imaged skies that glow beneath.
WILLIAM LEGGETT.

In the sweet morn of life, when health and joy
Laugh in the eye, and o'er each sunny plain
A mild celestial softness seems to reign,
Ah! who could dream what woes the heart annoy?
No saddening sighs disturb the vernal gale
Which fans the wild-wood music on the ear;
Unbathed the sparkling eye with pity's tear,
Save listening to the aged soldier's tale.
The heart's slow grief which wastes the child of woe,
And lovely injured woman's cruel wrong,
We hear not in the skylark's morning song,
We hear not in the gale that o'er us blow:—
Visions devoid of woe which childhood drew,
How oft shall my sad heart your soothing scenes renew!
JOHN LEYDEN: *Serenity of Childhood.*

Then my days of dawning manhood,
Many, many years ago!
When the future seem'd all brightness,
Lit with Love's enchanting glow;
When what hopes and blissful day-dreams
Would my buoyant bosom crowd,
As I led forth my beloved one,
She as fair as I was proud;
Led her forth with lightsome footstep,
Where some happy rustic throng
To old Robin's merry music
Would so gladly dance along;
Or when round came joyous Christmas,
Oft beneath the mistletoe
Have I toy'd with blushing maidens,
Many, many years ago!

Ah! ye golden days! departed!
Yet full oft, on memory's wing,
Ye return like some bright vision,
And both joy and sorrow bring.
Where are now my boy companions,
Those dear friends of love and truth?
Death hath seal'd the lips of many,
Fair and beautiful in youth.
Robin's lute has long been silent,
And the trees are old and bare;
Silent too the rippling brooklets;
The old play-ground is not there;
Time has stolen my fair one's beauty,
And he soon will strike the blow
That will break the ties that bound us
Many, many years ago.
T. LOKER: *Many, Many Years Ago.*

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.
LONGFELLOW: *Footsteps of Angels.*

There groups of merry children play'd,
There youths and maidens dreaming stray'd;
O precious hours! O golden prime
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

LONGFELLOW: *Old Clock on the Stairs.*

O then to young Love beneath the tree
Came one as young and fair as he,
And as like to him as like can be,
And, clapping his little wings for glee,
With nods and smiles and kisses three,
He whisper'd, Come, oh, come with me:
Love pouted and flouted and shook his head,
But along with that winsome youth he sped,
And love wins love, loud shouted he.

WILLIAM W. LORD: *A Rime.*

Though the transient springs have fail'd thee,
Though the founts of youth are dried,
Wilt thou among the mouldering stones
In weariness abide?

Wilt thou sit among the ruins,
With all words of cheer unspoken,
Till the silver cord is loosen'd,
Till the golden bowl is broken?

Up and onward! Toward the east,
Green oases thou shalt find,—
Streams that rise from higher sources
Than the pools thou leavest behind.

Life has import more inspiring
Than the fancies of thy youth:
It has hopes as high as heaven;
It has labour, it has truth;

It has wrongs that may be righted,
Noble deeds that may be done,
Its great battles are unfought,
Its great triumphs are unwon.

ANNE C. LYNCH: *Wasted Fountains.*

My childhood's earliest thoughts are link'd with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in early piety,
Listen'd as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he did bring
Fresh every day to my untainted years,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, no common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all the living pages of God's book.

J. R. LOWELL: *To the Dandelion.*

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee!
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

HENRY FRANCES LYTE: *Eventide.*

"Yes, darling, let them go!" so ran the strain:
"Yes; let them go: gain, fashion, pleasure, power,
And all the busy elves to whose domain
Belongs the nether sphere, the fleeting hour:
"Without one envious sigh, one anxious scheme,
The nether sphere, the fleeting hour, resign:
Mine is the world of thought, the world of dream;
Mine all the past, and all the future mine.
"Fortune, that lays in sport the mighty low,
Age, that to penance turns the joys of youth,
Shall leave untouch'd the gifts which I bestow,—
The sense of beauty, and the thirst of truth.
"Of the fair brotherhood who share my grace,
I, from thy natal day, pronounce thee free;
And if for some I keep a nobler place,
I keep for none a happier than for thee."

LORD MACAULAY:
Lines Written on the Close of an Unsuccessful Contest for Edinburgh.

Good morrow, gentle Child! and then
Again good morrow, and again,
Good morrow following still good morrow,
Without one cloud of strife or sorrow.
And when the god to whom we pay
In jest our homages to-day
Shall come to claim, no more in jest,
His rightful empire o'er thy breast,
Benignant may his aspect be,
His yoke the truest liberty;
And if a tear his power confess,
Be it a tear of happiness.

LORD MACAULAY:
Valentine to the HON. MARY C. STANHOPE
(*Daughter of* LORD AND LADY MAHON).

Shall I own a strange sort of desire,
Before I extinguish forever the fire
Of youth and romance, in whose shadowy light
Hope whisper'd her first fairy-tales, to excite
The last spark, till it rise, and fade far in that dawn
Of my days when the twilights of life were first drawn
By the rosy reluctant auroras of Love:
In short, from the dead Past the grave-stone to move;
Of the years long departed forever to take
One last look, one final farewell; to awake
The Heroic of Youth from the Hades of joy,
And once more be, though but for an hour, Jack—a boy?

OWEN MEREDITH: *Lucile.*

Youth, that pursuest with such eager pace
Thy even way,
Thou pantest on to win a mournful race:
Then stay! oh, stay!

Pause and luxuriate in thy sunny plain;
Loiter,—enjoy:
Once past, thou never wilt come back again
A second boy.

The hills of manhood wear a noble face
When seen from far;
The mist of light from which they take their grace
Hides what they are.

The dark and weary path those cliffs between
Thou canst not know,
And how it leads to regions never green,
Dead fields of snow.

Pause while thou mayst, nor deem that fate thy gain,
Which, all too fast,
Will drive thee forth from this delicious plain,
A man at last.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES:
Youth and Manhood.

Here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose season.

MILTON.

Higher, higher will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story:
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil
Win from school and college:
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward may we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth;
Make we, then, a heaven of earth.

JAMES MONTGOMERY:
Aspirations of Youth.

Here—while I roved, a heedless boy—
Here, while through paths of peace I ran,
My feet were vex'd with puny snares,
My bosom stung with insect-cares:
But, ah! what light and little things
Are childhood's woes!—they break no rest,
Like dew-drops on the skylark's wings
While slumbering in his grassy nest,
Gone in a moment, when he springs
To meet the morn with open breast,
As o'er the eastern hills her banners glow,
And veil'd in mist the valley sleeps below.

JAMES MONTGOMERY:
World Before the World.

Fancies again are springing,
Like May-flowers in the vales;
While hopes, long lost, are singing,
From thorns, like nightingales;
And kindly spirits stir my blood,
Like vernal airs, that curl the flood:
There falls to manhood's lot
A joy which youth has not,
A dream more beautiful than truth,
Returning Spring, renewing Youth.

Thus sweetly to surrender
The present for the past,
In sprightly mood, yet tender,
Life's burden down to cast,
This is to taste, from stage to stage,
Youth on the lees refined by age;
Like wine well kept and long,
Heady, not harsh, nor strong,
With every annual cup is quaff'd
A richer, purer, mellower draught.

JAMES MONTGOMERY: *Youth Renewed.*

Oh that the artist's pencil could portray
A father's inward bosom to your eyes,—
What hopes, and fears, and doubts, perplex his way,
What aspirations for your welfare rise!

Then might this unsubstantial image prove,
When I am gone, a guardian of your youth,
A friend forever urging you to move
In paths of honour, holiness, and truth.

CLEMENT C. MOORE:
To My Children, After Having My Portrait Taken for Them.

My birthday!—what a different sound
That word had in my youthful ears!
And now each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears.

MOORE.

For ah! my heart, how very soon
The glitt'ring dreams of youth are past!
And long before it reach its noon
The sun of life is overcast.

MOORE.

I thought of the days when to pleasure alone
My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh,
When the saddest emotion my bosom had known
Was pity for those who were wiser than I!

MOORE.

Whisp'rings, heard by wakeful maids,
To whom the night-stars guide us;
Stolen walks through moonlight shades,
With those we love beside us;
Hearts beating
At meeting;
Tears starting
At parting:
Oh, sweet youth, how soon it fades!
Sweet joys of youth, how fleeting!

MOORE: *Joys of Youth How Fleeting.*

Oh, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die.

MOORE: *Fire-Worshippers.*

I little thought the times were past,
Forever past, when brilliant joy
Was all my vacant heart's employ:
When, fresh from mirth to mirth again,
We thought the rapid hours too few:
Our only use for knowledge then
To turn to rapture all we knew!
Delicious days of whim and soul,
When, mingling love and laugh together,
We learn'd the book on pleasure's bowl,
And turn'd the leaf with folly's feather.

MOORE: *To Strangford.*

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone;
The cheerful hearts, now broken!

MOORE: *Oft in the Stilly Night.*

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies:
Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stain'd it;
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven has unchain'd it,
To water that Eden where first was its source.

MOORE: *Weep Not for Those.*

"Tell me, what's Love!" said Youth, one day,
To drooping Age, who cross'd his way.
"It is a sunny hour of play,
For which repentance dear doth pay:
Repentance! Repentance!
And this is Love, as wise men say."

MOORE: *Youth and Age.*

Oh! the joy
Of young ideas painted on the mind
In the warm glowing colours fancy spreads
On objects not yet known, when all is new
And all is lovely!

HANNAH MORE: *Sacred Dramas.*

Folly may be in youth;
But many times 'tis mixt with grave discretion,

That tempers it to use, and makes its judgment
Equal, if not exceeding, that which palsies
Have almost shaken into a disease.
THOMAS NABBES: *Covent Garden.*

We stand among the fallen leaves,
Young children at our play,
And laugh to see the yellow things
Go rustling on their way:
Right merrily we hunt them down,
The autumn winds and we,
Nor pause to gaze when snow-drifts lie,
Or sunbeams gild the tree:
With dancing feet we leap along
Where wither'd boughs are strown;
Nor past nor future checks our song—
The present is our own.
MRS. NORTON: *Fallen Leaves.*

Gone in the flush of youth!
Gone ere thy heart had felt earth's withering care;
Ere the stern world had soil'd thy spirit's truth,
Or sown dark sorrow there.

Fled like a dream away!
But yesterday 'mid life's auroral bloom;
To-day, sad winter, desolate and gray,
Sighs round thy lonely tomb.

Fond hearts were beating high,
Fond eyes were watching for the loved one gone,
And gentle voices, deeming thou wert nigh,
Talk'd of thy glad return.

They watch'd—not all in vain:
Thy form once more the wonted threshold pass'd;
But choking sobs, and tears like summer rain,
Welcomed thee home at last.
WILLIAM JEWETT PABODIE:
Death of a Friend.

And here's to the friend, the one friend of my youth,
With a head full of genius, a heart full of truth,
Who travell'd with me in the sunshine of life,
And stood by my side in its peace and its strife!
Would you know where to seek a blessing so rare?
Go drag the lone sea—you may find him there.
J. K. PAULDING: *Old Man's Carousal.*

That dew, that bless'd my youth,—
Her holy love, her truth,
Her spirit of devotion, and the tears
That she could not suppress,—
Hath never ceased to bless
My soul, nor will it, through eternal years.

How often has the thought
Of my mourn'd mother brought
Peace to my troubled spirit, and new power
The tempter to repel!
Mother, thou knowest well
That thou hast bless'd me since thy mortal hour!
JOHN PIERPONT.

Oh, happy youth! and favour'd of the skies,
Distinguish'd care of guardian deities.
POPE.

Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind.
POPE.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
POPE.

Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,
Gay as the morn: bright glows the vernal sky,
Hope swells the sails, and passion steers his course.
Safe glides his little bark along the shore,
Where virtue takes her stand: but if too far
He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.
BISHOP PORTEUS: *Death.*

While blooming youth and gay delight
Sit on thy rosy cheeks confess'd,
Thou hast, my dear, undoubted right
To triumph o'er this destined breast.
PRIOR.

Youth on silent wings is flown;
Graver years come rolling on.
PRIOR.

Thrice happy he whose downy age had been
Reclaim'd by scourges from the prime of sin,
And, early season'd with the taste of truth,
Remembers his Creator in his youth.
FRANCIS QUARLES.

My Father, the guide of my youth,
To Thee for direction I fly;
O grant me Thy light and Thy truth,
Nor ever Thy presence deny.
My pillar of cloud and of fire,
While destined to journey below,—
What more can a pilgrim desire,
Or Thou in thy goodness bestow?
DR. THOMAS RAFFLES: *Trust in God.*

Ah, who, when fading of itself away,
Would cloud the sunshine of his little day!
Now is the May of life. Careering round!
Joy wings his feet, joy lifts him from the ground.
ROGERS: *Human Life.*

Friend of my youth! with thee began the love
Of sacred song; the wont, in golden dreams,
'Mid classic realms of splendors past to rove,
O'er haunted steep, and by immortal streams,
Where the blue wave, with sparkling bosom, gleams
Round shores, the mind's eternal heritage,
Forever lit by memory's twilight beams;
Where the proud dead, that live in storied page,
Beckon, with awful port, to glory's earlier age.
ROBERT C. SANDS: *Proem to Yamoyden.*

The blushing youth their virtuous awe disclose,
And from their seats the reverend elders rose.
SANDYS.

For we full many summer joys
And greenwood sports have shared,
When, free and ever-roving boys,
The rocks, the streams, we dared!
And as I look upon thy face—
Back, back, o'er years of ill,
My heart flies to that happy place,
Where it is summer still!

Yes, though, like sere leaves on the ground,
Our early hopes are strown,
And cherish'd flowers lie dead around,
And singing birds are flown,
The verdure is not faded quite,
Not mute all tones that thrill;
For, seeing, hearing thee to-night,
In my heart 'tis summer still!
EPES SARGENT: *Summer in the Heart.*

Ah me! those joyous days are gone!
I little dreamt, till they were flown,
How fleeting were the hours!
For, lest he break the pleasing spell,
Time bears for youth a muffled bell,
And hides his face in flowers.

Ah! well I mind me of the days,
Still bright in memory's flattering rays,
When all was fair and new;
When knaves were only found in books,
And friends were known by friendly looks,
And love was always true!
JOHN G. SAXE: *My Boyhood.*

Youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

They closed beside the chimney's blaze,
And talk'd and hoped for happier days,
And lent their spirits' rising glow
Awhile to gild impending woe:
High privilege of youthful time,
Worth all the pleasures of our prime!
SIR WALTER SCOTT: *Rokeby.*

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows
Is like the dewdrop on the rose:
When next the summer breeze comes by
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.
SIR WALTER SCOTT: *Rokeby.*

Youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.
SHAKSPEARE.

You'll find a difference
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now.
SHAKSPEARE.

This cause detain'd me all my flow'ring youth,
Within a loathsome dungeon there to pine.
SHAKSPEARE.

We were
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
SHAKSPEARE.

It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen.
SHAKSPEARE.

My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love.
SHAKSPEARE.

In her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men.
SHAKSPEARE.

Young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves.
SHAKSPEARE.

His years but young, but his experience old.
SHAKSPEARE.

Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth. SHAKSPEARE.

Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.
SHAKSPEARE.

He wears the rose of youth upon his cheek.
SHAKSPEARE.

Youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears.
SHAKSPEARE.

In the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
SHAKSPEARE.

A young man married is a man that's marr'd.
SHAKSPEARE.

For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly. SHAKSPEARE.

Briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
SHAKSPEARE.

Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly. SHAKSPEARE.

So wise, so young; they say, do ne'er live long.
SHAKSPEARE.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care:
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
Oh, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee:
Oh, sweet shepherd, hie thee;
For methinks thou stay'st too long.
SHAKSPEARE: *Passionate Pilgrim, X.*

Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men.
SHAKSPEARE.

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noble men,
And be, in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.
SHAKSPEARE.

The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure.
SHAKSPEARE.

Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime can happy call.
SHAKSPEARE.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment, —
That this huge state presenteth nought but shows,
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheer'd and check'd even by the selfsame sky;
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful time debateth with decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And, all in war with Time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.
SHAKSPEARE: *Sonnet XV.*

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow.
SHAKSPEARE: *Sonnet LX.*

Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one array'd:
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

Once they were little things like you,
And lived on earth below,
And could not praise as now they do
The Lord who loved them so,
Singing glory, glory, glory.
MRS. ANNE SHEPHERD: *For a Sunday-School.*

Sighing, I see yon little troop at play,
By sorrow yet untouch'd, unhurt by care,
While free and sportive they enjoy to-day,
"Content and careless of to-morrow's fare."
O happy age! when Hope's unclouded ray
Lights their green path, and prompts their simple mirth;
Ere yet they feel the thorns that lurking lay
To wound the wretched pilgrims of the earth,
Making them rue the hour that gave them birth
And threw them on a world so full of pain,
Where prosperous folly treads on patient worth,
And to deaf pride misfortune pleads in vain!
Ah! for their future fate how many fears
Oppress my heart and fill mine eyes with tears!

CHARLOTTE SMITH:
Happiness of Childhood.

There was a time in the gay spring of life
When every note was as the mounting lark's,
Merry and cheerful, to salute the morn;
When all the day was made of melody.

SOUTHERN: *Fate of Capua.*

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And as when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly-tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem among the young and gay
More grave than they;
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly-tree.

ROBERT SOUTHEY: *The Holly-Tree.*

With cheerful step the traveller
Pursues his early way
When first the dimly-dawning east
Reveals the rising day.

He bounds along his craggy road,
He hastens up the height,
And all he sees and all he hears
Administer delight.

And if the mist, retiring slow,
Roll round its wavy white,
He thinks the morning vapours hide
Some beauty from his sight.

But when behind the western clouds
Departs the fading day,
How wearily the traveller
Pursues his evening way!

Sorely along the craggy road
His painful footsteps creep,
And slow, with many a feeble pause,
He labours up the steep.

And if the mists of night close round,
They fill his soul with fear;
He dreads some unseen precipice,
Some hidden danger near.

So cheerfully does youth begin
Life's pleasant morning stage;
Alas! the evening traveller feels
The fears of wary age.

ROBERT SOUTHEY: *Youth and Age.*

Now past for me are April's madding hours,
Whose freshness feeds the vanity of youth;
A spring so utterly devoid of truth,
Whose fruit is error, and deceit whose flowers.
Gone, too, for me, is summer's sultry time,
When idly, reasonless, I sow'd these seeds,
Yielding to manhood charms, now proving weeds,
With gaudy colours, poisoning as they climb.
And well I fancy that they both are flown,
And that beyond their tyrant reach I'm placed:
But yet I know not if I yet must taste
Their vain attacks: my thoughts still make me own
That fruits of weeds deceitful do not die,
When feelings sober not as years pass by.

From the Portuguese of M. DE F. E. SOUZA:
translated by ADAMSON.

I drop my idle pen, and hark,
And catch the faintest sound:
She must be playing hide-and-seek
In shady nooks around;
She'll come and climb my chair again,
And peep my shoulders o'er:
I hear a stifled laugh,—but no!
She cometh never more!

I waited only yesternight,
The evening service read,

And linger'd for my idol's kiss
Before she went to bed;
Forgetting she had gone before
In slumbers soft and sweet,
A monument above her head,
And violets at her feet.

R. H. STODDARD: *Household Dirge.*

From earliest infancy my heart was thine;
With childish feet I trod thy temple-aisles;
Not knowing tears, I worshipp'd thee with smiles,
Or if I ever wept, it was with joy divine!
By day and night, on land, and sea, and air,—
I saw thee everywhere!
A voice of greeting from the wind was sent;
The mists enfolded me with soft white arms;
The birds did sing to lap me in content;
The rivers wore their charms;
And every little daisy in the grass
Did look up in my face, and smile to see me pass!

R. H. STODDARD:
Hymn to the Beautiful.

"Take care of the children!"—where growing
In August are vintage and corn,
Who gazes and thinks of the sowing
Of sweet little April with scorn?
Small things may be jeer'd by the scoffer,
Yet drops, that in buttercups sleep,
Make showers:—and what would he offer
But sand, as a wall for the deep?

"Take care of the children!"—nor wasted
Is care on the weakest of these:
The culturer the product has tasted,
And found it the palate to please.
There are sheaves pushing higher and faster,
And age has more branches and roots,—
But dearer are none to the Master
Than Childhood in blossoms and fruits.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN: *The Sunday-School.*

Thy unripe youth seem'd like the purple rose,
That to the warm ray opens not its breast,
But, hiding still within its mossy vest,
Dares not its virgin beauties to disclose;
Or like Aurora, when the heaven first glows,—
For likeness from above will suit thee best,—
When she with gold kindles each mountain crest,
And o'er the plains her pearly mantle throws.
No loss from time thy riper age receives,
Nor can young beauty deck'd with art's display
Rival the native graces of thy form:
Thus lovelier is the flower whose full-blown leaves
Perfume the air, and more than orient ray
The sun's meridian glories blaze and warm.

TORQUATO TASSO (*London Magazine*).

I feel the rush of waves that round me rise,
The tossing of my boat upon the sea;
Few sunbeams linger in the stormy skies,
And youth's bright shore is lessening on the lee!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Expand the passions of thy heart in youth;
Fight thy love-battles whilst thy heart is strong
And wounds heal kindly. An April frost
Is sharp, but kills not; sad October's storm
Strikes when the juices and the vital sap
Are ebbing from the leaf.

HENRY TAYLOR.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Though the deep heart of existence beat forever like a boy's?

TENNYSON: *Locksley Hall.*

I'd say we suffer and we strive
Not less nor more as men than boys;
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys.

THACKERAY: *Miscellanies.*

What transport to retrace our early plays,
Our early bliss, when each thing joy supplied,
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks!

THOMSON.

And let th' aspiring youth beware of Love,
Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late
When on his heart the torrent softness pours:
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,
Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
Still paints the illusive form; the kindling grace;
Th' enticing smile; the modest-seeming eye,
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:
And still false-warbling in his cheated ear,
Her siren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

THOMSON: *Spring.*

Days of my youth, ye have glided away:
Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and gray:
Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more:
Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrow'd all o'er:
Strength of my youth, all your vigor is gone:
Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth, I wish not your recall:
Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye should fall:
Eyes of my youth, you much evil have seen:
Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears you have been:
Thoughts of my youth, you have led me astray:
Strength of my youth, why lament your decay?

Days of my age, ye will shortly be past:
Pains of my age, yet awhile you can last:
Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight:
Eyes of my age, be religion your light:
Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod:
Hopes of my age, be ye fix'd on your God.

ST. GEORGE TUCKER: *Days of My Youth.*

Bright image of the early years
When glow'd my cheek as red as thou,
And life's dark throng of cares and fears
Were swift-wing'd shadows o'er my sunny brow!

Thou blushest from the painter's page,
Robed in the mimic tints of art;
But Nature's hand in youth's green age
With fairer hues first traced thee on my heart.

The morning's blush, she made it thine,
The morn's sweet breath, she gave it thee;
And in thy look, my Columbine!
Each fond remember'd spot she bade me see.

JONES VERY: *To the Painted Columbine.*

Then Youth came forward: his bright-glancing eye
Seem'd a reflection of the cloudless sky;
The dawn of passion, in its purest glow,
Crimson'd his cheek, and beam'd upon his brow,
Giving expression to his blooming face,
And to his fragile form a manly grace;
His voice was harmony, his speech was truth:—
Time lightly laid his hand upon the youth.

KATHERINE AUGUSTA WARE: *Marks of Time.*

Youth and its thousand dreams were ours,
Feelings we ne'er can know again;
Unwither'd hopes, unwasted powers,
And frames unworn by mortal pain:
Such was the bright and genial flow
Of life with us—ten years ago!

ALARIC A. WATTS: *Ten Years Ago.*

Youth's a soft scene, but trust her not;
Her airy moments swift as thought
Slide off the slippery sphere;
Moons with their months make hasty rounds,
The sun has pass'd his vernal bounds,
And wheels about his year.

DR. ISAAC WATTS.

Hast thou not seen, impatient boy—
Hast thou not read—the solemn truth
That gray experience writes for giddy youth
On every mortal joy?
"Pleasure must be dash'd with pain:"
And yet with heedless haste
The thirsty boy repeats the taste,
Nor hearkens to despair, but tries the bowl again.
The rills of pleasure never run sincere
(Earth has no unpolluted spring);
From the cursed soil some dang'rous taint they bear:
So roses grow on thorns, and honey wears a sting.

DR. ISAAC WATTS: *Earth and Heaven.*

Happy the youth that finds the bride
Whose birth is to his own allied,
The sweetest joy of life:
But oh the crowds of wretched souls
Fetter'd to minds of different moulds
And chain'd t' eternal strife!

DR. ISAAC WATTS: *Indian Philosopher.*

I love the soul that dares
Tread the temptations of his years
Beneath his youthful feet.

DR. ISAAC WATTS: *The Disdain.*

Ah! who can say, however fair his view,
Through what sad scenes his path may lie?
Let careless youth its seeming joys pursue,
Soon will they learn to scan with thoughtful eye
The illusive past and dark futurity.

H. KIRKE WHITE.

Light to thy path, bright creature! I would charm
Thy being, if I could, that it should be
Ever as now thou dreamest, and flow on,
Thus innocent and beautiful, to heaven.

N. P. WILLIS.

I love to look on a scene like this,
  Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
  And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
  And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice
  And the light of a pleasant eye.

N. P. WILLIS: *Saturday Afternoon.*

How gayly is at first begun
  Our life's uncertain race!
Whilst yet that sprightly morning sun,
With which we just set out to run,
  Enlightens all the place.

How smiling the world's prospect lies,
  How tempting to go through!
Not Canaan to the prophet's eyes,
From Pisgah, with a sweet surprise,
  Did more inviting show.

How soft the first ideas prove
  Which wander through our minds!
How full the joys, how free the love,
Which does that early season move,
  As flow'rs the western winds!

ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA:
Life's Progress.

What is youth?—A dancing billow,
Winds behind, and rocks before!

WORDSWORTH.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
  The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
  And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter darkness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

WORDSWORTH: *Intimations of Immortality.*

There was a time when meadow, grove, and spring,
  The earth, and every common sight,
    To me did seem
  Apparell'd in celestial light,
    The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore:—
  Turn wheresoe'er I may,
  By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
  The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare:
  Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth:—
  But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth.

WORDSWORTH:
Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven.

WORDSWORTH: *The Prelude.*

Self-flatter'd, unexperienced, high in hope,
When young, with sanguine cheer, and streamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend.

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

Beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts.*

ZEAL.

Live to do good; but not with thought to win
From man return of any kindness done;
Remember Him who died on cross for sin,
The merciful, the meek, rejected One:
When He was slain for crime of doing good,
Canst thou expect return of gratitude?

Do good to all; but while thou servest best,
And at thy greatest cost, nerve thee to bear,
When thine own heart with anguish is opprest,
The cruel taunt, the cold averted air,
From lips which thou hast taught in hope to pray,
And eyes whose sorrows thou hast wiped away.

Still do thou good; but for His holy sake
Who died for thine; fixing thy purpose ever
High as His throne no wrath of man can shake:
So shall He own thy generous endeavour,
And take thee to His conqueror's glory up,
When thou hast shared the Saviour's bitter cup.

Do naught but good; for such the noble strife
Of virtue is, 'gainst wrong to venture love,
And for thy foe devote a brother's life,
Content to wait the recompense above;
Brave for the truth, to fiercest insult meek,
In mercy strong, in vengeance only weak.

DR. GEORGE W. BETHUNE:
Live to Do Good.

No wild enthusiast ever yet could rest
Till half mankind were like himself possess'd.

COWPER.

The hand that slew till it could slay no more
Was glued to the sword-hilt with Indian gore;
Their king, as justly seated on his throne
As e'er imperial Philip on his own,
Died by the sentence of a shaven priest
For scorning what he taught them to detest.

COWPER.

Thy country, Wilberforce, with just disdain,
Hears thee, by cruel men and impious, call'd
Fanatic, for thy zeal to loose th' enthrall'd
From exile, public sale, and slavery's chain.
Friend of the poor, the wrong'd, the fetter-gall'd,
Fear not lest labour such as thine be vain!
Thou hast achieved a part; hast gain'd the ear
Of Britain's senate to thy glorious cause;
Hope smiles, joy springs, and, though cold caution pause,
And weave delay, the better hour is near
That shall remunerate thy toils severe,
By peace for Afric, fenced with British laws.
Enjoy what thou hast won, esteem and love
From all the just on earth, and all the bless'd above.

COWPER: *To William Wilberforce, Esq.*, 1792.

And now, philanthropy! thy rays divine
Dart round the globe, from Zembla to the line;
O'er each dark prison plays the cheering light,
Like northern lustres o'er the vault of night;
From realm to realm, with cross or crescent crown'd,
Where'er mankind and misery are found,
O'er burning sands, deep waves, or wilds of snow,
Thy Howard journeying seeks the house of woe.
Down many a winding step to dungeons dank,
Where anguish wails aloud, and fetters clank;
To caves bestrew'd with many a mouldering bone,
And cells whose echoes only learn to groan;
Where no kind bars a whispering friend disclose,
No sunbeam enters, and no zephyr blows,
He treads, unemulous of fame or wealth,
Profuse of toil, and prodigal of health.

ERASMUS DARWIN:
Philanthropy of Mr. Howard.

Nothing but the name of zeal appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs.

SIR J. DENHAM.

All the rich mines of learning ransack'd are
To furnish ammunition for this war;
Uncharitable zeal our reason whets,
And double edges on our passion sets.

SIR J. DENHAM.

For zeal like hers, her servants were to show,
She was the first, where need required to go;
Herself the foundress and attendant too.

DRYDEN.

Shame of change, and fear of future ill;
And zeal, the blind conductor of the will.

DRYDEN.

Compute the gains of his ungovern'd zeal:
Ill suits his cloth the praise of railing well.

DRYDEN.

Distemper'd zeal, sedition, canker'd hate,
No more shall vex the church and tear the state.

DRYDEN.

A numerous host of dreaming saints succeed,
Of the true old enthusiastic breed:
'Gainst form and order they their power employ,—
Nothing to build, and all things to destroy.
DRYDEN.

Farewell to earth; my life of sense is o'er,
My heart is changed, I feel my bonds untied;
And, casting every thought impure aside,
My guilty course abandon and deplore.
Fallacious leaders I obey no more;
I follow thee, refuse all other guide:
And ne'er did shipwreck'd bark with broken side
Loose from the shelves more anxious for a shore.
And since I spent with risk of mortal harm
My life and dearest hours, nor gather'd thence
Profit or fruit, I crowd my sail to thee.
Lord, I am turn'd! now let thy gracious arm
Sustain me; and my future service be
With zeal proportion'd to my past offence.
From the Italian of GABRIEL FIAMMA.

In his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all:
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.
GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village.*

Sow with a generous hand,
Pause not for toil or pain,
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain;
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed, and fear not;
A table will be spread;
What matter if you are too weary
To eat your hard-earn'd bread:
Sow while the earth is broken,
For the hungry must be fed.

Sow,—while the seeds are lying
In the warm earth's bosom deep,
And your warm tears fall upon it,—
They will stir in their quiet sleep,
And the green blades rise the quicker,
Perchance, for the tears you weep.

Then sow,—for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day;
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you shall have pass'd away
Before the waving corn-fields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow, and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears,—
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.
Household Words: "*Sowing and Reaping.*"

And many a lowly friend have I,
Or sick or sad of heart,
Who hails my coming steps with joy,
And sighs when I depart.

No day is ever long; and night
Some gentle spirit brings,
To whisper thoughts of other worlds
And of diviner things.

And if, when evening shadows fall,
I sad or lonely feel,
I kneel me down in that same room
Where we four used to kneel.

And there I say the evening prayer
We four were wont to say:
The very place hath power to charm
All gloomier thoughts away.

I have a thousand memories dear,
And quiet joys untold;
For God but takes his gifts away,
To give them back tenfold.
Household Words: "*Springs in the Desert.*"

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;
And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white.
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.

Up with it high! unfurl it wide! that all the host
may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which
wrought his church such woe.
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their
loudest point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry
of Navarre!

LORD MACAULAY: *Battle of Ivry.*

Zeal and duty are not slow,
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait.

MILTON.

So shall they build me altars in their zeal,
Where knaves shall minister and fools shall
kneel;
Where faith may mutter o'er her mystic spell
Written in blood, and bigotry may swell
The sail he spreads for heaven with blasts from
hell.

MOORE: *Lalla Rookh: Veiled Prophet.*

Zeal is that pure and heavenly flame
The fire of love supplies;
While that which often bears the name
Is self in a disguise.

True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The false is headstrong, fierce, and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.

Zeal has attain'd its highest aim,
Its end is satisfied,
If sinners love the Saviour's name;
Nor seeks it aught beside.

JOHN NEWTON.

Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armour,
And forth to the fight have gone:
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The Past and the Future are looking
In the face of the stern To-day.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion.

SIR W. RALEIGH.

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand.

SHAKSPEARE.

The Master hath need of the reapers,
And, mourner, He calleth to thee:
Come out of the valley of sorrow,
Look up to the hill-tops, and see
How the fields of the harvest are whitening,
How golden and full is the grain:
Oh, what are thy wants to the summons?
And what are thy griefs and thy pain?

The Master hath need of the reapers,
And, idler, He calleth to thee;
Come out of the mansions of pleasure,
From the halls where the careless may be.
Soon the shadows of eve will be falling,
With the mists, and the dews, and the rain:
Oh, what are thy rests and thy follies
To the world and the rusts of the grain?

The Master hath need of the reapers,
And, worker, He calleth to thee:
Oh, what are the dreams of ambition
To the joys that hereafter shall be?
There are tokens of storms that are coming,
And Summer is fast on the wane;
Then alas for the hopes of the harvest!
Then alas for the beautiful grain!

The Master hath need of the reapers,
And He calleth to thee and to me;
Oh, haste, while the winds of the morning
Are blowing so freshly and free;
Let the sound of the scythe and the sickle
Re-echo o'er hill-top and plain,
And gather the sheaves in the garner,
For golden and ripe is the grain.

By the wounds of that blessed One calling,
Our Maker, Redeemer, and God;
By the deeds of these reapers now falling,—
Of those who sleep under the sod;
Who, counting their lives as but nothing,
Press'd on in the ranks of the host;
Who toil'd in the field of the Master,
And, dying, fell dead at their post.

Oh, think of the crowns they are wearing,
Resplendent with jewels of light;
Oh, think of the palms they are bearing,
As they walk with the angels in white;

Of the beautiful songs they are singing,
Of the shouts that will thrill you above.
MRS. ARCHBISHOP THOMSON:
The Master Hath Need.

By these, and the joys that are given,
While toiling and weeping below,
Of pointing one sinner to heaven,
Oh, list to the summons, and go
To the fields where the harvests are whitening,
For the Summer is fast on the wane,
And gather the sheaves in the garner,
For golden and ripe is the grain.
MRS. ARCHBISHOP THOMSON:
The Master Hath Need.

It was a worthy edifying sight,
And gives to human-kind peculiar grace,
To see kind hands attending day and night,
With tender ministry, from place to place.
Some prop the head; some from the pallid face
Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature sheds;
Some reach the healing draught: the whilst, to chase
The fear supreme, around their soften'd heads
Some holy man by prayer all-opening Heaven dispreads.
THOMSON: *Castle of Indolence.*

Say, does your Christian purpose still proceed
T' assist in every shape the wretches' need?
To free the prisoner from his anxious jail,
When friends forsake him, and relations fail?
Or yet with nobler charity conspire
To snatch the guilty from eternal fire?
Has your small squadron firm in trial stood,
Without preciseness, singularly good?
Safe march they on 'twixt dangerous extremes
Of mad profaneness and enthusiast dreams?
REV. SAMUEL WESLEY,—*to Charles Wesley, of the Methodists at Oxford*, 1729.

Press bravely onward!—not in vain
Your generous trust in human kind;
The good which bloodshed could not gain,
Your peaceful zeal shall find.
WHITTIER.

Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.
Pray Heaven with firmness thy whole soul to bind
To this thy purpose,—to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fix'd, and feelings purely kind;
Strength to complete, and with delight review,
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.
CARLOS WILCOX: *Cure for Melancholy.*

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know;
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above;
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed that, in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands, unsparing and unwearied, sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers.
CARLOS WILCOX: *Cure for Melancholy.*

As thou these ashes, little brook! wilt bear
Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
Into main ocean they, this deed accursed
An emblem yields to friends and enemies,
How the bold Teacher's doctrine, sanctified
By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dispersed.
WORDSWORTH:
Eccles. Sonnets: To Wickliffe.

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